HIGHROADS TO READING

BOOK THREE

HIGHROADS TO READING

BOOK THREE

BY

M. A. BERESFORD

Authorized for use in the Public Schools of Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba and Saskatchewan

THE RYERSON PRESS
THE MACMILLANS IN CANADA

Published June, 1934.
Fourteenth Printing, 1945

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For permission to use copyrighted material, grateful acknowledgment is made to Bobbs-Merrill Company for "A Sea Song from the Shore," by James Whitcomb Riley; to *The Youth's Companion* for "Sing a Song of Books," by Nancy Byrd Turner; to Charles Scribner's Sons for "The Wind," "Escape at Bedtime," "The Land of Story Book," "Windy Nights," "My Shadow" and "Singing," by R. L. Stevenson, and "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" and "A Christmas Song," by Eugene Field; to Houghton, Mifflin Company for "Shadows," by Frank D. Sherman; to Rose Fyleman for "A Fairy Went A-Marketing," "Mrs. Brown" and "Invitation," from *Punch* (by permission of the proprietors) and from *Fairies and Chimneys* (Methuen & Co.); to Lord Dunsany and Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., for "The Home-Coming of the Sheep," by Francis Ledwidge; to Doubleday, Doran and Company for "Woolly-Bear Caterpillar," from *Woodland Tales*, by Ernest Thompson Seton; to Greville MacDonald for "The Wind and the Moon," by George MacDonald; to Charles E. Merrill Company for "Wings: a Russian Folk Tale," from *The Study Reader for the Fourth Year;* to Frederick A. Stokes Company for "Indian Children," from *For Days and Days*, by Annette Wynne; to George G. Harrap & Company, Ltd., for "What the Thrush Says," from *Pull the Bobbin*, by Queenie Scott-Hopper, and "When Fairies Have a Picnic," from *The Little White Gate*, by Florence Hoatson; to John Lane, The Bodley Head, for "Going Down Hill on a Bicycle," by Dean Beeching; to G. P. Putnam's Sons for "The Other Me" and "White Horses," by Hamish Hendry; to McClelland and Stewart, Limited, for "Skipping Song" and "I Do! Don't You?" by Isobel Ecclestone Mackay, "A Child's Song of Christmas" and "The Green Month," by Marjorie Pickthall, and "In Early May," by Bliss Carman; to Dodd, Mead & Company for "I Meant to Do My Work To-day," by Richard LeGallienne; to Henry Holt and Company for "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," from *New Hampshire*, by Robert Frost; to The Musson Book Company for "Lullaby of the Iroquois," from *Flint and Feather*, by Pauline Johnson, and "Hepaticas," from *Lyrics of Earth*, by Archibald Lampman: to Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., for "My Dog," by Emily Lewis; to The Outlook Company for "Bird Babies," by Olive Thorne Miller; to Florence Randal Livesay for "The Puppies Make Their Bed"; to Constable & Co., Ltd., for "Then" and "Silver," from *Peacock Pie*, by Walter de la Mare; to The Ryerson Press for "The Brook in February," by Charles G. D. Roberts; to The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, for "City Mouse and Garden Mouse" and "Hurt No Living Thing," by Christina Rossetti, "Pig and Pepper," by Lewis Carroll, and "The Moon's the North Wind's Cooky," by Vachel Lindsay; to Alfred A. Knopf for "Nature's Friend," by W. H. Davies; to George W. Jacobs & Co., for "Johnny Bear," from *The Way of the Wild*, by Clarence Hawkes, to Mrs. William Allingham Jr., for "The Fairies"; to William Heinnemann for "White Butterflies," by A. C. Swinburne; to Messrs. E. J. Arnold and Son for "The Boys of India," by Florence A. Tapsell.

Every reasonable care has been taken to trace ownership of copyrighted material. Information will be welcome which will enable the publishers to rectify any reference or credit in subsequent editions.

The artists who have illustrated this reader are Edith MacLaren, Willy Pogany, Margaret W. Tarrant, George A. Reid, and others.

LORNE PIERCE,
Editor-in-Chief.

HUGH EAYRS,
Associate.

CANADIAN AUTHORS IN THIS VOLUME

W. B. Rands, Florence Randal Livesay, Marjorie Pickthall, Isobel Ecclestone Mackay, A. A. Herriot, Pauline Johnson, Ernest Thompson Seton, Archibald Lampman, Bliss Carman and Sir Charles G. D. Roberts.

PRINTED AND BOUND IN CANADA
BY THE RYERSON PRESS, TORONTO

CONTENTS

PART ONE

FABLES AND SONGS

PART TWO

OLD FAIRY TALES

PART THREE

A LITTLE PLAY TO ACT

PART FOUR

ANIMAL FRIENDS

PART FIVE

FUN AND LAUGHTER

PART SIX

TALES OF OTHER DAYS

PART SEVEN

GOING ON A JOURNEY

PART EIGHT

JOY OUT-OF-DOORS

PART NINE

THIS FAIR DEAR LAND

SING A SONG OF BOOKS

A book is like a magic box—
Brimful of lovely treasure;
One quaint, old-fashioned key unlocks
Good gifts in generous measure.
Gay songs, and words like jewels old,
Tales carved from ancient times,
And shining legends set in gold,
And chains of silver rhymes.

A book is like a white-sailed ship
Across bright waters bearing
On many a blithe and jaunty trip
Of pleasure, search, or daring—
To lands of flower, and lands of snow,
Bright shore and lonely bay,
To strange old quays of long ago
And harbors of to-day.

—NANCY BYRD TURNER.

Part One

FABLES AND SONGS

A. FABLES FROM ÆSOP

FABLES

A fable is a very old story that has been told over and over again to teach people some truth. It is just a short story, but as you read it you may learn what is foolish and what is wise. Æsop, some of whose fables you are going to read, was a slave who lived in Greece over two thousand years ago. He talks mostly about animals, but he is really thinking of men and women whom he knew, as when he speaks of a greedy, grasping dog, but means a greedy, grasping person.

After you have read a fable, put on your "thinking cap," and try to answer the questions given at the end of each story.

1. THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

One hot summer's day a fox was strolling through an orchard. He came to a bunch of grapes just ripening on a vine which had been trained over a high branch. "Just the thing to quench my thirst," said he. Drawing back a few paces, he took a run and a jump, and just missed the bunch. Turning around again, with a one, two, three, he jumped up, but with no greater success. Again and again he tried to get the

tempting fruit, but at last had to give it up. So he walked away with his nose in the air, saying, "I am sure those grapes are sour."

—*Æsop.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What did the fox want? 2. What did he do? 3. What did he say when he failed? 4. Why did he call the grapes sour?

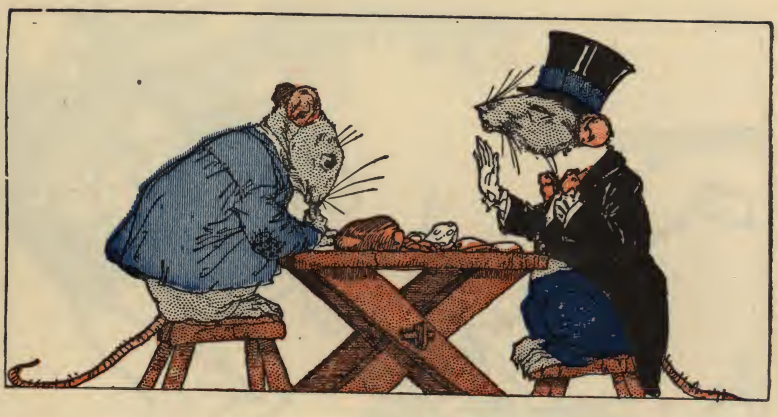
If you like the fables in your book, ask your teacher for a book called *Æsop's Fables* and read some other fables.

2. CITY MOUSE AND GARDEN MOUSE

The city mouse lives in a house;—
  The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
  And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;—
  The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,
  Poor little timid furry man.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*



3. TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE

A town mouse once upon a time went on a visit to his cousin in the country. This country cousin was rough and ready, but he loved his town friend and made him welcome. Beans and bacon, cheese and bread, were all he had to offer, but he offered them freely.

The town mouse turned up his long nose at this country fare, and said: "I cannot see, cousin, how you can put up with such poor food as this. But of course you cannot expect anything better in the country. Come with me and I will show you how to live. When you have been in town a week, you will wonder how you could ever have stood a country life."

No sooner said than done; the two mice set off for the town and arrived at the town mouse's home late at night. "You will want something to eat after our long journey," said the polite town mouse; and he took his friend into the grand dining-room. There they found the remains of a fine feast, and soon the two mice were eating jellies and cakes and all that was nice. Suddenly they heard a great growling and barking in the next room.

"What is that?" said the country mouse.

"It is only the dogs of the house," answered the other.

"Only dogs!" said the country mouse. "I do not like such music at my dinner."

Just then the door flew open, in came two huge mastiffs, and the two mice had to scamper away as fast as they could.

"Good-bye, cousin," said the country mouse.

"What! going so soon?" said the other.

"Yes," he replied. "Better beans and bacon in peace than cake and jelly in fear."

—*Æsop.*

NOTE: A mastiff is a kind of large and powerful dog, and has a smooth, brown coat. It is often used as a watch dog.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Which mouse had the better time? 2. Why did the country mouse not stay in town? 3. Write the last sentence and tell what it means. 4. Which is true? (a) The country is better than the town. (b) The town is better than the country. (c) Both the town and the country are good.

4. THE WIND AND THE SUN

The wind and the sun were disputing which was the stronger. Suddenly they saw a traveller coming down the road, and the sun said: "I see a way to settle the matter. The one of us who can cause that traveller to take off his cloak has a right to be called the stronger. You begin."

So the sun went behind a cloud, and the wind began to blow as hard as it could upon the

traveller. But the harder he blew the more closely did the traveller wrap his cloak around him, till at last the wind had to give up.

Then the sun came out and shone in all his glory upon the traveller, who soon found it too hot to walk with his cloak on, and took it off.

—*Æsop.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What were the wind and the sun discussing, or talking about? 2. What did the wind do? 3. What did the sun do? 4. Which made the traveller take off his cloak?

5. THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THEIR DONKEY

A miller and his son were driving their donkey to a fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they came up to a group of women.

"Look there!" cried one of them, "did you ever see such stupid fellows? They trudge along on foot when they might ride."

The old man heard this and made his son get on the donkey's back, and he walked along by his side.

Presently they met a group of old men.

"There!" said one of them, "this proves what I was saying. No respect is shown old age in these days. Do you see that lazy boy riding

while his old father has to walk? Get down, you young rascal, and let the old man rest his tired legs."

Upon this the old man made his son get down, and he got up himself. Soon they met some women and children.

"Why, you lazy old fellow!" cried several of them at once, "are you not ashamed to ride and make that poor little boy walk? He can hardly keep up with you."

The good-natured miller at once took up his son behind him. They had now almost reached the town.

"Pray, my friend," said a man, "is that donkey your own?"

"Yes," said the old man.

"One would not have thought so from the way you load him," said the other. "Why, you two are better able to carry the poor beast than he is to carry you."

So the miller and his son got off the donkey, and tied his legs together and hung him on a pole. They took the pole on their shoulders and marched off over a bridge to the town.

This funny sight brought the people in crowds to laugh at it. The donkey, not liking the noise nor the strange things that were done to him, began to struggle. At last he broke the cords, and fell into the river and was drowned.

Upon this the old man, angry and ashamed, made the best of his way home again. By trying to please everybody he had pleased nobody, and had lost his donkey besides.

—*Æsop.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How many times did the old man try to please people? 2. Tell the different ways he tried to take his donkey home. 3. Write the sentence in the fable that tells you what the story means. 4. Make a moving picture of this fable. (a) Get an empty box and lay it on its side. Bore two round holes on the top a little way in from each end; do the same

on the bottom. Pass two round sticks down through the holes (an old mop-handle cut in two will do); see that the sticks just turn easily in the holes. (b) Now prepare your film. Obtain a roll of white wrapping paper two yards long, or as long as you wish. A storekeeper will sell you a long piece for five cents, or may give you a small roll free, if you ask politely. (c) First print your title. Use crayons or paints and print in black. One boy called this film "Up and down." Do you think that a good title, or a poor one? (d) Next print the title of the first scene. This boy had, "Going to market." (e) Then paint your first scene in good colors. This boy showed the man leading the donkey, the boy running beside them, and a few people passing. (f) Next, print your second title and paint your second scene. (g) Go on till you have four or five on your roll. (h) When the film is finished, paste, or nail with small thumb-tacks, the end of the roll on to the right-hand stick. Turn the stick round and roll the film up till it just stretches across the front of your box. Then fasten the beginning of the roll on to the left-hand stick. Your film is now ready for showing. (i) You can make it a talking picture by speaking as you show it. (j) If you wish, you can make two curtains on double strings to draw across the front of the box. (k) You can turn other stories into films; if you paint them on strips of cotton they last longer; if you use glazed linen that is best of all.

SONG

The wind blows east,
The wind blows west,—
The blue eggs in robin's nest
Will soon have wings
And flutter and fly away.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

B. LITTLE SONGS

1. THREE WIND SONGS

I. THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you, yourself, you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

II. WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long, in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late at night, when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Look in the list of contents, and write down the names of all the poems in your book by Robert Louis Stevenson. 2. Two of these poems are taken from a book of poems he made for children. You would like this book, which is called *A Child's Garden of Verse.* In your garden are lovely flowers. In Stevenson's *Child's Garden* are lovely ———? 3. Make a kite and fly it; or draw a picture of one, and paint it your favorite color.

III. THE MOON'S THE NORTH WIND'S COOKY

(What the Little Girl Said)

When does the moon look like a cooky with a big bite out of it? I wonder who eats the moon-scraps.

The Moon's the North Wind's cooky.
He bites it, day by day,
Until there's but a rim of scraps
That crumbles all away.

The South Wind is a baker
He kneads clouds in his den,
And bakes a crisp new moon *that . . . greedy North . . . Wind . . . eats . . . again! . . . .*

—*Vachel Lindsay.*

2. FAIRY SONG

This gay little song was written about 350 years ago, by the Assistant Master of Revels at the Court of Queen Elizabeth.

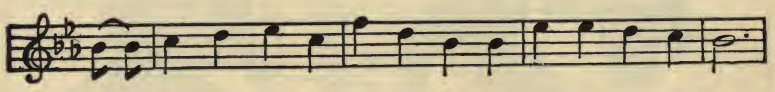
By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day;
As we dance the dew doth fall;
Trip it, little urchins all!
Lightly as the wingèd bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we!

—*John Lyly.*

3. THREE SHADOW SONGS

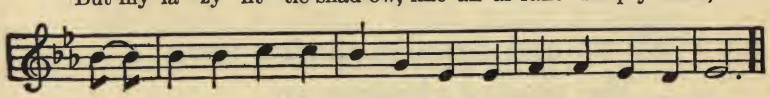
I. MY SHADOW

1. I have a lit - tle shad-ow that goes in and out with me,
2. The fun-ni-est thing a-bout him is the way he likes to grow—
3. He has - n't got a no - tion of how chil-dren ought to play,
4. One morn-ing, ver - y ear - ly, be-fore the sun was up,



And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
Not at all like prop-er children, which is al-ways ver - y slow;
And can on - ly make a fool of me in ev - 'ry sort of way.
I rose and found the shin-ing dew on ev - 'ry but-ter-cup.

He is ver-y, ver-y like me from the heels up to the head;
For he sometimes shoots up tall-er like an In - dia - rubber ball,
He stays so close be-side me, he's a cow-ard, you can see—
But my la - zy lit - tle shad-ow, like an ar-rant sleep-y head,

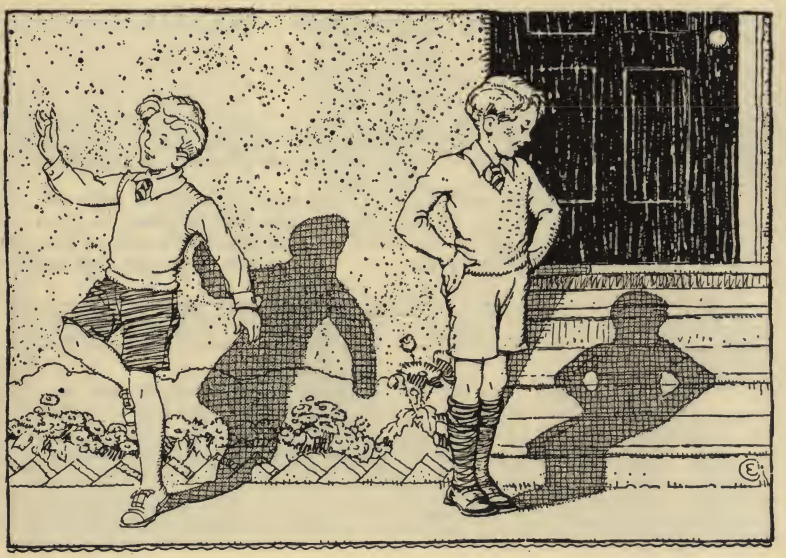


And I see him jump be-fore me, when I jump in - to my bed:
And he sometimes gets so lit - tle that there's none of him at all:
I'd think shame to stick to nurs - ie as that shadow sticks to me.
Had stayed at home be - hind me and was fast a - sleep in bed.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. When you run, does your shadow run before you, behind you, or at your side? 2. Is your shadow taller or smaller than you are? If you can't answer these questions to-day, watch your shadow for several days and then answer.



II. THE SHADOWS

All up and down in shadow-town
  The shadow children go.
In every street you're sure to meet
  Them running to and fro.

They move around without a sound.
  They play at hide-and-seek.
But no one yet that I have met
  Has ever heard them speak.

Beneath the tree you often see
  Them dancing in and out,
And in the sun there's always one
  To follow you about.

Go where you will, he follows still,
  Or sometimes runs before,
And home at last, you'll find him fast
  Beside you at the door.

A faithful friend is he to lend
  His presence everywhere.
Blow out the light—to bed at night—
  Your shadow-mate is there!

Then he will call the shadows all
  Into your room to leap,
And such a pack! They make it black,
  And fill your eyes with sleep!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Cross your right wrist over your left, with your hands stretched out and your thumbs touching. Stand so that your hands cast a shadow on the wall. Then you should see a shadow butterfly. 2. Ask someone to sit between a bright light and the wall. On the wall pin up a paper level with the sitter's head, so that his shadow falls on the paper.

Now draw the outline of the shadowed head. Take down the card and blacken it in with your pencil.

3. THE OTHER ME

He goes beside me in the Sun;
  And he is dark, though I am fair;
Both when I walk, and when I run,
  The Other Me is always there!

I often tell him Things I know,
  But not a word has he to say;
Yet still he goes the Roads I go,
  And likes to play the Games I play.

Sometimes the Other Me is Tall,
  And stretches far, far down the street;
Sometimes the Other Me is Small,
  And tries to hide beneath my feet!

Last week the Other Me was lost,
  One bad day when it rained and blew;
He hid when he was wanted most,
  But where he went I never knew.

He came back when the Lamp was lit;
  I saw him dance across the Floor,
And jump into my Bed, and sit;—
  How queer I never heard the Door!

—Hamish Hendry.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Who is the Other Me of the poem? 2. Tell some of the things Other Me does. 3. What time of the day is it when Other Me tries to hide "beneath my feet"? 4. What happened to Other Me on the rainy day? 5. Draw a picture of yourself with your Other Me (*a*) at mid-day, (*b*) late in the afternoon.

4. THE MAY SONG

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Birdies, build your nest;
Weave together straw and feather,
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Flowers are coming too;
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies,
Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
All around is fair;
Shimmer and quiver on the river,
Joy is everywhere.

We wish you a happy May.

—*Traditional.*

Part Two

OLD FAIRY TALES

Now you are going to read eight favorite fairy tales which are known to children all over the world. Some of these stories are so old that we do not know how old they are, or who first told them. Every country has fairy tales. Cinderella is said to have lived in France, Hansel and Gretel are from Germany, while the Ugly Duckling had his adventures in Denmark.

If you like fairy tales, see if in your school library you can find:

Grimm's Fairy Tales, Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, Jacobs' Fairy Tales

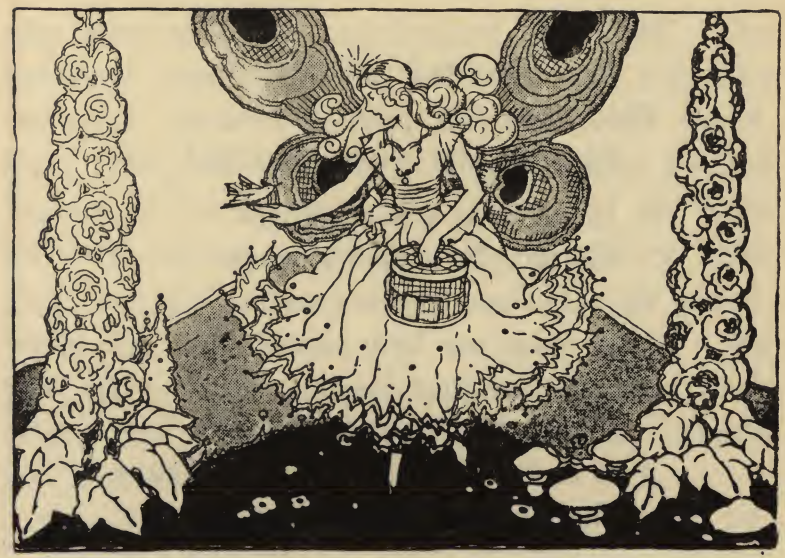
or a set of books by Andrew Lang:

The Blue Fairy Book, The Red Fairy Book, The Green Fairy Book

Most boys and girls like fairy tales. As you read, try to see what the different people do, and be able to tell the story you like best.

1. A FAIRY WENT A-MARKETING

A fairy went a-marketing—
  She bought a little fish;
She put it in a crystal bowl
  Upon a golden dish.
An hour she sat in wonderment
  And watched its silver gleam,
And then she gently took it up
  And slipped it in a stream.



A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a colored bird;
It sang the sweetest, shrillest song
That ever she had heard.
She sat beside its painted cage
And listened half the day,
And then she opened wide the door
And let it fly away.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a winter gown
All stitched about with gossamer
And lined with thistledown.

She wore it all the afternoon
With prancing and delight,
Then gave it to a little frog
To keep him warm at night.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a gentle mouse
To take her tiny messages,
To keep her tiny house.
All day she kept its busy feet
Pit-patting to and fro,
And then she kissed its silken ears,
Thanked it, and let it go.

—*Rose Fyleman.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Draw a golden dish; put a crystal bowl on it; place a fish in the bowl. If you have plasticine or clay, now model your picture. 2. Draw or model a mouse. 3. Bring to school pictures of birds. Arrange them nicely. Choose the one with the prettiest colors, and make a picture of it. Underneath print the second line of stanza two.

2. CINDERELLA

I

CINDERELLA OF THE CHIMNEY-CORNER

There was once a rich merchant who took for his second wife the proudest and most disagreeable woman in the land. She had two daughters

who were as proud and hateful as herself. The merchant had one little girl who was just like her dead mother, the best woman in the world. Soon after the marriage, the stepmother became jealous of the goodness and beauty of the little girl who was so unlike her own daughters. She gave the girl all the hard work of the house, while the lazy sisters had nothing to do. She was made to sleep in the attic, while her step-sisters had fine rooms with mirrors and carpets and soft chairs.

The girl never complained of her hard lot, and was hated all the more for her gentleness and sweetness. When her day's work was done, she used to sit in the chimney-corner among the ashes; so the two sisters called her Cinderella.

Now the king's son gave a ball to which all the best people were invited, and the sisters were very proud to find that they had been asked to go. They spent all their time talking about what they would wear, and poor Cinderella had to see the fine clothes that were made for them.

When the day came for the great ball, Cinderella had to get up very early and begin to

CINDERELLA AND THE FAIRY

get everything ready for her sisters. She waited on them all day, curled their hair, put on their slippers, and dressed them in their fine new clothes. Then when the time came for them to go, she followed them down to the coach that was to take them to the great ball. She was glad that they were invited, but it made her feel very sad and lonely and miserable to be left behind. So she sat by the kitchen fire and cried.

Now Cinderella was not so much alone after all, for her godmother, who was a fairy, appeared before her and asked her why she was crying. Cinderella told her godmother the reason, and the fairy said:

"Do not cry any more, my child. You too shall go to the ball. Now say nothing, but do just what I tell you. Go first into the garden and fetch me the largest pumpkin you can find."

Cinderella did as she was told, and the fairy scooped out the inside of the pumpkin, and struck it with her wand. In a moment it became a splendid coach lined with rose-colored satin.

"Now fetch me the mouse-trap, my dear," said the fairy.

Cinderella brought it. It contained six of the fattest, sleekest mice you ever saw. The fairy opened the trap, and as each mouse ran out she touched it with her wand, and it became a beautiful white horse. Then the godmother took the rat-trap, and let loose a big rat which she at once turned into a coachman; and she took six lizards and made of them six footmen in splendid livery.

"Now for yourself!" cried the fairy; and with one touch of her wand Cinderella's rags disappeared, and she stood in a dress of satin trimmed with costly gold lace. On her neck and arms were beautiful jewels, and on her feet were

silk stockings and the prettiest little glass slippers in the world.

"Go now," said the godmother, "but remember that if you stay at the ball one moment after midnight, your coach and horses and servants will all become what they were before my wand touched them, and you will be a cinder girl in rags."

II

THE GLASS SLIPPER

The arrival of Cinderella at the ball made a great stir in the palace, for no one knew who the strange princess was. As she passed through the rooms every one said, "Oh, how beautiful she is!" The king's son was as much puzzled as the rest, and could not keep away from the lovely stranger. He took her in to supper, and danced with her all evening. Even the old king was charmed with the sweetness and beauty of the unknown princess.

Cinderella was very proud and happy, but she did not forget what her fairy godmother had told her; so just before the clock struck twelve she hurried out of the ballroom and into her coach. When she reached home, her coach and

horses became what they were at first, and her beautiful clothes changed into her old rags. She herself sat down in the chimney-corner and pretended to be half asleep. So when the two sisters came in, they found her there, and they told her all about the ball. They spoke of the beautiful unknown princess, and they told her how eager the king's son was to find out who the stranger was.

The next night there was another ball at the palace, and the two sisters had some new clothes to wear. As soon as they had left the house, the fairy godmother appeared and dressed Cinderella in still more beautiful clothes than she had worn the night before. The young prince was so charmed with her that he never left her side, and he tried very hard to find out who she was. When it drew near midnight Cinderella slipped away from the prince, and tried to leave the palace without being seen; but the prince was determined to know who the stranger was. He hurried after Cinderella, and caught her just as she was stepping into her coach. The frightened girl sprang away with a start, but in doing this she dropped one of her little glass slippers.

Cinderella Steps into Her Coach

When the sisters got home they found Cinderella by the kitchen fire, and they told her of the beautiful unknown princess that had been again at the ball, and how the king's son had picked up her glass slipper just as she was driving away.

The next day the whole city was astir with the news, that the king's herald was going through the entire kingdom to hunt for the owner of the glass slipper which the prince had found. When the maiden whose foot exactly fitted the slipper was discovered, she would straightway be sought in marriage by the king's son. You can imagine what a squeezing of feet went on all over the city, for the glass slipper was said to be very small. When the herald came to the house of the merchant, the two sisters were sure that the slipper would fit one of them. But though they squeezed and pinched and pulled their hardest, the slipper would not go on.

"Are these your only daughters?" asked the herald.

"I have one other," replied the stepmother, "but she is only a kitchen girl. The slipper could not fit her."

But the herald commanded that Cinderella be

brought out; and he made her try on the glass slipper. To the surprise of all, not only did the slipper fit her perfectly, but she pulled from the pocket of her ragged dress the other glass slipper.

Then as Cinderella stood up, the herald took her hand to lead her to the prince. Her rags were suddenly changed to beautiful clothes, and everyone saw that she was the unknown princess that went to the king's ball. The two sisters, seeing what a grand lady she had become, begged Cinderella's pardon for all the unkind things they had done to her. Cinderella gladly forgave them.

The prince was overjoyed when he learned that his beautiful princess had at last been found. Before many days he and Cinderella were married. —*Selected.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Try to act the story of Cinderella. How many scenes do you need? You might have: (1) Cinderella and her sisters at home. (2) Cinderella and her fairy godmother. (3) Cinderella at the ball. (4) After the ball. Now decide who are in the first scene, and choose children to be these people. One girl will be Cinderella, and say what she thinks Cinderella would say, and so on. One corner of the room

can be Cinderella's house, and another the Prince's palace. 2. Do you like the story of Cinderella? 3. Does the story end as you hoped it would end? 4. Draw Cinderella's glass slipper, or your own shoe.

3. WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

—*Eugene Field.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. This poem was written by Eugene Field, a man who lived in Chicago, in the United States. He was very fond of children, and used to tell them stories and make lovely poems for them. See if you can find another poem in your book by him, and perhaps your teacher will read you "The Rock-a-Bye Lady," or "Little Boy Blue." 2. Write the lines that tell you what Wynken, Blynken, and Nod are. 3. What is the wooden shoe? 4. Where did they sail, and what did they catch? 5. How do you know it was all a dream? 6. Have you ever had any, wonderful dreams? 7. Did they seem real? 8. You might tell one of these dreams. 9. There are some other poems by Eugene Field you will enjoy. Find one of his poems not in this book that you like very much, and read it to the class.

4. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

I

THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS

Long ago there lived a king and queen to whom was born a beautiful daughter. So beautiful was she that the king in his joy made a great feast. To this feast he invited all his relatives and friends. He invited also the wise women of the kingdom, that they might be kind to the child and bring blessings to her.

Now there were thirteen of these wise women in the kingdom; but the king had to leave one of them out, as he had only twelve golden plates to set before them. At the end of the feast, the wise women gave their wonderful gifts to the child; one gave virtue, another gave beauty, a third gave riches, and so on. One after another gave whatever there is in the world to wish for. Now when eleven of them had said their say, in came the uninvited thirteenth, burning to avenge herself; and, without greeting or respect, she cried with a loud voice:

"In the fifteenth year of her age the princess shall prick herself with a spindle and fall dead."

Then without speaking one more word she

turned away and left the hall. Every one was terrified at her saying. Then the twelfth came forward, for she had not yet given her gift; and though she could not do away with the evil prophecy yet she could soften it. So she said:

"The princess shall not die, but fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years."

Now the king, being very eager to save his child from this misfortune, commanded that all the spindles in his kingdom should be burned.

The maiden grew up, adorned with all the gifts of the wise women; she was so lovely, modest, and sweet, and so kind and clever, that no one who saw her could help loving her.

It happened one day, when she was nearly fifteen years old, that the king and queen rode abroad, and the maiden was left alone in the castle. She wandered about into all the nooks and corners, as the fancy took her, till at last she came to an old tower. Up the narrow winding stair she climbed, until she came to a little door, with a rusty key sticking in the lock. She turned the key, and the door opened. There in the little room she saw an old woman with a spindle, busily spinning flax.

"Good day, mother," said the princess; "what are you doing?

"I am spinning," answered the old woman.

"What thing is that that twists round so briskly?" asked the maiden; and, taking the spindle in her hand, she began to spin; but no sooner had she touched it than she pricked her finger with it. In that very moment she fell back upon the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep fell upon the whole castle. The king and queen, who had returned and were in the great hall, fell fast asleep, and with them the whole court. The horses in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, the very fire that flickered on the hearth, became still, and slept like the rest. The meat on the spit ceased roasting, and the cook, who was going to box the scullion's ears for some mistake he had made, let him go, and went to sleep. Even the wind ceased, and not a leaf fell from the trees.

Then round about that place there grew a hedge of thorns thicker every year, until at last the whole castle was hidden from view, and nothing of it could be seen but the top of the

roof. And a rumor went abroad in all that country of the beautiful sleeping Rosamond, as the princess was called.

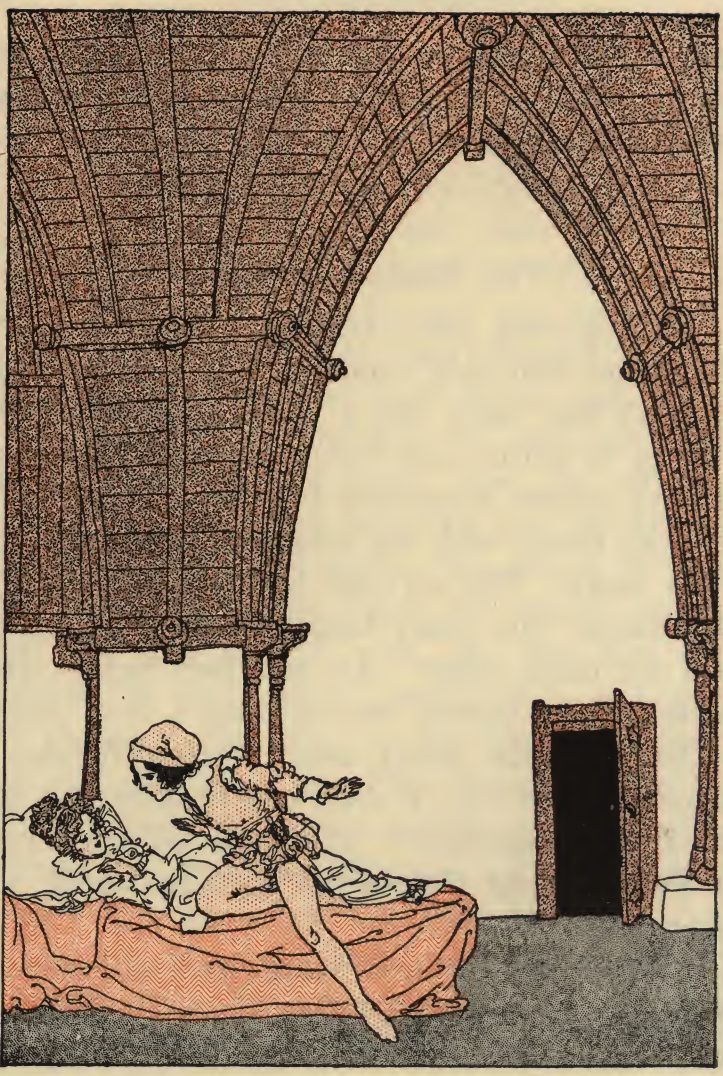
II

THE CHARMING PRINCE

Many a long year afterward there came a king's son into that country. He heard an old man tell that there was a castle standing behind a hedge of thorns, and that a beautiful enchanted princess named Rosamond had slept there for a hundred years, with the king and queen and the whole court. The old man had been told by his grandfather that many kings' sons had sought to pass the thorn hedge. All had been caught and pierced by the thorns, and had died a cruel death.

Then said the young man: "Nevertheless, I do not fear to try; I shall win through and see the lovely Rosamond." The good old man tried to warn him of the danger, but he would not listen.

For now the hundred years were at an end, and the day had come when Rosamond was to be awakened. When the prince drew near the hedge of thorns, it was changed into a hedge of



THE PRINCE FINDS THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

large and beautiful flowers, which parted and bent aside to let him pass, and then closed behind him a thick hedge again. When he reached the castle yard he saw the horses and the hunting dogs lying asleep; and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads under their wings. When he came indoors the flies on the wall were asleep, and the kitchen maid had the black fowl on her lap ready to pluck. Then he went upstairs to the hall, where he saw the whole court asleep; and above them, on their thrones, slept the king and queen. All was so quiet that he could hear his own breathing.

At last he came to the tower, and went up the winding stair, and came to the room where Rosamond lay. When he saw her looking so lovely in her sleep, he could not turn away his eyes. As he stooped and kissed her, she opened her eyes, and looked kindly on him. Then she rose and they went forth together. At the same moment the king and queen and the whole court waked up, and gazed on each other, their eyes big with wonderment. The horses in the yard got up and shook themselves; the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings,

looked around, and flew into the field; and the maid went on plucking the fowl.

Then the wedding of the prince and Rosamond was held with all splendor, and they lived very happily together until the end of their lives.

—*Grimm's Fairy Tales.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did the thirteenth wise woman put the curse upon the baby? 2. How did the baby's father try to prevent the prophecy coming true? 3. What happened to make it come true? 4. How long did the princess sleep and who woke her up? 5. Tell how the story ends. 6. If you have a sand tray, build the castle with the hedge round it, and horses, dogs and pigeons all asleep. If you have plasticine, model them. If you haven't these, cut them out in paper. See that your castle has a tower. Why?

5. THE PRINCESS ON THE GLASS HILL

I

CINDERLAD WATCHES THE GRASS

Once upon a time there was a man, who had a field of grass, which lay high up on the side of a hill. In this meadow there was a barn, which the man had built to keep his hay in.

Now, I must tell you that there had not been much hay in the barn for some time. Every

year, when the grass was just about full grown — when it stood greenest and deepest — it was eaten up in a single night. On one day the field had a growing crop, the sight of which made the farmer's heart glad. On the next day the grass was all gone, just as if a large flock of sheep had been there feeding all the night. The loss of his hay, every year, made the man very angry.

Now, the man had three sons. They were all very likely lads, and the youngest of them went by the name of Cinderlad. They helped their father in his work, and they often used to wonder what became of the grass, that grew in the field high up on the hillside. One day, just about the time of the year that it was always eaten up, the father sent his eldest son to watch the grass. "You must sleep in the barn," he said, "and keep a very sharp lookout."

That night the eldest son went to the barn and lay down to sleep. In the night he awoke in a great fright. There was a loud clatter, and the walls and roof shook and groaned and creaked. Then up jumped the lad and took to his heels. When his father went next day to look at the meadow, the grass was all gone. It had been eaten up just as before.

The next year, the second son said that he would watch the grass. Therefore, when the night came round, he went to the barn and lay down to sleep, as his eldest brother had done. In the night he also awoke in a great fright. Again there was an awful clatter, and the walls and the roof shook and groaned and creaked. It was even worse than it had been the year before. When the lad heard this, he jumped up and took to his heels, just as his brother had done. When the morning came, and the father and his sons went to look at the field, the grass was gone.

The next year, the youngest son said that he would take a turn in watching the grass. But when he was ready to go, the other two brothers only laughed at him. They had never known Cinderlad do anything that they could not do. "You are just the man to watch the hay," said the eldest, "you, who have never done anything all your life but sit and warm yourself at the fire."

Cinderlad did not care a pin for all their jokes. When he reached the meadow, he went inside the barn and lay down to sleep, just as his brothers had done. In about an hour's time the barn

began to creak and groan and make a dreadful noise. Cinderlad heard the sounds, and felt more or less afraid, but he did not stir. "If it is no worse," he said to himself, "I can stand it well enough." All was then quiet for a little while, but the creaking and the groaning began again, and the lad thought that the walls and the roof would fall on him and crush him to death.

As soon as the second shock was over, Cinderlad thought that he could hear the sound of a horse eating grass, just outside the barn door. What could it be? He stole to the barn door as quietly as he could and peeped through a chink. There he saw a big horse feeding away.

So big, and fat, and grand a horse Cinderlad had never set eyes on. Nor was that all; on the horse's back there was a fine cloth of many colors. On the cloth there was a saddle with stirrups, and a handsome bridle, with bits of metal let into the leather. On the horse's head there was a plume of feathers. Then, lying on the grass, there was a full suit of armor for a knight, all of brass, which shone like gold.

"Ho, ho!" said he to himself, "it is you, is it, that eats up all the grass? Well, you won't do it again, my fine fellow."

Now, Cinderlad had read in his fairy books, that if you throw a steel out of a tinder-box over any living thing, it is unable to move from the spot. Therefore, opening the barn door, he popped out so quietly that the horse never raised its head. Then he took the steel out of his tinder-box and threw it over the horse. When he had done this, the horse had no power to stir, and it became so tame that Cinderlad could do with it just what he liked. Putting his hand on the saddle, the lad made a spring. In this way Cinderlad got on its back and rode off with it. He did not ride home, but took the horse to a place of which no one knew but himself.

II

THE SILVER ARMOR AND THE GOLD

When Cinderlad got home his brothers laughed at him, and asked how he had fared. "You did not lie very long in the barn," said his elder brother, "even if you had the heart to go as far as the field." "Well," said Cinderlad, "I won't say that I am bolder or braver than you are, but I can't think what there was in the barn to

make you both afraid. I suppose you saw something, or you would not have raced home as fast as you did." "Oh, no, you don't pretend to be very bold, or very brave, do you?" said his brother. "You would not talk that way if you had heard the awful noises—the wild clatters, the deep groans, and the fearful creaks—that awoke us from our sleep."

"Yes, I think I did hear a noise of some kind," he said, "but it was nothing to talk about, and was soon over."

"Well," said his brother, "we will soon see how you have watched the meadow." So they all set off to the field, and there stood the grass as deep and as thick as it was on the day before.

Well, the grass was cut down, and the farmer's heart was glad when it was made into hay, and stored away in the barn. At any rate it had been saved for that year, but how? Cinderlad knew, but when his father and brothers spoke to him about it, he only smiled and began to talk about something else.

There was, however, one change in Cinderlad that every one saw. He was quite as idle as he had always been, but now and then he went off

for a whole day alone, and when he came back no one could ever find out where he had been. He had never told any one about the fine horse, which had come into his hands in such a strange way.

A year passed away, and the grass in the meadow was once more thick, and long, and green. The farmer asked his sons to watch the crop, but the two elder brothers were afraid to spend a night in the barn. "I will go," said Cinderlad. "There is nothing to be afraid of. I saved the grass last year, and I may be able to do so again."

And so Cinderlad went, and everything took place just as it had done the year before. There was a great clatter, the earth shook, the walls and the roof of the barn groaned and creaked, and seemed about to fall in. When all was still again, Cinderlad heard something eating grass outside the barn door. Peeping through a chink, he saw another horse, bigger and finer than the one which came the year before. It also had a grand cloth on its back, on which there was a saddle, and a bridle on its neck. Then, lying on the grass, there was a full suit of armor for

a knight, all of silver, so bright that by the light of the moon it shone like glass.

"Ho, ho!" said Cinderlad to himself, "it is you, is it, that eats up all the grass in the field? I will soon put a spoke in your wheel, my fine fellow." Then he opened the barn door, and creeping out as quietly as possible, he took the steel out of his tinder-box, and threw it over the horse's crest. When he had done so, the animal stood as still as a lamb. It did not take the lad more than a moment to mount on the horse's back. Then he rode off to the hiding-place where he was keeping the other horse. After that he went home.

"I suppose that you will tell us," said one of his brothers, "that you have again saved the crop of grass in the meadow?" "Yes, I think I have," said Cinderlad. "Come and see."

That year Cinderlad went off from time to time, for a whole day, but no one could find out where he went. Then, he often seemed to be thinking about something.

Another year passed away, and again the grass in the hillside meadow was thick, and long, and green. "Who will go this year to watch

it?" asked their father. The two elder brothers had not a word to say, so Cinderlad at once cried out, "I'll go, Father. There is nothing to fear. I saved the grass last year, and I may be able to do so again."

And so Cinderlad went, and the same thing took place as before, only this time the horse was far bigger and fatter than either of the other two. It had a cloth of gold on its back, a golden saddle and bridle, and there was also a knight's armor of gold. Again Cinderlad threw his steel over the horse, and rode it off to the hiding-place.

III

THE PRINCESS ON THE GLASS HILL

Now, the king of the country in which Cinderlad lived had a daughter who was so very lovely that a great many princes and knights wanted to marry her. Quite close to the king's palace there was a high hill, made of glass. It was very steep, and smooth, and as slippery as ice. On the very top of this hill of glass, a grand chair was placed, in which the princess sat, with three golden apples in her lap. Then

the king said that the man who could ride up the hill and carry off the three golden apples should marry the princess, and rule over half the kingdom.

When this was made known in all parts of the country, and in other lands too, there was a great stir, for all who heard the news wanted to win the lady, and be king of half the kingdom. It was, indeed, a grand sight to see how all the princes and knights came riding on their finest horses, and clad in their grandest coats of mail.

The king set apart a day for the trial to take place. On that day a great crowd of princes and knights met at the foot of the hill, and all the people came from far and near to see the great sight. The two elder brothers were there, but as for Cinderlad, they told him that he had better stay at home. Folk would laugh at them for being seen with such a sooty rascal, whose hands and face were dirty with cleaning shoes and sifting the cinders. "Very well," said Cinderlad, "it is all one to me. I can go alone, as I am quite able to take care of myself."

Now, when the two brothers came to the hill of glass, the riding had begun, and many of the

horses were all covered with foam. Again and again had they tried to mount the hill, but as soon as they set foot on it, down they slipped. At last all their horses were so tired that they could hardly move a leg. So the king was just about to put an end to the trial for that day, when all at once a knight came riding up.

Every one looked with wonder on the strange knight. His horse was the finest that they had ever seen, and the armor that he wore was made of brass. As the rays of the sun fell on it, the man seemed to be clad in shining gold. The other knights told him that they had all tried and failed, so he might as well spare himself the trouble. However, he gave no heed to their words, but at once put his horse at the hill. Up it went with the greatest ease for about one-third of the way. Then the rider turned the horse round and rode down again.

The princess thought that she had never seen so fine a knight, and, when his horse began to ascend the hill, she felt sure that he would reach the top. "Would that he might only come up and go down on the other side!" she said to her-

SUDDENLY A KNIGHT CAME RIDING.

self. When she saw him turn back, she threw down one of the golden apples after him, and it rolled into his shoe. All rushed forward to speak to him, but soon as he got to the bottom of the hill, he rode off as fast as he could go.

That evening all the princes and knights had to go before the king, so that he who had ridden so far up the glass hill might show the apple, which the princess had thrown, but there was no one who had anything to show.

When the two elder brothers got back home, they had plenty to talk about. Both of them were eager to tell Cinderlad all about the great trial that had taken place.

"First of all," they said, "we never saw so many princes and knights together. They were all grandly dressed in coats of mail, and their horses were a sight to see."

"And did they all ride up the glass hill?" said Cinderlad.

"No," said his brother, "there was not one who could get so much as a stride up."

"Not one?" asked Cinderlad.

"Oh, yes! There was one," said his brother.

"He came up at last on the grandest horse of the lot. He had on a suit of brass mail, and a brass saddle, and when the sun shone on him you could see him a mile off. He rode a third of the way up the hill of glass. Then he turned back, thinking, maybe, that was far enough for once."

"Oh, I should so like to have seen him!" said Cinderlad, who sat among the cinders by the fire.

IV

THE SILVER KNIGHT AND THE GOLD KNIGHT

When the trial came off again, the two elder brothers were away in good time, for they did not wish to miss any part of the show. As before, Cinderlad asked to go with them, but they would not hear of it.

"What!" said they, "do you think that you are fit company for princes and knights? You stay at home, you good-for-nothing fellow, and sit among the ashes."

When the brothers got to the hill of glass, the princes and knights were ready to begin. They had taken care to shoe their horses sharp, but they were no better off than they had been when

they tried before. Not one of them was able to ride up the hill of glass. They rode and slipped, and slipped and rode, but it was of no use. Try as they would, not one of them could get so far as a yard up the hill.

Again the king was just about to put an end to the riding for that day, when a strange knight came in sight. He rode on a finer horse than the one ridden before by the knight in brass, and he was clad in a coat of silver mail. When the other knights saw him, they told him that no horse could get a footing on the glass.

The strange knight took no heed of all they said, but rode straight up the hill. Not once did his horse slip, and yet, when he was more than half way, he turned and rode down again. The princess was very glad when she saw so grand a knight riding up the hill, and in her heart she was hoping that he would reach the top, when he turned back. Seeing this, she threw the second apple after him, and it rolled down and fell in his shoe. When he reached the foot of the glass hill, he rode off as fast as he could, and no one had a chance of finding out who he was.

That evening all the princes and knights went before the king, but not one of them could show him the golden apple, which the princess had thrown to the silver-clad knight.

When the brothers reached home, they told Cinderlad about the princes and knights, who had not been able to ride up the hill, and also about the strange knight who rode more than half-way up.

When the trial came off for the third and last time, the brothers again went to see the great sight. As before, they would not take Cinderlad with them, but left him at home. The third trial came off just as the first and the second had done. Not one of the princes and knights could get as much as a yard up the hill of glass, so all waited, hoping the strange knight would come again. And so he did, but this time he had on a suit of golden mail, and his saddle and bridle were also of gold. Without a word he rode up full tilt at the hill and right up it like the wind, just as if it had been the level ground. The princess had not even time to wish that he might reach the top, before he was already there. He took the third golden apple from her lap,

turned his horse, and rode down the hill again. As soon as he reached the foot, he rode off at full speed and was soon out of sight.

The day after the third trial, the king called all the princes and knights before him, but not one of them could show him the golden apple.

"Well," said the king, "some one must have it, for we saw the knight, with our own eyes, ride up the hill of glass and carry it off."

So he made an order that every one in the land should come to the palace. Many came, but no apple was found. Last of all came the two brothers of Cinderlad, but, of course, they knew nothing. Then the king asked them if there was no one else in the kingdom who had not come.

"Oh, yes," said they, "we have a brother, but he never carried off the golden apple. He is just a good-for-nothing fellow who is not worth his salt. Why, he has not stirred out of the dust-hole for days."

"Never mind that," said the king. "Just send him here, he may as well come up to the palace like the rest."

So the brothers went home and told Cinderlad to go at once to the king.

"How, now," said the king, "have you the golden apple? Speak out, and do not be afraid."

"Yes, I have," said Cinderlad. "Here is the first, here is the second, and here is the third," and as he spoke he took the three golden apples out of his pocket, and placed them before the king.

Just then, the old and dirty clothes that he had on changed into golden mail, and every one saw that it was the strange knight who stood before them.

"You shall marry my daughter," said the king, "and you shall rule over half my kingdom, for you well deserve it."

And so he did. —*Peter G. Asbjornsen.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Do you think Cinderlad deserved to win the princess? 2. What other story have you had where some one who worked among the cinders, left the cinders and lived happily ever after? 3. How many horses had Cinderlad and on which one did he climb to the top of the glass hill? 4. Try to draw the barn for the hay.

This story would make a good play. Who are the characters? What is the first scene? The second? How many scenes are there? Are the speaking parts all ready to say?

6. THE FAIRIES

Little Men, or Wee Folk, was a name given to the fairies. People used to say that, if you disturbed them in their revels and dancing, they would punish you in some way, make your milk sour, or put thorns in your bed.

This poem was written in Ireland, one of the countries where they say fairies still dwell.

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 watchdogs,
  All night awake.

By the craggy hillside,
  Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
  For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
  As dig them up in spite?
He shall find their sharpest thorns
  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!
—*William Allingham.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. On your sand-tray model the mountain with a river running into the lake at the foot. Make thorn-trees of plasticine or paper and plant them on your mountain. 2. Draw a green jacket and a red cap with a white feather in it; or cut them out in colored paper. 3. Model the little men trooping over the mountain; or make a picture of them.

7. THE TOWN MUSICIANS

I

THE DONKEY WOULD BE A MUSICIAN

Once upon a time a man had a donkey who for many years had carried bags of grain on his back to and from the mill. But at last he grew so old that he was no longer of any use for work, and his master tried to think how he could get rid of his old servant so that he might not have to feed him.

The donkey found out what was in his master's mind, and fearing that he might be killed, he ran away.

So he took the road to Bremen, where he had often heard the street band play sweet music, for he thought he could be a musician as well as they.

He had not gone far when he came upon an old dog panting for breath, as if he had been running a long way.

"What are you panting for, my friend!" asked the donkey.

"Ah," answered the dog, "now that I am old, and growing weaker and weaker every day, I can no longer go to the hunt, and my master has said that I must be killed; so I have run away. But how I am to find bread and meat I do not know."

"Well," said the donkey, "come with me. I am going to be a street musician in Bremen. I think you and I could easily earn a living by music; I can play the flute, and you can play the kettle-drum."

The dog was quite willing, and so they both walked on.

They had not gone far when they saw a cat sitting in the road with a face as long as three days of rainy weather.

"Now, what is the matter with you, old Tom?" asked the donkey.

"You also would be sad," said the cat, "if you were in my place; for now that I am getting old, and my teeth are gone, I cannot catch the mice, and I like to lie behind the stove and purr; but when I found that they were going to drown me, I ran away as fast as I could. Alas, what I am to do I do not know!"

"Come with us to Bremen," said the donkey. "I know that you sing well at night, so you can easily be a street musician in the town."

"That is just what I should like to do," said the cat; so he joined the donkey and the dog, and they all walked on together.

After some time the three musicians came to a farmyard, and on the gate stood a cock, crying "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" with all his might.

"What are you making so much noise for?" asked the donkey.

"Ah," said the cock, "in spite of my giving them a fine day for Sunday I find I must have my head cut off to make a dinner for Monday, so I am crowing as hard as I can while my head is still on!"

"Come with us, old Red Comb," said the donkey; "we are going to Bremen to be street musicians. You have a fine voice, and the rest of us are all musical, too."

"Ah," said the cock, "that is just what I should like to do!" And they all four went on to Bremen.

II

THE MUSICIANS MEET ROBBERS

Now they could not reach the town in one day, and as evening came on they went into a wood to stop for the night.

The donkey and the dog lay down under a large tree; the cat climbed up on one of the

branches; and the cock flew to the top of the tree, where he felt quite safe.

Before they went to sleep, the cock, who from the top of the tree could look all around, saw the light from a window, and calling to his friends he told them that they were not far from a house.

"Then," said the donkey, "we must all go on to this light, for it may be just the house for us." And the old dog said he should like a little piece of meat or even a bone.

So they were soon on their way again. As they drew near, the light grew larger and brighter, until they saw that it came from the window of a robbers' house. The donkey, who was the tallest, went up and looked in.

"What do you see, old Long Ears?" asked the cock.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey. "Why, a table spread with plenty to eat and drink, and the robbers sitting before it having their supper."

"We should be there, too, if we had our rights," said the cock.

"Ah, yes," said the donkey, "if we could only get inside."

Then the four friends talked over what they had better do in order to drive the robbers away. At last they hit upon a plan.

The donkey was to stand on his hind legs and place his front feet on the window-sill; the dog could then stand on the donkey's back; the cat was to climb upon the dog; and the cock was to perch on the cat's head.

As soon as this was done, the donkey gave a signal, and they all began to make their music at once. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed, all with such force that the window-panes shook and were almost broken.

The robbers had never before heard such a noise, and thought it must come from witches, or giants, or goblins. They all fled at once and ran as fast as they could to the wood behind the house. Then our four friends rushed in and took what the robbers had left on the table. They ate as if they had been hungry for a month.

When the four musicians had eaten as much

"At Last They Hit Upon a Plan."

as they could, they put out the light, and each went to sleep in the spot which he liked best. The donkey lay down out in the yard; the dog lay behind the door; the cat went to sleep in front of the fireplace; while the cock flew up on to a high shelf. They were all so tired from their long walk that they soon fell fast asleep.

When all was still and the light was put out, the robber chief sent one of his bravest men back to the house to see how things were going. The man found everything quiet and still, so he went into the kitchen to strike a light. Seeing the great fiery eyes of the cat, he thought they were live coals and held a match to them. But this made puss angry, and he flew up, spit at the man, and scratched his face. It gave the robber so great a fright that he ran for the door, but the dog, who lay there, sprang up and bit him in the leg as he went by.

In the yard the rogue ran into the donkey, who gave him a great kick with his hind foot; while the cock on the shelf, waked up by the noise, was alive in a moment, and cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then the man ran as fast as his legs could carry him back to the robber chief.

When he had caught his breath, he said: "In that house is a wicked witch, who flew at me and scratched my face with her long nails; then by the door stood a man with a knife, who cut me in the leg; out in the yard lay a great black giant, who struck me a blow with his wooden leg; and up in the roof sat the judge, who cried: 'What did he do? What did he do?' When I heard this, I ran off as fast as I could."

No money could ever have made the robbers go near that house again; but our four friends, the musicians, liked the place so well that they would not leave it, and so far as I know they are there to this day. —*Grimm's Fairy Tales.*

HELPS TO STUDY

This story has been a great favorite with boys and girls everywhere. When Grimm first told it he was making fun of the street musicians in Bremen, Germany. Have you ever seen a street band? Think carefully and you will see the point in Grimm's humor.

1. Write the names of the four animals who tried to be musicians. Draw them, or model them in plasticine. 2. Tell the adventures each had. 3. How did they scare the robbers away? 4. Tell all the things the robber said happened to him when he returned to the house.

8. HOW THE KITE LEARNED TO FLY

"I never can do it," the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head;
"I know I should fall if I tried to fly."
"Try," said the big kite; "only try!
Or I fear you never will learn at all."

But the little kite said, "I'm afraid I'll fall."
The big kite nodded: "Ah well, good-bye;
I'm off!" and he rose toward the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself free for flight.
First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
Up, up he rose through the air alone,
Till the big kite looking down could see
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite side by side!
While far below he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving around.
They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and the clouds were there.
"Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried,
"And all because I was brave, and tried."

—*Anonymous.*

9. SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

I

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

Once upon a time there lived in a cottage near a wood a poor widow. In the garden in front of her house grew two rosebushes, one of which bore white roses and the other red.

Now the widow had two little girls, who were so like the rosebushes that to one she gave the name of Snow-White and to the other that of Rose-Red.

These two little girls were the best children in the world. Snow-White was quiet and gentle. She used to stay at home with her mother, help her about the housework, and read to her after it was done; while Rose-Red liked to run about the fields and look for birds and flowers.

The two children were very fond of each other, and when out walking always went hand in hand. Snow-White would say, "We will never leave each other," while her sister would answer, "No, never so long as we live."

The children often went to the wood to pick berries. Not a living thing ever did them any harm, for all the animals were quite friendly

with them. The little rabbits ate leaves out of their hands; even the deer would not run from them; while the birds sang for them in the trees. Sometimes they would stay in the forest all night, and still their mother knew there was no cause for fear.

One morning, after the sisters had been sleeping all night in a soft bed of moss, they opened their eyes and saw near them a beautiful little child, whose clothes were white and shining. When he saw that they were awake, he smiled at them kindly, and then seemed to go away in a mist. They looked around and found that they had been sleeping on the edge of a dark, deep hole, into which they would surely have fallen had they moved during the night. Their mother said that the child they saw must have been one of the angels who watch over all good children.

The little girls kept their mother's house so neat and clean that there was never a speck of dust to be found. Each morning in summer, Rose-Red picked fresh flowers to place by her mother's bed. In winter, Snow-White made the fire, filled the teakettle, and placed it over the bright blaze.

In the evening, when the snow was falling and the door closed and locked, Snow-White and Rose-Red would take seats around the fire in the bright little room and knit their stockings, while their mother read to them out of some good book.

II

THE COMING OF THE BEAR

One evening there came a rap at the door, and the mother said, "Rose-Red, open the door quickly; some one may be lost in the snow."

So Rose-Red unlocked the door, and in came a great black bear.

At first they were all very much afraid, until the bear began to speak, and said: "Do not fear; I will not hurt you. I only wish to warm myself by the fire, for my paws are nearly frozen."

"Poor bear!" cried the mother, "come and lie down by the fire, but take care not to burn your coat of fur."

Then she called out: "Snow-White and Rose-Red, come here! This is a good bear; he will not hurt you." So they both came up by the fire, and the bear said, "Dear children, will you please sweep the snow from my fur?"

They took the broom and brushed the bear's fur until it was quite smooth. Then the huge fellow lay down at full length before the warm fire. In a short time the children had lost all fear of him. They jumped upon his back, rolled over him on to the floor, and pulled his thick fur, and the bear did not mind in the least.

When bedtime came, the mother said to him, "You may stay here by the fire all night, if you like, as it is too cold for you to try to go home."

In the morning, when all were up, the two children opened the door, and the bear trotted off into the wood. After this he came every evening, always at the same time. He would lie down in front of the fire, and let the children play with him as much as they pleased. At last they grew so used to him that no one thought of locking the door until the big black bear had come in.

III

THE WICKED DWARF

So the winter passed, and the grass began to grow, and the buds began to swell, and the birds began to sing, and spring had come.

One morning the bear said to Snow-White, "I shall be gone all summer, and you will not see me again until winter comes."

"Where are you going, dear Bear?" asked Snow-White.

"I must go into the forest," he answered, "to hide my gold from those wicked little dwarfs. While winter is here, and the ground is frozen hard, they cannot find it; but when the snow is gone, and the sun has warmed the earth, it is easy for them to dig up my gold. When once they have stolen anything, it is hard to get it back again."

Snow-White felt very sorry when the bear said good-bye. As he went out of the door, the latch caught his fur and tore off a piece. Snow-White thought she saw something shine like gold under his skin, but she was not sure, for the bear went away quickly and was soon lost to sight in the forest.

One day the mother sent her children into the forest to pick up wood. While walking along hand in hand, they came upon a large tree which had fallen to the ground. Snow-White thought she saw something jumping up and down on

the other side of the trunk. When they came nearer, they found that a little dwarf with a dried-up face had caught his long beard in a crack of the tree.

The dwarf was jumping about like a puppy at the end of a string, but he could not get free. He looked at the children with his red, fiery eyes, and cried: "What are you standing there for? Why don't you help me out?"

"Poor little man!" said Rose-Red, "how did it happen?"

"You stupid goose!" he cried, "I was trying to split the tree, but as I drove in my axe, it slipped out, and the tree closed so quickly that I caught my long white beard in it. Now why don't you do something?"

In spite of his cross words and ugly looks, the children were willing to help him. They tried to pull out his beard, but the tree held it fast.

"Ah, I know what to do," cried Snow-White. And she quickly took her scissors out of her pocket, and cut off the dwarf's beard close to the trunk of the tree. No sooner was the ugly fellow free than he caught up a bag of gold which was lying among the roots, and ran off without even thanking the children.

A short time after this, Snow-White and Rose-Red went out to catch some fish for dinner. When they came to the edge of the stream, they saw something like a great grasshopper hopping about on the bank. As they ran up, they found that it was the little old dwarf.

"What is the matter?" asked Rose-Red. "Why are you jumping up and down?"

"Do you think I am a dunce?" he cried. "Don't you see that I have caught a big fish, and that he has almost dragged me into the water?"

Then the children saw that the long beard of the dwarf was tangled in his line, and that the fish had indeed almost dragged him into the

water. They caught hold of him and pulled him back just in time. His long beard was so wound up in the line that, in spite of all they could do, Snow-White had to take out her little scissors and cut it off again. This time only a little piece of the beard was left.

When the dwarf saw this, he was in a great rage. "Why did you cut my beard off so short?" he cried. "Am I to lose all that I have at your hands? I shall not dare to show my face." While he continued to talk in this way, he picked up a bag of pearls, which he had hidden in a tuft of grass, and ran quickly away.

A few days later, the mother sent her two children to town to buy some ribbon and thread. Their path led across a field, and soon Snow-White saw a large bird flying round and round. At last he dropped to the ground, and at the same time they heard cries and shouts as if someone were being killed. The children ran up to the place and found that a great ugly bird had caught the dwarf in its claws, and was trying to fly away with him. The children did all they could to help the little man, and pulled

and tugged so hard, that at last the bird let go and flew off to the wood.

The dwarf at once began to scold and rage. "Why did you hold me so tight?" he cried. "You have pulled my new coat nearly off my back, you ugly children."

Then he picked up his bag of diamonds, and slipped away among the rocks. The little girls did not mind what he said in the least, but went on to the town to buy the things for their mother.

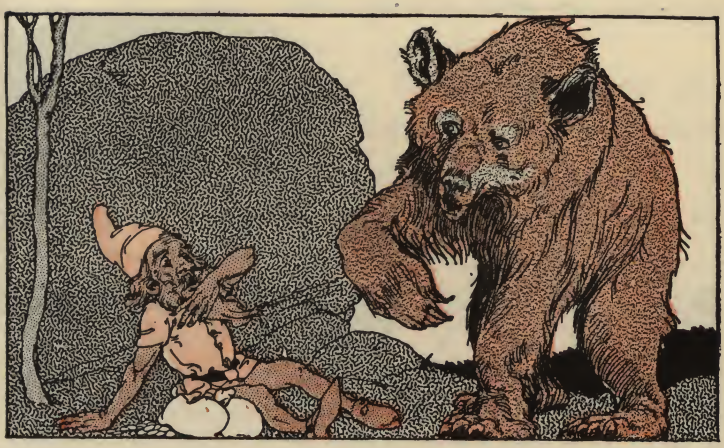
IV

THE PRINCE

On their way back, as they were crossing the same field, they came again upon the dwarf, who was counting over his diamonds in the shade of a big rock. The diamonds flashed and sparkled with such beautiful colors that the children could not take their eyes from them.

"Why are you standing there?" cried the dwarf, his face quite red with rage. Just then they heard a growl, and a huge black bear walked in upon them.

The dwarf sprang up in a great fright, but he could not run, for the bear stood right in



his way. Then he cried out and began to beg: "Dear Mr. Bear, spare my life! I will give you all my gold, my pearls, and my diamonds, if you will only spare my life. See, I am nothing but a mouthful; but those two fat young girls will make you a good meal. Just eat them instead of me."

The bear, without a word, lifted his great paw, and with one stroke laid the ugly, wicked little wretch dead on the ground.

The children started to run away, but the bear called out to them: "Snow-White, Rose-Red, don't be afraid! Wait, and I shall go home with you."

THE BEAR WAS A PRINCE!

Then they knew his voice, and stood still; but as he came toward them, lo! what did they see! All at once the bearskin fell off, and out stepped a young man, with beautiful clothes and a smiling face.

"I am a king's son," he said, "and that wicked dwarf, after robbing me of nearly all my gold, changed me into a bear. I have not been able to catch the dwarf and kill him until

to-day. His death has set me free at last, and I am glad to be a bear no longer."

Not many years after, Snow-White was married to the prince, and Rose-Red to his brother. Their mother took the two rosebushes and set them out in the garden of the king's castle, and every year they bore the same beautiful red and white roses.

—*Grimm's Fairy Tales.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How did the two girls in the story get their names? 2. Tell where Snow-White found the dwarf, and how she set him free. 3. What happened when the bear met the dwarf? 4. If you like this story, you might like "The Frog Prince," where the prince is changed to a frog and by and by becomes a prince again. You will find it in *Grimm's Tales.*

10. WHITE BUTTERFLIES

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly.
Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
Fly.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

11. THE UGLY DUCKLING

I

THE DUCKLING IS HATCHED

It was beautiful summer time in the country; the wheat was yellow, the oats were green, the hay was stacked up in the green meadows. The sunshine fell warmly on an old house surrounded by deep canals. From the walls down to the water's edge there grew large burdock leaves, so high that children could stand upright among them without being seen. The spot was as wild as the thickest part of the wood, and on that account a duck had chosen to make her nest there. She had been sitting on her eggs a long time, and had few visitors; for the other ducks preferred swimming on the canals to sitting among the burdock leaves and gossiping with her.

At last the eggs began to crack. "Tchick! tchick!" All the eggs were alive, and one little head after another peeped forth. "Quack! quack!" said the duck, and all got up as well as they could. They peeped about from under the green leaves; and, as green is good for the

eyes, their mother let them look as long as they pleased.

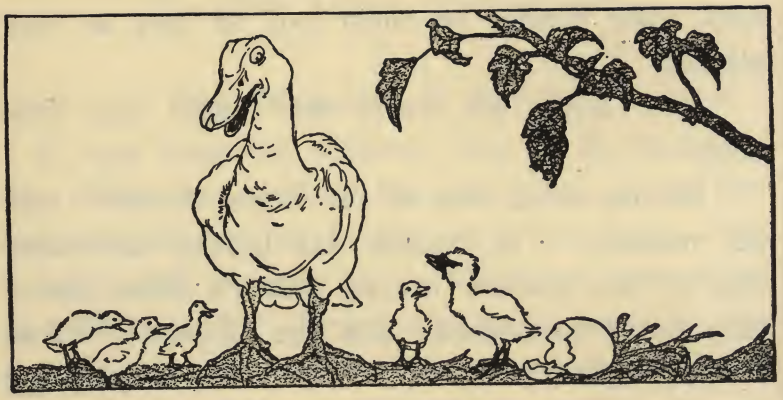
"How large the world is!" said the little ones.

"Do you think this is the whole world?" said the mother. "It reaches far beyond the other side of the garden to the pastor's field, but I have never been there. Are you all here?" And then she got up. "No, not all; the largest egg is still unbroken. How long will this last? I am so tired of it!" And then she sat down again.

"Well, and how are you getting on?" said an old duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"This one egg will not break," said the mother, "but you should see the others! They are the prettiest little ducklings I have seen in all my days."

"Let me see the egg that will not break," said the old duck. "Ah, it is a turkey's egg. I was cheated in the same way once myself, for the young ones were afraid of the water. I called and scolded, but I could not get them in. Let me see the egg — ah, yes! to be sure, that



is a turkey's egg. Leave it, and teach the other little ones to swim."

"I have been sitting so long, that I may as well sit on it a little longer," said the duck.

"Oh, well, it is no business of mine," said the old duck, and away she waddled.

The great egg burst at last. "Tchick! tchick!" said the little one, and out it tumbled—but, oh, how large and ugly it was! The duck looked at it. "That is a great, strong creature," said she; "none of the others are at all like it. Can it be a young turkey? Well, we shall soon find out. It must go into the water, though I push it in myself."

II

THE DUCKLING IS UNHAPPY

The next day there was delightful weather, and the sun shone warmly upon all the green leaves, when the mother duck with all her family went down to the canal! Plump she went into the water. "Quack! quack!" cried she, and one duckling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but all came up again, and swam together in the pleasantest manner. Their legs moved without effort. All were there, even the ugly, grey one.

"No! it is not a turkey," said the old duck. "Only see how prettily it moves its legs! How upright it holds itself! It is my own child. It is also really very pretty, when one looks more closely at it. Quack! quack! Now come with me, I will take you into the world, and introduce you in the duckyard; but keep close to me, or some one may tread on you; and beware of the cat."

When they came into the duckyard, there was a horrid noise. Two families were quarrelling about the body of an eel, which in the end was taken by the cat.

"See, my children, such is the way of the world," said the mother duck, wiping her beak, for she, too, was fond of eels.

"Now use your legs," said she, "keep together, and bow to the old duck you see yonder. She is the most noted of all the fowls present, and is of Spanish blood, which accounts for her appearance and manners. Look, she has a red rag on her leg! That is considered very handsome, and is the very finest ornament a duck can have. Don't turn your feet inward. A well-trained duckling always keeps his legs far apart, like his father and mother, just so—look! now bow your necks, and say, 'quack.'"

They did as they were told. But the other ducks looked at them, and said aloud: "Only see; now we have another brood, as if there were not enough of us already. How ugly that one is!" And one of the ducks flew at him and bit him in the neck.

"Leave him alone," said the mother; "he is doing no one any harm."

"Yes, but he is so large and so strange looking, and therefore he shall be teased."

"Those are fine children that our good mother

has," said the old duck with the red rag on her leg. "All are pretty except one, and that has not turned out well; it ought to be hatched over again."

"That cannot be, please your Highness," said the mother. "Certainly he is not handsome; but he is a very good child, and swims as well as the others, indeed, rather better. He will grow like the others in good time. He stayed too long in the eggshell; that is what made him different." And she scratched the duckling's neck, and stroked his whole body. "I think he will be very strong; therefore it does not matter so much. He will fight his way through."

"The other ducks are very pretty," said the old duck. "Pray make yourselves at home, and if you find an eel's head you may bring it to me."

But the poor little duckling who had come last out of its eggshell and who was so ugly, was bitten, pecked, and teased by both ducks and hens.

"It is so large!" said they all. And the turkey cock, who had come into the world with spurs on, and therefore fancied he was an

emperor, puffed himself out like a ship in full sail, and marched up to the duckling quite red with passion. The poor little thing scarcely knew what to do. He was quite unhappy because he was so ugly, and because he was the joke of the farmyard.

So passed the first day, and afterward matters grew worse and worse every day. The poor duckling was scorned by all. Even his brothers and sisters behaved unkindly, and were constantly saying, "The cat catch you, you nasty creature!" The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the ducks kicked him.

III

RUNNING AWAY

At last the duckling ran away. He was frightened and tired, but on he ran. Finally he came to a wide moor, where lived some wild ducks; here he lay the whole night, tired and unhappy. In the morning the wild ducks noticed their new companion. "Pray, who are you?" asked they; and our little duckling turned him-

self in all directions, and greeted them as politely as possible.

"You are really very ugly!" said the wild ducks. "However, that does not matter to us, if only you do not marry into our families." Poor thing! he only wanted permission to lie among the reeds, and drink the water of the moor.

There he lay for two whole days. On the third day there came two wild geese who had not been long out of their eggshells, which accounted for their rudeness.

"Listen," said they, "you are so ugly that we like you very well. Will you come with us, and be a bird of passage? On another moor, not far from this, are some dear, sweet wild geese, as lovely creatures as have ever said 'hiss, hiss.' You are truly in luck, ugly as you are."

Bang! A gun went off all at once, and both wild geese lay dead among the reeds. The water became red with blood. Bang! a gun went off again; then the whole flock of wild geese flew up from among the reeds, and other shooting followed.

There was a grand hunting party. The

hunters lay hidden all around. Some were even sitting in the trees, whose huge branches stretched *far over the moor. The blue smoke rose through* the thick trees like a mist, the hounds splashed about in the mud, and the reeds and rushes bent in all directions. How frightened the poor little duckling was! He turned his head, thinking to hide it under his wings, and in a moment a most terrible-looking dog stood close to him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, his eyes sparkling fearfully. He opened wide his jaws at the sight of our duckling, showed him his sharp white teeth, and splash, splash! he was gone,—gone without hurting him.

"Well! let me be thankful," sighed he. "I am so ugly that even the dog will not eat me."

And now he lay still, though the shooting kept on among the reeds, shot following shot.

The noise did not stop till late in the day, and even then the poor little thing dared not stir. He waited several hours before he looked around him and then hastened away from the moor as fast as he could. He ran over fields and meadows, though the wind was so high that he had some trouble in getting along.

IV

STRANGE ADVENTURES

Toward evening he reached a wretched little hut. The wind blew very hard, so that our poor little duckling was obliged to support himself on his tail, in order to stand against it; but it became worse and worse. He then saw that the door had lost one of its hinges, and hung so crooked that he could creep through the opening into the room.

In this room lived an old woman, with her cat and her hen. The cat, whom she called her little son, knew how to set up his back and purr; indeed, he could even show sparks when stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, and was therefore called "Cuckoo Short-legs." She laid very good eggs, and the old woman loved her as her own child.

The next morning the new guest was seen; the cat began to mew, and the hen to cackle.

"What is the matter?" asked the old woman, looking around. However, her eyes were not good, so she took the young duckling to be a fat duck who had lost her way. "This is a

capital catch," said she. "I shall now have duck's eggs."

Now the cat was the master of the house, and the hen was the mistress, and they used always to say, "We and the world," for they thought themselves to be not only the half of the world, but also by far the better half. The duckling thought it was possible that they were making a mistake, but to this the hen would not agree.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Well, then, hold your tongue."

And the cat said, "Can you set up your back? Can you purr?"

"No."

"Well, then, you should have no opinion when sensible persons are speaking."

So the duckling sat alone in a corner, and was in a very bad humor. However, he happened to think of the fresh air and bright sunshine, and these thoughts gave him such a strong wish to swim again, that he could not help telling it to the hen.

"What ails you?" said the hen. "Have you nothing to do but to brood over these fancies?

Either lay eggs or purr, and then you will forget them."

"But it is so fine to swim!" said the duckling; "so fine when the waters close over your head, and you plunge to the bottom!"

"Well, that is a queer sort of pleasure," said the hen. "I think you must be crazy. Not to speak of myself, ask the cat—he is the most sensible animal I know—whether he would like to swim, or to plunge to the bottom of the water. Ask our mistress, the old woman—there is no one in the world wiser than she. Do you think she would take pleasure in swimming, and in having the waters close over her head?"

"You do not understand me," said the duckling. "I think I shall go out into the wide world again."

"Well, go," answered the hen.

So the duckling went. He swam on the surface of the water, he plunged beneath; but all animals passed him by, on account of his ugliness.

V

MORE ADVENTURES

The autumn came, the leaves turned yellow and brown, and the wind caught them and danced

them about. The air was very cold, the clouds were heavy with snow, and the raven sat on the hedge and croaked. The poor duckling was certainly not very comfortable!

One evening, just as the sun was setting, a flock of large, beautiful birds rose from out of the brushwood. The duckling had never seen anything so beautiful before. Their feathers were of a dazzling white, and they had long, slender necks. They were swans. They uttered a strange cry, spread out their long, splendid wings, and flew away from these cold regions to warmer countries, across the open sea. They flew so high, so very high! and the little ugly duckling's feelings were so strange! He turned round and round in the water like a mill wheel, strained his neck to look after them, and sent forth such a loud and strange cry that it almost frightened himself. Ah! he could not forget them, those noble birds! those happy birds! When he could see them no longer, he plunged to the bottom of the water, and when he rose again he was almost beside himself. The duckling knew not what the birds were called, knew not whither they were flying, yet he loved them as he had

never before loved anything. He envied them not, and it would never have occurred to him to wish such beauty for himself. He would have been quite contented if the ducks in the duckyards had but endured his company, poor, ugly duckling!

And the winter was so cold, so cold! The duckling was obliged to swim round and round in the water, to keep it from freezing. Every night the opening in which he swam became smaller and smaller. It froze so that the crust of ice crackled, and the duckling was obliged to make good use of his legs to prevent the water from freezing entirely. At last, tired out, he lay stiff and cold in the ice.

Early in the morning there passed by a man who saw him, broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and brought him home to his wife.

He now revived. The children would have played with him, but our duckling thought they wished to tease him, and in his terror jumped into the milk pail, so that the milk was spilled about the room. The good woman screamed and clapped her hands; and he flew into the pan where the butter was kept, and thence into the

meal barrel, and out again, and then how strange he looked!

The woman screamed, and struck at him with the tongs. The children ran races with each other trying to catch him, and laughed and screamed likewise. It was well for him that the door stood open. He jumped out among the bushes into the new-fallen snow, and lay there as in a dream.

VI

HAPPY AT LAST

But it would be too sad to tell all the trouble that he was obliged to suffer during the winter. He was lying on a moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine warm again. The larks sang, and beautiful spring had returned.

Once more he shook his wings. They were stronger than formerly, and bore him forward quickly; and, before he was well aware of it, he was in a large garden where the apple trees stood in full bloom. Oh! everything was so lovely, so full of the freshness of spring! And out of the thicket came three beautiful white swans. They spread out their feathers so proudly, and swam so lightly, so lightly! The duckling

knew the glorious creatures, and was seized with a strange sadness.

"I will fly to them, those kingly birds!" said he. "They will kill me, because I am so ugly; but it matters not. Better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked by the girl who feeds the poultry, and to have so much to suffer during the winter!" He flew into the water and swam toward the beautiful creatures. They saw him and swam forward to meet him. "Only kill me," said the poor animal, and he bowed his head low, expecting death. But what did he see in the water? He saw beneath him his own form, no longer that of a plump, ugly, grey bird —it was that of a swan.

It matters not to have been born in a duck-yard, if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.

Some little children were running about in the garden. They threw grain and bread into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, "There is a new one!" The others also cried out, "Yes, there is a new swan come!" and they clapped their hands, and danced around. They called to

their father and mother, bread and cake were thrown into the water, and every one said, "The new one is the best, so young and so beautiful!" and the old swans bowed before him. The young swan felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings. He scarcely knew what to do, he was so happy; but still he was not proud, for a good heart is never proud.

He remembered how he had been persecuted, and he now heard every one say he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. The trees

bent down their branches toward him low into the water, and the sun shone warm and bright. He shook his feathers, stretched his slender neck, and in the joy of his heart said, "How little did I dream of so much happiness when I was only the ugly duckling!"

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

HELPS TO STUDY

"The Ugly Duckling" was written by Hans Andersen, who was born in Denmark in 1805. As his first stories were read by boys and girls in 1825, you see they are not so old as the fairy tales you have just been reading. Before he wrote his stories he was very poor and sometimes unhappy. But he lived to be seventy, and wrote many, many tales for children who loved him. You must read his story called "The Snow Queen," and another called "The Brave Tin Soldier."

1. Would you like to be called an "Ugly Duckling"? 2. Why did the duckling run away? 3. What happened to him in the old woman's hut? 4. Tell what he did when winter came. 5. What happened in the springtime? 6. How did the children treat him? 7. See if you can draw a duck, and also a swan. They both swim in the water but they do not look alike, do they?

Look at the third paragraph from the end. Does it explain the whole story? Could you begin with that paragraph, and write a short story of your own?

There are titles for the six parts of this story. Can you think of other suitable titles for each? Can you illustrate one of them?

12. SWEET PEAS

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight;
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

—*John Keats.*

13. FIVE PEAS IN ONE POD

I

There were five peas in one shell. They were green, and the pod was green, and so they thought all the world was green; and that was just as it should be. The shell grew and the peas grew! they fitted in as well as they could, sitting all in a row. The sun shone without, and warmed the husk, and the rain made it bright and clear. It was mild and pleasant in the bright day and in the dark night, just as it should be; and the peas as they sat there became bigger and bigger, and more and more thoughtful, for something they must do.

"Are we to sit here for ever?" asked one. "I'm afraid we shall become hard by sitting so long. It seems to me there must be something outside—I have a kind of feeling of it."

As the weeks went by, the peas became yellow, and the pod also.

"All the world is turning yellow," said they; and they had a right to say it.

Suddenly they felt a tug at the shell. The shell was torn off, passed through human hands, and glided down into the pocket of a jacket, in company with other full pods.

"Now we shall soon be opened!" they said; and that is just what they were waiting for.

"I should like to know who of us will get farthest!" said the smallest of the five. "Yes, now it will soon be seen."

"What is to be will be," said the biggest.

"Crack!" the pod burst, and all the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was clutching them, and said they were fine peas for his pea-shooter; and he put one in directly and shot it out.

"Now, I'm flying out into the wide world. Catch me if you can!" And he was gone.

"I," said the second, "I shall fly straight into the sun. That's a shell worth looking at, and one that exactly suits me." And away he went.

"We'll go to sleep wherever we arrive," said the two next, "but we shall roll on all the same." And they did roll and tumble down on the ground before they got into the pea-shooter; but they were put in for all that. "We shall go farthest," said they.

"What is to happen will happen," said the last, as he was shot forth out of the pea-shooter; and he flew up against the old board under the garret window, just into a crack which was filled up with moss and soft mould; and the moss closed around him. There he lay, a prisoner indeed.

"What is to happen will happen," said he.

II

Within, in the little garret, lived a poor woman, who went out in the day to clean stoves, chop kindling wood small, and to do other

hard work of the same kind, for she was strong and willing, too. But she always remained poor; and at home in the garret lay her only daughter, a half-grown girl, who was very delicate and weak. For a whole year she had kept her bed, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

"She is going to her little sister," the woman said. "I have had only the two children, and it was not an easy thing to take care of both, but the good God took care of one of them by taking her home to Himself. Now I should be glad to keep the other that was left me; but I suppose they are not to remain apart, and my sick girl will go to her sister in Heaven."

But the sick girl remained where she was. She lay quiet and patient all day long, while her mother went to earn money out-of-doors. It was spring, and early in the morning, just as the mother was about to go out to work, the sun shone mildly and pleasantly through the little window, and threw its rays across the floor; and the sick girl fixed her eyes on the lowest pane in the window.

"What may that green thing be that looks in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

And the mother stepped to the window, and half opened it. "Oh!" said she, "on my word! that is a little pea which has taken root here and is putting out its little leaves. How can it have got into the crack? That is a little garden with which you can amuse yourself."

The sick girl's bed was moved nearer to the window, so that she could always see the growing pea; and the mother went forth to her work.

"Mother, I think I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening. "The sun shone in so warm upon me to-day. The little pea is growing finely, and I shall grow stronger, too, and get up, and go out into the warm sunshine."

"God grant it," said the mother, though she did not believe it would be so; but she took care to prop with a little stick the green plant which had given her daughter the pleasant thoughts of life, so that it might not be broken by the wind. She tied a piece of string to the window-sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea might have something around which it could twine when it shot up; and it

did shoot up, indeed—one could see how it grew every day.

"Really, here is a flower coming!" said the woman, one day; and now she began to cherish the hope that her sick daughter would recover. She remembered that lately the child had spoken much more cheerfully than before, that in the last few days she had risen up in bed of her own accord, and had sat upright, looking with delighted eyes at the little garden in which only one plant grew. A week afterward the invalid for the first time sat up for a whole hour. Quite happy, she sat there in the warm sunshine. The window was opened, and outside before it stood a pink pea blossom, fully blown. The sick girl bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves. This day was like a festival.

"The Heavenly Father himself has planted that pea, and caused it to prosper, to be a joy to you, and to me also, my blessed child!" said the glad mother; and she smiled at the flower, as if it had been a good angel.

But about the other peas? Why, the one who flew out into the wide world, and said, "Catch me if you can," fell into the gutter on the roof,

"She Smiled at the Flower."

and found a home in a pigeon's crop; the two lazy ones got just as far, for they, too, were eaten up by pigeons, and thus, at any rate, they were of some real use; but the fourth, who wanted to go up into the sun, fell into the sink, and there he lay in dirty water for weeks and weeks, and swelled and swelled. "How beautifully fat I'm growing!" said the pea. "I shall burst at last, and I don't think any pea can do more than that. I'm the most remarkable of all the five that were in the shell."

And the sink said he was right.

But the young girl at the garret window stood there with gleaming eyes, with the rosy hue of health on her cheeks, and folded her thin hands over the pea blossom, and thanked Heaven for it.

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Write what each pea said as it was shot from the boy's pea-shooter. 2. Tell what happened to each of the five peas, and say which had the best life. 3. When did the mother begin to think her daughter would get well? 4. If you know any sick children, take them some flowers. 5. Sweet peas are very lovely and have a sweet perfume. Try to grow some in your school garden, and when they bloom, draw one and color your drawing.

14. ESCAPE AT BEDTIME

The lights from the parlor and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plow, and the Hunter, and all,
And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Make a picture of a boy looking up at the stars in the sky. 2. The Plow is another name for the Big Dipper. Draw it. 3. If you have a star-book in your library, look for the Dog, and the Hunter, and Mars, and the Pole Star. Find them in the sky.

Part Three

A LITTLE PLAY TO ACT

The story of Hansel and Gretel is a very old one, and, as you see, it has been turned into a play for you. Try to act it out. One part of the room can be the cottage and another part the forest. How many people do you need? Choose bigger children for the father and mother. Perhaps a boy would like to be the witch. A witch was an ugly old woman, but he could wear a mask or a long nose to make him look ugly. Read the story over several times so that you will know what to do, and then those who are chosen to act it must read their parts well out, so that the rest can hear. They may learn some of it if they like.

HANSEL AND GRETEL

Persons in the Play:

FATHER	HANSEL	SANDMAN
(*a Broom-maker*)	GRETEL	DAWN FAIRY
MOTHER	CUCKOO	WITCH

GINGERBREAD CHILDREN

ACT I

Place — THE BROOM-MAKER'S COTTAGE

Time — AFTERNOON OF LONG AGO

[*The cottage stands near a forest. In a small room are two children, a boy named Hansel and a girl named Gretel. Against one wall is a bed. On a table stands*

a jug. There are three chairs and a stool. Hansel sits on the low stool, near the door, making a broom. Gretel sits by the fireplace knitting and singing.]

GRETEL *(Stops singing).* Oh! how hungry I am.

HANSEL *(Nearly crying).* So am I. I haven't had enough to eat for a week, and to-day I have had nothing at all. *(Hansel begins to sob).*

GRETEL. Don't cry, brother. There isn't a crumb in the house. But wait until Father and Mother come home from town. Perhaps they will sell a lot of brooms to-day. Then we can have a good supper.

HANSEL. What is in that jug, Gretel?

GRETEL. That is a secret, Hansel. But if you will promise not to cry any more, I'll tell you about it. Look in the jug.

[*Hansel drops his broom, walks to the table, stands on tiptoe, and looks into the jug.*]

HANSEL. Milk! Oh, how thick the cream is! How I'd like to drink it! May I have some?

[*He dips his finger into the milk and licks it.*]

GRETEL. Oh, no! not now, Hansel. Neighbour Kinde brought it. Mother is going to make us

a pudding for supper, if she sells enough brooms to buy flour, sugar and eggs. Finish your broom.

HANSEL. No, no! I'm tired of work.

GRETEL. Well, then, let us dance.

[*She throws down her knitting and takes Hansel's hands.*]

HANSEL *(Sulkily)*, I don't know how to dance.

GRETEL *(Merrily)*. I'll show you. I'll sing the song Grandmother used to sing and we can dance to it. Come on.

Let us join our hands and sing,
Dancing in a merry ring;
Right foot first, left foot then,
Round about and back again.

[*The two children sing and laugh and dance, and in their fun they bump into the table, and over goes the jug of milk. Just at that moment their mother comes into the room. She has not sold a single broom.*]

MOTHER *(Crossly)*. Hansel! Gretel! Is this the way you work? See what you have done! Spilt all the milk. There will be no pudding for supper, and there is nothing in the house.

HANSEL and GRETEL *(Together)*. I'm sorry, Mother.

MOTHER *(Wearily)*. If you want any supper, you'll have to work for it. Take this basket into the forest and pick some ripe strawberries. I shall rest till you return.

[*The two children take the basket and run to the forest, while the Mother lies down.*]

GRETEL. Poor Mother! She's so tired.

HANSEL. Yes, she must be hungry, too. We must pick a big basketful of ripe berries for her.

[*The children go deeper into the forest. The tired mother goes to sleep. About sunset the father comes home whistling cheerily.*]

FATHER *(Entering)*. Ho, wife! See what I have! *(Going to the bed.)* Wake up, wife, and get us a fine supper. Where are the children?

MOTHER *(Getting up)*. There is nothing to eat. I did not sell a broom. Even the milk was spilt. I sent the children out to pick strawberries.

FATHER *(Opening a big bag)*. Nothing to cook for supper, did you say? Just look what I have. Here is a fine ham, and here are sugar, flour, eggs, butter, potatoes, turnips, onions and tea.

MOTHER. Where did you get all these things?

FATHER. Oh, I had good luck with my brooms

to-day. Now we shall have a fine feast. Where are Hansel and Gretel?

MOTHER. They have gone to the forest to look for strawberries.

FATHER *(Anxiously)*. Into the forest! You should not have sent them there alone. Suppose they have wandered to the witch's house. She may turn them into gingerbread children.

MOTHER *(Weeping)*. Oh, it will be my fault if the old witch gets them. I was tired, and they had spilt the milk.

FATHER. We must go and look for them. It is nearly dark now. We must hurry.

[*They hurry off toward the forest, calling, "Hansel! Hansel! Gretel! Gretel!"*]

ACT II

Place — THE FOREST

Time — AFTERNOON AND EVENING OF THE SAME DAY

[*Hansel and Gretel enjoy themselves in the forest. They go farther and farther, picking strawberries until the basket is filled. Then they sit down under a fir-tree to rest. Hansel looks hungrily at the berries. Gretel begins to make a wreath of wild flowers.*]

CUCKOO. Cuckoo! cuckoo!

GRETEL. Oh, hear the cuckoo, Hansel!

HANSEL *(Imitating)*. Cuckoo! cuckoo! You are the bird that steals other birds' eggs. Mean old thing! But I wish I had an egg.

CUCKOO. Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!

HANSEL. Cuckoo! cuckoo! Stealer of eggs!

GRETEL. Strawberries are like little red eggs. Open your mouth, Hansel, and pretend you are a cuckoo. Then I'll pop a strawberry in.

[*Hansel opens his mouth and Gretel pops in a strawberry.*]

CUCKOO. Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!

HANSEL. Cuckoo! cuckoo! That was good. Now it is your turn, Gretel, to be cuckoo.

[*Gretel opens her mouth and Hansel pops in a strawberry.*]

GRETEL. Oh, how good that tasted! Cuckoo!

HANSEL. Cuckoo! cuckoo! My turn now.

GRETEL. Strawberry! Strawberry!

[*The children play the game of cuckoo until every strawberry is gone. Gretel looks into the empty basket and begins to weep.*]

GRETEL. Oh, see what we've done! We have

eaten them all. Now there are no berries for Father and Mother. We must gather more.

HANSEL. We cannot see to gather berries now.

GRETEL. Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do? We must get out of the forest.

HANSEL. I'm sure it is too dark to find the way home. We'll have to stay here till morning.

GRETEL *(Crying)*. Oh, I' m afraid, here in the dark.

HANSEL *(Bravely)*. Do not be afraid, dear Gretel. We can make a nice soft bed of moss

under this tree and sleep here all night. In the morning we can pick another basketful for Mother on our way home.

[*The children make a bed of moss and leaves and lie down.*]

HANSEL. I see a queer little man over there.

GRETEL. Hush! It is only the Sandman.

[*The Sandman, with a bag on his back, comes toward the children, singing:*]

The stars above are peeping,
Here comes the Sandman creeping,
And soon you will be sleeping,
Hush! Hush! Hush!

[*He scatters sleep-dust over the children who are soon asleep. He hides in the bushes.*]

ACT III

Place — THE WITCH'S HOUSE
Time — NEXT MORNING OF LONG AGO

[*In the early morning the Dawn Fairy comes softly and sprinkles dewdrops over their faces. Then she hides. The children begin to stir and soon are wide awake. Not far away is a little house made of frosted cake, candy and raisins. Around it is a fence made of gingerbread boys and girls. It is the witch's house.*]

GRETEL *(Standing up and staring).* Oh, look, Hansel! What a beautiful little house!

HANSEL *(Rubbing his eyes).* Why, it is made of cake. The roof is of candy. Let's go nearer.

[*The children go inside the fence.*]

GRETEL *(Sniffing).* How good it smells!

HANSEL. I'm hungry. I'm going to taste a little bit of this strange house.

[*He breaks off a piece and begins to eat.*]

GRETEL. I am starving, too. I wonder if this candy door-knob tastes as good as it looks.

[*She breaks it off and eats it. They both keep on nibbling cake and candy. Suddenly an ugly old witch comes out.*]

WITCH *(Singing).*

Nibble, nibble, little mouse.
Who is nibbling at my house?
Who nibbles at my little house?

[*She comes close to the children.*]

Ah, my sweet children. Come inside. I love little children. That is why I made my house of cake and candy.

HANSEL. Who are you?

WITCH. Oh, you like my house. You will like me, too. Come in.

GRETEL. We must go home.

[*The witch pulls them inside her house. They see a cage and a big oven with a hot fire under it. The witch pokes the fire.*]

HANSEL *(Whispering to Gretel).* I know who she is. She is the witch.

GRETEL *(Whispering).* Pretend you are not afraid. We must try to be too quick for her.

WITCH. Now you must be good little children. I will feed you on sweet cakes and cookies, and you will grow fat and rosy. *(She feels Gretel's arm.)* You are nice and plump already. You may help me bake some gingerbread this morning.

GRETEL *(To herself)*. I know what she means. She thinks she is going to put me into the oven and make me into a gingerbread girl.

WITCH *(To Hansel)*. Come here, my dear little boy. You are not so plump as your sister. Just step into this nice cage. There is a big basket of goodies in it. Eat all you can. Then you will soon grow fat.

[*She pushes Hansel into the cage and locks the door. Then she turns to Gretel.*]

WITCH. Now, my sweet little sugar doll, will you set the table while the oven gets hot?

[*Gretel lays the cloth on the table.*]

WITCH. Come here a minute. Peep into the oven and see if it is hot enough.

HANSEL *(Whispering to Gretel)*. Be careful, Gretel. She wants to push you into the oven.

[*Gretel nods. She pretends not to hear the witch and lays a plate on the table.*]

WITCH. Come, my little sugar plum. We shall not get the gingerbread baked unless you hurry.

GRETEL *(Sweetly)*. Indeed, I have never baked

gingerbread before. How do you know when the oven is hot enough? Show me how to do it.

WITCH *(Crossly)*. Why! This way. Just put your head in, put your head in, my dear.

[*The witch pokes her head into the oven. Quick as lightning Gretel pushes her in and shuts the oven door. Then she runs to the cage, unlocks the door and sets Hansel free. The oven gives a loud crack.*]

GRETEL *(Joyfully)*. There! She must be cooked already. (*She opens the oven door.)*

HANSEL. Oh, look, Gretel. She is the biggest gingerbread doll I've ever seen. But I don't want to eat any of her.

GRETEL. Neither do I. Let us go home.

[*As they hurry outside, they see the fence begin to move. The gingerbread boys and girls come to life and begin to sing:*

["*Hurrah! Hurrah! The witch is dead!*"

[*Then they all run laughing and singing through the forest. Hansel and Gretel have not gone far when they meet their father and mother, who have been looking for them all night. Father carries Gretel on his shoulder, while Hansel takes Mother's hand and trots by her side, and they go happily homeward, talking of the witch and all that has happened and of the good dinner they are going to have when they reach home.*]

—*From Humperdinck's Opera.*

Part Four

ANIMAL FRIENDS

Now you have stories and poems about animals. We call some animals wild, and some tame. As you read, see which animals you might keep at home, and which you would send to the zoo or to the circus. Or perhaps you would send them back to their homes in the forest.

1. WHAT DO 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 for ever sings he—
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How many of the little poems in your book have you memorized? This is an easy one to learn. If you like it try to learn it. 2. Write the names of the birds in the poem.

2. JOHNNY BEAR

I

HOW BEARS SPEND THEIR WINTERS

Johnny Bear is born in February down under the ground in the dark, in his mother's winter sleeping room. But before I tell you about Johnny Bear and his sister, I shall have to tell you something of their mother, so that you will know how she happened to be living underground.

All through the summer months the old bear roams about the fields and woods. During July and August she lives on blueberries, blackberries,

and any other berries that she can find. She will stand in front of a blueberry bush and sweep off the berries with her long tongue very skilfully. In the autumn the bear changes her diet to nuts and roots. She will sometimes eat a young pig or a sheep if she can find one.

Somehow she knows that the winter will be long and hard, and that she must make herself very fat, as she will not be able to find food when the ground is covered with snow. So she eats and eats and eats all summer long.

By the time the first snows come the old bear is very fat indeed. About this time, too, she begins to feel sleepy. She tries to stay awake, but in spite of all she can do, drowsiness steals upon her. This means that she is getting ready for her long winter sleep. So she searches around for a place to make her winter sleeping room.

The bear usually finds just the right spot under a fallen tree. Here she digs about until she has made a large hole. Then she creeps in, and soon the deep snow comes and covers her over with warm white blankets. She is so completely covered up that if you were to go very

close to her winter home you might not know that a bear was there at all.

The only thing to tell you that she is there would be a small hole in the snow. This hole is made by her breath, which melts the snow as she lies asleep. This is the bear's chimney, and is the only opening in her winter home. In this snug place Johnny Bear and his sister are born. Once in a while an old bear has three little bears, but two is the usual number. So you see almost every bear has a twin brother or sister.

These cubs are very helpless little animals, and you would not think by their looks that they would ever be full-grown bears. During the first month or six weeks they spend all their time sleeping and eating. These two things make all young animals grow very rapidly. The old bear brings her young ones out into the great wide world in April.

The very first lesson that the cubs are taught is to obey. Indeed, this is the first lesson that all woodland babies are taught, and they all obey better than many children do. This is because their mothers are very strict. If mother bear tells Johnny and his sister to stay under a fallen tree out of sight while she goes for food, and they disobey her, she boxes their ears very hard. There are many dangers in the great woods, and little animals must obey their mothers if they do not want to come to harm. So obedience is the first law of the wild family.

II

OTHER WINTER SLEEPERS

The raccoon, who is the smallest of all the bear family, and who is often called the Little Brother to the Bear, is also a winter sleeper.

His winter home, however, is in quite a different place from that of Johnny Bear. When Mr. Raccoon feels the winter sleepiness coming upon him he looks about in the woods until he finds a hollow stump about fifteen feet high. He climbs up this old stump and looks down into it. If it is hollow for several feet down, he decides that it is all right. When the days grow cold, and the snow is deep, he will climb up into the stump, and there he will sleep most of the winter through.

The smallest of all the winter sleepers is the chipmunk. Mr. Chipmunk is a very wise little chap. He stores up a good supply of nuts and grain under the roots of an old tree. While the wind howls outside and the snow falls, he eats and sleeps until spring comes again.

So you see that this winter sleep saves the lives of many big and little animals who would otherwise starve during the long months of winter, when they cannot get food. They come out again in the spring none the worse for their long nap. These animals are called "hibernators," which means winter sleepers.

—*Clarence Hawkes.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Write the names of three months of the year given at the beginning of the story. 2. Tell three things a bear likes to eat. 3. How does a bear spend the winter? 4. What are cubs? 5. "Obedience is the first law of the wild family." What does that mean? 6. Where does the raccoon spend the winter? 7. What does the chipmunk do in winter? 8. Why are some animals called "winter sleepers"? What is the long name for "winter sleepers"?

3. SIRRAH, THE SHEPHERD DOG

One hundred years ago there lived on a farm in Scotland a young shepherd boy whose name was James Hogg. One day when on a visit to the near-by town, he saw a rough-looking man leading a young collie dog. The man had a rope around the dog's neck and was dragging him along. The poor dog looked half-starved and very miserable. James Hogg felt very sorry for the dog and patted his head, saying softly, "Poor fellow!"

Then he felt in his pocket and, taking out a gold coin, said to the man, "I'll give you a guinea for that dog." The man took the money, tossed the rope to James and walked rapidly away.

Sirrah is pronounced Sir'raw. Hogg is pronounced Hŏg.

The young shepherd took the collie home and named him Sirrah. With good care he grew strong, then James taught Sirrah to watch the sheep and to help to bring them home. He learned his work quickly, and soon became one of the best shepherd dogs in the world.

One night James Hogg and another shepherd were on the hills tending a flock of seven hundred lambs. The lambs had just been taken from the mother sheep and felt lonesome and cried piteously. When darkness came, they were so frightened that they scattered in all directions, looking for their mothers. The two shepherds ran after the lambs, but soon the lambs were out of sight.

"Go, Sirrah! Fetch them, lad!" cried James. Sirrah was off like a flash. All night the shepherds searched, but not a lamb could they find.

When morning came, they set out for home to tell the farmer what had happened. They knew he would be both sad and angry at the loss of his whole flock. The hill track was very narrow and at one place led along the edge of a steep cliff. Suddenly they heard a noise. What was it? They stopped to listen. It sounded

like the bleat of a lamb. They hurried on and the noise became louder; It was the bleating of many lambs. Looking over the edge of the cliff they saw a flock of lambs with Sirrah on guard over them.

"Good old Sirrah!" shouted James Hogg. "The dog has found some of the lambs at least."

Quickly they made their way down the cliff to the ravine. Great was their delight to find on counting the flock that not a single lamb was missing. Sirrah had rounded up all of the seven hundred. In the darkness he had gathered them together and guarded them all night long.

James Hogg felt very proud of Sirrah. "I never felt so grateful to any creature in my life," he said. "I bought him for a guinea but a hundred guineas could not buy him from me now."

—*Selected.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. A guinea is worth five dollars and a quarter. How many quarters did James Hogg give for Sirrah? Do you think Sirrah was worth that? Give your reasons. 2. If you have a pet dog tell about him. If you haven't a dog, tell about any pet you have, or would like to have. 3. James Hogg was a poet as well as a shepherd. In one poem he tells of a girl, Kilmeny, who was taken away by the fairies and lived in fairyland.

4. THE HOME-COMING OF THE SHEEP

The sheep are coming home in Greece,
  Hark the bells on every hill!
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,
Wandering wide a little piece
  Thro' the evening red and still,
Stopping where the pathways cease,
  Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton bushes low
  Merry boys with shouldered crooks
Close them in a single row,
Shout among them as they go
  With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.
Such delight you never know
  Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright
  Cormorants and sea-gulls call,
And the moon comes large and white,
Filling with a lovely light
  The ferny curtained waterfall.
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight,
  And the climbing moon grows small.

—*Francis Ledwidge.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Try to see a picture of the sheep coming home, and some of them wandering away a little distance to crop the grass quickly before the shepherd makes them move on. Which stanza gives you that picture? 2. Have you ever seen a shepherd's crook? If you have, draw it. 3. When are the stars brightest? 4. Do the sheep-bells go to sleep? If not, what does the second last line mean?

5. THE WOOLLY-BEAR CATERPILLAR

Do you know the Woolly-Bear Caterpillar? Its coat is divided into three parts, the middle one brown and the two ends black. Every one notices the Woolly-Bear, because it comes out in the early spring, as soon as the frost is over, and crawls on the fences and sidewalks as though they belonged to it.

The Woolly-Bear does not seem to be afraid of any one or anything. It will march across the road in front of a motor car, or crawl up the leg of your boot.

Do you know where the Woolly-Bear came from? It was hatched from a tiny egg.

And now what do you suppose is going to happen? It will stuff itself with rib-grass or other low plants till it has grown bigger. Then something will tell it to get ready for a great change.

In some low, dry place under a log, a stone, or a fence-rail, it will spin a cocoon with its own hairs outside to protect it. Inside this cocoon, it will go into a sound sleep, but for only a few days.

One bright sunny morning, out of the cocoon will creep a beautiful moth called the Tiger moth. Away it will fly to find its beautiful mate. Soon she will lay a great many eggs, from each of which will come another little Woolly-Bear, to grow into a big Woolly-Bear, and so all over again.

—*Ernest Thompson Seton.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Find a caterpillar or a cocoon. Get a glass jar, put some soil on the bottom, and stick a twig with leaves on it into this. Cover the top with some screen wire, and you have a nice home for your caterpillar. Watch him through the glass, and if he eats up all the leaves, give him a fresh twig. You may see him turn into a cocoon, and later into a moth or a butterfly.

6. THE BIRDS' PROMISE

A DIALOGUE FOR ACTING

PART FIRST

Child

Five blue eggs hatching
And bright eyes watching!
Please, pretty mother bird, show me your nest.

Bird

Oh, pass me blindly!
Oh, spare me kindly!
Pity my terror, and leave me to rest.

Chorus of Children

Hush, hush, hush!
'Tis a poor mother thrush.
When the blue eggs hatch, the brown birds will sing.

Bird

Yes, it will not be long
Till you may hear their song—
For this is the promise that we made in the spring.

PART SECOND

Child

Five speckled thrushes
In leafy bushes
Singing sweet songs to the blue summer sky.

Birds

Here and there flitting,
All the time twittering,
Happy is our life as the days go by.

Chorus of Children

Hush, hush, hush!
'Tis the song of the thrush;
Hatched are the blue eggs, the brown birds do sing.

Birds

Yes, listen to our song,
Our happy notes prolong;
We are keeping the promise that was made in the spring.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. In this dialogue you need: one child to be the child; and one to be the bird; a group of children to be the chorus; and another group to say what the birds sang. See if you can divide the class, and then act the poem.

7. THE WISE JACKAL

I

THE BRAHMIN AND THE TIGER

A long time ago, when strange things happened, a tiger was caught in a cage. He tried to break the bars with his teeth, but the bars were too strong for him. He rolled and howled with rage because he could not get out. Just then a poor Brahmin came by.

"Oh, I pray you, let me out of this cage!" cried the tiger.

"No, no, my friend," said the Brahmin. "If I should do that, you would eat me."

"Not at all!" cried the tiger. "I should not think of doing such a thing. On the other hand, I should be so pleased that I would be your slave."

Then the tiger sighed and wept so hard that the Brahmin felt sorry for him, and opened the

Brahmin is pronounced Bräh'mĭn.

cage door. Out jumped the tiger and seized the poor man.

"How foolish you were to let me out!" he said. "I am very, very hungry. I shall certainly eat you."

The Brahmin was much frightened. "Let us talk this over," he begged. "Is this the way to pay me? You are not treating me fairly. Let us go to the village close by and find three men. We will tell them the story and let them decide if you are treating me fairly."

"I will not agree," said the tiger. "Why should men decide? They are often foolish. I will agree to this, however. Walk down the road and choose three things that you see on the way. Tell them what has happened, and ask them if I am not as just as men are. Then come back to the cage and I will do what they decide."

So the Brahmin walked down the road until he came to a fig tree. After he had told his story to the tree, he asked, "Has the tiger treated me fairly?"

The fig tree replied, "You have nothing to complain about. Just see how I am treated. I give food and shelter to every one who passes

by. In return, men tear down my branches to feed their cattle. The tiger is treating you as well as men treat me."

Then the sad Brahmin told his story to a buffalo, that he saw turning a well wheel in a field. But the buffalo replied, "When I was young and gave milk, men fed me well. But now that I am old, what do they do? They harness me here to turn this heavy wheel all day long, and they do not feed me well. The tiger is treating you as well as men treat me."

Then the Brahmin in great fear asked the road. "My dear sir," said the road, "you are foolish to hope for anything better. Look at me. I am of use to every one, but I am thanked by no one."

II

THE TIGER AND THE JACKAL

The Brahmin turned and walked sadly back to the tiger. On the way he met a jackal, who cried out, "Why do you look so sad?"

The Brahmin told the jackal all that had happened. "I don't understand you. I seem to get it all mixed up," said the jackal.

THE TIGER SHOWS THE JACKAL HOW.

The Brahmin told it all over again. But the jackal shook his head. He did not seem to understand. Finally he said, "Let us go back to the place where it all happened. Perhaps I can understand it then."

When they got back to the cage, there stood the tiger waiting for the poor Brahmin. "You have been gone a long time," said the tiger savagely.

"Give me but five minutes more," begged the Brahmin, "that I may explain matters to this jackal."

"I'll give you just five minutes to explain matters," said the tiger, "then I shall eat you."

The Brahmin told everything all over again to the jackal, making the story as long as possible. When he had finished, the jackal said, "Oh, my poor head! Let me see; how did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came by—"

"How stupid you are!" cried the tiger. "I was in the cage."

"Of course," said the jackal, pretending to tremble. "I was in the cage—No, I wasn't. Dear, dear! What is the matter? Let me see

—the tiger stood by the Brahmin and the cage came walking by. No, that's not right, either! Well, never mind! Begin your dinner, for I shall never understand!"

"Yes, you *shall* understand," said the tiger in a rage. "I'll *make* you understand! I am the tiger. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, oh yes, sir," answered the jackal.

"And this is the Brahmin. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Sir Tiger."

"And this is the cage. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir Tiger."

"And I was in the cage. Do you understand that?"

"Yes—no. Please, Sir Tiger—"

"Well, what is it?" cried the tiger savagely.

"Please, Sir Tiger, how did you get into it?"

"How did I get into the cage?" roared the tiger. "Why, there is only one way to get into the cage!"

"Oh, dear me!" said the jackal, "my head, my head! It is beginning to spin again! Please don't be angry, Sir Tiger. But what *is* the only way?"

At this the tiger roared with rage, and jumped into the cage. "I will show you," he shouted. "*This* is the only way to get into the cage. Now do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand perfectly," laughed the jackal as he quickly fastened the door. "And if you will allow me to say so, I think you will remain where you are." —*A Hindu Tale.*

Helps to Study

1. The Brahmin lived in India, and so did the animals in the story. A jackal is a wild dog; a tiger is a very big, fierce cat, with beautiful black stripes on its sand-brown fur. Why did the jackal pretend to be so stupid when the tiger was explaining things to him? 2. Make a paper cage. You can cut the four sides separately, making the bars straight, and then paste the sides together with strips of paper at the corners.

8. MY DOG

Have you seen a little dog anywhere about?
A raggy dog, a shaggy dog, who's always looking out
For some fresh mischief which he thinks he really ought to do.
He's very likely, at this minute, biting some one's shoe.

If you see that little dog, his tail up in the air,
A whirly tail, a curly tail, a dog who doesn't care
For any other dog he meets, not even for himself;
Then hide your mats, and put your meat upon the topmost shelf.

If you see a little dog, barking at the cars,
A raggy dog, a shaggy dog, with eyes like twinkling stars,

Just let me know, for though he's bad, as bad
as bad can be;
I wouldn't change that dog for all the treasures
of the sea!

—*Emily Lewis.*

HELPS TO STUDY

A little girl says the dog in this poem should be called "Mischief." Do you think that a good name for him? If not, what would you call him?

9. BIRD BABIES

One day last summer, I was walking along a lonely and deserted wood road, when I suddenly saw a blue jay quite near me on the branch of a tree.

I stopped to look at the jay. Instead of slipping between the branches and flying away on the other side, she faced toward me and squawked at me.

"Ah, ha!" said I, "then your babies are in that tree, and I shall see them."

I looked carefully over the tree, but found nothing. Then suddenly she let out the secret herself by slipping through the tree to the other side and becoming very still.

I could not follow her path through the tree, but I could go around it, and I did. There they

were, in plain sight—two lovely little jays in their fresh blue suits, close together on a twig. No wonder their poor mother was worried lest I harm them, for they were beautiful babies.

She came with a mouthful of food. Each little jay rose on his little legs, fluttered his wings, opened his beak and cried—a sort of jay-squawk. When she had them near her, she led them to the other side of the tree before she fed them.

The life of baby birds is full of danger. Squirrels and large birds like them for breakfast; they sometimes fall out of the nest and break their necks; they must learn to fly, and that is hard work.

Nothing is so much fun, to me, as to watch the little ones, and to see their pretty baby ways. They are not all alike, any more than a crow is like a humming-bird. The robin baby is a noisy fellow, asking always to be fed, while the oriole baby, for days after he has left the nest, cries as if he were lost. The bluebird babies are happy and have the sweetest of voices. They learn to take care of themselves very soon; and the whole brood of four or five go about together, calling happily to one another.

Young birds give great trouble to their parents. No matter how wise the parents are, the young ones will sometimes be foolish. They will call and shout when enemies are near, and will go into places that are not safe. Of course, they do not know any better.

—*Olive Thorne Miller.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How did the searcher know where the blue jay's nest was? 2. Tell three ways in which little baby birds may die. What must they learn to do to be safe? 3. Write the names of six birds in the story. 4. Which is right? Young birds are wise. Old birds are wise. 5. Pretend to be a robin, or a sparrow, or any bird you know, and tell about yourself, your nest, your food, and so on.

10. WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST ?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ?"

"Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

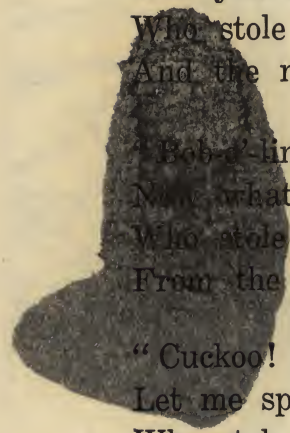
"Not I," said the dog. "Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
I gave the hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take,
Not I," said the dog. "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast ?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep; "oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."



"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day."

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again.
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.

"I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen.
"Don't ask me again."

"Chir-a-whirr! Chir-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry for shame!"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green,
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal.
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel ?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast,
And he felt so full of shame.
He didn't like to tell his name.

—*Lydia Maria Child.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. After you have read the poem through silently, count how many different speakers there are and then choose enough children to read the different verses. Note, that one pupil must read all the verses that have "Will you listen to me?"

11. THE PUPPIES MAKE THEIR BED

Such a terrible dust of straw a-flying,
Such a horrible din of puppies crying!
Making their bed? Who will begin it?
For each one sees some fault within it.

One likes the supper dish for licking,
One wants more room for bites and kicking.
One loves a crust or a bone beside him,
And yells for the thing that is denied him.

Micky shrills high: "I like plain straw,
But this is the worst I ever saw.
They've handed out a villainous tea—
(The board is *not* what it used to be!)
So bed is the only thing for me.
Give over your teasing, biting, snapping,
I've made the bed, and I'm ready for napping."

Shandy is not so very fussy:
"I like a bed that's a bit mussy.
A bolt of old iron is fine for scrapping.
The night is young—let's have some yapping."

And Kelpie, the tiniest little terrier,
Adds broken plates to make all merrier.
But now the bed with corks is humpy,
And oh, the straw it is so lumpy!
And oh, the pups they are so grumpy!
At six A.M. three tousled, stocky
Young pups arise, looking very rocky.

They've all been lying where sleep had found them—
On the ground, with their bones and old junk around them!

–Florence Randal Livesay.

12. PONGO, THE SHAGGANAPPE

Mrs. Archer sifted flour and measured butter carefully. She was making a cake for Beth and Jim, who stood beside the table watching her. They were both seven years old, and to-morrow was their birthday, so they watched the making of their birthday-cake with interest.

Shagganappe is pronounced Shăg'ă-năp'-pē.

They lived on a farm in the Plum Creek district, ten miles from the nearest town and three miles from the school-house.

That morning their father had gone to a neighbor's farm to see about a birthday gift, and they were wondering what it might be. They guessed and guessed, and asked their mother to tell them, but she only smiled and popped the cake into the oven to bake.

Beth and Jim were up early the next morning and could hardly wait to eat their breakfast. Presently Father called them out to the farmyard, and there before their eyes stood a pony.

"Oh, Daddy, isn't he a beauty!" they cried.

"Can we ride him, Father?" asked Jim.

"Not yet, Jim," answered his father. "But come and make friends with him."

Jim patted the pony on the neck, but jumped away smartly. Pongo, for that was his name, had had nothing to do with children before, and he laid his ears back flat against his head and showed his teeth. He was only six months old, and all his life had roamed and grazed over the prairie by his mother's side until a Sioux[1] Indian,

[1] Pronounced Sū.

named John Sandy-Horse, had traded him to Mr. Archer for a bag of flour and five dollars. He was a buckskin Indian pony, distinguished by a black stripe an inch wide that ran along his backbone, from his tangled black mane to his tail. He was a sturdy little fellow, with strong, straight legs that were black from knee to hoof.

At first he was frightened and nervous, especially when Mr. Archer tied him up in a dark stall. Oats were something new and strange, and he explored the box with his sensitive nose. Many a time on the prairies he had trusted to his nose, and no harm had come. He ate at first with some hesitation, but soon enjoyed his dinner very much indeed. He had never tasted anything so good before. The farmer and the children were very kind to him; before long he knew them, and no longer snorted and kicked when Jim patted him, but thrust his nose into the boy's hand for a dainty. Sometimes it was a carrot or an apple, and sometimes a few lumps of sugar that Beth had coaxed from her mother for their pet.

Jim took a great pride in Pongo's appearance.

He brushed the shaggy coat, and very soon there were no tangles in the black mane and tail. It was not long before Pongo was trotting round the yard with Jim on his back. Pongo seemed to enjoy it as much as Jim.

It was an exciting day for the children when, a year later, their parents said that Pongo might now be trusted to carry them to school. The school-house was three miles away, and that distance was too great for them to walk morning and afternoon. They set out early, each carrying a lunch and their school-books. Jim also brought Pongo's lunch in a little sack that flopped against his shoulder as they loped along the road. While the children were busy in school Pongo was tethered on a long rope and cropped the grass in the schoolyard. At noon Jim gave him his two quarts of oats and a drink of water.

When lessons were over for the day he stood quite still while the children climbed on to his back, and then off they cantered along the road toward the farm. Sometimes they dawdled on the way and explored the windings of the creek. Mrs. Archer watched anxiously from the window,

but Pongo always brought them home safe and sound even though they were a little late.

During the winter months Pongo was tied in the school shed with other ponies. One day a sudden blizzard swept across the prairie, and long before the children reached home the road had disappeared under huge drifts of snow. Jim and Beth thought they were losing their way, for they could only see a short distance, but Pongo bent his head to the storm and plodded through the snow like the brave little pony he was, and brought them home quite safe. There was an extra dainty for Pongo that day, you may be sure.

For five years he carried the children to school until they were too heavy, and then he became Jim's own pony. Often Jim could be seen galloping across the prairie on Pongo, who seemed to delight in it as much as the boy did.

—*A. A. Herriot.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Distinguished means marked; that is, you could tell Pongo from other ponies by a special mark. Tell in what way Pongo was distinguished. 2. What did the pony do while the children were at school in summer? in winter? 3. Tell how Beth and Jim reached home safely in the blizzard.

13. NATURE'S FRIEND

An old rhyme says:
A gentle voice and a gentle hand
Can tame all creatures in the land.

Say what you like,
All things love me!
I pick no flowers—
That wins the Bee.

The Summer's Moths
Think my hand one,
To touch their wings,
With Wind and Sun.

The garden Mouse
Comes near to play;
Indeed, he turns
His eyes away.

The Wren knows well
I rob no nest:
When I look in,
She still will rest.

The Hedge stops Cows,
Or they would come
After my voice
Right to my home.

The Horse can tell,
  Straight from my lip,
My hand could not
  Hold any whip.

Say what you like,
  All things love me!
Horse, Cow and Mouse,
  Bird, Moth and Bee.

—*William H. Davies.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. The poet mentions six of nature's little ones that love him. Tell what he says about each one. Animals love only those who are kind to them. Is this true? Tell why.

14. HURT NO LIVING THING

Hurt no living thing:
  Ladybird, nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
  Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
  Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Write all the things you are not to hurt. If you like this poem you would like all Christina Rossetti's poems in her book called *Sing-Song*.

Part Five

FUN AND LAUGHTER

This section of your book is full of fun. Of course, people don't all laugh at the same things, but thousands of boys and girls have laughed over these stories and poems. As you read them, see which one you enjoy most.

1. THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

Under a toadstool
  Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain
  To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool,
  Sound asleep
Sat a big Dormouse
  All in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf
  Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away
  Lest he get wet.

To the next shelter—
  Maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf
  Smiled a wee smile.

Tugged till the toadstool
Toppled in two.
Holding it over him,
Gaily he flew.

Soon he was safe home
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse —
"Good gracious me!"

"Where is my toadstool?"
Loud he lamented—
And that's how umbrellas
First were invented.

—*Oliver Herford.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Margaret Tarrant has painted a lovely picture to go with this poem of the elf and the dormouse under a toadstool. The dormouse sleeps most of the winter, and that is why it is called "dor," which means "sleep." If you like this poem try to learn it, or tell the story in your own words.

1. What color of fur has the dormouse? Why do you think this is? It is because the earth is the color of his fur, and so he is often able to hide from mischievous elves. Do you know why the rabbit's fur is brown in summer and white in winter? 2. What trick did the elf play on the dormouse? Is it the sort of thing you would just expect an elf to do? 3. What color is the elf's jacket? Can you describe the elf's clothes? 4. What are the flowers?

2. THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

Edward Lear wrote ever so many funny poems in *Nonsense Songs*. You never heard of a bong-tree, did you? —but that is just part of the fun.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are—
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How wonderfully sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood, a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose—
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"The Owl and the Pussy-Cat Went to Sea."

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one
shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next
day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon—
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.
—*Edward Lear.*

3. OLD AND YOUNG

There was an old man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!—
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

There was a Young Lady whose bonnet
Came untied when the birds sat upon it;
But she said, "I don't care!
All the birds in the air
Are welcome to sit on my bonnet!"

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

There was a Young Lady of Bute,
Who played on a silver-gilt flute;
  She played several jigs
  To her uncle's white pigs,
That amusing Young Lady of Bute.

—*Edward Lear.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. The verses you have just read are more of Lear's "Nonsense Songs." A verse of five lines made in just that way is called a Limerick. See if you can make a Limerick beginning:

There once was a schoolboy named Jack,

or

There once was a schoolgirl called Nan,

or begin with a line of your own. 2. Draw a picture of the pigs dancing round the young lady playing the flute. Make it as funny as you can. 3. Draw a picture of the Old Person rushing through a field of blue clover. Did you ever see blue clover? That is more of Edward Lear's nonsense. He wrote a number of amusing songs and poems for the children of a friend of his. 4. Try to write a Limerick about yourself, and then draw a funny picture of it.

4. THE TAR BABY

I

HOW BROTHER RABBIT WAS CAUGHT

Brother Fox and Brother Rabbit were neighbors. Brother Fox lived near the Big Rock. Brother Rabbit lived close by the Brier Patch. Both were very sharp, but each thought he was just a little sharper than the other.

One summer it was very dry. There had been no rain for weeks. The streams dried up. So people had to dig for water or die of thirst.

Brother Fox dug a hole by the Big Rock and got water—not very much, but enough for himself and his family. Brother Rabbit thought he was smart enough to get along without working; so he dug no hole, but he got water.

Every day, when Brother Fox wasn't watching Rab would slip down to the spring with his calabash, and carry home a little water to drink and to cook with.

Brother Fox missed the water; he saw the rabbit tracks by his spring, but he could never catch the thief in the act.

One day he met Brother Rabbit in the road and asked how he was making out for water.

"Oh, first rate," said Rab.

"But how can you get water without a spring?" said Brother Fox.

"That's easy enough," said Rab. "I drink the dew from the grass. I don't need any spring."

"Haven't you stolen water from my spring?"

"No, I haven't."

"Haven't I seen your track?"

"I haven't been near your spring. It must be some other rabbit. I don't even know where your spring is."

Brother Fox said no more to Brother Rabbit, but he said to himself, "I know who stole the water, and what's more I know how to catch the thief."

So that same night he made a Tar Baby, and set her by the Big Rock, right on the trail to the spring.

Early the next morning, Brother Rabbit got up and began to cook breakfast. The pot began to burn, and Rab said, "Hey! my pot is burning. I must slip over to Foxy's spring and get some water."

So he took his calabash and hopped off to the spring. Right there in the middle of the trail he saw the Tar Baby. He was astonished. He stopped. He came close. He looked at her. He waited for her to move.

The Tar Baby didn't notice him. She didn't wink an eye. She didn't say a word. And all the time, while Rab was staring at the Tar Baby, there was Brother Fox peeking at him from behind the Big Rock.

"Hey, there, sister," cried Brother Rabbit, "aren't you going to stand aside and let me get some water?"

Tar Baby said nothing. Then Brother Rabbit spoke again:

"Little girl, move, I tell you, so that I can dip some water from the spring with my calabash."

Tar Baby didn't move. Then Brother Rabbit spoke once more, and this time a little louder:

"Don't you know my pot is burning? Don't you know I am in a hurry? Didn't you hear me tell you to move? If you don't go away and let me get some water, I will knock you over."

Tar Baby just sat there. Then Brother Rab-

bit drew back and slapped her on the side of the head. His hand stuck fast. He tried to pull it off. "What are you holding my hand for?" said he. "Let me go. If you don't let me go, I'll punch the life out of you. I've got another hand here."

Tar Baby never opened her mouth. Brother Rabbit hit her, blup! with his other hand. That stuck fast like the other.

"What are you up to?" cried Brother Rabbit. "Let go. If you don't let go of me right off, I will kick you in the stomach."

Tar Baby held him fast. So—plup! he kicked her in the stomach with his right foot, and flup!

he kicked her in the stomach with his left foot, and both stuck fast.

Then Brother Rabbit began to be scared. But he still had plenty of pluck. "Little girl," said he, very quietly, "you had better be careful how you treat me. I tell you, for the last time, let me go. If you don't loose my hands and my feet right off, I will butt you with my head and burst you wide open."

Tar Baby held him fast. She didn't say a word. Then Brother Rabbit butted her with his head and his head stuck fast.

II

How Brother Rabbit Escaped Death

Just then Brother Fox came around the corner of the Big Rock, looking as innocent as the cat that stole the cream.

"Why, Brother Rabbit," said he, "I surely am astonished! You told me you didn't know where my spring was, and here you are. Did you come to borrow a little dew from the Tar Baby?" And saying this, Brother Fox rolled over on the ground and laughed till he nearly split his sides.

Brother Rabbit said never a word. When Brother Fox had laughed till he was tired, he got up and came over to Brother Rabbit. He wasn't laughing any more now. "Rab," said he, "you are the thief. I have caught you and I am going to kill you. But first I am going to give you a good thrashing."

So Brother Fox got a switch and gave Rab a terrible thrashing. He thrashed him and thrashed him till he was tired. But Rab never let out a whimper.

"Now, then," said Brother Fox, "I am going to kill you."

"How are you going to kill me, Brother Fox?" asked Rab, in a very low voice.

"I haven't decided yet," said Brother Fox. "As you are an old neighbor of mine, I thought I would give you your choice. What kind of death do you prefer?"

"Any kind at all, Brother Fox, so long as you don't throw me in the Brier Patch," said Rab, very humbly. "Make a fire and burn me up. Dash my brains out against the Big Rock. Drown me in the spring. But don't, for pity's sake, throw me into the Brier Patch."

Brother Fox answered, "If I burn you up, if I dash your brains out, if I drown you, you will die too quickly. I think I'll have to throw you in the Brier Patch, where the briers will tear your skin and scratch your eyes out."

"Oh, please give me a quick death, Brother Fox. Kill me all at once. Roast me, drown me, break my neck—*anything* but a lingering death in the Brier Patch."

By this time Brother Fox was pretty sure that Brother Rabbit did not want to be thrown into the Brier Patch. And so he took him by the hind legs and flung him, Tar Baby and all, right into the thickest part of the Brier Patch.

The minute Brother Rabbit dropped among the briers, he was at home. He knew just what to do. In less than no time he had got loose from the Tar Baby, and then he called out to Brother Fox:

"Brier Patch is the place where I was born!"

—*Southern Tale.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. This is a favorite story all over the world. You will find similar stories in a book called *Nights with Uncle Remus.* The writer, Joel Harris, lived in the United States. As a boy he listened to the Negroes telling these stories, and when he grew up he made a book of them. In your story the two animals are Brother Rabbit and Brother Fox, but Uncle Remus changes Brother to Brer, so you can call them Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox, if you like. Tell the story in your own words. 2. Draw Brer Rabbit looking at the Tar Baby.

5. THE WIND AND THE MOON

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out,
You stare in the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about.
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The Wind blew hard and out went the Moon.
So, deep on a heap
Of clouds, to sleep
Down lay the Wind and slumbered soon—
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again.
On high in the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge and my wedge
I have knocked off her edge.
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff more's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum! will go the thread."

He blew a great blast and the thread was gone;
In the air nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare,
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain the moon was gone!

The wind he took to his revels once more,
On down, in town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and holloed with whistle and roar,
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more.

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone on her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath, good faith,
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,
For, high in the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

—*George MacDonald.*

HELPS TO STUDY

George MacDonald lived in Scotland, and wrote many poems and stories. You would like his poem beginning, "Where did you come from, Baby dear," and a story called "At the Back of the North Wind."

6. PIG AND PEPPER

One of the books that everybody reads is *Alice in Wonderland*, and "Pig and Pepper" is a part of that book which is full of fun and nonsense. Lewis Carroll (Charles Dodgson was his real name) was a very clever teacher of mathematics in England. But he loved children, and he told this story first to three little girls, one of whom was called Alice. In the story Alice falls asleep, and dreams

she has gone down a rabbit-hole, where all the people and animals do and say very strange things indeed. Another "Alice Book" is *Through the Looking Glass.* If you like this story you will want to read both these books.

The door led right into a large kitchen, which was full of smoke from one end to the other; the Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle, nursing a baby; the cook was leaning over the fire, stirring a large kettle which seemed to be full of soup.

"There's certainly too much pepper in that soup!" Alice said to herself, as well as she could for sneezing.

There was certainly too much of it in the air. Even the Duchess sneezed occasionally; and as for the baby, it was first sneezing and then howling without a moment's pause. The only two creatures in the kitchen that did not sneeze were the cook and a large cat which was sitting on the hearth and grinning from ear to ear.

"Please, would you tell me," said Alice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, "why your cat grins like that?"

"It's a Cheshire cat," said the Duchess, "and that's why. Pig!"

She said the last word with such sudden violence that Alice quite jumped. But she saw in another moment that it was spoken to the poor baby, and not to her; so she took courage, and went on again:

"I didn't know that Cheshire cats always

grinned; in fact, I didn't know that cats *could* grin."

"They all can," said the Duchess, "and most of 'em do."

"I don't know of any that do," Alice said very politely, feeling quite pleased to have got into a conversation.

"You don't know much." said the Duchess, "and that's a fact."

Then she began nursing her child again, singing a sort of lullaby to it as she did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line:

Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes;
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases.

CHORUS

(in which the cook and the baby joined):

"Wow! wow! wow!"

While the Duchess sang the second verse of the song, she kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled so that Alice could hardly hear the words:

I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!

CHORUS
"Wow! wow! wow!"

"Here! you may hold it a bit, if you like!" said the Duchess to Alice, flinging the baby at her as she spoke.

Alice caught the baby with some difficulty, as it was a queer-shaped little creature and held out its arms and legs in all directions. Then she carried it out into the open air. "If I don't take this child away with me," thought Alice, "they're sure to kill it in a day or two. Wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind?" She said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). "Don't grunt," said Alice. "That's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself."

The baby grunted again, and Alice looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a *very* turn-up nose; much more like a snout than a real nose; also its eyes were get-

ting extremely small for a baby: altogether Alice did not like the look of the thing at all. "But perhaps it was only sobbing," she thought, and looked into its eyes again, to see if there were any tears.

No, there were no tears. "If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear," said Alice seriously, "I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!" The poor little thing sobbed again (or grunted, it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.

Alice was just beginning to think to herself, "Now, what am I to do with this creature when I get home?" when it grunted again, so very loudly, that she looked down into its face in some alarm. This time there could be *no* mistake about it: it was neither more nor less than a pig, and she felt that it would be quite silly for her to carry it any farther.

So she set the little creature down, and felt quite relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. "If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have been a dreadfully ugly child; but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." And she began thinking over other chil-

dren she knew, who might do very well as pigs, and was just saying to herself, "If one only knew the right way to change them—" when she was a little startled by seeing a Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

—*Lewis Carroll.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Can you tell why the story is called "Pig and Pepper"? Have you ever heard of a "peppery temper"? 2. What did Alice say about babies and pigs? 3. There is a lullaby in this story. Is it a real lullaby?

7. ARIEL'S SONG

Where the bee sucks there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

—*William Shakespeare.*

HELPS TO STUDY

This is a lovely fairy song sung by the sprite Ariel. If you were to draw Ariel how big or how small would you make him? Would he be as big as the elf in the picture you have for "The Elf and the Dormouse"?

8. MRS. BROWN

In this poem we read of a little girl who changes into Mrs. Brown when she goes to bed. Have you ever played such games? Whom do you become?

As soon as I'm in bed at night
And snugly settled down,
The little girl I am by day
Goes very suddenly away,
And then I'm Mrs. Brown.

I have a family of six,
And all of them have names,
The girls are Joyce and Nancy Maud
The boys are Marmaduke and Claude
And Percival and James.

We have a house with twenty rooms
A mile away from town;
I think it's good for girls and boys
To be allowed to make a noise,
And so does Mr. Brown.

We do the most exciting things,
Enough to make you creep,
And on and on and on we go—
I sometimes wonder if I know
When I have gone to sleep.

—*Rose Fyleman.*

Part Six

TALES OF OTHER DAYS

Most people like to read about what men and women did and thought and talked about when the world was young. So here are some stories of long ago in other countries. One story is thousands of years old, while one is only three hundred years old. Which do you think is more likely to be told truly? Remember that stories were not always written down, but were passed on from one person to another, and we are not always sure that the teller told it correctly; he might forget a little part of the story and change it. But we are glad to have these stories, for they help us to understand how the world progresses from age to age.

1. THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river, by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Do you remember the other poems (by Stevenson) you have had? Here he shows you how wonderful story-books are, for after you have read a book you can play the story. Can you picture the scene in stanza four? What are "starry solitudes"? If you know the word "solitary," that will help you. Write down the stanza you like best. 2. Make a picture for any part of this poem.

2. THE GOLDEN RULE

One day, when Jesus was teaching the people, He said to them: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." We call these words *The Golden Rule.* As you read this story, see which of the two men kept the Golden Rule.

Many years ago, when this country was new, there were only a few settlements of white people. But there were many Indians who hunted in the forests. The Indians were nearly always friendly toward the white people and helped them in many ways.

Late one cold November afternoon, an Indian came to the door of a white settler's cabin. He

was tired and hungry, for he had been hunting all day without success and was far from home.

"Will the white man give his Indian brother something to eat?" he asked, when the settler answered his knock at the door.

"No, I will not give you anything. Begone, you Indian dog!"

The Indian looked at the man a moment in silence, and then without a word he turned away and walked into the forest.

"We might have given the poor man a little bread and meat," said the settler's wife, who was a kind-hearted woman. "He looked very hungry, and we would never have missed the food."

"We are not going to give these Indians anything," said the settler crossly. "I don't like them, and I don't want them prowling about."

"They have never stolen anything from us," answered his wife. "I don't think it ever does any harm to be kind to people, even if they are Indians."

"Well, no Indians are ever going to have any kindness from me," said the man sternly. "I won't have anything to do with them."

One day, two or three months later, the settler

was hunting in the forest. He had walked for miles in the snow, following the tracks of a deer which he hoped to shoot. Late in the afternoon, as he had not yet come up with the deer, he made up his mind to give up the chase and start for home. Then he discovered that he had no idea what direction he should take to get home. He was lost in the forest. There was nothing to do but to walk forward in the hope that he would soon come to some settlement. Just at nightfall he came out into a clearing and was delighted to see several small cabins with smoke coming from the roofs. He approached the nearest cabin and rapped at the door. In a moment an Indian appeared.

"I have lost my way in the forest," said the man, "I live in the settlement by the river. I wonder if you could tell me the direction to go."

The Indian looked curiously at the man for a moment. Then he replied:

"My white brother is a long way from home. You could never find your way in the darkness. Besides, you might be frozen to death."

"Well, in that case, will you keep me here for the night?"

"I will be glad to put my poor home at your service," replied the Indian.

The settler was a little surprised to be welcomed in this way. He was still more surprised when, after placing the best chair in the cabin before the fire for him, the Indian hastened to prepare his supper. The settler ate with a good appetite, for he had not eaten since breakfast.

"You will need to start early in the morning, and you must have a good night's rest," said the Indian. "So you will sleep in my bed."

And while the settler slept in the only bed in the cabin, the Indian rolled himself in a blanket and slept on the floor.

When the white man awoke in the morning, the red man had already prepared breakfast. After eating it, the settler turned to his friend to thank him and bid him farewell.

"But you will not be able to find your way unless I show you," said the Indian. "The road is hard to find."

And so the Indian accompanied the man on his homeward journey. They walked for many miles through the forest, and at length came in sight of the settler's home.

"Before we part," said the Indian, "I want to ask you a question. Do you know who I am?"

Something in the Indian's voice stirred the man's memory.

"Yes," he replied, "you are the man that I turned away so rudely a while ago when you asked for food. I am sorry. You have surely returned good for evil."

"My friend," said the Indian as he turned to go, "the next time a red man comes to your door in distress, I do not think you will call him an Indian dog."

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why would the settler not help the Indian? 2. What did his wife say about being kind? 3. How do you know the Indian recognized the settler when he rapped at the cabin door. 4. When did the settler recognize the Indian? 5. Write the words in the story that repeat the Golden Rule. 6. Act this story.

3. WHITE HORSES

I saw them plunging through the foam,
I saw them prancing up the shore—
A thousand horses, row on row,
And then a thousand more!

In joy they leaped upon the land,
  In joy they fled before the wind,
Prancing and plunging on they raced,
  The huntsman raced behind.

When this old huntsman goes to sleep,
  The horses live beneath the waves;
They live at peace, and rest in peace,
  Deep in their sea-green caves.

But when they hear the huntsman's shout
  Urging his hounds across the sea,
Out from their caves in frenzied fear
  The great white horses flee!

To-day they plunged right through the foam,
To-day they pranced right up the shore,
A thousand horses, row on row,
And then a thousand more.

—*Hamish Hendry.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Those of you who live by the seashore, or by a lake, will have seen the waves racing to the shore, especially when there was a big storm. The poet thinks they look like white horses being chased by a hunter and his dogs! Why does he call them "white horses"?

4. ATALANTA AND THE GOLDEN APPLES

I

PRINCESS ATALANTA

There once lived a very lovely princess who was the swiftest runner in her father's kingdom. When Atalanta was born, the King, her father, was very angry because the baby was a girl instead of a boy, for in those days boys were more highly thought of than girls. In his anger he took the baby away from her mother, the queen, and carrying her to a distant and lonely part of his kingdom, left her there.

Atalanta is pronounced At-ă-lăn'tă

That same day a shepherd found the baby and took her home to his wife. They did not know who she was, and as no one came to claim her, she grew up as their daughter and was very happy among the simple shepherd folk.

Atalanta grew to be a tall, healthy, lovely girl, fond of all outdoor games, and sports, and above all of running. She was the swiftest runner in the village, and could beat the fastest runners among the men, and even the deer in the forest could not equal her for fleetness of foot.

Then one day her father saw her and knew her, and, because she was the only child he had and would be queen after his death, he said she must return with him. So she had to leave the village and the little home she loved so well, and go to live as the princess in her father's palace. She grew more beautiful year by year but she did not care much for the gay life at court, but still loved games, and sports, and running most of all.

Many princes, seeing her beauty, loved her and wished to marry her, and her father urged her to choose one of them, because he was growing

old, and did not wish her to rule alone. But Atalanta only laughed at all her suitors, and told her father she would never marry any man unless he could beat her in a race. She also said that if any one tried and failed, he must be put to death that very hour.

Atalanta thought that she could now enjoy her days in her own way, but, strange to say, as soon as her words were known in the kingdom, princes and nobles from near and far came seeking to win her in marriage. One after another ran a race against the king's daughter, and lost, for she outran them all. She felt sad as so many brave youths passed under the headsman's sword, and the people spoke of her in angry words. But though many died there were always others coming to challenge her in a race, hoping to win.

II

THE RACE WON

One day a young prince named Milanion came to the city and made his way to the palace, and kneeling before the king declared that he wished to run a race against Atalanta. The king liked

Milanion is pronounced Mĭl'ăn-ĭ-ŏn.

the face and noble bearing of Milanion, and warned him of the risk he ran, since he might lose the race and his life, too.

"I am ready, O king," said Milanion. "Either I will win her, or I will gladly die, for I love her, and life without her is nothing."

The king then promised to fix a day for the

race and bade him make merry at the court till the time came. The prince, however, would not stay, but wandered forth, and in time came to the temple of Venus, the goddess of Love, and begged of Venus to help him to win Atalanta for his bride. Venus promised to help him, and gave him three golden apples, and told him how to use them.

When the day came, great crowds gathered to watch the race between Milanion and the princess. Suddenly the blast of a trumpet rang out, and at the signal the two bounded forward. At first the prince was a little ahead, but soon Atalanta began to gain upon him. Just before she came up with him he drew a golden apple from the pouch at his side, and dropped it to the ground. It rolled along bright and shining; Atalanta turned aside, picked it up, and raced on after Milanion, who had kept steadily on. Again she overtook him, but, before she could pass, he dropped another golden apple, and sped on. Atalanta stopped just a moment to pick it up and then, with a shining apple in each hand, raced on. With the swiftness of the wind she sped along, and soon was at his heels. Surely

she would pass him this time! But at that moment Milanion cast the third golden apple into the air. Its shining beauty made her forget the race; she felt she must possess the golden fruit. She snatched it up, and fleetly as a deer sped forward, but in vain. The shouts of the crowd told her that the race was over, and when, a second later, she reached the post, it was to fall into the strong arms of the brave young prince who had won the race, and her. Atalanta kept her promise and married Milanion, and they lived happily for many years, and after her father's death, together ruled the land.

—*Greek Myth.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Write the name of another story you had with three golden apples in it. 2. Tell how Milanion won the race. 3. The story says that Atalanta was as fleet as a deer and as swift as the wind. Do you know any other things that run swiftly? See if you can think of three, and write three sentences saying that Atalanta could run as swiftly as, or faster than these. Begin: Atalanta could run as swiftly as a . . . ; or: Atalanta could run faster than a . . . 4. Tell why Atalanta failed to win the race. 5. Make a picture of the three golden apples. 6. Choose two swift runners from your class, and with three balls, or with real apples if you like, act Atalanta's race.

5. A CHRISTMAS SONG

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?
Once a lovely, shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger cradle bright.
There a darling Baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sang and smiled,
"This is Christ, the Holy Child."
Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

—*Eugene Field.*

6. HOW A BOY GREW

And the child grew and became strong; he was filled with wisdom, and the favor of God was on him. Every year his parents used to travel to Jerusalem at the passover festival, and when he was twelve years old, they went up as usual to the festival.

After spending the full number of days they came back, but the boy Jesus stayed behind in Jerusalem. His parents did not know of this; they supposed he was in the caravan, and trav-

elled on for a day, searching for him among their kinsfolk and acquaintances. Then, as they failed to find him, they came back to Jerusalem in search of him. Three days later they found him in the temple, seated among the teachers, listening to them, and asking them questions, till all his hearers were amazed at the intelligence of his answers.

When his parents saw him they were astounded, and his mother said to him, "My son, why have you behaved like this to us? Here have your father and I been looking for you anxiously."

"Why did you look for me?" he said. "Did you not know I had to be at my Father's house?"

But they did not understand what he said. Then he went down along with them to Nazareth, and did as they told him. His mother treasured up everything in her heart.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man. —*The Bible.*
(*Moffatt's Translation*)

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel to be
Out of Heaven and just like me?
—Francis Thompson

7. ALFRED THE GREAT

One of the best kings England ever had was a king named Alfred, who lived over a thousand years ago. Alfred was a good soldier and he was also a wise ruler. He led his army against the enemy, had ships built to guard England, made just laws, and encouraged work and trade. He had schools built, too, because he wanted the boys to learn to read as well as to fight. Sometimes he would visit the schools, and listen to the pupils at their lessons, and he liked most of all to hear them singing songs. He was so good and wise, and his people loved him so much, that they called him Alfred the Great.

In those days there were no printed books like the one you are reading; they were all written by hand with pen and ink, and so books were very scarce, and very few people knew how to read. When Alfred was a boy his mother could read, and she wanted her four sons to be able to read too. One day she called them to her side, and showed them a book open in her hand; some of the capital letters were colored red and blue and gold. "What are these marks?" said one. "Those marks are letters," said the queen.

ALFRED THE GREAT

"Letters make words, and words tell us about soldiers and hunting and adventures. Now, I will give this nice book to the one who first learns to read it."

Each of them wanted the book and all four boys began to learn their letters. But three of them soon grew tired of sitting still and ran off to play, and only the youngest of the four remained. He worked hard each day, and, in a short time, learned to read and won the book for his own. The youngest brother was Alfred. From that time he tried to learn all he could, and he read many books, and so grew to be a wise man.

By and by he became King of England. At first he had much fighting to do, for at that time the Danes were invading England. They would go sailing in their ships across the sea, and land on the shore, or row their ships up a river till they came to a town. Then they would leave their ships, attack the town, steal all they wished, set fire to the houses, and sail away. Sometimes they did not go away but stayed there and took the land for themselves. King Alfred fought many battles with the Danes

and in the end he won, and the English people had peace.

An old story tells us that once, after he had lost a fight, he had to fly for his life, and hide. He went to a little hut where dwelt an old servant of the king.

"Do not tell any one who I am," said the king, "for the Danes may hear of it, and they are seeking my life."

The man promised and did not tell even his wife, and as Alfred was very plainly dressed she never guessed who he was. He lived there in safety for some days, and used to sit by the fire making arrows, wondering where his soldiers were, and feeling sad to think that the Danes were destroying the country.

One day, when the woman was going out to feed the calves, she asked him to watch some cakes that were baking by the fire, and told him to take care that they did not burn. At first he watched them carefully, but soon he began thinking about the Danes, and forgot the cakes. Suddenly the woman came rushing in, crying out, "My cakes are burned, my cakes are burned! I smell them burning." Sure enough

the cakes were burned to cinders! Turning angrily to the king she said, "Be off with you, be off with you, you good-for-nothing! You will eat my cakes fast enough, but you won't bestir yourself to watch them baking."

Just then the door opened and in came her husband with a stranger richly dressed. The stranger knelt before the king and told him the joyful news that there had been a battle in which the English had won, and that the army was now waiting for the king to lead them once more against the Danes.

How surprised the angry dame was to learn that the man she had been scolding for laziness was her king! —*Selected.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Do you think Alfred deserved to be called "great"? Tell why. 2. Try to act the story of the burning of the cakes. You will need four children to take part.

KING ALFRED USED A DRINKING CUP LIKE THIS.

8. THEN

Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty,
A hundred years ago,
All through the night with lantern bright
The Watch trudged to and fro.
And little boys tucked snug abed
Would wake from dreams to hear—
"Two o' the morning by the clock,
And the stars a-shining clear!"
Or, when across the chimney-tops
Screamed shrill a North-East gale,
A faint and shaken voice would shout,
"Three! and a storm of hail!"

—*Walter de la Mare.*

Part Seven

GOING ON A JOURNEY

1. THE PEDLAR'S CARAVAN

It has been said that words are like glass, for you can see things through words. It has also been said that a book is like a ship, for it can take you to different parts of the world. In this section of your book you are going to visit a number of different countries and learn what boys and girls do there.

I wish I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a pedlar-man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes through;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell!
He clashes the basins like a bell;
Tea-trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates with the alphabet round the border!

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his house is just like a bathing-machine;
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and splash, to the other side!

With the pedlar-man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook!

—*W. B. Rands.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. A caravan is a little house on wheels. Try to draw the pedlar's caravan with a little chimney on the roof, and some of the things he sells hanging round the little doorway so that people can see them. 2. Captain Cook was a famous explorer, who visited British Columbia as well as Australia and New Zealand. He was the first man to fly the Union Jack in Australia. 3. In eastern countries a caravan is the name given to a company of people travelling together on camels, or on horseback, or perhaps on donkeys. Make a picture showing an eastern caravan passing a clump of palm trees.

2. CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

On Christmas Eve, when you hang up your stocking all ready for the coming of Santa Claus, do you ever think that, in almost every country in the world, boys and girls are preparing for his coming, too? Would you like to take a little journey and see them? They do not all hang stockings up, but they all expect kind Santa Claus to bring them something.

IN ITALY

The custom of hanging up a stocking comes to us from Italy, so let us go there first. Santa Claus is there called Saint Nicholas, and it is said that long, long ago he was a good man who used to give poor people gifts of money. He would take a long, knitted purse, like a stocking without a foot, tied at both ends, fill it with money and throw it in at the window of some poor family. By and by the people began to hang these long purses out of their windows, on Christmas Eve, for the money. Sometimes instead of money Saint Nicholas would put toys, or other gifts for the children, in the purses.

Then, in places where it was too cold to hang the long purses out-of-doors, they were hung on the mantelpiece, for the people said the good Saint would come down the chimney with the gifts. Nowadays the children do not hang up

purses, but they still hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve.

IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN

In Norway and Sweden grow beautiful fir and spruce forests, like those we have in Canada. On the day before Christmas, men and boys go off to the woods with their axes to cut down Christmas-trees. The women and girls stay at home to scrub the floors, polish the furniture and put up clean curtains, for the house must be clean and bright for Christmas.

When the tree arrives it is set up in the very best room. The children help to trim it and make it beautiful with shining wreaths and ornaments. Gifts are put on the branches and under the tree. Then little bits of spruce are scattered on the floor to make the room smell sweet and fresh. After dark, night-lights or little lamps are set in the windows, so that passers-by may be cheered by the shining lights.

Christmas is a very important festival in this part of the world. On Christmas Eve everybody puts on clean clothes. They dress in their very best. At night they all go to church, and each person takes a torch or large candle, to light

him on his way. When they come out of church, those in sleighs race each other home, for it is said that the first one to reach home will be sure to have good crops on his farm the next year.

Whoever wakes first on Christmas morning sings a gay Christmas song. Before long all the family are up and looking at their gifts. As soon as breakfast is over, the horses and cows are given their Christmas feed of carrots, hay and other things animals like. Then a nice sheaf of wheat is tied to a long pole and set up, so that the birds may have their Christmas also.

IN GERMANY

It is said that the first Christmas-tree was seen in Germany, so let us peep into a home there. In the parlor is the Christmas-tree. All day the children have been busy trimming the tree with sparkling ornaments, wreaths of gold tinsel and shining icicles. Then they put on sugar-cookies, shaped like little men, horses, sheep and other animals.

When this is done the children leave the tree. Their father and mother then go into the parlor

and close the door. They light the candles and put gifts for every one on the tree. While this is being done the children stand outside the door and sing Christmas hymns.

Then the door is opened! You can imagine how excited the children are to see all the gleaming candles and the lovely gifts. They all dance round the tree, singing happy songs and wishing Christmas would come every day of the year.

IN ENGLAND

When the children in England heard about Christmas-trees, and the hanging up of stockings on Christmas Eve, why, they must have a tree, too. Of course they must also hang up their stockings, and see if Santa Claus will visit them. So let us go to England.

On Christmas Eve the house is all decorated. How cheery the holly looks, with its glossy, green leaves and bright-red berries, and how lovely the mistletoe, with its yellowish-green leaves and white berries! The Christmas-tree is set up and trimmed gaily, and the Yule log is brought in.

Suddenly music is heard outside. After the Carols are ended, the singers, called **Waits**, are

invited in and given a piece of Christmas-cake and a hot drink, for the night is cold. When they leave, the children hang up their stockings and go to bed, for they must be asleep before midnight or Santa Claus will not come. In the morning they are up very early to see their gifts, dolls and trumpets and drums and skates. It is said that if a child has been naughty he will find a little switch or some ashes in his stocking, but that does not happen very often, for most children are good. Everybody is happy, and outside the church-bells are ringing a merry peal, as if they were happy, too.

Then comes the Christmas dinner: roast goose stuffed with sage and onions, or roast turkey, and when the plum-pudding is brought in it has a bit of bright-berried holly stuck in it. Crackers are taken from the tree and pulled, and soon everybody is wearing a colored-paper hat. The Yule log is put on the fire and as it blazes merrily, all the family, big and little, sit round singing carols and telling stories. The favorite story with young and old is *The Christmas Carol.* Some day you will read it, and find out how Tiny Tim enjoyed his English Christmas.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. In Holland, Belgium and in some parts of France the children do not hang up their stockings, but leave one of their wooden shoes by the hearth for Saint Nicholas to place the gifts in. Ask your teacher to read to you a poem called "Piccola" which tells what a little French girl found in her wooden shoe. 2. Try to make a little Christmas gift for your mother and for your father. That is how you can thank them for all their care of you through the year. 3. Give the birds their Christmas. Put out some crumbs, and little scraps of bacon or suet, and a piece of apple or cocoanut. Birds like all these things. 4. Find out if any of the boys and girls in your school came from the lands talked of in the story, and ask them to tell you what they did, what games they played and so on. Then tell them how you spend Christmas.

3. A CHILD'S SONG OF CHRISTMAS

This sweet song of Christmas is by one of our loveliest Canadian poets. You will find another poem by her in your book.

My counterpane is soft as silk,
My blankets white as creamy milk.
The hay was soft to Him, I know,
Our little Lord of long ago.

Above the roofs the pigeons fly
In silver wheels across the sky.
The stable-doves they cooed to them,
Mary and Christ in Bethlehem.

Bright shines the sun across the drifts.
And bright upon my Christmas gifts.
They brought Him incense, myrrh, and gold,
Our little Lord who lived of old.

O, soft and clear our mother sings
Of Christmas joys and Christmas things.
God's holy angels sang to them,
Mary and Christ in Bethlehem.

Our hearts they hold all Christmas dear,
And earth seems sweet and heaven seems near,
Oh, heaven was in His sight, I know,
That little Child of long ago.

—*Marjorie Pickthall.*

4. A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below;

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!" —*Clement C. Moore.*

HELPS TO STUDY

DONDER means Thunder; BLITZEN means lightning.

1. Write two other names for St. Nicholas. 2. Draw a sleigh drawn by reindeer. 3. Make a picture of St. Nicholas coming out of a chimney. 4. Why do all children like this poem?

5. THE BOYS OF INDIA

When a Hindu boy is four or five years old, he goes to school. His best clothes are put on, and he is taken to the temple, that is, to their church, to pray that he may be good, and work well at school.

Hindu boys bathe at least once a day, and

they always wash their hands before a meal. If they wear any clothes at all, it is only one small, cotton shirt, and this is washed twice a day when it is very hot. The Hindu boy just takes it off, washes it in the river, and spreads it out on a big stone. The sun is so hot that the shirt is soon dry. The boys wear strings of beads, and gold rings round their necks, arms and legs.

I have been telling you about Hindu boys, but there are many boys in India who are not Hindus. There are boys of what we should call three *ranks*, or, as they say, *castes*. The Brahmins are the highest caste. These boys must wear a sacred thread. This piece of cord is worn round the neck, and hangs down at the left side. A boy first begins to wear this when he is eight years old. A grand feast is held, and at the end of the feast, the priest throws the thread over the boy's left shoulder, and he must then wear it all the rest of his life. This is to show that he is a Brahmin. If he meets a boy of his own rank in the street, he will touch his forehead with his right hand; but if he meets a boy of lower rank, that boy must bow low before him.

When a Brahmin boy sits down to eat his dinner, he takes a stick, and draws a ring all round him in the sand. If a boy of a lower rank steps inside the ring, the high-caste boy must throw the food away.

—*Florence A. Tapsell.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Where do Hindu boys live? What other story in your book tells of that country? 1. Write two health rules Hindu boys keep. 3. How could you know that a boy was a Brahmin? 4. Hindu boys live in India. Where do Indian boys live? Name two Indian tribes spoken of in your book.

6. WINGS

A little peasant girl stood looking at a small brown bird that flew up, up into the blue sky, singing as if he would put all the joy of the sunshiny day into song.

"Oh, if I only had wings like a bird so that I might fly up into the bright heavens and sing a song there!" she cried.

A little elf looked at her from behind an apple tree. "Ho, ho!" he piped. "The stupid mortal child wants wings and she doesn't know how to make them grow!"

"Put clear water on your shoulders and stand in the sunshine," said another tiny voice that seemed to come from the spring near by. Sure

enough! There was the fairy of the stream with rainbow wings. "Only birds and fairies really know the ways of wings," went on the little creature. "Girls must be willing to wait until they grow. Try some of my spring water and sunshine; even rainbows can be made in that way." Laughing merrily, she danced away on a sunbeam.

So little Greta bathed her shoulders in the cool water of the spring and said, "I will stand here till my wings grow."

While she was standing there, a farmer's daughter passed by on her way to market. "What are you waiting for there all alone?" she asked.

"Oh, I am going to have wings," replied Greta. "I am waiting for them to grow." And she told the other lassie what she had done.

"Silly thing!" said the farmer's daughter. "Wings for a poor child like you!" But when she went home, she began to want wings, too, and she said to herself, "I should like to have wings and fly away and away. If I bathe my shoulders in new milk and stand in the sunshine, who knows what may happen?"

Soon she was standing out in the garden among the beets and radishes. "This is a fine place for growing things," she said. "Here I shall wait for my wings."

By and by a merchant's daughter rode along in her fine carriage. She saw the farmer's daughter standing in the sunny garden holding up her arms to the sky. "What are you doing there, red face?" she called out.

"I know a secret," replied the other girl. "I am going to have wings and fly away to a far country."

"Tell me," said the merchant's daughter. "I will give you my silver shoes if you tell me."

"What do I care for silver shoes when I can have wings?" returned the milkmaid. But because she was after all good-natured, and because it is hard to keep a secret, she told the other what she had done.

"Oh, indeed!" said the merchant's daughter. "If it's a matter of wings, I'm sure my turn will come before a clumsy country girl like you!" She went away, holding her head very high.

Soon in the merchant's garden among the gay

tulips stood the proud lassie. She had bathed her shoulders with rich perfume, and she was sure that if wings came to any one they would be hers.

Then the princess rode by on her prancing palfrey. "Here is a strange sight!" she said, as she looked at the girl waving her arms above the bright flowers. "What queer game is that?" She called the maiden to her and heard her story.

"Well, well!" she said, "so you believe that you are to go higher than our ladies at court?" And she rode by laughing.

When the princess came to the palace, she called for wine and, dropping into a cup a pearl like a round moonbeam, she watched it bubble and melt away. "There should be magic in this precious cup to make wings grow," she said. "No one shall go higher than the princess. The wings shall be mine!"

The Angel of Wings passed by and said, "Poor silly maidens! Why do they not know that the solid earth is a good place? Who would make the homes bright and take care of the children if all the lassies flew away?"

Then, looking at little Greta with her arms stretched up to the sky, she added, "You wished for them first and your wish shall come true!"

So Greta had her wings and flew up after the brown bird into the sky and sang her song there. —*A Russian Folk Tale.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. The fairy had rainbow wings. How many colors has a rainbow? Draw a rainbow with your crayons showing all the colors. 2. Why did the girls in the story want wings? 3. A bird has wings. Write the name of something, not a bird, that has wings. Tell two things about it. 4. Why did the Angel in the story say girls should not have wings? 5. Which is true? (a) Russia is a big country. (b) Russia is a small country. If you do not know, look for Russia on your map of Europe.

7. SILVER

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way and that she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;

From the shadowy cote the white breasts
peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

—*Walter de la Mare.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. This lovely poem is taken from a book of poems called *Peacock Pie.* So is the other poem you had by Walter de la Mare. What was it called? He has written many beautiful poems that you would like. 2. How many things does he see like silver in the moonlight? Next time the moon is shining look for silvery things out-of-doors.

The moon, like a flower,
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

—WILLIAM BLAKE.

8. INDIAN CHILDREN

Where we walk to school each day
Indian children used to play—
All about our native land,
Where the shops and houses stand.

And the trees were very tall,
And there were no streets at all,
Not a church and not a steeple—
Only woods and Indian people.

Only wigwams on the ground,
And at night bears prowling round—
What a different place to-day
Where we live and work and play!

—*Annette Wynne.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Draw a wigwam and then make one of brown paper. Then tell what a wigwam is. 2. Make a picture of an Indian camp among trees by a lake, with a canoe on the lake. 3. Build an Indian encampment on your sand-tray; or cut out Indian costumes from brown paper, and decorate them with your crayolas.

9. SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
  And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
  In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
  The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
  Is singing in the rain.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Part Eight

JOY OUT-OF-DOORS

1. THE MONTHS

Everybody loves the out-of-doors, and so we are now going out-of-doors. Spend all the time you can in the open, in the sun, and in the wind, and in the clean, fresh air. Enjoy the things that grow and live out-of-doors, and enjoy out-door games. That is the way to be happy and healthy.

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fires and Christmas treat.

—*Sara Coleridge.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Write the names of the twelve months, and opposite each write one thing you might see in the woods or fields, or anywhere out-of-doors, in that month. You need not have the same things as the poem has, because it was written in England, where spring comes earlier in the year. The poem says that March brings the daffodils, and that is true in England. In which month do daffodils appear in Canadian gardens? 2. In this poem are many words that describe things, such as frozen, and so on. Find all the describing words, and tell why Miss Coleridge used them. Do you think she uses the right words? She speaks of the "dancing daffodil." Have you ever seen a flower dancing? What made it dance? Now you know what the third verse means, and dancing is the right word to use, isn't it? 3. In verse five the dams are the mother sheep. What does fleecy mean?

2. HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

At the door, on summer evenings,
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the laughing of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minnie-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water;

Pronounce: Hē'ă-wă'thă; Mĭn'nĕ-wă'wă; Nō-kō'mĭs; Mūd'-way-ōsh'ka; Wah'wah-tay'see.

Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

HIAWATHA AND NOKOMIS.

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow;
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wildflowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried, in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. The poem about Hiawatha is a very lovely one, and this part tells you about him as a little boy. When he grew up Hiawatha was a great hunter, and taught his people, the Ojibways, many wise things. He became a famous hero among the Indians. Write the lullaby old Nokomis taught him. 2. What did she teach him about the moon, and about the rainbow?

3. INVITATION

This is another fairy poem. As you read it make a little singing tune for it. Look for two things you would learn if you went to Mr. Toad's school.

If you will come and stay with us,
  You shall not want for ease;
We'll swing you on a cobweb
  Between the forest trees.
And twenty little singing birds
  Upon a flowering thorn
Shall hush you every evening
  And wake you every morn.

If you will come and stay with us,
  You need not miss your school;
A learned toad shall teach you,
  High-perched upon his stool.
And he will tell you many things
  That none but fairies know—
The way the wind goes wandering,
  And how the daisies grow.

If you will come and stay with us,
  You shall not lack, my dear,
The finest fairy raiment,
  The best of fairy cheer.

JOY OUT-OF-DOORS.

We'll send a million glowworms out,
And slender chains of light
Shall make a shining pathway.
Then why not come to-night?

—*Rose Fyleman.*

4. SALMON

Some fish live in salt water and some live in fresh water, but the salmon lives in both.

The salmon eggs are laid in lakes or in rivers, and after hatching the young salmon stay in the fresh water for nearly two years. They then make their way to the salt ocean, and remain there until they are fully grown.

Then the grilse, as they are now sometimes called, begin their journey back to their old fresh-water homes, and millions of them may be seen making their way up the rivers. The river gleams like silver with the shining fish. It is a wonderful sight to see them leap up a waterfall, for they will leap as high as six feet out of the water to get up to the water above the falls.

The best place to catch the salmon is at the river-mouths, before they swim up to their old

homes. They may be caught in nets or by salmon-wheels which have baskets fastened to them. The wheels are turned by the river, and as soon as the salmon swim into the baskets a slide carries them to the bank. The fish are then taken to the canneries to be cleaned, prepared and canned. The work is all done by a machine with knives which cut the salmon into slices. The slices move on to the boxes and are next passed on to be steamed. Then the boxes are sealed up and labelled, and lastly are packed into large cases ready to be shipped away to other lands. —*Selected.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. In Eastern Canada cod-fishing is very valuable, but in Western Canada the salmon fisheries are worth far more. If you have ever gone fishing tell what you did and what kind of fish you tried to catch. 2. Draw a fishing-net, or a boy with a fishing-rod.

5. WHAT THE THRUSH SAYS

"*Come and see! Come and see!*"
The Thrush pipes out of the hawthorn tree:
And I and Dicky on tiptoe go
To see what treasures he wants to show.
His call is clear as a call can be —
And "Come and see!" he says:
"Come and see!"

"*Come and see! Come and see!*"
His house is there in the hawthorn tree:
The neatest house that ever you saw,
Built all of mosses and twigs and straw:
The folk who built were his wife and he—
And "Come and see!" he says:
"Come and see!"

"Come and see! Come and see!"
Within this house there are treasures three:
So warm and snug in its curve they lie—
Like three bright bits out of Spring's blue sky.
We would not hurt them, he knows; not we!
So "Come and see!" he says:
"Come and see!"

"Come and see! Come and see!"
No thrush was ever so proud as he!
His bright-eyed lady has left those eggs
For just five minutes to stretch her legs.
He's keeping guard in the hawthorn tree,
And "Come and see!" he says:
"Come and see!"

"Come and see! Come and see!"
He has no fear of the boys and me.
He came and shared in our meals, you know,
In hungry times of the frost and snow.
So now we share in his Secret Tree
Where "Come and see!" he says:
"Come and see!"

—Queenie Scott-Hopper.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What are treasures? What treasures were in the thrush's nest? 2. Make three columns in your notebook and label them: Flowers, Birds, Animals. Put the following words in the right column: Bear, crow, sparrow, rose, donkey, raccoon, goldenrod, fox, robin, lamb, whitethroat, lily, owl, violet, beaver, thrush, mayflower, jackal, daffodil, parrot. Add three more names to each column.

6. GOING DOWN HILL ON A BICYCLE

With lifted feet, hands still
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart with a mighty lift
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry:—
"O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

"Is this, is this your joy?
O bird, then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"

Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;
Till when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the treadles fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale! but still
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

—*Henry Charles Beeching.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. To be poised means to balance yourself, or to hold steady. 2. In verse four Mr. Beeching says, riding a bicycle is better than skating. Do you agree with him? Tell why. If you do not agree with him tell why you think skating is better fun. 3. This poem says a boy on a bicycle feels as if he had wings. In the last verse it says, that if you work hard it will be just as if you had wings. What does that mean? How does a boy or a girl get to the top of the class? 4. Which answer is true to this question: How does a farmer or a business man succeed? (a) By making a pair of wings. (b) By talking about what he is going to do. (c) By working hard.

7. SKIPPING SONG

If you are a girl, learn this skipping song. If you are a boy, tell how to play the game you like best.

Skippety skip, skippety skip!
Under and over, with never a slip,
Pepper and salt, pepper and salt!
Over and under with never a halt—
That's how it's done—
Isn't it fun?
And isn't skipping easy?

Skippety skip, skippety skip!
Hold the rope slackly, give it a flip,
Shut your lips tight, make your feet light,
Skip on your *toes* if you want to skip right—
Hold your head straight—
Isn't it great
That skipping is so easy?

Skippety skip, skippety skip!
Steady, now, steady!—ah, that was a slip!
Don't watch your *feet*, count every beat—
Skipping will make you both nimble and neat—
One hundred and one?
Very well done!
And *isn't* skipping easy?

—*Isobel Ecclestone Mackay.*

8. BREAD AND BUTTER

I

THE BUTTER

Did you ever try to make butter? Half fill a clean bottle with sour cream and cork it tightly. Shake the bottle for a long, long time until you see little lumps of fat or butter forming and floating about inside. Lift these out of the buttermilk, as we call the liquid left in the bottle, and press them together with a spoon, and then wash them. Add a little salt and now you have butter for your bread, like the King in the poem called "The King's Breakfast."

Some farmers make their butter in a wooden churn with a long dasher which is worked up and down through a hole in the lid of the churn, and beats the cream into butter.

But on some farms butter is made by a machine worked by an engine or by electricity, and this is much easier. The milk is put into a separator which whirls round very quickly, separating the cream from the rest of the milk. Then the cream is put into a large churn, where it is tossed around until the butter is formed.

The butter is then pressed, or worked, to

squeeze out all the buttermilk, and next it is washed in clean, cold water. It is then salted and made into pound prints, or packed into boxes, or into small, round tubs, and sent off to the market.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Drink a quart of milk a day. 2. Make some butter as it tells you in the first part of the lesson. 3. Ask your teacher to read you the poem called "The King's Breakfast." It is in a book, *When We Were Very Young*, made by Mr. A. A. Milne for his little son, Christopher Robin. After you have heard the poem, see if you can act it.

II

THE BREAD

"Back of the bread is the flour, and back of the flour is the wheat," says the old rhyme. Long ago wheat was just a wild grass, but now it is the most valuable plant we have, for Canadians could not get along without bread.

(1) The Seed Is Sown

First the earth must be made ready for the seed. In early times the soil was broken up with a pointed, forked stick for a plow, but now we have a steel plow drawn by horses. The farmer walks behind, guiding it, and often he rides on it. On many farms a tractor-plow is used, which makes several furrows at a time.

To break up the ground still more and make the soil smooth, the field is harrowed. Sometimes a drag harrow is used. It is made of iron bars with iron teeth or spikes. Many farmers break up the earth with a disc harrow, the sharp discs cutting the clods like knives.

When the soil is all ready, the wheat is sown. Sometimes it is sown in the spring and harvested in the late summer. That is spring wheat. But sometimes it is sown in the autumn, sprouts before the snow falls, and comes up again in the early spring. That is winter wheat.

Perhaps you have seen a famous picture called "The Sower," by Millet, a French artist. It shows a man striding across a plowed field and scattering the seed by hand. That is how all farmers once sowed the seed. But now the seed is drilled into the ground by a seeder, drawn by horses or by a tractor. It makes little furrows, and drops the seed grains into them. Then the furrows fill up with earth again and cover the seeds.

(2) The Grain Is Ripe

Sun and rain help the seeds to grow, and soon up come little green shoots, which look like grass. The wheat grows taller and taller, and at the

top of each stalk appears a head of grain. At first it is quite green, but, as the hot summer sun shines on it, the head fills and the color changes to a golden brown. Then the grain is ready for cutting.

In some places men cut it with a sickle or curved knife, but usually they cut it with a machine. If a reaper is used the wheat is cut and dropped on the stubble in little bundles, but if a binder is used the grain is tied in sheaves and tossed on the ground. Men follow to set up the sheaves in stooks.

(3) The Grain Is Threshed

The grain has now to be threshed. In olden times this was often done by letting oxen or cattle tread upon it. Our grandfathers beat the grain with stout flails. Nowadays a threshing-machine is used. It can thresh from four hundred to two thousand bushels of grain a day. The sheaves are fed into the machine, which cuts the twine binding the sheaves, beats the grain from the heads, and separates it from the straw and chaff. The grain then passes out at one side of the thresher, while the straw is blown into piles in the field. Sometimes machines called combines cut and thresh the grain at the same

time, leaving the straw in swaths or windrows. In California and Australia machines even put the grain into sacks, sew them up, and lay them in rows all ready to be hauled to the granary.

Though the thresher is so wonderful, the farmer and his men still have much to do. They run the engine, haul water, feed the sheaves into the machine, draw the wheat to the granary, or elevator, and sometimes build the straw into stacks.

(4) The Grain Is Sold

The grain is kept in bins in the barn, or is stored in the granary until the farmer wishes to sell it to a flour miller, or to grain buyers. These then store it in tall buildings called grain-elevators, which hold thousands of bushels of grain. Later it is taken in freight-cars either to a flour mill or to a seaport, where it is put on a ship for England, or for any country that needs grain. You may see as many as seventy cars of wheat behind a big engine. Some of our grain ports are Vancouver, Halifax, Fort William, Churchill, Montreal and Saint John.

(5) The Flour

The wheat has now to be ground into flour. After the dust and the weed-seeds have been

removed the good grains are ready for the mill. There they are passed through iron rollers, and the flour is separated from the husks. The flour is then bleached snowy white, or it may have some ground husks or bran mixed with it. It is then placed in sacks or barrels and is ready for use.

You have probably seen your mother make bread, and you know that she puts yeast into the dough. The yeast causes a gas to form in the dough. As the gas tries to escape it makes the dough bubble, so that the bread is light and spongy.

* * *

Now spread some butter on a piece of bread. As you eat it, think of all the men who helped to provide so common and useful a gift as bread and butter.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What is the difference between "winter wheat" and "spring wheat"? 2. What is the name of the machine the farmer uses to cut the wheat? 3. What does the threshing-machine do? 4. What is a flail? 5. If there is a grain elevator near your home, draw it. 6. There are wheat farms in every province of Canada, but the best wheat lands are in the three prairie provinces, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. 7. Write this in your note-book: The prairie lands are level and very fertile. Snowfall in winter, the hot summer sun,

and gentle rains, give the moisture and sunshine needed to make the grain grow. The farmers have found out which kinds of wheat grow best. 8. Get some grain seeds and plant them in a box of earth. Watch your wheat grow. See that it gets water and sunshine. Make drawings of it as it grows. If you cannot get grain, plant beans, or peas, or apple seeds, or orange pips. Watch them grow and make drawings; begin as soon as the first little leaf appears above the earth. 9. Write this in your note-book: Canadian wheat is hard wheat and makes the best quality flour. Farmers use names for wheat so that they will know what kind to buy. The best spring wheats are Marquis, which stands first, then Reward and Garnet. 10. Do you know the game called "Shearing Oats"? It was first played by Norwegian children in the harvest fields of Norway. It can be played by any uneven number of children. Join hands in a circle, with one child standing in the centre. Dance round singing:

Shear the oats, shear the oats,
The sheaves must be bound;
My true love can do it;
Where can he be found?
I saw him yester evening,
While bright the full moon shone;
You take yours, I take mine,
One is left alone.

At the words "You take yours," break the circle and then choose partners. The one who is left without a partner has now to stand in the centre, and the verse is begun again. Describe any other singing-game you know; describe it clearly so that the other children can follow your directions and play it.

9. WHEN FAIRIES HAVE A PICNIC

When fairies have a picnic they always tidy up;
It would be a disgraceful thing to leave a broken cup.
They roll up bits of paper, and hide the orange-skin,
And find a most convenient hole to put the rubbish in.

When fairies have a picnic they see the fire is out,
For fear that Brother Wind may come and scatter it about.
They leave a pile of brushwood, as that is nice and dry,
For other picnic people who are certain to pass by!

When fairies have a picnic, they never break the trees,
They smooth the grass and daisy-buds as gently as you please,
And, picking up their baskets, they softly steal away
And leave the place all beautiful for some one else to play!

—*Florence Hoatson.*

10. THE SINGING CHILDREN

This is a lovely poem to read on a wet day. Choose three for the parts of the three children and the rest of the class will be "ALL." As you read, find what it is that the children in the poem decide to do.

All:

What shall we sing when it's rainy weather,
And the gloomy clouds are all packed together,
When the whistling wind will not rest content
Till even the heads of flowers are bent—
What shall we sing till the storm is spent?

First Child:

I shall be a bird,
And I shall sing among the trees,
Or hop among the flowers
With the busy bumble bees;
I'll bathe in pools of silver,
As I spread each pretty wing,
And always from my happy heart
I'll sing and sing and sing.

Second Child:

I shall be a breeze,
And I shall sing as morning breaks,
And run before the sun
Across the shining seas and lakes.

I'll blow the tiny clouds about
I'll make the harebells ring,
And always from my happy heart
I'll sing and sing and sing.

Third Child:

I shall be a brook,
And I shall sing upon the hill,
And leap and tumble as I go
A-dancing past the mill;
And through the meadow grasses
I shall gurgle in the spring,
But always from my happy heart
I'll sing and sing and sing.

All:

Oh, we'll be breezes, birds and brooks,
And lovely things like these.

First Child:

I'll fly round with the sunshine,
In and out among the trees.

Second Child:

I'll whisper on the hill-tops.

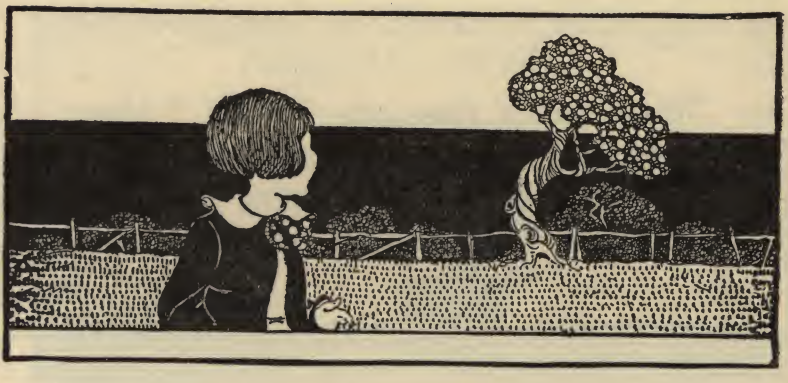
Third Child:

Through the fields my voice will ring.

All:

But always from our happy hearts
We'll sing and sing and sing!

—*Grace M. Tuffley.*



11. I MEANT TO DO MY WORK TO-DAY

I meant to do my work to-day—
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?

—*Richard LeGallienne.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Here is another poem easy to learn. As you read it, watch for the things that called the poet away from his work. Have these things ever made you wish you had no work to do? 2. A boy said, "I wish we had a holiday every day in the year." Say what you think about what he said.

12. STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

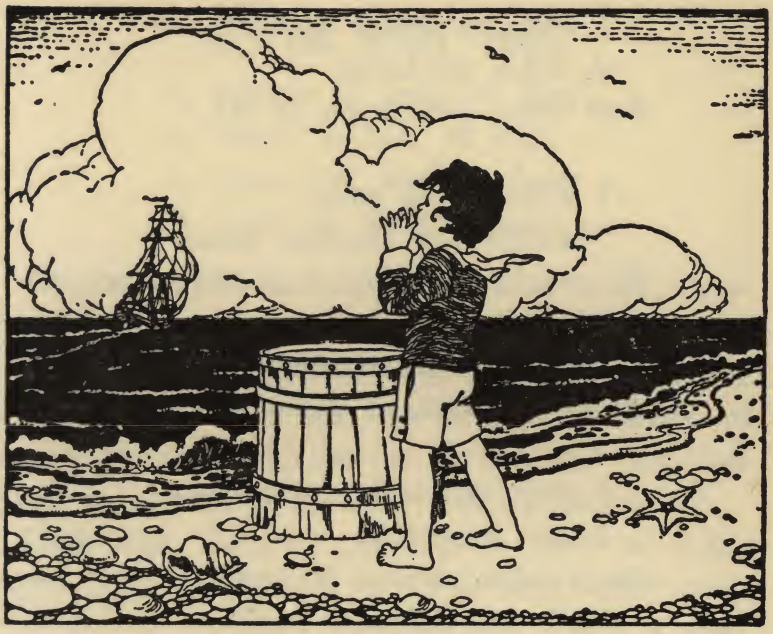
My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

—*Robert Frost.*

NOTE.—The last line of this poem falls, like the softly falling snow, and ends the poem like a song.



13. A SEA SONG FROM THE SHORE

Hail! Ho!
Sail! Ho!
Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!
Who calls to me,
So far at sea?
Only a little boy!

Sail! Ho!
Hail! Ho!
The sailor he sails the sea:

I wish he would capture
A little sea-horse
And send him home to me.

I wish, as he sails
Through the tropical gales,
He would catch me a sea-bird, too,
With its silver wings
And the song it sings,
And its breast of down and dew!

I wish he would catch me a
Little mermaid,
Some island where he lands,
With her dripping curls
And her crown of pearls,
And the looking-glass in her hands!

Hail! Ho!
Sail! Ho!
Sail far o'er the fabulous main,
And if I were a sailor,
I'd sail with you,
Though I never sailed back again.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

14. THE BUSY BEE

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay:
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon.

Why should a swarm of bees be worth anything, you ask? A bee is only an insect. That is true, but if you will think for a moment you will find that of all the many hundreds of insects in the world the bee is the only one that gives us something to eat. Bees make honey.

Long ago, before men knew how to make sugar from maple sap, or from sugar-cane, they used honey instead. When they found a bee-tree they would cut it down or smoke the bees out and take the honey which the bees had stored there. Now many people earn their living by keeping bees, for in Canada we use thousands of pounds of honey every year. A good colony or hive of bees will produce about one hundred pounds of honey in a season. The bee-keeper does not sell all this, because he must leave some honey in the hive for the bees to feed on in winter.

Bees are very busy little creatures, so that when people are working hard we often say that they are as busy as bees.

The most important bee in the hive is the queen bee; there is only one queen in each hive and she rules over all the bees, and lays the eggs. The worker bees look after her, clean her, keep her warm and feed her; they also make the little cells in which she lays the eggs.

After three or four days the eggs hatch and out come tiny grubs, called larvæ. Some of the worker bees look after the larvae and feed them on bee jelly. In a few days the larvæ are so fat that the cells can barely hold them. Then they spin a cocoon or case for themselves and go to sleep inside it. The worker bees now seal up the cells with wax so that everything is snug and warm while they sleep.

Two weeks later the cells are burst open and out come, not larvæ, but young bees, which are fed by the workers till they are able to work, too. Those that become workers lead a very busy life. They keep the hive clean by moving their wings very fast so that the air in the hive is blown about; they make wax and build the

honey cells; they gather the honey from the flowers and pollen dust for making bee bread.

If you could follow a bee you would find that it visited a hundred flowers or more in one day, looking for the sweet juice or nectar in each flower; it stores this nectar in its honey-bag, where it changes into honey. The bee's tongue has little hairs on it, and at the tip is a little spoon with which it scoops up the drop of nectar, and the little hairs sweep up any juice that is left in the flower.

Some bees do no work and are called drones; drones have no stings. They follow the queen wherever she goes, but in the fall, if food is scarce, the workers kill the drones and throw them out of the hive.

Perhaps you have watched bees swarming to form a new colony. The queen leads the way and when she alights on a tree all the bees stop, and soon there are scores and scores of bees on the branch, buzzing and humming as if they were asking the queen what to do. Then the bee-keeper comes along with a hive, and the bees swarm into it. He must see that the queen is safely in the hive or the bees will fly away

and perhaps go into a hollow tree, and he will lose his honey.

If a bee thinks you are its enemy it will sting you. Its sting is sharper than a needle, and after it pricks your skin two little hollow darts are worked up and down in your flesh and a tiny drop of poison is pumped into your blood. So never tease a bee, but let it fly busily from flower to flower and then some day you may have honey for supper.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Is a swarm of bees worth more in May or in June? 2. Name three kinds of bees you will find in a hive. 3. What are larvae? 4. Why does a bee-keeper not sell all his honey? 5. Tell three things a worker-bee does. 6. Find out what to do if a bee should sting you.

Part Nine

THIS FAIR DEAR LAND

1. LULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS

The last section of your book is about our own beautiful country. Do you know where the words of the title came from? The poems are all written by those who loved Canada because it is such a "fair, dear land." After you have read them all, learn the one you like best.

Little brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,
Wrapped in your nest,
Strapped in your nest,
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest;
Its hands are your nest,
Its bands are your nest,
It swings from the down-bending branch of the oak;
You watch the camp flame, and the curling grey smoke;
But oh! for your pretty black eyes sleep is best—
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest.

Little brown baby-bird, swinging to sleep,
Winging to sleep,
Singing to sleep,

Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep,
Shielding their sleep,
Unyielding to sleep,
The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep—
Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep.

—*Pauline Johnson.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Write the names of all the lullabies you have read in your book. Look back so that you will spell them properly. If you have learned one be ready to say it nicely to the class. 2. The Iroquois is the name of a tribe of Indians. The lady who wrote this lullaby was the daughter of an Indian chief and lived in Ontario. Later she went to live in British Columbia. You will like her stories called *Legends of Vancouver*. Her book of poems is called *Flint and Feather*. Do you think the Iroquois baby would go to sleep when his mother sang this lullaby? Is it a "sleepy song"?

2. THE STORY OF GLOOSKAP

Long, long ago by the shining waters of Minas there dwelt a tribe of Indians known as the Micmacs. The god of the Micmacs was Glooskap, and he taught them many wise things. His favorite spot was Blomidon, a beautiful headland overlooking the Minas Basin that he loved.

Pronounce: Mĭck'-măcks; Gloos'kăp; Blŏm'ĭ-dŏn.

There the tribe would gather round him while he taught them, and there, too, came the animals, for he was kind to all the animals of the forest, to the birds of the air, and to the fish of the sea, and they all trusted him and would come at his call. He taught the Indians to be kind to animals also, so that the Micmacs and the animals lived without hurting each other.

Here is a little poem about those times, by Agnes Maule Machar:

In the primeval forest,
  In the old happy days,
The men and beasts lived peacefully
  Among the woodland ways;—

The forest knew no spoiler,
  No timid beast or bird
Knew fang or spear or arrow;
  No cry of pain was heard;—

For all loved gentle Glooskap,
  And Glooskap loved them all;
And men and beasts and fishes
  Obeyed his welcome call.

The birds came circling round him
With carols fresh and sweet;
The little wilding blossoms
Sprang up about his feet.

All spake one simple language,
And Glooskap understood;
And in his tones of music
Taught them that Love was good.

Under his wise teaching they all lived very happily, and everything grew in abundance, so that both man and beast had plenty to eat. They say, too, that wherever Glooskap walked, flowers sprang up at his feet, so that the Micmac country was very lovely.

But sad to say, by and by some of the tribe grew disobedient; they began to hunt and slay the animals, and sometimes the animals would kill men. Glooskap felt both sad and angry at this, and said he could not live among them while they hurt each other, and at last he left them.

Some of the Micmacs still live in Nova Scotia, and they still tell the story and show you where Glooskap used to dwell. An old Micmac chief,

called "Lone Cloud," once told me that some day when men lived at peace with each other, then they would learn not to hunt the animals any more, and then Glooskap would return again to dwell among them for ever by the shores of Minas.

HELPS TO STUDY

This is the story of another tribe of Indians, the Micmacs who lived in Nova Scotia. 1. Who was Glooskap? 2. Why did he leave his people? 3. When did Chief Lone Cloud say Glooskap would return?

3. HEPATICAS

The trees to their innermost marrow
Are touched by the sun;
The robin is here and the sparrow:
Spring is begun!

The sleep and the silence are over:
These petals that rise
Are the eyelids of earth that uncover
Her numberless eyes.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Write three things that tell spring has come. 2. Does "numberless" in the last line mean a great many, or just a few?

4. IN EARLY MAY

O my dear, the world to-day
  Is more lovely than a dream!
Magic hints from far away
  Haunt the woodland, and the stream
Murmurs in his rocky bed
Things that never can be said.

Starry dogwood is in flower,
  Gleaming through the mystic woods,
It is beauty's perfect hour
  In the wild spring solitudes.
Now the orchards in full blow
Shed their petals white as snow.

All the air is honey-sweet
  With the lilacs white and red,
Where the blossoming branches meet
  In the arbor overhead,
And the laden cherry trees
Murmur with the hum of bees.

All the earth is fairly green,
  And the sunlight filmy gold,
Full of ecstasies unseen,
  Full of mysteries untold.
Who would not be out-of-door,
Now that spring is here once more?

—Bliss Carman.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Write three lovely things the poet says he sees in early May. 2. Try to remember another poem that had the word "solitudes" in it? Do you remember "starry solitudes"? 3. Ecstasies are great joys; mysteries are strange secrets. Go out of doors and see if you can discover some of these great joys and strange secrets of the spring.

5. THE ORDER OF GOOD CHEER

I

PORT ROYAL

Over three hundred years ago, a little band of brave men sailed from France across the Atlantic Ocean, and after a stormy voyage reached our country. One of the bravest among them was Samuel de Champlain. He and his friends explored the land, and also traded in furs with the Indians. For a time, Champlain made his home in Acadie, and a fort was built at Port Royal, now called Annapolis Royal, on the beautiful Annapolis river. The Indians who lived there were friendly to the white men, and helped them to hunt and fish for food, and in return the Frenchmen gave them gifts of blankets and beads, and things they liked.

It was very nice to stay there in the warm weather, for it is a beautiful land, with little

Pronounce: Acadie, Ak'ă-dē.

THE ORDER OF GOOD CHEER

wooded hills, and sunny valleys where fine apple orchards grow, and a good harbor at the mouth of the river. They sowed crops of wheat and barley, set up a water-mill to grind the flour, and even laid out little gardens.

Champlain wrote in his diary: "I also, for the sake of occupying my time, made a garden which was surrounded with ditches full of water, in which I placed some fine trout, and into which flowed three brooks of very fine running water from which the greater part of our set-

tlement was supplied. I made also a little sluice-way towards the shore, in order to draw off the water when I wished.

"This spot was entirely surrounded by meadows where I constructed a summer-house, with some fine trees, as a resort for enjoying the fresh air. I made there, also, a little reservoir for holding salt-water fish, which we took out as we wanted them. I took especial pleasure in it, and planted there some seeds which turned out well. But much work had to be laid out in preparation. We resorted often to this place as a pastime; and it seemed as if the little birds took pleasure in it, for they gathered there in large numbers, warbling and chirping so pleasantly that I think I have never heard the like."

But when winter came, with frost and deep snow, and the brooks were frozen over, and the sea was stormy, Champlain and his friends did not enjoy it so much. One day as he returned from exploring along the shore, the sea was very rough, and the ship went aground on the rocks and was smashed to pieces. Another time, they were attacked by unfriendly Indians who lived farther south, and four of Champlain's

men were killed. They returned to the fort feeling very sad, but as they came near the harbor they saw a strange sight. Neptune, followed by his Tritons, or followers, came down to meet them. This was Lescarbot, dressed as the ruler of the sea, and those left in the fort, singing a song they had made to cheer Champlain, and so they welcomed him home with singing and merry-making. It was Lescarbot, the gayest of all the band, who had planned this merry sport.

II

BUSY AND HAPPY

Then Champlain and Lescarbot thought it would be a good plan if they could have some merry sport all winter, to keep the men cheerful and busy, and so they formed *The Order of Good Cheer.*

Every evening one of the band was chosen to be the Grand Master, or Chief Steward, for one day. He had to provide the feast for that day, go hunting and fishing for food, and see that it was well cooked and nicely served. Then, when noon came, they all dressed themselves in

Pronounce: Trī'tŏns; Lāy-căr'bō.

their best clothes, and the Grand Master wore a special chain round his neck, a napkin over his shoulder, and carried in his hand a tall staff trimmed with ribbon. One of the party played a lively tune, the Grand Master led the way into the dining-room, and all the rest of the company followed him, each carrying a dish of food. They marched round the table and then sat down to eat, and after dinner they told stories and sang songs. In the evening they had another procession before supper, though they did not have so many dishes this time. After supper the Grand Master took off his chain, and gave it to the one who was to take his place next day.

To add to their company they used to invite the Indian chiefs to join in the feast, especially old Membertou, said to be a hundred years old, whose face was all wrinkled with age, but whose heart was full of kindness for the French. The Indian boys and girls would crowd in, too, hoping to receive biscuits and raisins from Champlain and his friends.

Do you not think *The Order of Good Cheer* was

Pronounce: Měm'ber-too.

a splendid way to keep everybody busy and happy? It also made sure that they had plenty to eat, because each Grand Master tried to outdo his friends in providing a good feast.

Lescarbot tells us what they had to eat from time to time: "I have already said we had abundance of game, such as ducks, bustards, grey and white geese, partridges, larks, and other birds; moreover moose, caribou, beaver, otter, bear, rabbits, wildcats, raccoons, and other animals such as the savages caught, whereof we made dishes well worth those of the cookshop in the Rue aux Ours, and far more; for of all our meats none is so tender as moose-meat (whereof we also made excellent pasties), and nothing so delicate as beaver's tail."

HELPS TO STUDY

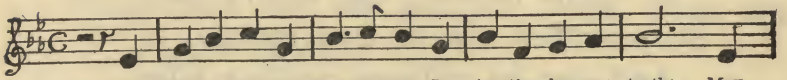
1. Make a play out of this story. Read it carefully so that you will know exactly what to do, and what to say. You needn't say the words in the book. Just pretend you are one of the men in the fort and think what he would say. All of you work together, and choose the speeches that are best and write these in your play. 2. Write the names of the birds and the animals mentioned in the story.

Pronounce: Rū-ō-zours (the street that leads to the bear).

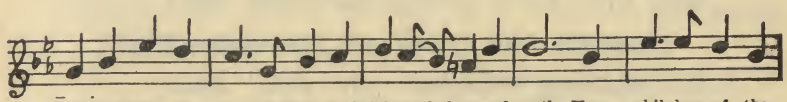
6. THE EMPIRE IS OUR COUNTRY

COLIN J. ATKINSON FRED W. CHISHOLM

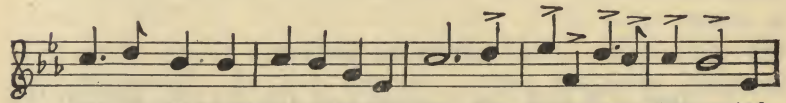
Tempo di marcia f



God save our Coun-try, keep her great In jus-tice, hon-or, truth; May
That Moth-er Isle whence Freedom's rays Are sent to light the world Finds
God, bless our kindred na-tions all, Of ev-'ry clime and race, Where

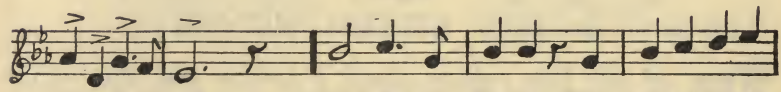


Freedom's star in ev-'ry State Be bright as the hopes of youth; Hear, chil-dren of the
strength not known in oth-er days In daugh-ter flags un-furled. And faith, not fear, not
arc-tic chil-ling breez-es call Or south-ern seas em-brace; They too, as we, with

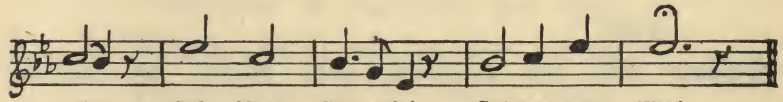


Ma-ple Leaf, Whose voice would reach the dome, The Em-pire is our Coun-try And
law, but love, For-bids us now to roam, The Em-pire is our Coun-try And
loy-al hearts Ac-claim a-cross the foam The Em-pire as their Coun-try And

CHORUS



Can-a-da our home. God bless our Em-pire, With heart and voice we
Can-a-da our home.
each man's land his home.



sing; God bless Can-a-da! God save our King!

7. THE BROOK IN FEBRUARY

A snowy path for squirrel and fox,
It winds between the wintry firs.
Snow-muffled are its iron rocks,
And o'er its stillness nothing stirs.

But low, bend low a listening ear!
Beneath the mask of moveless white
A babbling whisper you shall hear
Of birds and blossoms, leaves and light.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How is it that the squirrel and the fox can walk in the brook in the month of February. 2. What is it in the poem that whispers if you listen softly?

8. THE GREEN MONTH

What of all the colors shall I bring you for your fairing,
Fit to lay your fingers on, fine enough for you?
Yellow for the ripened rye, white for ladies' wearing,
Red for briar-roses, or the skies' own blue?

Nay, for spring has touched the elm, spring has found the willow,
Winds that call the swallow home, sway the boughs apart;
Green shall all my curtains be, green shall be my pillow,
Green I'll wear within my hair, and green upon my heart.

—*Marjorie Pickthall.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. This is a very lovely, singing poem. What other poem do you know by Marjorie Pickthall? 2. At what season of the year would she wear yellow? Blue? Why does she choose green? 3. Here are two verses Marjorie Pickthall wrote when she was just about your age:

GOOD-NIGHT
A pout, a sigh,
A naughty mite,
A doubt, a smile
And then "Good-night."

GOOD-MORNING
A turn, a blink,
A song bird's lay,
Two open eyes
And then "Good-day."

9. I DO! DON'T YOU?

"Summer," said the humming bee,
"Summer is the time for me!
Richest fields of luscious clover,
Honey-cups all brimming over,
Not a cloud the long day through!
I like Summer best—don't you?"

Said the dainty primrose sweet:
"Summer is the time of heat;
In the Spring when birds are calling
And the crystal rain is falling,
All the world is cool and new!
I like Springtime best—don't you?"

Said the apple: "Not at all;
There's no season like the Fall!
Golden skies through soft mist glowing,
Where the goldenrod is growing,
Reaping done and harvest through,
I like Autumn best—don't you?"

Said the holly: "It is clear,
Of all seasons of the year
Winter is the best and dearest.
Winds are stillest, skies are clearest—
Snowballs, sleigh rides, Christmas—whew!
I like Winter best—don't you?"

—*Isobel Ecclestone Mackay.*

Helps to Study

Which season do you like best? Tell why. Begin: "I like Summer best because . . ."

At the End of this Book

Now we have come to the end of the book. The last poem told us that some people like one season of the year and some like another. So some of you like one story or poem and some like another. The most important thing is that you like something. And if you like a story or a poem you can always find another as good, or perhaps even better than that, for the world is full of interesting stories and beautiful poems, so many that you can read one every day of every year of your life and still you won't have read them all. Read; read much; read the best; that will help you to think lovely thoughts and to do wise deeds.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king. **—1 Sam. x. 24.**

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the king.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the king.

Our loved Dominion bless
With peace and happiness
From shore to shore;
And let our Empire be
United, loyal, free,
True to herself and Thee
For evermore.

—*Henry Carey.*
(Author of first and second stanzas.)

A LITTLE DICTIONARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATIONS, AS GIVEN IN THE TEXT.

ă as in fat	**ĕ** as in met	**ĭ** as in bit	**ŏ** as in hot	**ŭ** as in but
ā as in fate	**ē** as in me	**ī** as in bite	**ō** as in hole	**ū** as in pure
á as in class	**ē** as in herd	y as in story	**ô** as in awe	ow as in how
ä as in alms			**o͝o**, as in foot	oy as in boy
â as in fare			**oo** as in room	

An unmarked vowel is a slightly shortened vowel, usually unaccented.

A

abundance (ă-bŭn'dăns): plenty.
appearance (ă-pēr'ăns): looks.
arrant (ăr'ănt): downright, very bad.
arrival (ăr-rīv'al): coming.
arrive (ă-rīv'): come to the end of a journey.
aware of (ă-wâr'-ŏv): know.

B

blithe (blīth): gay, merry.
bower (bow'er): summer-house, leafy nook.
buckskin pony — greyish-yellow-colored pony.
burdock (bēr'dŏk): weed with coarse leaves and prickly flowers.

C

calabash (kăl'ă-băsh): shell of a gourd-fruit, used as a drinking-cup.
cantered (kăn'tērd): galloped easily.
casements (kās-mĕntz): windows.
cease (sēs): stop, finish.
comet (kŏm'ĕt): star with a tail of light.
constructed (kŏn-strŭkt'ed): built, made.
cormorants (kōr'mor-ănts): greedy sea-birds.
cote (kōt): house for doves.
coursers (kōrs'erz): horses.
cowslip (kow'-slĭp): a little yellow spring flower.
crags (krăgz): rocks.
cricket (krĭk'ĕt): a jumping, chirping insect.
croak (krōk): make a hoarse sound.
crystal (krĭs'tăl): very clear, like glass.
cuckoo (kŏŏ'kŏŏ): bird that calls "cuckoo."

D

dams (dămz): mother sheep.
dawdled (dô'dld): went slowly, wasted time.
declared (dē-klârd'): said.
delicate (dĕl'ĭ-kat): not strong, tender, young.
disputing (dis-pūt'ing): arguing, nearly quarrelling about something.
drowsy (drow'zy): sleepy.
dwarfs (dwōrfz): little men.

E

envied (ĕn'vĭd): was jealous of.
exclaimed (ĕks-klāmd'): called out.

F

fabulous (făb'ūlŭs): very wonderful.
festival (fĕs'tĭ-văl): feast day, day of joy.
fleetly (flēt'ly): swiftly.
frenzied (frĕn'zĭd): wild, terrified.

G

gillyflower (jĭl'ĭ-flow'er): clove-scented pink flower.
gleaming (glēm'ĭng): shining.
(g)nat (năt): tiny two-winged insect that stings.
godmother (gŏd'-mŭther): lady who attends a baby's christening and promises to be a sort of mother to help her.
grazed (grāzd): cropped the grass.
gossamer (gŏs'a-mer): fine thread of tiny spider's webs.
grudged (grŭj'd): was unwilling to give.
guitar (gĭ-tăr'): musical instrument with six strings.

H

hesitation (hĕzĭ-tā'shun): slowness.
hurricane (hŭr'ĭ-kān): very strong wind.

I

introduce (ĭn'trō-dūs'): make known
invalid (ĭn'va-lĭd): sick person.

J

jaunty (jôn'ty): airy, gay.
jig (jĭg): quick dance.

K

kerchief (kēr'chĭf): handkerchief to tie round the head at night as a night-cap.

L

legends (lĕj'ĕndz): stories of long ago.
livery (lĭv'er-y): clothes, uniform.
loped (lōpd): cantered.
luscious (lŭsh'ŭs): very sweet.
lustre (lŭs'ter): gloss, brightness.

M

main (mān): sea, ocean.
mastiff (măs'tĭf): big, powerful dog.
melon (mĕl'ŭn): large fleshy fruit from a trailing vine.
miniature (mĭn'ĭ-a-tūr): little, small.
misfortune (mĭs-fōr'tūn): bad luck, poor fortune.
mocked (mŏkd'): made fun of.
moor (mo͝or): large, hilly bare piece of land.

N

nimble (nĭm'bl): swift, quick.
notion (nō'shŭn): idea, thought.

O

obstacle ((ŏb'sta-kl): something in the way.
opinion (ō-pĭn'yŭn): what you think about a thing.

P

palfrey (pôl'frĭ; păl'-): saddle-horse.
passion (păsh'ŭn): anger, rage.
pastime (pâs'tīm): game, fun.
pheasant (fĕz'ănt): large bird with beautiful feathers.
primeval (prī-mē'văl): very very old.
proclaimed (prō-klām'd): made public, gave orders.
proper (prŏp'er): real, right kind.
prophecy (prŏf'e-sy): words telling what is to happen.

Q

quaint (kwānt): odd, strange.
quay (kē): place where ships load and unload.

R

radiant (rā'dĭ-ănt): bright, shining.
revels (rĕv'ĕlz): sports.

S

shilling (shĭl'ĭng): English silver coin, worth a quarter dollar.
shrills (shrĭlz): calls in a high voice.
spindle (spĭn'dl): rod on which to wind thread for spinning.
spit (spĭt): pointed rod on which meat was hung for roasting.
splendor (splen'der): brightness, fine things.
stature (stăt'ūr): height.
stocky (stŏk'y): strong.
stroll (strōl): walk slowly.
suitors (sūt-erz): men who wished to marry her.

T

talons (tăl'ŭnz): claws.
tarnished (tär'nisht): faded, soiled, stained.
tethered (tĕth'ērd): tied, fastened.
tousled (towz'ld): untidy.
tropical (trŏp'ĭ-kal): very warm, (near the equator).
trudge (trŭj): walk slowly.
terror (tĕr'er): fright, fear.
trundle-bed (trun'dl-bed'): small low bed on wheels, rolled under a high bed by day.

V

valuable (văl'ū-abl): precious, worth a great deal.
villainous (vĭl'anŭs): bad.
violent (vī'ō-lĕnt): very loud, terrible.
virtue (vēr'tū): goodness.
visions (vĭzh'unz): pictures inside your head.

W

wand (wŏnd): rod with magic power.
watch (wŏch): man who guarded the city at night.
wretched (rĕch'ed): miserable.

Y

yeast (yēst): yellow frothy substance used in raising bread; it is now made into hard cakes easier to carry.
youth (yo͞oth): young man.