

THE
ONTARIO READERS

Douglas Mc. Dewar

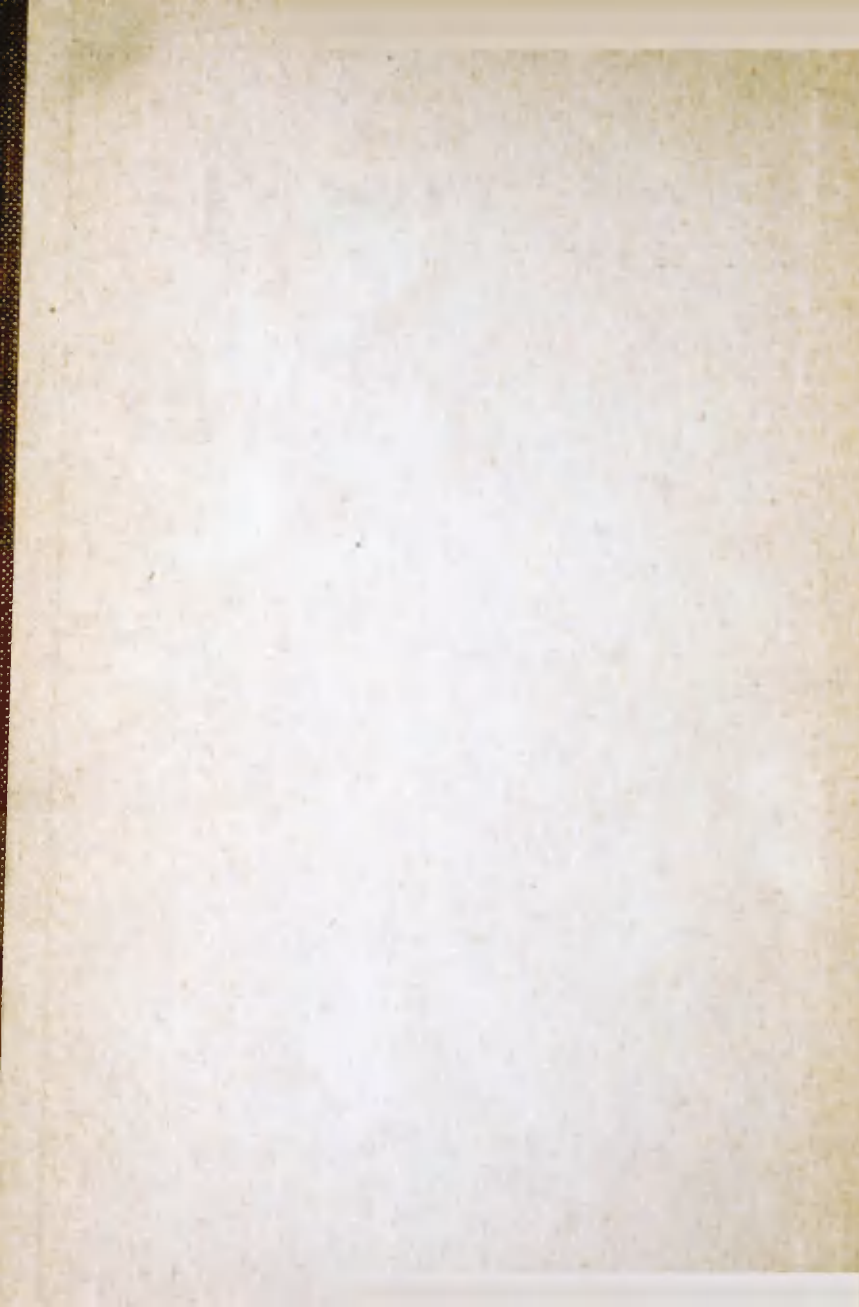
FIRST BOOK



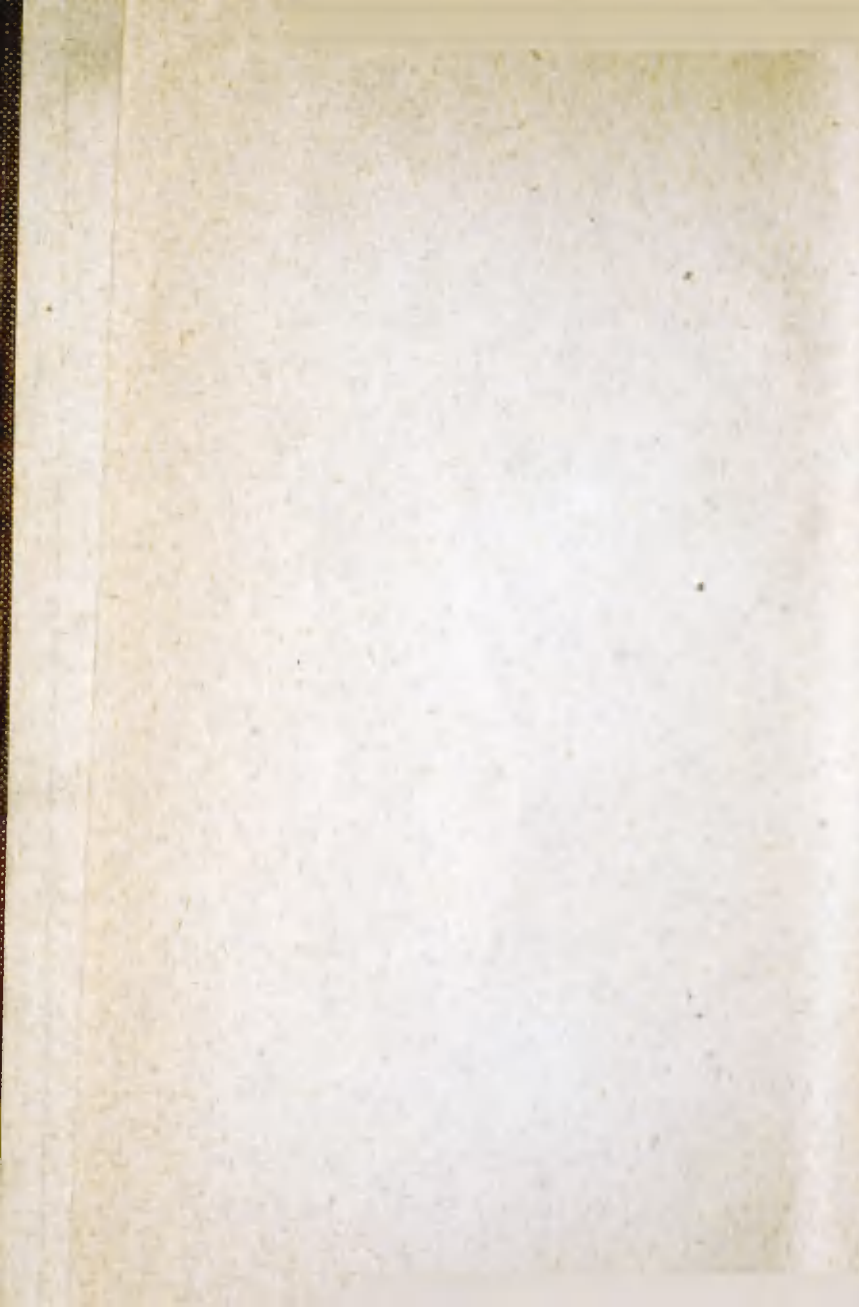
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THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

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TORONTO











One Flag

One Fleet

One Throne

The Union Jack

THE ONTARIO READERS

FIRST BOOK

AUTHORIZED BY
THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

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Toronto, May, 1909.

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The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!

FIRST READER

MORNING HYMN

FATHER, we thank Thee for the light,
And for the blessings of the night;
For rest and food, and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work or play,
To grow more loving every day.

EVENING PRAYER

FATHER, who keepest
The stars in Thy care,
Me, too, Thy little one,
Childish in prayer,
Keep, as Thou keepest
The soft night through,
Thy long, white lilies
Asleep in Thy dew.



THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

WHO IS IT

PAPA sat in his arm-chair before the grate, reading his paper. Anna drew up her chair close behind her father's, and, standing upon it, put her hands over his eyes.



“Who is it? Now, guess! Who is it?”

“Now, who can it be?” said her father. “Is it little Miss Muffett?”

“No, I never sat on a tuffett eating curds and whey.”

“Is it Jack or Jill who went up

the hill to fetch a pail of water ? ”

“ Oh, no, I never fell down and broke my crown. ”

“ Is it little Boy Blue who blows his horn ? ”

“ No, I have no sheep in the meadow, nor cows in the corn. ”

“ Is it the girl in the lane, who couldn't speak plain ? ”

“ No, nor the man on the hill, that couldn't stand still. ”

“ Is it the man in our town, who was so wondrous wise ? ”

“ No, I never jumped into a bramble bush, and scratched out both my eyes. ”

“ Are you Simple Simon who met the pieman, going to the fair ? ”

“No, no :—

‘He went to catch a dicky-bird,
And thought he could not fail
Because he’d got a little salt,
To put upon its tail.’”

“Are you wee Willie Winkie
who runs through the town?”

“No, I never run up-stairs and
down-stairs in my night-gown.”

“Are you Peter Piper who pick-
ed a peck of pickled peppers?”

“Why *can't* you tell who I am?”

“I would if I could, if I couldn't,
how could I?”

“Why, Papa!”

“Ah, now I know—father's little
girl.”

THE LITTLE NUT

A LITTLE brown baby,
round and wee,
With kind winds
to rock him,
slept up in a tree ;
And he grew
and he grew, till
—I'm sorry to say!



He fell right out of his cradle one day.

Down, down from the tree-top, a very bad
fall!

But this queer little fellow was not hurt
at all ;

Now sound and sweet he lies down in the
grass,

And there you will find him whenever you
pass.

Do as you would be done by.

It is never too late to mend.

BIRD THOUGHTS

I LIVED first in a little house,
And lived there very well ;
I thought the world was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other ;
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest,
To see what I could find.
I said, "The world is made of leaves—
I have been very blind."

At length I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labours.
I don't know *how* the world is made,
And neither do my neighbours.

IF a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done.



HOW DID HE DO IT

THERE was once a boy who had three goats.

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

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

Then the boy sat down on the hillside and cried.

As he sat there a hare came along.

“Why do you cry?” asked the hare.

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

“I’ll do it,” said the hare.

So he tried, but the goats would not come.

Then the hare, too, sat down and cried.

Along came a fox. “Why do you cry?” asked the fox.

“I am crying because the boy cries,” said the hare. “The boy is crying because he cannot get three goats out of the turnip field.”

“I’ll do it,” said the fox.

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

Then the fox, too, began to cry. Soon after a wolf came along.

“Why do you cry?” asked the wolf.

“I am crying because the hare cries,” said the fox. “The hare cries because the boy cries. The boy cries because he cannot get the three goats out of the turnip field.”

“I’ll do it,” said the wolf.

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

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

After a little, a bee flew over the

hill and saw them all sitting there crying.

“Why do you cry?” said the bee to the wolf.

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

“I’ll do it,” said the bee.

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

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

“Buz-z-z-z-z!”

And out ran the goats, every one!



THREE LITTLE KITTENS

THREE little kittens lost their
mittens,
And they began to cry,

“O mother dear,
We very much fear,
That we have lost our mittens.”

“Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.”

“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”

“No, you shall have no pie.”

“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”

The three little kittens found their
mittens,

And they began to cry,

“O mother dear,

See here, see here!

See! we have found our mittens.”

“Put on your mittens,

You silly kittens,

And you may have some pie.”

“Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,

O let us have the pie.

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.”

The three little kittens put on their
mittens,

And soon ate up the pie ;

“O mother dear,

We greatly fear,

That we have soiled our mittens.”

“Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!”

Then they began to sigh,
“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”

The three little kittens washed
their mittens,
And hung them out to dry,

“O mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our
mittens?”

“Washed your mittens!
O, you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by:
Hush! Hush!”

“Mee-ow, mee-ow.
We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”



THE CROWS AND THE WINDMILL

THERE was once a windmill that swung its arms round and round day after day. It did no harm to anybody.

But there was a flock of crows living near who did not like the busy mill. They said it wanted to kill some of them. What else could it mean by swinging its great arms the whole day long?

So all the crows met together one summer evening near the mill.

The younger crows all thought the mill a bad thing and wanted to pull it down at once.

Then an old crow said: "Does the windmill ever leave its place, and chase crows or hurt them?"

The crows had to own that it did not.

"How, then," asked the old crow, "is it likely to kill any of you?"

"Oh, it will do that if we go near it," they all said.

"And is that the only way that any of you will be hurt by it?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then," said the wise old crow, "I have only one thing to say: Keep out of harm's way."



WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY

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

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

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

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

TENNYSON

A SECRET

I KNOW of a cradle, so wee and so blue,
Where a baby is sleeping this morning,—do
you?

I think he is dreaming the dearest of
things—
Of songs and of sunshine, of tiny brown
wings.

I'll tell you a secret,—don't tell where you
heard,—
The cradle's an egg,—and the baby's a bird!

BE kind and be gentle
To those who are old,
For dearer is kindness
And better than gold.



THE WIND AND THE SUN

“I AM stronger than you are,” said the cold, north wind.

“Indeed you are not,” answered the bright, warm sun.

“Indeed, but I am.”

“Indeed, but you are not.”

“I will prove that I am stronger.”

“You can't do that.”

Just then a traveller was seen on the highway.

“I can get that traveller’s coat off his back,” said the cold, north wind.

“And I can make that traveller take his coat off in less time than you can,” answered the bright, warm sun.

“Try it,” roared the cold, north wind.

“You try it first,” answered the bright, warm sun.

So the north wind blew a furious blast. The man was nearly blown down. The clasp of his coat was broken; but he held it close about him and struggled on.

Again the north wind blew; but the man only stood still, holding

his coat closer until the blast was over.

“It is my turn now,” said the sun. So he came out and poured his hot rays straight down upon the traveller.

“This is a strange climate,” said the traveller; “first so cold, then so hot. I must take off this heavy coat and here is a shady place beneath this tree where I will sit down and rest.”

ÆSOP

A DREARY place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it,
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it.

WHITTIER



TWO LITTLE KITTENS

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight.
One had a mouse, the other had none;
And that's the way the fight was begun.

"I will have the mouse," said the bigger
cat.

"You will have the mouse! We'll see
about that."

"I will have that mouse," said the older one.

"You shan't have that mouse,"
said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two kittens began to fight.
The old woman took her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on a mat
 at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping
 the floor.

Then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow and cold as ice;
For they thought 'twould be better,
 that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and
 fight.

LITTLE moments make an hour;
 Little thoughts, a book;
Little seeds, a tree or flower;
 Water drops a brook;
Little deeds of faith and love,
 Make a home for you above.

THE FROG AND THE OX

AN ox came down to a pool to drink and, not seeing a young frog there, stepped on him.



The frog's brothers, who were playing near, ran home to tell their father. They said a huge animal had stepped on the little fellow and killed him in an instant.

Now the old frog was very vain because he was larger than most frogs. "Was this cruel beast so very big?" said he.

"Oh! It was a monster!" said they. "It was as big as a mountain and had horns on its head."

“As big as this?” said he, puffing himself out.

“Oh! Much bigger,” replied the little frogs.

“As big as this, then,” said he, swelling and puffing still harder.

“A great deal bigger,” said they; “but father! do not try to make yourself as big. If you were to puff till you burst you could not make yourself half as big as this huge monster.”

But the vain old frog tried once more, and with all his might: “As big as”—and then something happened to the frog who had tried to do what he was not meant to do.

ÆSOP

DARE to be true; nothing can need a lie.

HERBERT



DOUBLE TROUBLE

Two tearful little maids I met,
Who looked as like as pins.
I asked, "What is the trouble, dears?"
They answered, "We are twins!"
"It seems to make you weep," said I.
"Why, yes; and you would, too,
If you were both of us," said they,
"And both of us were you."

"We always have to dress alike,
And on the cars or street,
Some silly person's sure to say,
'Why, you are twins—how sweet!'

And as to birthdays, we've but one
To Madge and Dolly's two.
Would you like that if you were us,
And both of us were you?

"It's very trying when mamma
Can't tell us two apart.
You'd think by this time she'd have
grown
To know us both by heart!
But in our pictures even we
Aren't sure which twin is who.
Oh, how we wish that you were us,
And both of us were you."

MARY WHITE

PEEPING, peeping, here and there,
In lawn and meadows everywhere
Coming up to find the spring,
And hear the robin redbreast sing;
Creeping under children's feet,
Glancing at the violets sweet;
We are small, but think a minute
Of a world with no grass in it!

THE TRIAL

UNDER a walnut tree in a village, two boys found a walnut.

"It belongs to me," said the one, "for it was I who was the first to see it."



"No, it belongs to me," said the other, "for it was I who picked it up." Then there arose between them a sharp quarrel.

"Let me make peace between you," said a third boy, who was passing by. He placed the walnut

between them, opened the walnut, and gave this sentence. "One of the shells belongs to him who was the first to see the walnut; the other to him who picked it up. As to the kernel, I keep it for the costs of the court."

"This," added he, laughing, "is often the end of lawsuits."

THE QUEER LITTLE HOUSE

THERE'S a queer little house and it stands
in the sun.

When the good mother calls the children
all run.

While under her roof they are cozy and
warm,

Though the cold wind may whistle and
bluster and storm.

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

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

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

A GREAT NOISE

ONCE upon a time five rabbits lived near a lake in an old forest. One day they heard a great noise, and all ran away as fast as they could.



The foxes saw them running and called out: "Oh rabbits, why do you run so fast and look so scared?" The rabbits replied: "There was a great noise." Then the foxes ran, too.

The bears saw the foxes running and asked: "Oh foxes, why do you run?" The foxes said: "There was a great noise."

Then the bears ran, too.

The wolves saw the bears running and asked: "Oh bears, why do you run?" The bears answered: "There was a great noise." Then the wolves ran, too.



But one big, old wolf called out: "Why should we all run? We are strong and can fight. What was this noise?" The wolves said: "We do not know, but the bears said that there was a noise."

The wolf asked the bears and they replied: "We do not know, but the foxes said that there was a great noise." And the rabbits said: "We heard a great noise near our home and then we ran."

“Where is your home?” asked the wolf.

“We live near the lake in the forest,” replied the rabbits.

“What was this noise like?”

“It was a crackling sound, loud as thunder.”

“Now,” said the old wolf, “let us all go to the lake and see what this great noise was.”

So the wolves and bears and foxes and rabbits went together to the lake, and what do you think they found? Why, just a big tree that had fallen into the water.



CHRISTMAS MORNING

ALL the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day,
On Christmas Day,

All the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day in the morning.

All the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day,
On Christmas Day,

All the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And every one on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day,
On Christmas Day,

And every one on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.

“PEACE on the earth, good-will to men,”
From Heaven’s all-gracious King!
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing.



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

ONCE upon a time a Hare overtook a Tortoise on a road that led to a large city.

“Good-morning, friend Tortoise,” said the Hare. “Where are you going to-day?”

“I am going to the river that flows through the city,” said the Tortoise.

“That is a long way off,” said the Hare, “and you are very slow. If you could run as fast as I can you would soon be there.”

“Yet I might beat you in a race to the river,” said the Tortoise.

“Done!” said the Hare. “Let us run a race and let the Fox be judge.”

When they were ready, the Fox said: “One, two, three, go!” and away they went. The Hare was soon out of sight of the Tortoise. “That Tortoise will never catch me,” he said, “I shall rest here for a few minutes.” So he lay down in the grass and fell asleep.

The Tortoise kept on steadily till he came to the river.

When the Hare awoke from his nap he could not see the Tortoise, so he said: "What a slow, old fellow he is! I shall go back and look for him," but after going back some distance he could not find him. Then he said to himself: "I think I shall run on to the river, get a drink, and wait for the Tortoise."

When the Hare came racing down to the river, there sat the smiling Tortoise waiting for him.

"Well! Well!" said the Fox, "I see that the race is not always won by the swift."

ÆSOP

ALL that's great and good is done just by patient trying.

WHAT I SHOULD DO

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

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



THE FOX AND THE CAT

ONE day a cat met a fox in the woods. Now the cat knew that the fox had seen a good deal of the world, and she thought him very clever and wise.

So she said: "Good-morning, Mr. Fox, how are you?"

The proud fox looked at her from head to foot and said: "How dare you ask me how I am! Do

you think you are my equal? What can you do? How many tricks do you know?"

"I know just one trick," said the meek cat.

"And, pray, what is that?" asked the fox.

"Well," said the cat, "I can climb up a tree out of the way of dogs, and so save myself."

"Is that all?" said the fox. "Why, I know a hundred tricks. Come with me and I will show you how to baffle dogs."

Just then a pack of hounds came running through the woods. The cat sprang up into a tree and hid on a high branch. The fox ran for his life, but the hounds soon caught him.

“Ah, Mr. Fox,” said the cat, “if you had known even one safe trick like mine you would not have lost your life.”

GRIMM

THE EGG IN THE NEST

THERE WAS a tree stood in the ground,
The prettiest tree you ever did see ;
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the
ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

And on this tree there was a limb,
The prettiest limb you ever did see ;
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the
wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the
ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

And on this limb there was a bough,
The prettiest bough you ever did see ;

The bough on the limb, and the limb on the
tree,
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the
wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the
ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

Now on this bough there was a nest,
And in this nest there were some eggs,
The prettiest eggs you ever did see ;
Eggs in the nest, and the nest on the bough,
The bough on the limb, and the limb on the
tree,
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the
wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the
ground,
And the green grass growing all around,
And the green grass growing all around.

LITTLE strokes fell great oaks.

A STITCH in time saves nine.



THE BELL OF ATRI

THE king of Atri built a tall tower and hung a big bell in it. A long rope hung from the bell to the ground. "If any one does you a wrong, ring this bell," said the king, "then I shall know that some one needs help."

Many people rang the bell—rich people and poor people, big people and little people. But at length

the rope was worn off till a man could hardly reach it. Some person, passing by, saw this and mended it with a long grape-vine.

Not far from the town lived a faithful old horse. He had worked for his master many years and now he was too old to work any more. This unkind man would not feed him but turned him out on the street to starve.

The poor horse wandered about until he saw the grape-vine. He was hungry and tried to eat it. This made the bell ring, and the king came to see who needed help. When he saw the starving horse he sent for his master.

“This poor horse has served you well many years,” said the king. “He is old now and cannot work. You must take him back to his stable, and feed and care for him for the rest of his life.”

Then was the man ashamed, but he led home the horse and did as the king had ordered.

SNOW

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

THIS is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling.

WHENE’ER a snow-flake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say: “Good-bye,
Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray,”
Then lightly travels on its way.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

NANNY has a hopeful way,—
Bright and sunny Nanny!
When I cracked the cup to-day,
She said, in her hopeful way,
“It’s only cracked; don’t fret, I pray.”
Sunny, cheery Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way,
So good, and sweet, and canny;
When I broke a cup to-day,
She said, in her hopeful way,
“Well, ’twas cracked, I’m glad to say.”
Kindly, merry Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way,—
Quite right, little Nanny;
Cups will crack and break alway,
Fretting doesn’t mend nor pay;
Do the best you can, I say,
Busy, loving Nanny!

THE WOLF AND THE CAT

A WOLF ran out of a forest into a village, not because it wanted to go there but because the hounds were hunting it.



It saw a cat sitting on a gate post and said, in its softest voice :
“ Thomas, my friend, tell me quickly who is the kindest man in the village, that I may hide in his barn from my foes. Do you hear the cry of the dogs who are in search of me ? ”

“Run quickly and ask Mr. Smith,” said Thomas; “he is a kind man.”

“True,” said the wolf, “but I have killed one of his sheep.”

“Well, then, try Mr. Brown.”

“I fear he is vexed with me because I ate one of his goats.”

“Suppose you try Mr. Jones.”

“Mr. Jones! Why I carried off one of his calves last spring.”

“So you have done harm to all these people. How can you expect help from those whom you have injured?”

“Oh, here are the hounds!” said the trembling wolf, and he raced away down the streets with the dogs close behind.

“Yes,” said the cat, “what one sows he must reap.”

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES

“Come, little leaves,” said the wind one day;
“Come o’er the meadows with me, and play.
Put on your dresses of red and gold,—
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold.”

Soon as the leaves heard the wind’s loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

Dancing and flying, the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were
content.

Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a blanket over their heads.

GEORGE COOPER

THINK before you speak.

LOOK before you leap.

ALWAYS do your best.



THE DOG AND THE SHADOW

A DOG, crossing a stream with a piece of meat in his mouth, saw his own shadow in the clear water. He took the shadow he saw to be another dog.

“Aha!” said he, “I am in luck this morning. I have my breakfast in my mouth, and now I’ll secure my dinner too.”

With that he snatched at the piece of meat which he saw in the shadow. But so far from getting the second piece, he dropped his own into the water. He was sadly put out to see that the other dog had dropped his, too.

He had to go home without his breakfast or dinner either, for his own piece had at once sunk to the bottom, away beyond his reach. The greedy dog had grasped at too much and had lost what he had.

ÆSOP

WORK while you work,
Play while you play,
That is the way
To be happy and gay.
Whatever you do,
Do with your might;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me :

“ Pipe a song about a Lamb ! ”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“ Piper, pipe that song again ; ”
So I piped : he wept to hear.

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer ! ”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“ Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read. ”
So he vanished from my sight ;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.



HOW THE PONY WAS SHOD

THERE was once a boy who owned a little gray pony. Every morning the boy would jump on his pony and ride away clippety, clippety, clap!

As he rode to town one day he heard something fall with a clang on a stone in the road. He looked back and saw a horse-shoe. Down

he leaped and looked at his pony's feet. Then he cried :

“What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!”

He made haste to go to the blacksmith and when he saw him he told him his trouble. But the blacksmith said :

“How can I shoe your pony's feet
Without some coal the iron to heat?”

The boy was downcast when he heard this. He left the pony in the smith's shop and went out to buy coal. He met a farmer coming to town and told him his trouble. The farmer said :

“I have bushels of corn and hay and
wheat,
Something for you and your pony to eat :

But I have no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your
pony's feet."

The boy turned away very sad. Just then an old woman came down the road driving a flock of geese. He told her all about his trouble and she laughed till her geese began to cackle. Then she said:

"If you would know where the coal is
found,
You must go to the miner, who works in
the ground."

He ran to the miner who had lumps of black coal ready. He took these in haste to the blacksmith who lit a great, red fire. Then the smith beat out a fine, new shoe, with a cling and a clang.

He put it on the pony's foot with a tap and a rap, and away rode the boy—clippety, clippety, clap!

MY LITTLE DOLL

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world ;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled,
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day,
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day ;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled :
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE TOWN
MOUSE

A YOUNG
Field Mouse
had a friend
who lived
in a house
in the town.



Now the
Town Mouse
was asked by

the Field Mouse to dine with him. So one morning he went out to the country to visit his friend. At noon they sat down to a meal of dry corn and wheat. It was the best food that the Field Mouse could get.

“Do you know, my friend,” said the Town Mouse, “that you live a mere ant’s life out here? Are you content to live on corn and wheat for the rest of your life? Why, at home I have all kinds of good things. Come with me to town and enjoy them.”

“I shall be very glad to go with you,” said the Field Mouse, so the two set off for town. It was night when they got to the fine house in which the Town Mouse lived. They soon sat down to a meal of cheese and cream and bread and honey.

“You are right,” said the Field Mouse, “it is much better to live here than in the country.”

Just then a big cat came into the pantry. "Run," said the Town Mouse, and they hid in a hole. When the cat left the room they came out to finish their meal; but before they could get to the table a big dog jumped in. "Run for your life," said the Town Mouse, and they hid again in a hole.

Then the Field Mouse said: "Do as you like, my friend, eat all you want, have your fill of good things, but you must be in fear of your life every day. I will go back to the country where I have simple food, but where, at least, I can eat it in peace."

So he said good-bye to his town friend and ran back to the country as fast as he could.

LITTLE THINGS

Two men were at work one day in a shipyard. They were hewing a piece of timber to put into a ship. It was a small piece and not worth much. As they cut off the chips, they found a worm, a little worm about half an inch long, in the wood.

“This wood is wormy,” said one; “shall we put it in?”

“I don't know: yes, I think it may go in: it will never be seen, of course.”

“Yes; but there may be other worms in it, and these may increase and injure the ship.”

“No, I think not. To be sure the wood is not worth much: but

I do not wish to lose it. Come, never mind the worm, we have seen *but* one; put it in."

So the wormy piece of wood was put in. The ship was made, and she looked very noble indeed. She went to sea, and for a number of years did well. But it was found, on a distant voyage, that she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were found to be much eaten by worms. The captain tried to get her home, but she sprang a leak. She filled with water, and soon after sank, with most of the crew and all the goods on board.

You see that a fine ship and many lives may be lost through a

little worm! And how much evil may a man do, when he does a small wrong, as he did who put the wormy timber into the ship.

ALICE

DANCING on the hilltops,
Singing in the valleys,
Laughing with the echoes,
Merry little Alice.

Playing games with lambkins
In the flowering valleys,
Gathering pretty posies,
Helpful little Alice.

If her father's cottage
Turned into a palace,
And he owned the hilltops
And the flowering valleys,
She'd be none the happier,
Happy little Alice.



THE FOX AND THE HEN

A HUNGRY fox was one day looking for a poultry-yard. As he was passing a farmhouse, he saw a hen and some chickens which had gone up into a tree for the night. He drew near and invited them to come down and rejoice with him on account of a new treaty of peace which had been formed among the animals.

The hen said she was glad of it, but that she did not intend to come down before the next morning. "But," said she, "I see two dogs coming; I have no doubt they will be glad to celebrate the peace with you."

Just then the fox remembered that he had business elsewhere, and, bidding the hen good-bye, began to run.

"Why do you run?" said the hen. "If the animals have made a peace, the dogs will not hurt you. I know them; they are good, loyal dogs, and would not harm any one."

"Ah," said the fox, "I fear they have not yet heard the news."

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

“WILL you walk into my parlour?”

Said the Spider to the Fly;

“’Tis the prettiest little parlour

That ever you did spy.

“The way into my parlour

Is up a winding stair,

And I have many curious things

To show when you are there.”

“Oh no, no,” said the little Fly,

“To ask me is in vain;

For who goes up your winding stair

Can ne’er come down again.”

“I’m sure you must be weary, dear,

With soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?”

Said the Spider to the Fly.

“There are pretty curtains drawn around;

The sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest awhile,

I’ll snugly tuck you in!”

“ Oh no, no,” said the little Fly,
“ For I’ve often heard it said,
They never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed.”

“ Sweet creature ! ” said the Spider,
“ You’re witty and you’re wise ;
How handsome are your gauzy wings !
How brilliant are your eyes !

“ I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlour shelf ;
If you’ll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself.”

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

The Spider turned round and went into his den. He knew the silly little Fly would soon come back to hear him say flattering

words about her, and she did.
Then he caught her and :

—dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—
But she ne'er came out again.

MARY HOWITT
(Adapted)

THE HONEST WOODMAN

A WOODMAN, who was cutting wood on the banks of a river, let his axe fall into the water. He at once began to pray to the gods to find it for him.

Mercury appeared and asked him what was the matter.



“I have lost my axe,” said he.

When Mercury heard this, he dived into the water and brought up a golden axe.

“Is this your axe?” said Mercury.

“It is not,” said the man.

Next time Mercury brought up a silver one. “Is this one yours?”

“No,” said the woodman again.

The third time Mercury brought up an iron one, which the man said was his, as soon as he saw it.

“It is yours,” said Mercury, “and for your honesty I shall give you the other two also.”

FEAR God. Honour the King.

HOLD fast that which is good.

OCTOBER'S PARTY

OCTOBER gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came,
The Chestnuts, Oaks and Maples,
And leaves of every name.

The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed,
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best.

All balanced to their partners
And gaily fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.

Then in the rustic hollow
At hide-and-seek they played,
The party closed at sundown
And everybody stayed.

Professor Wind played louder ;
They flew along the ground,
And then the party ended
In hands across, all round.

GEORGE COOPER



THE DRAWING

A FAMOUS Italian painter had told his pupils to ask the name of any person who might come to his house during his absence in the city. One day three gentlemen

called to see the painter but he was not at home.

One of the pupils, whose name was John, opened the door for them, said that his master was not in, and let them depart without asking their names.

When the master returned and heard of the three gentlemen, he asked John who they were. John could say nothing but: "I do not know, sir." The painter became angry, but John, with a few strokes of his pencil, drew the portrait of each in the presence of his master, who knew them at once.

The artist admired the skill of the young man so much that he took the drawing, and placed it among the pictures he prized most.



CHERRIES

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

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

To-night, when the work has all been done,
We'll muster the boys, for fruit and fun."

Up on the tree a robin said,
Perking and shaking his saucy head:

“Cherries are ripe! and so to-day
We'll gather them while you make the hay;
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow.”
At night the farmer said: “Here's a trick!
These roguish robins have had their pick.”

F. E. WEATHERLEY

THE FOUR PEACHES

ONCE upon a time four brothers lived together. They were rich and happy. But one day a great storm swept over the land, and their barns and houses were blown down, and their cattle killed.

Now, in that land, there lived a very wise man, and the brothers went to him and told him of their hard luck. He had pity on them and gave each of them a wonderful peach.

“Put your peach on your head,” he said to each, “and go your way. Where the peach falls, there dig, and what your spade uncovers, that take and be glad.” So they went out together.

When they had gone a mile, one peach fell to the ground. Its owner dug and found Copper. “Good!” said he to his brothers; “stay with me, and share in my luck.” But they thought they could do better, and went on.

In a short time the second man’s peach fell, and he dug and found Silver. “Better still!” said he; “stay with me, brothers, and share my fortune.” But they thought they might do better, and went on.

Soon the third man’s peach fell

and he dug and found Gold. "Best of all!" cried he. "Brother, stay here, take half my fortune, and be glad with me." But the fourth man thought he might find Diamonds, and went on.

Well, after a long walk, his peach fell, and, after much digging, he found Iron. He was sad. He did not know which was of greater use, Diamonds or Iron. Do you?

THERE are no fairy folks that ride
About the world at night,
And give you rings and other things
To pay for doing right;
But if you do to others what
You'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best
Of story books were true.

GRAY AND WHITE

THERE was once a rabbit with silver fur :
Her little gray neighbours looked up to her,
Till she thought with pride in the moon-lit wood,
“The reason I’m white is because I’m good.”



“Oh what shall I do?” cried a tiny mole,
“A fairy has tumbled into a hole :
It’s full of water and crawling things,
And she can’t get out, for she’s hurt her wings.
“I did my best to catch hold of her hair,
But my arms are so short, and she’s still in there,
Oh! darling white rabbit, your arms are long,
You say you are good, and I know you are strong.”

“Don't tell me about it,” the rabbit said,—
She shut up her eyes and her ears grew
red;—

“There's lots of mud and it's sure to stick,
Because my hair is so long and thick.”

“Oh dear! oh dear!” sobbed the poor little
mole,

“Who will help the fairy out of the hole?”
A common gray rabbit popped up from the
gorse,

“I'm not very strong, but I'll try, of course.”

His little tail bobbed as he waded in,
The muddy water came up to his chin,
But he caught the fairy tight by the hand
And sent her off safe into Fairy-land.

But she kissed him first on his muddy nose,
She kissed his face, and his little wet toes,
And when the day dawned, in the early light
That little gray rabbit was shining white.

HONOUR thy father and thy mother, that thy
days may be long in the land.

AHMET, THE SYRIAN BOY

AHMET is a little Syrian boy. He lives with his father and mother in the old land of Palestine, which you have read of in the Bible.



His country is not like yours. In the warm season there is no rain for months. Then the green fields turn hard and brown, the rivers and streams dry up, and the leaves drop off the trees.

Ahmet's father takes great care of his well in this dry weather. It is dug outside his house; and he

puts a great flat stone on top of it. This is to keep cattle from drinking out of it.

His house is not like yours either. It is built of mud or stone, and is quite low. The roof is made of beams of wood, and is covered with a thick layer of earth. In the spring a crop of rich grass springs up on these mud roofs, and the goats find their way up and eat it.

In the evenings, Ahmet's father and mother sit on the roof, and enjoy the cool breeze after the long, hot days.

The house is only one large room. One part is raised like a platform, with steps up to it, and Ahmet lives there. His father

keeps his donkey, cow, and goats in the lower part of the room.

In some houses there is a small chimney to let the smoke out, but not in all of them. This does not matter very much, for no stoves are used in this hot country. When it is fine Ahmet's mother makes a fire out of doors, between two stones, and does most of her cooking there.

You would think Ahmet's house is very empty. There is not a chair, or a table, or a bedstead in it. It has only some jars and pots and pans to cook with, bins to keep corn in, mats made of grass or rushes to sit upon, and some bedding.

You would not like Ahmet's bed, I think. It is a mattress filled with wool or rags and covered with some thick quilts. His pillows are made of straw. These are all rolled up in a bundle and put away in the day time. At night they are spread on the floor, and Ahmet sleeps there as well as you do in your own cozy beds.

The food he lives on is not like yours either. He eats a great deal of rice, besides dates, grapes, figs and olives, but not much meat. He has no set time for breakfast and dinner as you have. He takes a handful of grapes or dates whenever he is hungry. But each evening at sunset, when the work

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold ;
So they all three fell to quarrelling,—
The white and the black and gold ;
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold !

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

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

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

ALICE CARY

THE FROG PRINCE

IN the old far-off days there lived a young princess so beautiful that even the sun which sees a great many things had never seen her



equal. When she was dull she played with a golden ball, tossing it and catching it.

One day as she sat playing near a deep well her ball rolled into it. At this she began to cry and sob, and was very unhappy.

Just then a frog put his head out of the water and said: "What ails you?" The princess told him.

"What will you give me if I bring your ball up to you?" said the frog.

"Anything you may ask," replied the princess.

"If you will love me, and let me sit by you at your own table, and eat off your little golden plate, and be your friend—if you promise this—I will dive for your ball," said the

“Oh, yes,” said she, “I promise all you ask, only bring back my ball.”

No sooner had the frog brought back the ball than the princess picked it up and ran away with it to the palace, leaving the frog behind.

Next day, as the king and his family sat at dinner, a knock was heard at the door and a voice said:

“Princess, youngest princess!
Open the door for me!
Do you know what befell
Yesterday by the side of the well?”

The princess told her father who it was and what she had promised. Then said the king: “You must do what you said you would. Go and

let him in." She did so and the frog hopped along to the table.

"Lift me up," said the frog, "and put me on the table." But she would not, until her father bade her do it. "Now, push your little golden plate nearer to me that we may eat together."

When she refused, because she was afraid of the frog, her father said: "You ought not to feel so toward one who helped you when you were in trouble. What you have promised you must do."

So she moved her little golden plate nearer to him, and they ate together. When she had done her dinner she began to feel less afraid of the frog, and in the afternoon she played with him for some time.

Next morning the strangest thing had happened. The frog was nowhere to be seen, but at the top of the stairs she found, waiting for her, a charming young prince. He told her how he had been changed into a frog by a wicked fairy and shut up in the well, and that no one but the most beautiful princess who would make a friend of him could change him back again.

GRIMM
(Adapted)

THE vulture eats between his meals,
And that's the reason why
He very, very rarely feels
As well as you or I.
His eye is dull, his head is bald,
His neck is growing thinner.
Oh, what a lesson for us all,
To only eat at dinner!

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?"

"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?”

“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.”

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

“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



IN TEA LAND

LAST year Mary and I went across
the sea to a land where tea grows.
We travelled every day for weeks
to get to that land. When we

arrived we went to the home of Matsu, the little girl who appears in the centre of this picture.

Matsu has a yellow skin and her eyes are not straight across as ours are. They slant upwards a little.

She did not shake hands with us when we met but bowed her head to the ground and spread her arms out wide. That is the way they greet a stranger in Japan.

Matsu brought us to her home but, before going into the house, she took off her little wooden boots and put on straw sandals. The walls of the house were made of paper, and the posts of bamboo. As there were no chairs we sat upon rugs and cushions on the floor.

At dinner each person had a little table for himself. We were served with cakes, some fish, and bowls of rice. We tried to eat rice with two chopsticks. It was like trying to lift peas with two lead-pencils. Tea was served in dainty little cups without sugar or cream. After dinner the tables were taken away, and we were told many stories about Japan.

At bed-time walls were drawn out to make rooms for us. Thick quilts were placed upon the floors for beds. The pillows were of wood covered with paper. In the morning the walls were drawn back and the house made into one big room.

After breakfast we were taken for a drive in a cart with two wheels. These light carts are drawn by men who run almost as fast as a horse trots. We went out to the fields where tea is grown.

Tea plants are four or five feet high. They are set out in rows across the fields. We saw many girls picking the bright green leaves, one by one. They carry these home in baskets on their heads. The tea leaves are spread out in the sun to dry, and are then put into boxes and sent on to the factory. There the leaves are put into iron bowls, set in large ovens, and stirred and rubbed until they are fully dried. It is thus that tea is made ready for use in our homes.

SPRING WAKING



SNOWDROP lay in the sweet
dark ground,
“Come out,” said the Sun,
“Come out!”
But she lay quite still
and she heard no
sound;
“Asleep,” said the Sun,
“No doubt!”

The Snowdrop heard, for she raised her head,
“Look spry,” said the Sun, “look spry!”
“It’s warm,” said the Snowdrop, “here in
bed.”
“Oh, fie!” said the Sun, “oh, fie!”
“You call too soon, Mr. Sun, you do!”
“No, no,” said the Sun, “oh, no!”
“There’s something above and I can’t see
through.”
“It’s snow,” said the Sun “just snow”

“But I say, Mr. Sun, are the Robins here?”

“Maybe,” said the Sun, “Maybe”;

“There wasn’t a bird when you called last year.”

“Come out,” said the Sun, “and see!”

The Snowdrop sighed, for she liked her nap,
And there wasn’t a bird in sight,
But she popped out of bed in her white
night-cap;

“That’s right,” said the Sun, “That’s
right!”

And, soon as that small night-cap was seen,
A Robin began to sing,
The air grew warm, and the grass turned
green.

“’Tis spring!” laughed the Sun, “’Tis
spring!”

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.



THE PIED PIPER

MANY years ago the little town of Hamelin was overrun with rats—big, fierce rats.

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

Every one tried to think of
some plan by which the rats could

be driven out. When many plans had failed, the people came to the town-hall to tell the Mayor that he must do something.

The Mayor said he would give anything he had to the man who would rid the town of these rats. As he was speaking a knock was heard at the door.

“ Bless us ! ” cried the Mayor, “ What’s that ?

Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pitapat ! ”

The door opened and in came a man whom no one there had ever seen before. He wore a long coat, half of yellow and half of red, and carried a pipe or flute.

“ Who are you ? ” said the Mayor.

“I am called the Pied Piper,” said the stranger, “and I can rid your town of rats.”

“I will give you a thousand pieces of gold if you will do so,” said the Mayor.

The Piper went into the street and began to play a tune. In a few minutes

—out of the houses the rats came
tumbling—

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny
rats,

Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny
rats,

and followed the Piper, dancing to his music. He led them to the river and into it they went, and all were drowned.

When the Piper came back for his fee the Mayor gave him only fifty pieces.

“Give me the money you promised or you will be sorry,” said the Piper.

“The rats are all dead,” said the Mayor.

Then the Piper went out into the street and began to play a sweeter tune than before.

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

The Piper went down the street and out into the field. The children ran after him skipping and singing. When they came to the

mountain a door opened and in they all marched, and then the door closed forever.

The Mayor sent men north and south, east and west, to find the Piper. "Tell him," said he, "that I will give him all the money in Hamelin if he will bring our children back." But no one has ever seen Piper or children since.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES

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

THE BABY SWALLOW

ON a belfry turret's
 Weather-beaten breast,
 Lo! a Baby Swallow
 Perches on his nest.



“Courage!” says the
 Mother,
 “Spread out either wing,
 Spread it quite out in the
 wind,
 And then forward spring.”

Baby Swallow pauses ;
 “O how deep!” he cries,—
 “And my wings are far too small!—”
 Mother-Bird replies :
 “When, from off our house-top,
 First myself I threw,
 The good God—He carried me,
 Quite as small as you.”

Baby Swallow lightly
Spreads out both his wings,
Spreads them quite out in the wind,
And then forward springs.

O surprise!—he's flying!
Nothing more he fears;
Round about the church he goes,
And how well he steers!

Mother-Bird beside him,
Singing full and strong,
To the God who carried him,
All her swallow-song.

From the French of RAMBERT.

THE year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

BROWNING



OOGLEY, THE LITTLE ESKIMO

OOGLEY is a little Eskimo boy, who lives in the cold north land. In that land there is little but ice and snow. In summer the days are so very long that there is hardly any night. In winter the nights are so long that little Oogly seldom sees the sun shining.

There are no trees in this cold land, but there is a kind of hard,

brown moss, which grows under the snow. Oogly's mother heats her house, and lights it with this moss. She puts it in a large dish filled with oil, and lights it, as we do the wick of a lamp.

Oogly's house is not made of bricks and wood as yours is, but of big blocks of ice or snow. These are piled one on top of another, and covered with snow to keep out the wind. When it is finished the house looks like a large, round mound of snow. It is called an igloo. It has a small hall-way to keep out the drifts, and the door is so low that Oogly's father and mother have to creep in on their hands and knees. There is one little hole in the house to let in the

light and this is covered with a thin piece of skin.

Oogly does not wash and dress and eat as you do. He never washes in water, but rubs his face with oil. This helps to keep him warm.

Then he must wear warm clothes; so he puts on two fur suits. The inside one has the fur next his body; the other one has the fur outside. These suits are made of seal-skin or bear-skin, and so are his boots. His stockings are made of the soft down of birds which his father kills. He takes off his outer suit when he goes into the house, for it is always warm there.

When he dines, he sits on a long

bench made of ice and covered with furs; and at night he sleeps there, too. He eats the meat and fat of the walrus and the bears and seals his father kills. When he is thirsty he drinks the oil that comes from them. Sometimes his mother cooks soup, but very often he eats meat in long, thin, raw strips, which would not look nice to you even if you were very hungry.

He has no candy like you have. His father kills the birds that come there in summer and his mother fills the bones of their feet and legs with fat. These filled bones are the only candies Oogly has.

He never saw a horse or cow,—only seals, bears, and the dogs

which draw his sled. The sled is made of bones, tied with strips of skin. It is drawn by four or six dogs. Oogly cracks his whip and shouts to the first dog; the other dogs follow their leader, and away they go at a great pace over the ice and snow.

In summer Oogly's father spears seals through a hole in the ice. Then everybody has to help to dress the skins and beat them soft, so that they can be made into shoes and clothes. The knife Oogly's father uses to skin the seal with, is made of bone. So is the needle his mother sews the skins with. Her thread is made of thin strips of skin.

Oogly is a very happy little boy, as he plays games in the snow with his friends. In the long evenings his father and mother sit round the lamp of burning oil and moss, and tell him long stories. There are no books in that land and Oogly could not read if there were. But he learns all his father's stories by heart. Some day, perhaps, he will tell them to his own little boys and girls.

THE BROOK

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

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

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

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

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



FILLING A BASKET WITH WATER

IN the far-away land of Persia there once lived a king who did not like doing things just as everybody else did. He always tried to find other ways of getting what he wanted done.

Once he wished to find a man who would do just what he was told,—and this is the story of how he found him.

He made it known that he wanted men to do some work, and chose two out of more than a hundred who came to him.

He took them to his garden and gave them a large basket, telling them to fill it with water from the well. Then he left them, saying that he should come back at sunset to see their work, and if they had done it well they should be paid.

The men began pouring water into the basket without thinking much about what they were doing. But at last one said to the other: "We are very foolish to go on with this work, for we can never fill the basket. The water runs out as fast as we can pour it in."

But Hassan, the other man, said :
“That does not matter to us ; the king must know why he wants us to fill this basket with water. Besides that, we shall be well paid if we do it to please him ; and what more do you want ?”

“Very well, you do as you like, but I shall not go on with such a silly piece of work.” As he said this, the first man threw away his pail, and went off.

Hassan did not say anything in reply, but kept on working the whole day. When sunset came he was tired and stiff, but the well was very nearly empty.

He was just pouring out the last pailful, when he spied something

very bright which had fallen into the basket. When he looked again, he saw it was a fine gold ring. It had been lying at the bottom of the well, and he had brought it up in his last pail of water.

“Now,” he said, “I see why the king wanted us to pour the water into the basket. If I had just poured it out on the ground the ring might never have been found.”

When the king saw the ring he was very glad, for he knew that this was just the kind of man he was looking for. He told Hassan, first of all, that he might keep the ring for himself. “And,” he said, “you have done this one small

thing so well, that I feel I can trust you in big things." And to Hassan's great joy he found himself made the chief of all the king's servants.

SPRING

THE alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls ;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
And oh, how sweet they sing !
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis Spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet.
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue ;
O happy little children !
God made them all for you.

CELIA THAXTER

IN BANANA LAND

AWAY to the south is an island
where bananas grow. It is very
hot there and the children are glad
when the sun goes down and the
stars come out.

The little boys on the banana farms are black, with woolly heads, bright eyes and such white teeth.



As it is so hot they wear hardly any clothes.

We eat bread and drink milk out of cups. So do they, but their bread is made of bananas, and their milk is got from

the cocoa-nut. Their cups are made of cocoa-nuts cut in two.

Here is a banana tree. See its long trunk with rows of big, broad leaves like a crown around its top.

Each leaf is so large that, if placed on the ground, a man can lie at full length upon it. The workers in the banana fields build the walls and roofs of their huts of these leaves and the women weave mats and rugs out of them.

Look under the leaves on this tree. Here are the bananas. They grow in circles round a stem and curve upwards towards the sun. At first each little banana is covered with a brown husk. After a time this husk dries up and falls off. Then, under the shade of the big leaves, the bananas grow in the hot moist weather till they become ripe.

In a little less than a year the banana plant grows into a tree,

bears its big cluster of fruit and is then cut down. In its place is set out another plant to bear its crop next year.

In banana land the children have never seen an apple tree. It is as strange to them as a banana tree is to you. When you drive on our roads you see, on either side, fields of wheat and oats and clover; orchards of apples, plums and pears. In banana land you drive between fields of cotton and sugar-cane and tobacco; orchards of figs and oranges and pine-apples.

If your drive is taken at the right season you may see the negroes digging up the roots of the ginger plant. These roots when scalded

and cleaned are ground into a powder which we know as ginger. The tender roots of the young plants are often put into jars and covered with syrup. This is our preserved ginger.

CRADLE SONG

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

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

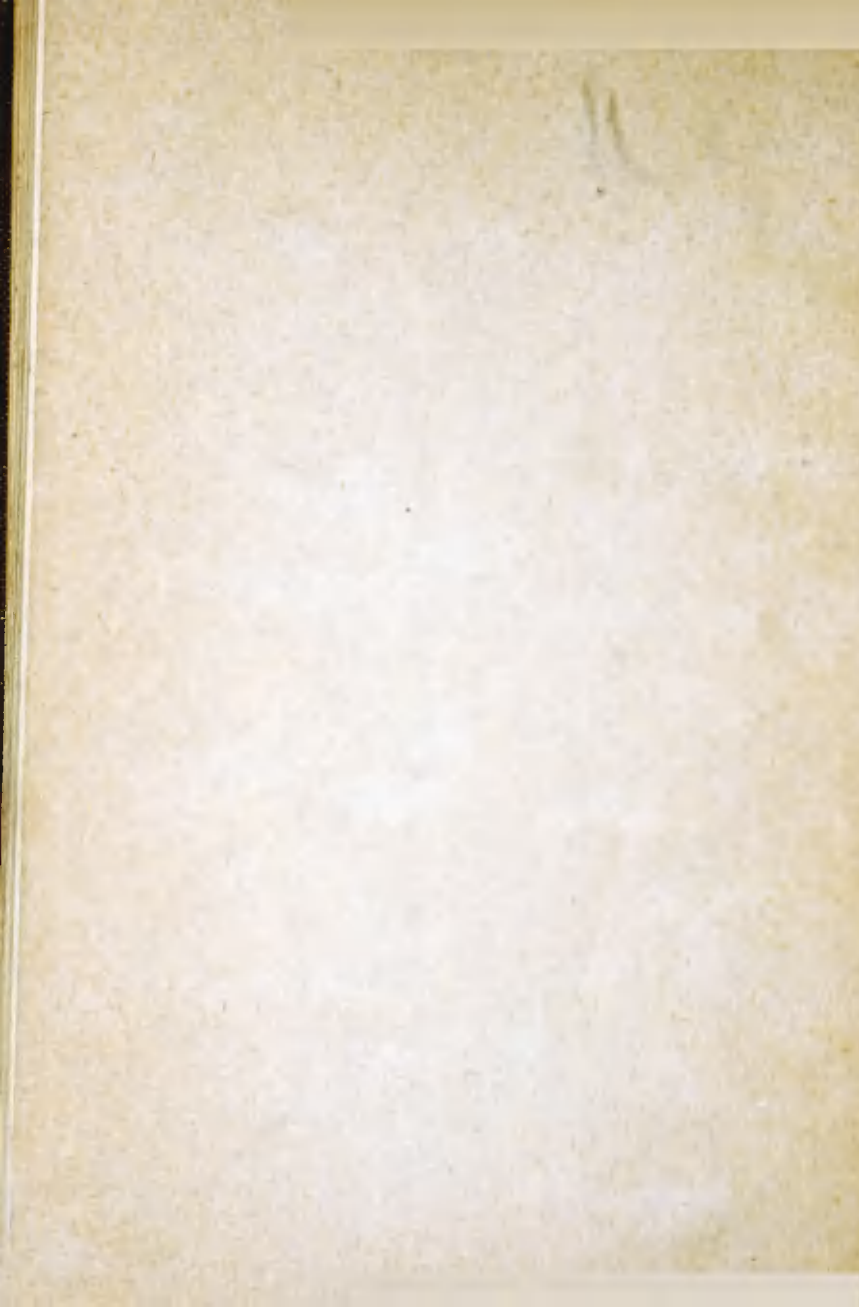
EVENING HYMN

THE hours of day are over,
The evening calls us home ;
Once more to Thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come.

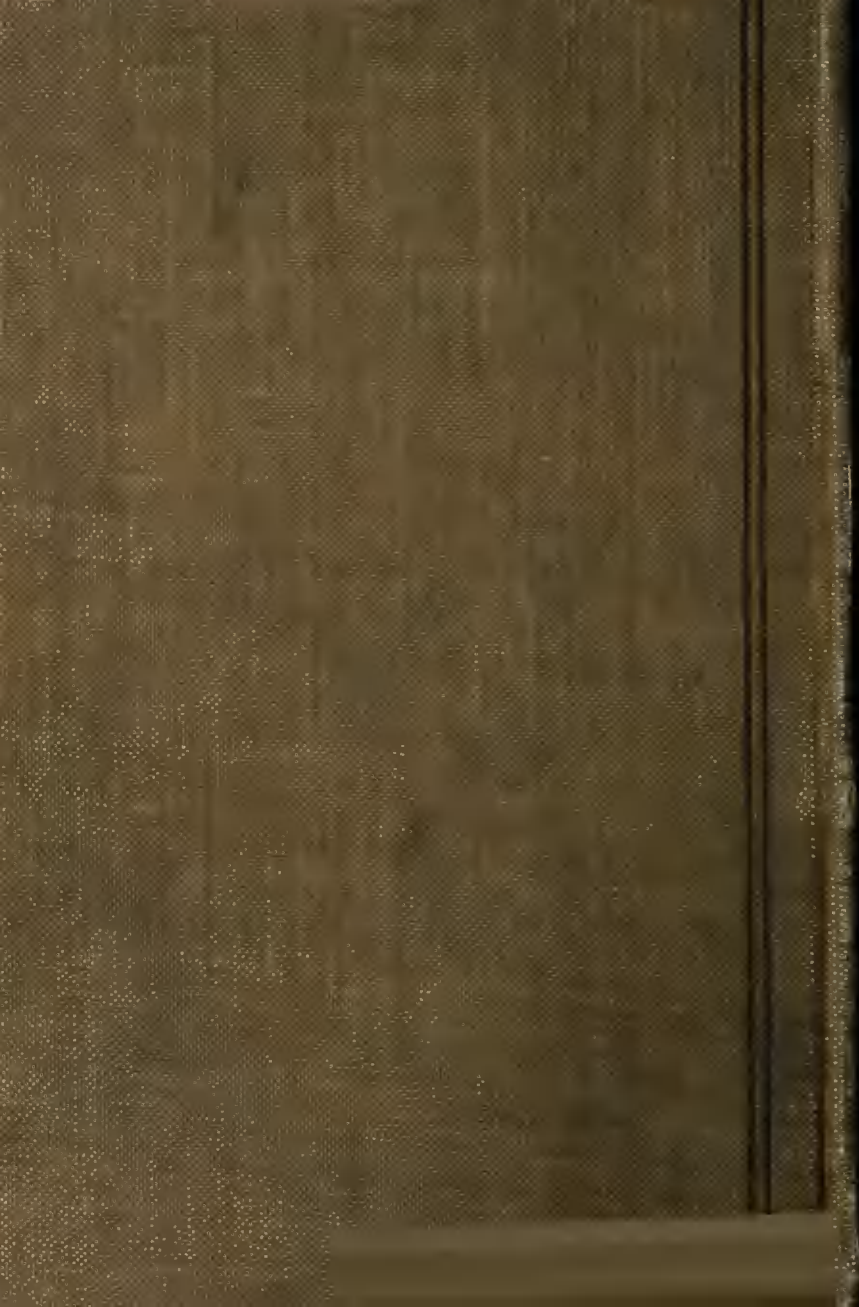
For life and health, and shelter
From harm throughout the day,
The kindness of our teachers,
The gladness of our play ;

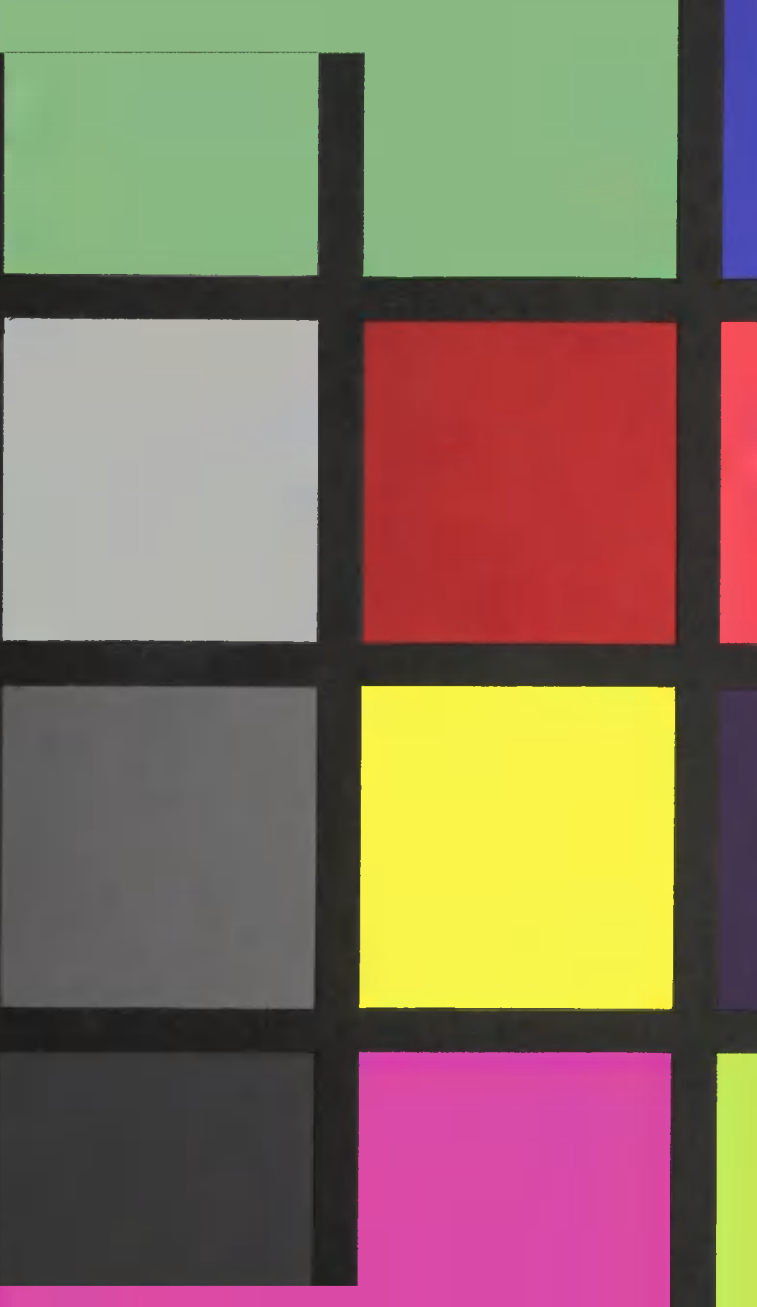
For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
To Him our thanks we render
Who these and all things sends.

Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet in Heaven at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past.









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