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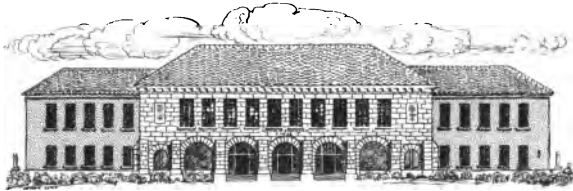


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STANDARD CATHOLIC SECOND READER

MARY E. DOYLE

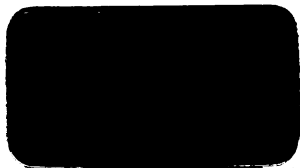


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STANDARD CATHOLIC READERS

SECOND READER

BY

MARY E. DOYLE

RECENTLY SUPERVISOR OF TEACHING, STATE NORMAL
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Painting by Sichel

NEW YORK .. CINCINNATI .. CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
DEC 3 - 1909

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Imprimatur
John M. Farley D.D.
Archbishop of New York

[per R. L.]

New York May 15th 1909

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PREFACE

THE selections for a school reading book should not be chosen exclusively for any special class of children. The aim should be general instead of particular. In the preparation of this little volume, therefore, an effort has been made, by varying the material, to reach the diversified interests of children.

In the belief that children should early recognize the Bible as a great source of literature, several Bible stories have been introduced, and this feature has been continued in other volumes of the series. Lessons intended to develop and strengthen the noblest and best ideas of life and conduct, as well as to impart useful knowledge, compose no small portion of the book. The interest with which the pupils will read any selection must depend chiefly upon the manner in which the teacher presents the subject; nevertheless, it is believed that the quality of the selections will go far toward relieving the teacher of undue effort.

In the preparation of this series of readers, valuable counsel and assistance have been given me by many friendly educators and those in authority. I am especially indebted to the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding of Peoria, for advice and encouragement in the inception and planning of the work; also to the Rt. Rev. James McGolrick of Duluth, Minnesota, to the Rt. Rev. A. F. Schinner of Superior, Wisconsin, and to other prelates and clergy who have graciously assisted me in various ways. Many thanks, too, for kindly suggestions and criticisms, are due to numerous friends among those patient and inspiring educators — the Sisters.

MARY E. DOYLE.



Painting by Carter.

(4)

THE FOXES

SECOND READER

THE FOXES

wild	bushy	scent	yelps
thick	brushes	keen	family

One, two, three.
What do you see?
I see some dogs.
Oh, no, these are not dogs.
They are foxes.
They look very much like
dogs. We might call them wild
dogs.



They have soft thick fur and long bushy tails.
Their tails are sometimes called brushes.
They are very pretty.
The mother fox puts her tail around the
cub, or baby fox, to keep it warm.
The fox lives in a hole in the ground. This
hole is its house.
If it cannot find a hole, it will dig one.

The fox does much of its work at night.
 It can see and hear well.
 Its scent is very keen.
 The fox yelps and barks like a dog.
 It belongs to the dog family.

MR. FOX

fruit	often	heard	color
vegetables	starves	easy	any

Mr. Fox likes good things to eat.
 He eats birds and hens.
 He likes eggs, too.
 Some foxes eat fruit.
 Sometimes they eat ripe
 vegetables.

Mr. Fox is very sly.
 He can run very fast.
 He does not like men.

Men often set traps to catch him.

The traps are often set near his hole in the
 ground.

The fox seems to know when a trap is set.



He will not come out of his hole for days.

He will stay in it till he almost starves.

Have you ever seen a fox?

If not, you have seen his pretty, soft fur in winter. Many people like to wear it.

I once saw a red fox.



There are gray foxes and black foxes, too.

The color of the fox sometimes helps him when he is hunted.

If he is of the color of red leaves or gray logs, it is not so easy for men to see him in the woods.



Do you like our picture?

Grandma took us to sit for it last summer.

Cherries were ripe then.

LEE, OHIO, Sept. 29, 1908.

DEAR GRANDMA,

We have been wishing that you
would come to visit us.

Mother and father are very busy.

Father is taking care of the apples, the plums,
and the pears.

The ground is almost covered with fruit.

Mother is canning peaches. Some are for you.

We are tired of picking fruit, but mother can't
make jelly if we don't help her.

Do come to see us, Grandma.

We have asters of nearly every color.

The roadside is yellow with goldenrod.

The old trees look like large flowers.

Oh, we almost forgot to tell you that the sly
old fox came last night.

Mother and father send their love, and we
send two big kisses.

When you come we'll give you more.

From your little grandchildren,

MARY AND NED.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

piece	flatter	beautiful	opened
cheese	picking	heard	mouth

A fox was very hungry one day.

He looked about and saw a big crow sitting in a tree.

The crow had a piece of cheese.

The fox began to think of ways by which he could get the cheese.

“I have it now,” said the fox.

“I’ll flatter the crow.

“I’ll tell her how fine she looks.”

Then the fox began.

“You are a beautiful bird, dear crow.

“What fine black feathers you have!

“They are beautiful.

“How they please my eyes!

“I have never heard you sing.

“A song from one like you must be very beautiful.

“May I not hear you sing?”

Flattered by what the fox had said, the crow opened her mouth to sing.

“Caw, caw,” began the crow. “Caw, caw!”

The cheese fell to the ground.

This was just what the fox wanted.

Picking it up, he ran away.

The crow was still singing, but the fox did not hear her.

The sly old fox was eating the cheese.

THE GREEDY DOG

stolen	cross	shadow	meal
neighbor	clear	snatch	better

A hungry dog had stolen a piece of meat from a neighbor.

On running away with it he came to a river which he had to cross.

The sun was bright.

The water was clear.

The dog looked down into the water.

He saw his own shadow.



He thought that it was another dog with a large piece of meat in his mouth.

“What a fine meal that piece of meat would make!

“It looks better than mine.

“I’ll get it.”

He opened his mouth and tried to snatch at his shadow. As he did so he dropped the piece he had.

It fell into the water where he could not get it again.

He had now lost all.

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

dead field beak break
thirst pitcher reach stones

A crow was nearly dead with thirst. As he was flying over a field, he saw a pitcher.

He flew down to see if there was any water in it.

There was a very little left for him.

He put his beak into the mouth of the pitcher, but he could not reach the water.

He did not know what to do.

“If I break the pitcher, the water will run out,” said he.

“I’ll try again.”



Try, try as he might, he could not reach the water.

“There is water in the pitcher, and there must be some way to get it,” said the crow.

Looking around, he saw some small stones.

“I know,” said he. “I’ll drop one of these stones into the pitcher.”

So he took a small stone in his beak and dropped it into the pitcher.

He took another and dropped it into the pitcher. Then he took another and dropped it into the pitcher.

The water was now coming up a little, but still he could not reach it.

Away he flew for another stone.

He dropped this into the pitcher. He took another stone and dropped it into the pitcher.

At last his beak could reach the water, and he drank until his thirst was gone.

As he flew away he said, “There is always a way if one will try.

“I know the wise saying, ‘Where there’s a will there’s a way,’ is right.”

WINTER TIME IS NEAR

ahead	storms	withered
leads	whir	lonesome

The birds are going south ;
One always flies ahead ;
He leads them from the cold
And storms, my mother said.

The whir, whir of their wings
I like so well to hear, —
The birds are going south,
The winter time is near.

The leaves are falling, too,
In heaps of brown and gold ;
The flowers that were so bright
Are withered now and old.

At night, when safe in bed,
The lonesome wind I hear,
I cover up my head ;
For winter time is near.

— HOPE WILLIS in "*The Ave Maria.*"

DAME SWALLOW .



swallow
chatterbox

prattles
throng

gossips
boasts

Dame Swallow is a chatterbox ;
She prattles all day long.
Wherever neighbors meet in flocks
She loves to join the throng.
She gossips with the birds around
And boasts about her nest ;
No other home like hers is found,
Her mate, her eggs are best.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME MAN

talking blind done started
city safety tired should



One day a blind man and a lame man were talking.

“How I should like to go to the city,” said the lame man.

“Yes, and I, too, should like to go,” said the blind man.

“ I cannot go,” said he.

“ I cannot see, and it isn't safe for me to go far from here.

“ If I do, I get lost.”

“ You cannot see and I cannot walk, so I think we shall have to stay where we are,” said the lame man.

“ Well,” said the blind man, “ let us try to help each other.”

“ How can we do that ?

“ You know I cannot walk,” said the lame man.

“ Well, I'll be your feet and you can be my eyes,” said the blind man.

“ How can that be done ? ”

“ I'll carry you on my back and you can tell me where to go.

“ In this way you'll not get tired and I'll not get lost.”

How happy the men were now. By helping each other in this way they could go to the city.

The two men started, and it is said that they reached the city in safety.

THE NAUGHTY CHICKEN

brood drowned under learned
believe scratching naughty lesson

A little chicken saw a duck in the brook one day.

It was a mother duck with her brood swimming in the water.

The little chicken asked her mother if she might go into the brook to swim.

“ Oh no,” said the mother hen, “ your feet were not made for swimming.

“ They were made only for walking.”

Then the chicken began to peep and cry when her mother would not let her go to swim.

The little chicken did not believe her mother.

She said to herself that she could swim as well as the duck.

She knew she could go and not be drowned.

While her mother was scratching the ground, the naughty chicken went into the brook.



She did not have time to peep before her head was under the water.

A kind boy, playing near, pulled her out.

Mother hen flew to her.

“Now, my little chick,” said she, “I hope you have learned a lesson. Mothers always know what is best for children.

“We must learn, too, that every one cannot always do what he sees his brother doing.”

THE CHICKENS

queer	shrug	grief	gravel
squirm	sigh	faint	breakfast

Said the first little chicken,
 With a queer little squirm:
 "I wish I could find
 A fat little worm!"



Said the next little chicken,
 With an odd little shrug:
 "I wish I could find
 A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
 With a small sigh of grief:
 "I wish I could find
 A green little leaf!"



Said the fourth little chicken,
 With a faint little moan:
 "I wish I could find
 A wee gravel stone!"

“Now see here!” said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
“If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch!”

FRISKY

hollow during knock ripen room
year rattling busy hardly ready

Frisky lived in a hole in a hollow tree.



In the fall of the year he worked very hard.

He had to get his house ready for winter.

He worked from morning till night to make it warm.

When this was done, he began to gather nuts to eat during the long winter.

“I must work while it is pleasant,” said he.

One night, as he stopped work, Mr. Frost and Mr. Wind called to see him.

“We hear that you are very tired, Frisky, and we have come to help you.”

“My friends, you are very kind.

“I shall thank you for what you do.

“It takes a long time to get ready for winter when one has to work alone.”

“Well,” said Mr. Frost, “I’ll ripen the nuts for you.”

“And I’ll knock them down,” said Mr. Wind.

“You are very kind, indeed,” said Frisky.

It was not long before Mr. Frost was at work. Mr. Wind soon took hold of the trees.

He shook them so hard that the nuts came rattling down to the ground.

Then for days Frisky was busy. He piled his house full of brown nuts.

He had hardly room to get in.

Do you think Frisky sat at home now?

No, he thought of his brothers and sisters in the woods. What do you think he did?

THE WISE LITTLE SQUIRREL

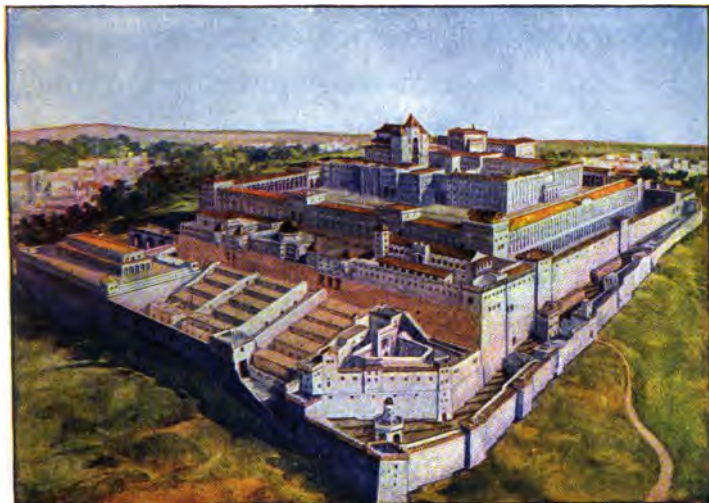
weather	scant	shelf	bleak
wonder	care	warm	blithe

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

—MARY HOWITT.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

Solomon	built	overseers	worship
Jerusalem	thousands	polished	timber



A temple is a house in which to pray. It is a great church where people may go to worship God.

Temples are often very beautiful. Sometimes they are as beautiful on the outside as they are on the inside.

A long time ago there was a great king

named Solomon. He built a temple to the Lord.

He built it in the great city of Jerusalem.

Solomon brought men from all the country around to build his temple. A great many men were needed to work upon it.

Some of these men were sent into the woods to cut down the trees.

Some were busy bringing the timber to the ground on which the temple was built.

Others were sent away to get the stone.

The stones were cut and polished, and it took many men to do this work.

Solomon said that no iron tool should be heard while the workmen were building the temple.

Every piece of wood and stone had to be cut and shaped so that it could be put in its place without hammer or ax.

Besides the thousands of workmen, there were many others who were called overseers. These were to look after the workmen and see that all the work was done right.

Inside of the temple everything was made beautiful with gold. Even some of the nails were made of gold. The walls were also overlaid with gold.

What a beautiful temple this must have been!

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

twinkle	diamond	curtains	tiny
above	glorious	world	dew

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

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

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

DAINTY MILKWEED BABIES

dainty	wrapped	rocked	darlings
cradles	folded	Nature	secret



Dainty milkweed babies,
 Wrapped in cradles green,
Rocked by Mother Nature,
 Fed by hands unseen.

Brown coats have the darlings,
 Slips of milky white ;
And wings — but that's a secret,
 They're folded out of sight.



THE ROSE

In Mary's garden
Is a red, red rose,
The fairest flower
That in it grows.
"Oh, Rose, I love you,"
I heard Mary say.
"Be always lovely,
Don't fade away!"

JOSEPH

Joseph	dream	watching	dislike
Jacob	coat	eleven	wrong

How many brothers have you?

Little Joseph had eleven brothers.

Joseph's father, Jacob, loved Joseph more than any other of his boys.

He loved him so much that he gave him a coat of many colors.

This made Joseph's brothers dislike him.

One day, while they were watching the sheep, his brothers did something wrong.

Joseph told his father of what the brothers had done.

At another time he told of a dream which he had had.

When the brothers heard him tell this dream, they said, "He thinks that some day he will be our king."

After that they disliked him more than before.

WHAT JOSEPH'S BROTHERS DID

wicked	grassy	camels	Egypt
owned	pieces	spices	silver



Then Joseph's brothers did a wicked thing.
In those times many people made their
living by keeping sheep.

The sheep fed here and there on the grassy
hills. Some one watched them all the time
to keep them from getting lost.

Jacob owned a great many sheep, and his

ten sons who were older than Joseph had to watch them.

One day, when Joseph went to the fields, his brothers took his coat away from him.

They then put him in a pit.

Soon some men came along with a number of camels. They were carrying spices and fruits into Egypt to sell there.

Joseph's brothers then went to the pit and took him out.

They led him to the place where the strange men were resting with their camels.

They sold their brother Joseph to these men for twenty pieces of silver.

JOSEPH IN EGYPT

bought	prison	wasted	manage
plenty	meant	servant	carriage

The men who bought Joseph took him into Egypt, but they did not keep him long.

They sold him there to a very rich man.

Joseph did everything that he was told

to do. His master liked him well, and made him overseer in his house.

One day the master was told that Joseph had done something wicked.

This was not true, but the master believed the story and put Joseph in prison.



Joseph could tell what dreams meant. While in prison he told some of the men who were with him what their dreams meant.

One night the king of Egypt had a dream.

He sent for all the wise men in the country and bade them tell him what it meant.

Not one of them could do this.

Then one of the men who had been in prison told the king about Joseph.

So the king sent for Joseph and told him what he had dreamed.

“Now tell me what it means,” he said.

“It means this,” said Joseph. “For seven years there will be plenty of food in Egypt.

“Then there will be seven years in which little food will grow.

“Now you should have a wise man to manage things for you.

“In the seven years of plenty he should lay up food enough for the seven years of want.”

The king of Egypt was much pleased with what Joseph told him.

He was so much pleased that he set Joseph free. He made him ruler next to himself of all the land of Egypt.

The king gave Joseph a beautiful ring.

He also dressed him in a beautiful cloak, and put a chain of gold around his neck.

He said that whenever Joseph went out to ride, servants should run before his carriage. They should tell the people that he was coming.

The king did even more than this for Joseph. He found a good wife for him. He gave him a beautiful home.

And Joseph was never idle.

He went through all the land of Egypt. He saw that no food was wasted.

He gave orders that as much food as could be spared should be put into storehouses.

At the end of seven years the storehouses were full of food.

JOSEPH AND BENJAMIN

buy	charge	youngest	feast
remember	only	ordered	palace

At last the seven years of plenty were over. Then the corn crop failed.

In the country where Joseph's father lived there was no corn.

Joseph's father, Jacob, heard that there was plenty of it in Egypt.

So he sent ten of his sons to that country to buy corn.

You will remember that Joseph had charge of the storehouses there.

When his brothers came and asked him to sell them some corn, they did not know him.

But he knew them well. He sold them the corn; but when they were about to go home, he put one of them in prison.

He told the others that he would set this brother free if they would bring to him their youngest brother, Benjamin.

Benjamin was only a little boy, and their father had kept him at home.

When the nine brothers reached home they told their father what they had been ordered to do.

He cried, and said that he had lost two of his sons, and he would not let the youngest go.



Very soon all the corn was eaten, and Jacob had to send his sons for more.

He did not wish to let Benjamin go with them. But he knew there was no other way.

Joseph was glad to see little Benjamin.

He set free the brother that had been kept in prison. Then he made a feast for all of them at his palace.

JOSEPH AND HIS FATHER

costly	sorry	serve	hundred
surprised	sorrow	peace	thirty

When the brothers were ready to go home, Joseph told a servant to put a costly cup in little Benjamin's sack of corn.

The brothers did not know this. They started, but had not gone far before the servant came after them.

He asked them to give him the cup they had stolen from his master.

They said that they had not taken any cup, and went back to tell Joseph.

He told the servant to look in every sack and see what he could find.

The cup was found in Benjamin's sack.

The brothers were surprised and very sorry. They told Joseph that they would be his slaves if he would set Benjamin free.

"Our father is very old," they said. "If we go back without Benjamin, he will die of sorrow."

“Let little Benjamin go home and all the rest of us will stay and serve you.”

Now Joseph knew that his brothers were no longer wicked and so told them who he was.

He gave them presents and sent them to their home, saying, “Bring my father to me.”

Jacob was very happy when his sons came home and told him about their lost brother. He made ready at once to take all his family to Egypt.

When Joseph heard that his father was coming, he went a long way to meet him.

When he saw his father, he fell upon his neck and cried for joy.

“Now I die in peace,” said Jacob; for he was then a hundred and thirty years old.

“The king therefore said to Joseph: Thy father and thy brethren are come to thee:

“The land of Egypt is before thee: make them dwell in the best place, and give them the land of Gessen.” — *Gen.* xlvii. 5, 6.

THANKSGIVING SONG

harvest threshed drawn crib
wheat barley barreled nigh

Summer is gone,
Autumn is here;
This is the harvest
For all the year.

Corn in the crib,
Oats in the bin,
Wheat is all threshed,
Barley drawn in.



Apples are barreled,
Nuts laid to dry;
Frost in the garden,
Winter is nigh.

Father in heaven,
Thank thee for all,
Winter and springtime,
Summer and fall.

— LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.

THE SPIDER

silky

bushes

toward

bridge

spinners

fastens

strikes

floats



I am a spider.

I belong to a family of spinners.

We spin fine silky threads.

You can hardly see them.

You haven't as many eyes as I.

You have seen some of our family before.

Some of us live on the ground, some live in the house.

While some of us live in trees, others live on the water.

Some of us float in the air.

Have you seen a spider sailing in the air?

How can it do this?

Well, it spins silky threads, and from these threads it makes a web.

The spider fastens its silky thread to something.

The wind blows and carries the thread far out in a long loop.

This loop floats toward where the spider wishes to go.

When it strikes, the spider fastens the thread, pulls it tight, and thus has a bridge on which it can cross.

The spider often cuts its thread and swings in the air.

Have you never seen these silky threads on bushes?

THE WIND

across	different	skirts	push
ladies	yourself	beast	strong

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds across 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 you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old ?
Are you a beast of field or tree,
Or just a stronger child than me ?
 O wind, a-blowing all day long !
 O wind, that sings so loud a song !

— R. L. STEVENSON

ROBERT BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

climbing passed beam kingdom
silken story moving enemies



Here is the story of a king who learned a lesson from a spider.

This king's name was Robert Bruce.

He was a good king. His people loved him, but men from another country were trying to take his kingdom from him.

There was a battle, and Bruce and his men lost the fight.

They tried once more, and again they lost. Bruce had to hide himself from his enemies.

One day he hid in a barn. He was not happy. "What is the use of trying?" he thought. "I will give up. I will fight no more."

As he sat thinking, a spider fell to the ground before him.

Bruce watched it. Before long he saw it climbing up one of its long silken threads. He wondered where it was going.

Before it reached the beam overhead the thread broke. Down the spider came again.

Still the king watched. A few moments passed and again the spider was moving on its way upward.

"This time he'll reach it," thought the king.

Just a little while and the spider had once more fallen to the floor.

"Poor thing," said Bruce; "I should think it would get tired." He could not take his eyes from the spider. He watched it a long

time. How hard it worked! It seemed to say, "I will try again."

Little by little it climbed. Every now and then, it stopped as if to rest.

At last, to the king's surprise, it reached the beam.

"Little spider," said Robert Bruce, "you have helped me. I, too, will try again."

He tried again, and this time he won the fight.

LAZY PUSSY

pur	crumbs	nibbled	instead
scatter	perched	toes	pulled

Puss was a lazy cat. She was so lazy that she did not seem to see, hear, or feel.

She would sit in the sun and pur and pur all day long.

The children would scatter leaves over her back. They would throw crumbs at her. She would not move.

Sometimes the singing birds came and perched on her ears.

Her ear would fall over a little, but Puss did not mind.

She would sit there by the hour, and doze and pur.

Often the rats and mice came out for a fine meal.

They nibbled at her toes. They pulled her tail. They scratched her nose.

She did not seem to care.

Many days passed, and the rats and mice became more bold than ever.

They now ran up her back, and boldly made a swing of her tail.

The birds, too, became more bold. They pecked her back and flew at her eyes.

The servants of the house disliked her.

They said she was a good-for-nothing cat.

Instead of keeping the rats and mice away she brought them to the place.

Puss heard the servants talking and did not like the name they called her.

She said to herself, "This will never do, for everything should be of some use.



“ Good-for-nothing will not be my name.”

Puss went to work the next day, but she had sat idle so long that she was not able to do much.

She tried hard every day, and it was not long before she heard the servants say, “Puss is the best cat we ever had.”

“ Whene’er a task is set for you,
Don’t idly sit and view it ;
Nor be content to wish it done ;—
Begin at once and do it.”

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY
MOUSE

friendly
bread

bower
toads

grudge
stocks

timid
furry



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 stocks,
Poor little timid furry man.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE PALM TREE

palm slowly baskets trunk
admired date fibers umbrella



The palm tree looks proud.

It holds its head very high in the air.

It does not like to bend.

Men of all times have loved and admired it.

It has been very useful to them.

The date palm gives its fruit to be eaten raw.

Its sap is as good as milk.

Its leaves, stems, and flowers can be used for food.

Would you think it hard work to pick the fruit from this tree?

Think of a man climbing a palm tree.

He can not take hold of the leaves, for they are too high.

He ties a rope around himself and the tree, and with its help he climbs up slowly.

Once at the top it will be easy for him to pick the dates and throw them down.

Under the tree other men will be standing and watching him.

They will hold a cloth to catch the dates.

Hats, mats, baskets, and many other things are made from the fibers of the palm.

The beautiful leaves at the top of the stem or trunk are always green. They droop over and look like an umbrella.

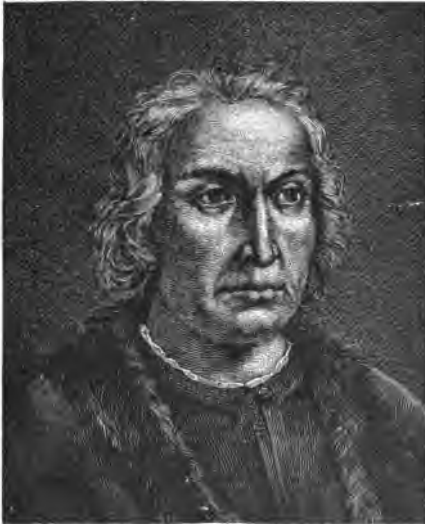
You have all heard how palm branches were once carried before Our Lord as he rode into Jerusalem.

STORY OF COLUMBUS

I. MY BOYHOOD

carder	sailor	robbers	harbor
Genoa	fourteen	pirates	attacked

My name is Columbus. My father was a wool carder. When I was a lad I lived in a city called Genoa.



Genoa is a city by the sea.

I often stood and watched the ships sail in and out of the harbor.

All the sailors knew me.

They told me many strange stories of the lands far away.

I often told my father that I would be a sailor some day.

I said that I would sail across the sea.

My father sent me away to school when I was ten years old.

When I was fourteen my father gave me leave to go to sea. How happy I was!

After that, I sailed on many ships.

There were many sea robbers, or pirates, on the seas at that time.

Once our ship was attacked by pirates. Our ship was burned, and I had to swim a long way to shore.

II. WHAT I THOUGHT

written	waited	India	Moors
laughed	Marco Polo	listen	driven

In the seaports we heard many stories about a wonderful land in the Far East.

A man named Marco Polo had written a book about the strange things he had seen in that country.

Wise men were beginning to believe that the earth must be round. They said that a ship might sail around it.

Most people laughed at that. They said that a ship could not sail upside down.

They thought a ship would have to do so if it sailed to the other side of a round earth.

“The earth is flat,” they said, “and if ships sail too far out they’ll drop off.”

I read Marco Polo’s book and wished that I could visit the country which he told about.

That country was India. It was in the Far East, where fine silks were made.

Some of these silks were brought to my country. They had to be carried hundreds of miles by camels.

If the earth were round, why could we not reach the Far East by sailing west?

I believed the earth to be round. So I said, “Some day men will sail west and find India.

“Ships will bring the silks of India to our country. That will be much better than carrying them on camels.”

I tried to get the people at home to help me fit out a ship to sail to India.

They thought I had lost my mind.

I went from country to country asking for help, but no one would help me.



COLUMBUS TELLING HIS STORY TO THE QUEEN

After a few years I went to Spain. The king and queen of Spain were then at war with a people called Moors.

The king of Spain would not listen to me.

The queen listened. She said: "Wait till the war is over. We cannot help you until we have driven the Moors from Spain."

So I waited and helped to fight the Moors.

When the war was over, three small ships were fitted out for me.

After all these years of waiting, I was ready to try to find a new way to India.

THE LONG VOYAGE

voyage	coast	island	Palos
prove	agreed	ashore	kneel

Before sailing from Spain Columbus and his men went to church and heard Mass.

They prayed to God to bless them on their long voyage across the sea.

It was a bright summer morning when they sailed out from the harbor of Palos.

How happy Columbus must have been on that morning!

He would now prove that the earth is round. He would find a new way to India.

It was not long before the ships were out of sight of land. Week after week passed and there was no other land to be seen.



READY TO SAIL FROM THE HARBOR OF PALOS

The sailors began to be afraid and asked to go back.

“We shall never see land,” said they.

Columbus did not want to go back. He knew that there was land to the west. If they kept sailing they would find it.

His men said that they would throw him into the sea if he did not turn back.

“Sail on just three days longer, and if we do not see land, I’ll turn back,” he said.

The sailors agreed that they would sail on for just three days more.

How Columbus prayed!

The next day birds were seen flying not far from the ship.

All day and all night the sailors watched.

In the early morning they saw land.

Beautiful trees and flowers were to be seen.

Glad shouts of “Land! land! land!” went from ship to ship.

Columbus was now filled with joy.

He felt sure that he had found India.

Soon he and his men went ashore.



LANDING OF COLUMBUS

The first thing Columbus did when he reached land was to kneel down and give thanks to God.

He thanked God for their safe voyage of many weeks.

He then placed the flag of Spain upon the land he had found.

It was an island near the coast of America. But Columbus thought that it was a part of India.

WHAT CAN THEY DO?

lambkins	woolly	ewe	beneath
nestle	nestlings	dew	nightly

What can lambkins do
 All the keen night through?
 Nestle by their woolly mother,
 The careful ewe.

What can nestlings do
 In the nightly dew?
 Sleep beneath their mother's wing,
 Till the day breaks anew.

If in field or tree
 There might only be
 Such a warm, soft sleeping place
 Found for me!

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

MOSES

Hebrews	months	nurse	daughter
cruel	woman	maid	answered

You have read how Jacob and his sons went into Egypt to live. They and all their children and grandchildren were called Hebrews.

All went well with them in Egypt until there was a new king who did not like them.

The new king set masters over them to make them work hard. He was cruel to them in many ways.

One day he said that all the Hebrew baby boys must be drowned.

About this time a little boy was born to a Hebrew mother.

This poor woman feared that her child would be drowned. So she hid him for three months.

When she could not hide him longer, she made a basket in which to put him.

The basket was covered with pitch so that the water could not enter.

The poor mother laid her baby boy in this basket. Then she hid it in the high grass on the river bank.



Painting by Delaroche

She sent her little girl Mary to watch the baby brother.

Soon the king's daughter came down to bathe.

She saw the basket, and sent her maid for it. The king's daughter took it with care.

There she saw a dear little baby boy.

She knew it belonged to a Hebrew mother and felt very sorry for her.

She said she would take the baby home and save him.

Just then the baby's sister came up.

The king's daughter asked her if she could find a nurse.

She said, "Yes," and brought her mother.

This little boy was named Moses, which means saved from water.

THE LITTLE SEED

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

"Wake," said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light."
"Wake," said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,
And rose to see
What the beautiful
Outside world might be.

THE RAINBOW

Indians	serpent	scales	lilies
squaw	warning	coiled	believe



John White Feather and his squaw lived on the shore of a big lake.

They were Indians and were much loved by the people who lived near.

Every Sunday morning John White Feather and his squaw could be seen in their canoe.

They would cross the lake to a little church where they heard mass.

The children loved John White Feather, for he told them the stories which his father had told him.

One day Mary went out after it had been raining. Looking up, she saw a rainbow in the sky. She said:—

“ ‘ A rainbow at night
Is a sailor’s delight.
A rainbow in the morning,
Sailors, take warning.’ ”

“ Oh how pretty it is! I wonder what makes those beautiful colors.”

John White Feather was standing near and heard her.

“ Oh, that is the big serpent in the sky,” he said. “ The serpent is covered with scales. Those beautiful colors that you see are its scales.”

“ The big serpent has just coiled his scales against the great arch of ice. My father called the sky the great arch of ice. The serpent rubs his scales against the ice and

makes ice dust. This ice dust falls to earth and makes the snow in winter and the rain in summer.”

“ Oh, John White Feather! What a pretty story that is! It is not at all like the one mother told us.

“ She said some of the Indians believed that the flowers which wither and die here on earth are taken up to the happy hunting grounds. There they are planted again and grow more beautiful than on earth.”

“ Yes,” said John White Feather, “ that is what old Nokomis told Hiawatha.

“ Hiawatha was an Indian boy.

“ One day he saw a rainbow. He whispered, ‘ What is that, grandmother?’

“ The name of his grandmother was Nokomis. She said, ‘ That is the flower garden of the sky.

“ ‘ When the lilies on earth fade and die, they blossom again in the sky above us.’

“ This is what some of the Indians used to believe.”

THE STORY OF THE CAMEL

cells	stomach	animal	nostrils
desert	journey	thirsty	cushions
until	travel	useful	handsome



I am a camel. My home is in a hot and sandy country called a desert.

As you can see, I am not a very handsome animal; but I am useful.

This hump on my back is only a big lump

of fat. It may be called my storehouse; for I store the fat there, to be used when I need it.

This fat keeps me alive when I have no food.

I have another storehouse in which I carry water. When I drink, the water goes into little cells in my stomach.

When I start on a long journey across a hot country, my hump should be large and fat. Then I can go a long time without food.

I have gone for days without eating or drinking.

The fat in the storehouse on my back kept me alive without food.

The water which I had stored up in my stomach kept me from being very thirsty.

Such a journey was very hard for me and my master.

Once we were caught in a big storm of hot sand.

I lay down and closed my nostrils to shut out the hot sand.

My master lay close beside me until the storm was over,

Then we started on our journey again.

You say that I have odd-looking feet. Yes, they look a little like large, flat cushions.

Without these cushions I could not travel over the hot, sandy desert.

Men could not cross the sea if there were no ships. If there were no camels, men could not cross the sandy desert.

Camels are called the ships of the desert.

MORE ABOUT THE CAMEL

coarse	cloth	flesh	wealthy
couch	litter	women	between

The camel sheds its coat of hair every year.

This hair is sometimes made into coarse cloth and brushes.

The camel's flesh and milk are used for food.

The milk when thick or sour is much liked by the little children of the East.

They say it is very good, and they like it just as we like the milk of the cow.

In olden times the rich people made their camels look very pretty. They covered their backs with rich cloths and beautiful chains.



Did you ever hear of a camel litter?

It is a large couch or covered seat that is fastened on the camel's back.

Sometimes two camels carry a litter between them.

Women and children and wealthy people ride in these litters.

Sometimes two cribs, or baskets, are hung on the back of the camel, one on each side.

How many children ought to ride in these baskets, do you think?

Would riding in this way be fun?

The camel can travel very far in one day.

Some camels have been known to go as far as a hundred miles in a day.

The camel was much used in the country where our Lord Jesus was born.

A REVIEW OF OLD WORDS

It was a gray morning in autumn. When Mary awoke she heard the rain falling.

"Oh," she cried, "a rainy day! Isn't it too bad!"

She jumped up and ran to the window. The rain was falling fast.

"I believe I could cry," said Mary. "The rain makes me so cross. Grandma and grandpa will not come to-day. They would be almost drowned if they traveled in this

rain. Brother Ned and I must stay in the house all day, too.”

With a sigh she turned from the window. As she did so she heard a faint call.

“Come, Mary,” said her nurse, “the church clock says six. It is time to get up.”

“Good morning, nurse,” said Mary. “I am up. Will you call Ned?”

Then she took a cold bath. How good the water was! “Maybe the plants and trees are glad to have a bath, too,” thought Mary.

As she dressed she sang, “Dear angel ever at my side.” Then she thought, “Why, how cross I have been! God gives the rain. It helps make the beautiful flowers grow.”

Just then she heard Ned laugh. “Ned,” she called, “dear Ned, come here. Say your prayers with me this morning. Let us ask our Holy Mother to keep us from being cross.”

“Are you cross, little sister?” asked Ned.

“Not now,” she laughed, as she kissed him.

“Come to breakfast, chatterboxes,” called mother.

Down they all went. Mother's chair was near the fire.

"How is my little daughter to-day?" she asked, as Mary sat down by her.

"You look happy, my boy," said father, as Ned took his seat.

"I am happy, father," said Ned, "and hungry, too."

"What a friendly fire," said Mary. "It makes the room so bright."

"Listen," said mother, when the meal was nearly over. "I hear a carriage."

Then the bell rang.

"Oh, mother," said Mary, "how pleased you look! Have you a secret? Do tell us."

"Let us see who has come," said mother, carrying her work to the pleasant sitting room.

There they found May and Dan, two little neighbors who had come to visit. "What a good time we shall have!" cried Ned, as the children ran off to the playroom. "What shall we do first?"

“Let me see your boat,” said Dan, “while the girls prattle about their dolls.”

After a while they played “Going to Jerusalem.” Then Mary said, “Let’s dress up like Hebrew women, May.”

She climbed on a chair and pulled down a big basket. She took out some silky cloth and dressed her little friend.

The child waited till she was well wrapped up in the strange clothes.

“She looks like an Indian squaw,” said Ned.

The girls did not like this. May almost cried. Then the boys were sorry.

“Never mind that, girls,” they said. “Let’s play we live in Egypt. You can be a proud queen, May. We are your servants. We will make a litter and carry you. Soon we shall journey across the desert.”

May climbed into the litter. She sat down on the cushions.

Just then mother came in. Grandma and grandpa were with her. How glad the children were to see the travelers!

They all talked at once. After a while mother said, "Come to the garden. The rain is over. See the sun. Nurse has set a feast for us in the bower."

"Oh," said Mary, "what a happy, happy day, after all!"

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

stronger

flies

rise

limbs



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.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

DAVID, THE MUSICIAN

shepherd troubled music classes
enough psalms soothe divided

Once there was a shepherd boy who became a great and wise king.

His name was David.

David's father had many sheep.

When David was old enough, he took care of the sheep for his



DAVID

father. A person who takes care of sheep and watches them while they feed is called a shepherd.

David grew to be such a fine boy that people liked to look at him. He was strong for his years and had a beautiful face.

He liked to sing and to play upon the harp. He took his harp with him when he went to watch the sheep.

In time he became a fine harper and often played for people who liked music.

Among these people was King Saul, who became a friend to David.

At times King Saul's mind seemed to be troubled. He could not be bright and cheerful.

Whenever Saul felt this way, David was sent for to play upon the harp for him.

This would soothe and comfort him.

After the death of Saul, David became king.

While he was king he played upon the harp and sang psalms of thanksgiving.

He tried to make his people like music.

To do this he divided his people into classes. Some played on harps, others played on lutes, and others on trumpets.

He gathered together many singers. They sang psalms and chanted the praise of God.

Some of these psalms may be found in the Bible and in your prayer books.



Painting by Schloypin

DAVID PLAYING ON THE HARP FOR SAUL.

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

rise	always	serve	death
rest	guide	lead	stray

I must pray to God in the morning when I rise, and at night when I go to rest.

O God, keep me safe from every harm.

Teach me to be good and kind.

May I love and serve Thee always.

Guide my young steps in Thy law.

All Thy ways are sweet and true and right.

Lead me in Thy paths, and let me not stray from Thee.

In life, in death, young or old, I wish to be Thy child.

Thou hast made me. I am Thine.

I wish to love Thee, O God, and I need Thy help at all times.



OUR LITTLE FRIENDS

China	sure	rapped	writing
noise	polite	study	Chinatown



One, two, three, four, five little people
standing in a row!

Do you know these little people?

They are not white as we are.

Their skin is yellow.

They are very nice little boys and girls.

Their people came from far-off China.

These little people live in a large city in our country.

They live in Chinatown.

Their dress is not like ours.

It is very bright and pretty.

You would like to see these boys and girls at play.

The little boys and girls of Chinatown are very polite.

I am sure you would like to see these boys and girls in their school.

I know you would think it a strange place.

Let us go to China and visit a school there.

Now that we are in China we must be up early, because school begins before breakfast.

We have just rapped on the door.

Listen to the noise!

The children stop their noise as we enter. They stand and bow to us.

They are very polite indeed.

Now they sit on the floor and begin to study again.

The boys and girls study out loud in school.
This is the way they get their lessons.

We should find it hard work to get our lessons in that way.

Let us stay and see the little people write.

They have brushes instead of pens.

Are they going to paint their words?

It looks as though they were.

They make their writing look very beautiful.

We praise their writing, and the children seem pleased.

THE BELL OF ATRI

town	knight	fine	barked
hung	spent	mended	hanging

A long time ago there lived a good king in a town named Atri.

The king had put a large bell in the town hall.

A long rope hung from the bell.

“Now, if any one is wronged,” said the king, “let him ring the bell.”

In the same town there lived a knight. This knight, when he was young, spent his time in hunting.

He had many fine horses and dogs.

When he grew old, he sold all his horses but one. This was the horse he liked best.

He began now to think of his gold.

He would sit and think how to save it.

One day he said, "I do not need this old horse.

"He eats and eats, and I can get along without him.

"I'll turn him out, and when I need him I can find him."

The poor old horse went from one place to another.

He was barked at by the dogs. He never knew where he could get anything to eat.

He went from this place to that until one day he came to the town hall.

He saw the bell rope hanging down.

The rope was old and had been mended with a piece of vine.

The hungry horse began to eat the vine,
and the bell began to ring.

It rang and
rang and rang.

The people
of the town
came running.

Who could
be ringing the
bell?

“It is the
knight’s horse,”
said one.

“This poor
old horse has
worked hard.

“In his old
age he has to eat the vine on the bell rope,”
said another.

“He needs help,” said still another.

“Yes,” said the king, “send for his master,
the knight.”

The master came.



“This is your old horse,” said the king.
“Why do you send him away now that he is old?”

“This is the time you should look after him. He worked for you many years.

“He needs your care. You have no right to turn him away.

“You must build a barn for him and feed him well. You must not forget the good he has done you.”

THE LION

teeth

sharp

fellow

tuft

prickle

Daniel

What a fine family!

Here are Father Lion, Mother Lion, and their three little cubs.

Of what do these little cubs make you think?

Yes, some cats belong to the same family as the lions.

Father Lion is very large and strong.



THE LION AND HIS FAMILY

He has very bright eyes. He has sharp teeth.
See his large head and bushy mane.

Mother Lion has no mane.

What do you see at the end of the lion's tail?

Yes, it is a small tuft of long hair.

This tuft was called a prickle by the people
who lived long ago.

Did you ever see a lion?

Is he not a noble-looking fellow?

The lion is a strong animal.

Father Lion is so strong that he is some-
times called the King of Beasts. Almost all
other animals are afraid of him.

He can pick up a calf and carry it with ease. It is as easy for him to do this as it is for a cat to run off with a mouse.

The cubs, when taken quite young, can be tamed.

They must be treated very kindly and fed well. Then they will like their master.

In olden times people used to fight lions. One king had six hundred lions at a fight in Rome.

Here is a picture of Daniel in the lions' den. Your teacher will tell you the story.



THE BLESSED VIRGIN

parents	invited	offered	espoused
service	altar	fifteen	carpenter



Long, long ago a little babe was born who was very dear in the eyes of God. She was a most holy babe.

The child was named Mary. She after-

wards became the mother of our dear Lord. We call her the Blessed Virgin Mary.

When Mary was three years old her father and mother took her to the temple in Jerusalem.

Some friends were invited to go with them.

When they reached the temple they were met by the high priest.

He blessed Mary and led her to the altar.

Mary's parents offered her for the service of God.

Then they left her in the temple and went away.

She was now cared for by the holy women in the temple.

As she grew older she spent much time in prayer. She worked hard for the temple.

When Mary was about fifteen years old she left the temple to be espoused to Joseph, a carpenter.

She had now a little home of her own to care for. She was very happy, and she did all that she could to make Joseph happy.

THE COW

cream wanders lowing meadow
tart blown showers pleasant



The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart.
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.
She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,

All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

— R. L. STEVENSON.

DRESS

wear	tucked	waist	shoes
linen	girdle	sandal	garment

Long, long ago, people did not dress just as they do now.

The children of the poor wore garments of coarse cloth.

The garments of others were sometimes very beautiful.

They were made of fine linen or wool. The color was white, bright blue, or red.

These beautiful shades of blue and red may often be seen in the pictures of those olden times.



All the garments were long, loose, and flowing. When the children wished to run, they tucked them under a girdle at the waist.

The children of rich parents often had pretty trimmings on their garments.

They wore sandals instead of shoes. You can see in the picture that these sandals were not like those which children wear now.

None of the little people then wore hats like yours. Can you tell what they did wear?

JOHN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS

prisoner threw raised rushed uplifted

Many years ago there was a brave man whose name was John Smith. He was one of the first white men to come to our country.

One day, when he was in the woods, some Indians saw him and made him their prisoner.

They took him to their king, who said that he must be put to death.

A large stone was brought in, and Smith was made to lie down with his head on it.

Two tall Indians stood near him with big clubs in their hands. The king and all his great men were looking on.

When all was ready, the two tall Indians raised their clubs to strike their prisoner's head.

Just then a pretty little Indian girl rushed in. She was the child of the king, and her name was Pocahontas.

She ran and threw herself between Smith and the uplifted clubs.

“O father, do not kill this poor man!” she cried. “He has done us no harm. We ought to be his friends.”

At first, the king did not know what to do. Then he told his men to lift the white man up and set him free.

From that time Pocahontas was always the friend of the white men.

THEY DIDN'T THINK

fond	somebody	floor	fling
half-grown	supper	safest	caught

Once a little turkey,
 Fond of her own way,
 Wouldn't ask the old ones
 Where to go or stay ;
 She said, “I'm not a baby,
 Here I am half-grown ;
 Surely, I am big enough
 To run about alone!”



Off she went, but somebody
Hiding saw her pass ;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.

“ Oh, no,” said the mother,
 “ You must stay with me ;
 Little birds are safest
 Sitting in a tree.”

“ I don’t care,” said robin,
 And gave his tail a fling,
 “ I don’t think the old folks
 Know quite everything.”
 Down he flew, and kitty caught him,
 Before he’d time to blink.
 “ Oh,” he cried, “ I’m sorry,
 But I didn’t think.”

— PHEBE CARY.

HOW THEY WENT TO BETHLEHEM

railroads	person	stable	shelter
hotels	traveler	donkey	manger

Bethlehem is a town not far from Jerusalem. It is sometimes called the city of David.

Long ago, when Joseph and Mary went to

Bethlehem, traveling was not so easy as it is now. There were no railroads. There were no hotels like ours.

The best a traveler could do was to ride on the back of a camel or a horse or a donkey. Most travelers had to walk.

If a person were going very far, he carried his food, and sometimes a bottle of water. For water was often scarce on the road.

People living near the wayside were very kind to strangers. They often invited travelers to stay over night with them.

Sometimes the travelers and their beasts slept on the ground by the roadside.

When Joseph and Mary went down to Bethlehem, there were along the road a few places for travelers to stop and rest.

Here they were given neither food nor bed, but only shelter for the night.

These places, or inns, as they were called, were found mostly in the towns. There was one in Bethlehem. Joseph and Mary stopped there and asked for shelter.



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Painted by Aubert

NO ROOM IN THE INN

But there was no room, that night, in the inn itself, and so they had to go to the stable.

There the dear little Jesus was born.

His mother wrapped him up and laid him in the manger.

Then some shepherds, who had been watching their sheep outside of Bethlehem, came to adore the Holy Babe.



THE SHEPHERDS' VISION

THE BIRTH

swaddling	flock	fear	tidings
brightness	shone	behold	Saviour

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night watches over their flock.

And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them; and they feared with a great fear.

And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people:

For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.

— *Luke ii. 7-11.*



HOW THE TIME GOES

Sixty seconds make a minute —
How much good can I do in it?
Sixty minutes make an hour —
All the good that's in my power.

Twenty-four hours make a day,
Time for work and sleep and play ;
In every week are seven days
To do God's will and sing His praise.

Days three hundred sixty-five
Make a year in which to strive.
Things right and good each day I'll do,
That I may grow up wise and true.

FRITZ AND GRETCHEN

I

ocean
forests

shaped
Germany

cookies
squares

parlor
candle



Fritz and Gretchen are two little children.

They live across the ocean in a country called Germany.

They are always very happy when Christmas comes.

They know that Santa Claus will visit them and leave some gifts for them.

As Christmas draws near, many little pine trees are brought in from the forests.

They are fastened in wooden tubs and placed on the streets for sale.

In Germany almost every family has a Christmas tree.

Fritz and Gretchen like to visit the shops at this time of year, and see the windows full of beautiful things.

The day before Christmas is a busy one.

All day the father is going in and out. The mother looks after the baking. Only think of the good things there will be to eat.

Fritz and Gretchen like the Christmas cakes and cookies.

These cookies are made in all sorts of shapes. They are shaped like squares, stars, animals, and even men, women, and children.

Gretchen helps whenever she can. So does Fritz. Gretchen rubs the brass candlesticks until they shine. Fritz helps her carry them to the parlor.

They are so happy they cannot sit still.

II

twigs	center	sword	bunch
switch	table	cunning	happiness

How the children long for night to come.

They cannot eat nor play.

Santa Claus, with his great bag and bunch of twigs, has visited their home.

Did he leave a switch?

No, he found that Fritz and Gretchen had been good little children.

Nuts from the big bag are left for them.

They know there is something nice on the tree, but what is it?

At last a little bell rings and the doors are opened.

In rush the happy children.

There, on a long table in the center of the parlor, stands the Christmas tree.

Every branch holds its tiny candle shining like a star.

Golden fruits are hanging among the dark green branches.

On the white-covered table are laid a sword for Fritz, a big doll and a cunning little work-box for Gretchen.

All the family gather around the tree and sing "Holy Night."



Then the father tells the story of the Christ Child, who was born so many years ago.

The gifts are taken off the tree. Each child gives some present to father and mother, and so they learn the happiness of giving.

A CHRISTMAS CHANT

mirth	tearful	joyous	curly
vast	hurry	quaffing	coily

Little ones so merry
 Bedclothes coily lift,
And, in such a hurry,
 Prattle "Christmas gift!"

Little heads so curly,
 Knowing Christmas laws,
Peep out very early
 For old "Santa Claus."

Little eyes are laughing
 O'er their Christmas toys,
Older ones are quaffing
 Cups of Christmas joys.

Hearts are joyous, cheerful,
 Faces all are gay ;
None are sad and tearful
 On bright Christmas Day.

One vast wave of gladness
Sweeps its world-wide way,
Drowning every sadness
On this Christmas Day.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Haste around the earth;
Merry, merry Christmas,
Scatter smiles and mirth.

Merry, merry Christmas
Be to one and all!
Merry, merry Christmas,
Enter hut and hall.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Be to rich and poor!
Merry, merry Christmas,
Stop at every door.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Fill each heart with joy!
Merry, merry Christmas,
To each girl and boy.

— FATHER RYAN.

THE NEW YEAR

sighing
striving

hearty
thriving

sendeth
lendeth

A year to be glad in,
Not to be sad in ;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in ;
A year for trying
And not for sighing.

A year for striving
And hearty thriving ;
A bright New Year,
Oh, hold it dear ;
For God who sendeth,
He only lendeth.



FLAX

hillside	pure	cords	Jewish
topped	mostly	twisted	finest

A long time ago a little plant was seen growing wild on the hillside.



It had small leaves and they grew far apart.

The stem was topped with pretty blue flowers.

It was a flax plant.

It was not long before people found that plants of this kind could be used by them.

About this time lines and nets for fishing were needed.

Wild animals had to be caught, and many could be caught in nets.

Jugs and jars had to be carried from place to place, and strong cords were needed for carrying them.

How should these nets and cords be made?

People soon learned that the bark of the flax could be easily twisted into fibers, or threads.

From these they could make their cords and nets.

Later the plant became still more useful, for people made cloth from its fibers.

Up to that time the skins of animals had been used mostly for clothing.

We read in the Bible that nearly all the people of Egypt wore linen.

The priests almost always wore pure linen garments.

We also read in the Bible that the Jewish women were beautiful spinners.

The finest laces and garments for the rich, and also the robes for the priests, were spun by them from the flax.

Flax is now grown in many countries of the world.

Our linen clothes, like those of long ago, are made from its fibers. But do you suppose the cloth is spun in the same way?



THE SPINNING WHEEL

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FROM THE FLAX FLOWER

breeze	cottage	yield	shimmer
peasant	slender	woof	shining

Oh, the little flax flower !
It groweth on a hill,
And be the breeze awake or 'sleep
It never standeth still.
It groweth, and it groweth fast ;
One day it is a seed,
And then a little grassy blade
Scarce better than a weed ;
But then out comes the flax flower,
As blue as is the sky ;
And " 'Tis a dainty little thing,"
We say, as we go by.

Ah ! 'tis a goodly little thing ;
It groweth for the poor,
And many a peasant blesses it
Beside his cottage door.
He thinketh how those slender stems
That shimmer in the sun

Are rich for him in web and woof,
And shortly shall be spun.
He thinketh how those slender flowers
Of seed will yield him store;
And sees in thought his next year's crop
Blue shining round his door.

— MARY HOWITT.

A CONVERSATION

A REVIEW LESSON

Mary. Have you ever seen a temple, Nelly?

Nelly. No, I have not, but I have seen a picture of one. I have read the story of Solomon's temple, too.

Mary. Oh, yes, so have I. I can tell some of that story. My mother told the story of David to me. I can say one of his psalms.

Ned. Wouldn't you like to see a lute, a horn, or a trumpet?

John. Yes, I would.

Ned. I have seen pictures of them.

Mary. In what book were the pictures?

Ned. I cannot remember the name of the book now, but it is a book which people use when they want to know what a word means.

Mary. I thank you for telling me. I will try to find that book. I should like to see those pictures, and then I have a word of which I should like to know the meaning.

Robert. What is the word? Maybe I can tell you.

Mary. The word is fiber.

Robert. Oh, yes. I know that word. Fiber means thread. You know we have read about the fibers of the flax and the palm. Some fibers are coarse and some are fine.

Mary. I remember now about that lesson. It told about the Jewish women spinning beautiful garments from the fibers of the flax.

John. Yes, the most beautiful laces are made from flax fibers. Strong nets and cords are sometimes made from flax fibers.

Nelly. I have heard that they make cords and ropes from the fibers of the palm.

Mary. Yes, the palm is a very useful tree.

Robert. I should like to know where they get the palm fans.

John. Palm fans are made from the leaves of the palm tree.

Mary. What else do we get from the palm tree?

John. We get some of our dates from a kind of palm tree. The sap of the date palm is as good as milk to drink.

Nelly. I suppose in olden times people who were traveling were glad to find a palm tree.

Ned. It must have been hard to travel in those days.

Mary. Indeed it must have been hard. There were no railroads. There was little in the way of comfort for those who had to journey from one place to another.

Ned. Just think of having to carry one's clothes and food and water.

John. Yes, and think of having to ride for days on the backs of camels or horses.

Mary. The thing I should dislike would be to sleep under some tree by the roadside.

John. People didn't always have to do this. There were inns in which they could sleep.

Nelly. You remember that our Lord was born in the stable of one of those inns.

Mary. Yes, there was no room in the inn that night for His dear mother.

John. This stable was in Bethlehem.

Ned. Is Bethlehem near Jerusalem?

John. Yes, it is only a few miles from Jerusalem. It is sometimes called the city of David.

Robert. Oh, I remember. It was in Jerusalem that Solomon's temple was built.

TINY THREADS

Tiny threads make up the web,
Little acts make up life's span;
Would you ever happy be
Spin then rightly while you can.
When the web is broken, quite
Too late then to spin it right.

THE GRAPEVINE

vineyard raisins tendrils clusters
medicine juice neighborhood wrinkle

Come, children, let us look at this picture.

Have you ever seen women dressed like these?

Look at their wooden shoes. See their head coverings.

These women live far across the ocean in a country where many grapevines grow. They are grape pickers.

All day long they work in the vineyards, gathering the bunches or clusters of ripe grapes.

In some vineyards the grapevines are trained to grow over wooden supports only two or three feet high.

The pickers must bend down to reach the grapes. Sometimes they become very tired.

The women in this picture, however, look quite happy.

Perhaps their day's work is done and they



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THE GRAPE PICKERS

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are going home to rest all through the pleasant evening.

Once I heard a story of a man who owned a vineyard. Whenever the boys of the neighborhood passed through, he made them hold their hands high over their heads.

Do you know why?

The people of long ago used every part of the grapevine.

They pressed the grapes and made wine as we do now.

They used the sap of the vines for medicine.

Do you know what raisins are?

They are dried grapes. When grapes are dried, they wrinkle up. Then they are packed away as raisins.

Not all grapes will make good raisins.

The next time you see a grapevine, look at the little tendrils on the stem.

They are really little helpers. They reach out and wind around anything they can get hold of. They hold the vine up while it climbs.

DAISY STARS

dark
daisies

lawn
lovely

throw
spark

Such darling little daisies,
Are shining on the lawn,
They look as if the little stars
Had fallen down at dawn.

I wonder if the angels,
Who live in heaven so high,
Throw down these little stars for me
Out of the morning sky.

If I look up to heaven,
At night when it is dark,
I see, oh, such a number there,
Each like a tiny spark.

But in the lovely morning,
When I get out of bed,
I see the darling daisies here
Down in the lawn instead.

DOVES AND PIGEONS

Noah	spoken	evening	owners
pigeon	olive	offering	messages

In many places in the Bible we read of the dove or pigeon. Perhaps no other bird is spoken of so often.

We read that Noah sent out a dove from the ark. It came back, not having found a place on which to rest.

He put out his hands and caught it, and kept it for seven days.

He then sent it out again. It came back in the evening of that day and brought olive leaves in its mouth.

Then Noah knew that the water was being dried up upon the land.

He waited another seven days and sent the dove out the third time. This time it did not return.

The dove is a clean bird. In the Law of Moses it was called a pure bird.

The Hebrews used it as an offering for sin in the temple.

People who lived a long way from the temple found it hard to carry these birds with them.

To such people doves were sometimes sold at the temple.

In some countries there are many tame doves. Their owners make little houses for them to build their nests in.



The poorer people sometimes let the doves come into their own rooms and build their nests there.

Pigeons are sometimes used to carry messages from one place to another.

BED IN SUMMER

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

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

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

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



THE DONKEY

cousins urge stupid burdens
patient goad treated heavy

Look at the old man in the picture. He is seated on a donkey.

The donkey is sometimes called the ass.



As you see, the donkey is not a handsome animal.

Some of his cousins run wild and are quite good-looking. Many of them are pure white.

Their ears are shorter and rounder than his.

They have more slender limbs and a finer form than he has.

Donkeys are very patient animals. They work very hard.

People say that they are stupid, but this is not always so. They are not so stupid as people sometimes think. Some of them are quite bright and quick.

They have their likes and dislikes. They do not like to cross a small stream, but they like very much to lie down and roll in the dust.

They are often ill treated.

Long ago, donkeys were used to carry heavy burdens. Yes, these burdens were heavy!

Then, too, the donkeys sometimes carried men or women upon their backs.

When men or women rode on their backs, a servant often followed and carried a long pole or staff. This staff was sharpened at one end and was used to urge or goad them on.

Some donkeys are fast runners, and many are still used for riding in the Holy Land.



Painting by Sinkel

THE THREE WISE MEN

prophets rare leading presents
 Nativity really appeared soldiers

A very long time ago there lived in Jerusalem some good men who were called prophets. These prophets could foretell many things that were going to happen in the years to come.

They told about the coming of Christ. They

said that when He was born a strange star would be seen in the sky.

People watched for this star many years.

At last, when Christ was born, it appeared in the sky, just as the prophets had said.

Three Wise Men who lived in the East saw the star. They knew that it was the Star of the Nativity, as we now sometimes call it.

They followed it, and it led them to Jerusalem.

Now, there was at that time a very bad king in Jerusalem whose name was Herod.

When Herod was told about the new star in the sky, he was troubled.

He sent for the three Wise Men and bade them find the Child and bring him word.

Then they went on their way, and the star guided them as before.

They had not gone far before the star stood still. It stood over a place in Bethlehem.

There they found the holy Babe with His mother. They knew that this Babe was really the Christ.

They knelt and adored Him. They brought Him offerings of gold, and many rare and costly presents.

The Wise Men did not return to Herod. They left Bethlehem by another way.

After they had gone, an angel appeared to Joseph in a dream. The angel told him to go to Egypt with the Child and Mary His mother, for Herod would try to kill the holy Babe.

Herod flew into a great rage when he found that the Wise Men did not come back to him.

He called his soldiers together and told them to kill all the little baby boys who were two years old or younger.

THE FLIGHT

scarcely	except	spared	aspen
honored	trembled	Nazareth	poplar

Herod thought Jesus would surely be killed with all the other baby boys; for his soldiers spared none except those who were older than two years.

Joseph, however, lost no time in doing what the angel bade him.

He told Mary of the angel's warning.

That very night the Holy Family started off for Egypt.

They had scarcely gone, when Herod's soldiers came to Bethlehem and began their wicked work.

The Holy Family had to travel many miles to get to Egypt.

They did not ride on camels' backs as the Wise Men had done.

Mary, with the holy Babe, rode on the back of an ass, but Joseph had to walk. Often Mary and Joseph had but little to eat.

Often, too, they trembled with cold.

There were but few inns along the way.

Much of the road lay through the desert.

Sometimes they found shelter under the poplar or aspen trees.

Were these trees not honored?

At last they reached Egypt, where they lived for seven years.



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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

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At the end of that time, Herod died. The angel then appeared again to Joseph and told him to return.

Joseph went back with Mary and the Child Jesus, and they lived in a little town called Nazareth.

This is why you sometimes hear Christ called Jesus of Nazareth.

JEWELS IN WINTER

million	twinkled	outstretched
diamonds	jewel	sunbeams

A million little diamonds
 Twinkled on the trees ;
 And all the little maidens said,
 " A jewel, if you please."
 But while they held their hands
 outstretched,
 To catch the diamonds gay,
 A million little sunbeams came,
 And stole them all away.

OVER IN THE MEADOW

I

sang	leaped	muskrat	dived
toadie	meadow	ratties	burrowed



Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad
And her little toadie one.
“Wink!” said the mother;
“I wink,” said the one:
So she winked and she blinked
In the sand, in the sun.



Over in the meadow,
 Where the stream runs blue,
 Lived an old mother fish
 And her little fishes two.
 "Swim!" said the mother;
 "We swim," said the two:
 So they swam and they leaped
 Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
 In a hole in a tree,
 Lived a mother bluebird
 And her little birdies three.
 "Sing!" said the mother;
 "We sing," said the three:
 So they sang, and were glad,
 In the hole in the tree.



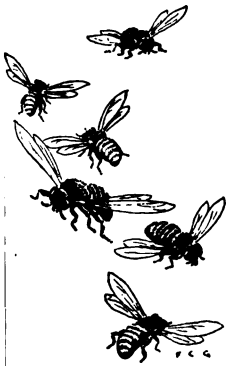
Over in the meadow,
 In the reeds on the shore,
 Lived a mother muskrat
 And her little ratties four.

“Dive!” said the mother ;
 “We dive,” said the four :
 So they dived and they burrowed
 In the reeds on the shore.



II

beehive	chirp	lizard	basked
cawed	cheery	eight	mossy



Over in the meadow,
 In a snug beehive,
 Lived a mother honeybee
 And her little honeys five.
 “Buzz!” said the mother ;
 “We buzz,” said the five :
 So they buzzed and they hummed
 In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
 In a nest built of sticks,
 Lived a black mother crow
 And her little crows six.
 “Caw!” said the mother ;
 “We caw,” said the six :

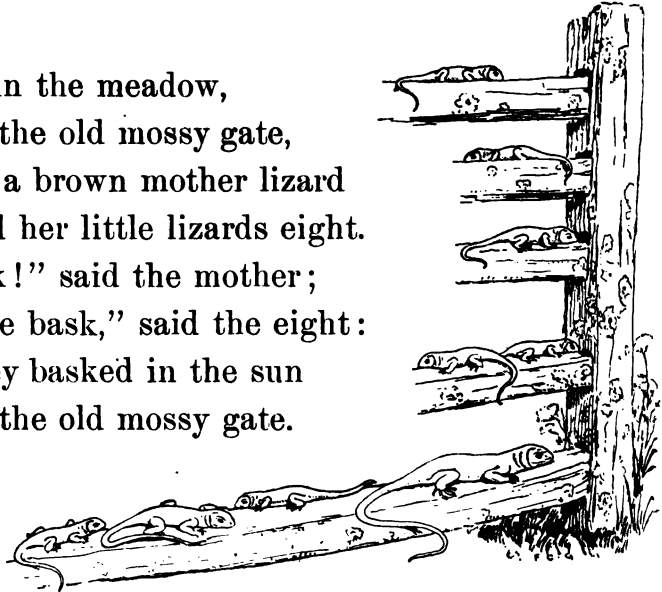


So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.



Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother cricket
And her little crickets seven
“Chirp!” said the mother;
“We chirp,” said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother lizard
And her little lizards eight.
“Bask!” said the mother;
“We bask,” said the eight:
So they basked in the sun
On the old mossy gate.



III

pools
froggies

croaked
plashed

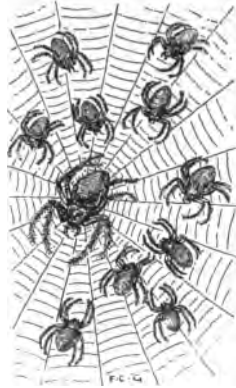
delve
anties

twelve
toiled



Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother frog
And her little froggies nine.
“Croak!” said the mother;
“We croak,” said the nine:
So they croaked, and they plashed,
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother spider
And her little spiders ten.
“Spin!” said the mother;
“We spin,” said the ten:
So they spun lace webs
In their sly little den.



Over in the meadow,
In the soft summer even,

Lived a mother firefly
 And her little flies eleven.
 "Shine!" said the mother;
 "We shine," said the eleven:
 So they shone like stars
 In the soft summer even.



Over in the meadow,
 Where the men dig and delve,
 Lived a wise mother ant
 And her little anties twelve.
 "Toil!" said the mother;
 "We toil," said the twelve:
 So they toiled, and were wise,
 Where the men dig and delve.

—OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

THE SEVEN SONS

foolish	quarrel	untied
single	bundle	mastered

A farmer had seven sons who could never agree. He had often told them how foolish it

was to quarrel with one another, but they kept on and did not listen to his words.

One day he called them before him, and showed them a bundle of sticks tied tightly together.

“See which one of you can break this bundle,” he said.

Each one took the bundle in his hands, and tried his best to break it; but it was so strong that they could not even bend it. At last they gave it back to their father, and said: —

“We cannot break it.”

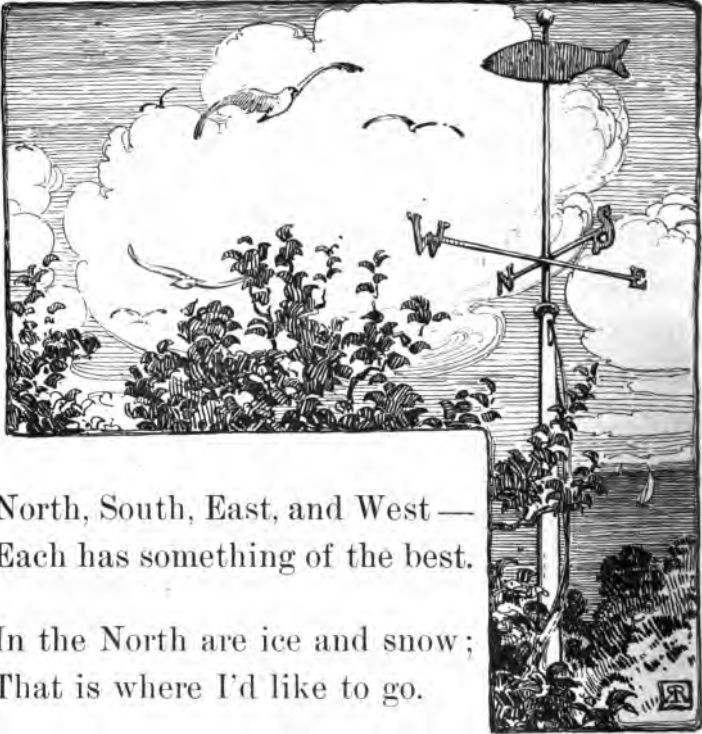
Then he untied the bundle and gave a single stick to each of his sons.

“Now see what you can do,” he said.

Each one broke his stick with great ease.

“My sons,” said the farmer, “you may learn a lesson from these sticks. If you will only stand together, you will be strong; but if each one stands by himself, you will be weak and easily mastered.”

EACH HAS SOMETHING GOOD



North, South, East, and West —
Each has something of the best.

In the North are ice and snow ;
That is where I'd like to go.

In the South are birds and flowers ;
There could I have happy hours.

In the East is the great sea ;
That is where I'd like to be.

In the West are fields of wheat
And corn for all of us to eat.

North, South, East, and West—
Each has something of the best.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

soil	tumbled	dirty
cornstalk	scampered	lapped



Three little kittens went out one morning
to play. They were neat and clean, for they

had just been washed. They had eaten their breakfast, too, and felt very happy.

This morning they had great sport while playing in the garden. They scampered up and down the trees like squirrels. Then they tumbled over and over on the soft grass.

At last one of them spied a cornstalk waving in the garden, and thought it would be fun to catch the long leaves.

But there the ground was wet, and the gardener had been turning over the soil.

Poor little kittens! Down went the soft white paws into the black wet earth.

Daisy saw the three naughty kittens from the window, and running to the door called, "Kitty, kitty, kitty!"

Back came the three little kittens, looking really timid and dirty.

Daisy felt sorry for them. She brought some water and helped them to wash.

She gave them some fresh, sweet milk, and they lapped it as if they were starved.

Then she told them a pretty story.

THE STORY

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.”

“ Pur-r, pur-r, pur-r,
Oh, let us have some pie.
Pur-r, pur-r, pur-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!
Oh, you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by;
Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow!”

LITTLE MEENAH

I

landed freeze garnet remarks
different ornaments beads understood

Meenah came from a country across the sea.

She came with her parents on a big ship.

It took them just twelve days to cross the water.

They landed in a large city, and the next morning they started on their way to their new home in the West.



They would ride nearly three days on a train. This was very strange to them, for in their country they had traveled by boat. They had never needed to take a train.

Meenah was very lonesome. She wished to see her little friends in her own far-away land.

How tired she was, too! She did not like to travel in this way.

She was tired riding, and, whenever the train stopped for some time, she would go out and look around.

People stared at her. They wondered where she had come from.

Her dress was so different from theirs. It was nearly winter and her arms were bare.

Her snow-white cap and her gold ornaments made people stop to look at her.

They admired the pretty garnet beads around her neck and the bright blue apron reaching almost down to her wooden shoes. These things told that Meenah had come from another country.

“Who is she? Isn't she pretty? I should

think she would freeze! Her feet must be tired carrying those big shoes!"

These and many other remarks were passed.

II

Holland	watchmen	canals	dikes
mountains	windmills	frozen	tulips

Could Meenah have understood what the people said, she would have answered, "I am a little Dutch girl.

"I came from Holland. It is a low land. I saw no mountains nor hills there.

"Our country has great walls built to keep out the sea. These walls are called dikes.

"Sometimes you will find trees growing on the top of them.

"Watchmen guard the dikes night and day to see that the sea does not break through. At one time, when the sea broke through, many people were drowned.

"All over Holland are canals. Windmills may be seen pumping the water from the land into the canals.

“ Much of the travel in Holland is done by boat. In winter, when the canals are frozen, people skate from one place to another.

“No, I do not wear my wooden shoes all



the time. I never wear them in the house. I leave them at the door when I enter.

“These shoes are not heavy. I always wear them in the garden and meadows. My garden was one large bed of tulips.”

THE MONTHS

January	April	July	October
February	May	August	November
March	June	September	December

January brings the snow ;
Makes the feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain ;
Thaws the frozen pond again.

March brings wind so cold and chill ;
Drives the cattle from the hill.

April brings us sun and showers,
And the pretty wild-wood flowers.

May brings grass and leafy trees,
Waving in each gentle breeze.

June brings roses, fresh and fair,
And the cherries, ripe and rare.

July brings the greatest heat,
Cloudless skies and dusty street.

August brings the golden grain ;
Harvest time begins again.

Mild September brings us more
Fruit and grain, for winter store.

Brown October brings the last
Of ripening gifts, from summer past.

Dull November brings the blast ;
Down from the trees the leaves fall fast.

Cold December ends the rhyme
With blazing fires and Christmas time.



HOME, SWEET HOME!

'Mid pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home!
A charm from the skies
Seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world,
Is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

—JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

STORKS

slender

harmful

repair

tidy

chimney

insects

weaker

northern



Are not these strange-looking birds?

Their legs are long and slender. Their bills, too, are very long.

Their nest is made of sticks and straw. It is on the top of a chimney.

These birds are called storks. They live in countries very far from here.

The children of those countries are happy when storks come and build nests near their homes. They are kind to the strange-looking birds and try to keep them from harm.

They know that the storks will be of great use. For these birds will keep the fields and gardens clear of snakes, mice, and harmful insects.

In some places where storks live there is scarcely a mouse or an insect to be found.

Storks are very kind to one another.

It is said that sometimes, when they have to fly very far, they help one another.

The weaker ones, when they become tired, rest their necks on the backs of those that are larger and stronger.

When winter comes, all the storks fly away to a warmer country, far, far to the south. They fly in the daytime and rest at night.

In the spring they come back again to their northern homes.

They then repair their old nests or build new ones. Some build them in trees, some like best to have them on the roofs or chimneys of houses.

They are good housekeepers, and their nests are always tidy and clean.

Storks are not all of the same color. Some are much handsomer than others.

A pure white stork with red bill and long, slender legs is a very pretty picture when seen standing in a green meadow.

In the Holy Land where our Lord once lived there are many storks.

The children in that country love them and sometimes call them the holy birds.

TWO GOOD DINNERS

A LESSON TO BE READ AT SIGHT

Fox. Well, Mr. Stork, I was out last night and brought home something for a good dinner.

Stork. What do you call a good dinner, Mr. Fox? Do you think I would like it?

Fox. Come to my house this evening and dine with me. Then you can see for yourself.

Stork. I thank you; you are very kind. At what time do you dine?

Fox. At five o'clock, if it pleases you.

Stork. Oh, yes. I shall be glad. I know I shall enjoy eating with you.

[The stork did nothing all day but think of the good dinner he hoped to get. He was very hungry, and could hardly wait. At five o'clock he went to the fox's house.]

Stork. Am I too early, Mr. Fox?

Fox. Oh, no, Mr. Stork! Dinner is just ready. Please sit down at the table. I am so glad that you came.

[The stork sat down. The fox made haste and brought in the food. It was nothing but chicken soup in very shallow dishes.]

The poor stork tried to eat. But, with his slender bill, he could not get even a taste.

The fox lapped very fast, and soon both dishes were empty and clean.

"Would you like some more?" asked the fox.

“If you please, Mr. Fox,” said the stork.

[Then the fox brought other dishes; but all were as shallow as the first, and there was nothing but soup. The stork was indeed very



hungry, but he could not get a drop into his mouth.]

Fox. Well, Mr. Stork, I hope you have enjoyed yourself. You now know what kind of dinners I call good, don't you?

Stork. Well, yes, I think I do. And now let me invite

you to dine with me some day.

Fox. Thank you. I shall be glad to do so.

Stork. When can you best come?

Fox. Let me see. Well, I think that perhaps Monday will be the best day for me.

Stork. Very well! Come on Monday. I shall be much pleased to see you then.

[On Monday the fox went down to the stork's house. He looked his best in his fine brown coat and white vest.

The stork made haste to serve the dinner. The food was in bottles with long necks. The fox could see it, but he could not reach it through the slim necks of the bottles.]

Stork. Please to help yourself, Mr. Fox.

Fox. Thank you. But how can I?

Stork. I will show you. It is very easy.

[Then the cunning bird put his long, slender bill into the long, slender neck of each bottle, and ate as much as he wished.]



THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS

After the Holy Family came back from Egypt, they lived in the town of Nazareth.

There Joseph worked as a carpenter.

Mary cared for the Child Jesus and did all that she could to make Joseph happy.

In those days many people went every year to Jerusalem. They went to the great feasts that were held in the temple.

The Child Jesus soon grew to be a strong and noble boy. When he was twelve years old his mother and Joseph took him with them to the feast at Jerusalem.

When the feast was over, they started to go home again to Nazareth.

They had gone some distance when Mary missed Jesus. Where could he be?

They went back to the city to look for him. They searched for three long days.

At last they found him in the temple. He was talking with the priests and other wise men. And all wondered at his great wisdom.

Painting by Hoffman.

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.



(1889)

FOXES AMONG THE VINES

swift

chase

tender

fifth

whines

meddles

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named "By and by."

Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter "Right away."

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox "I can't."

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave "I can."

• "No use trying" is among my vines;
I hear him as he lags and whines.

Then drive him low and drive him high,
With the good hunter named "I'll try."

Then among the vines in my small lot
Comes another fox named "I forgot."

Then drive him back to his own den
With your good gun "I'll not forget again."

The fifth small fox that meddles there
Among my vines is "I don't care."

Then send "I'm sorry," the hunter true,
To chase him from the vines and you.

— *Old Rhyme.*



STARS ARE OVERHEAD

Whether fair, whether foul,
Be it wet or dry,
Cloudy time or shiny time,
The sun is in the sky.

Gloomy night, pleasant night,
Be it glad or dread,
Cloudy time or shiny time,
Stars are overhead.

THE VINE AND THE OAK

support	scarlet	hardy	union
height	solid	rough	berries

A vine was growing beside a hardy oak.



It had just reached that height at which it needed support.

“Oak,” said the vine, “I am weak.”

“I am strong,” answered the oak.

“Bend your trunk so that you may hold me up,” said the vine.

“I am strong and I will hold you up,” said the oak, “but I am too large and too

solid to bend. I will be glad to help you, but you must cling to me.

“Put your arms around me, my pretty vine. I will support you even if you wish to climb as high as the clouds.

“While I thus hold you up, you shall make my rough trunk beautiful with your bright green leaves and scarlet berries.

“We were made by the Master of Life to grow together. By our union the weak shall give beauty to the strong and the strong shall give help to the weak.”

THE LEGEND OF LITTLE HERMAN

shrine recline statue innocence

Little Herman, every morning,
Went to church to Mary's shrine
There to see the Infant Jesus
In his mother's arms recline.

And he came one morning early
With an apple in his hands,
Golden colored, cheeks of roses, —
On his toes he stretching stands.

Reaching up towards Mary's statue —
“What an apple, Mother! Look!
Take,” he says; “give it to Jesus.”
And the Blessed Virgin took.



Smiling sweetly, she to Jesus
Gave the gift of innocence.
And the heart of little Herman
Throbbled with joy when going thence.

FLAG DAY

spangled
banner

England
sewed

widow
perfect

scissors
finished



Hurrah for our flag!
" 'Tis the star-spangled banner!
Oh, long may it wave!
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave!"

One morning some boys and girls were

talking about the star-spangled banner. They wondered whether it was a song or a flag. "We'll ask and find out," said a bright little fellow.

James. Is the "Star-Spangled Banner" a song?

Mary. Yes, it is the name of a song written about our flag. You know we call our flag the star-spangled banner.

Ned. No, I didn't know that, Mary.

Mary. Our first flag was made a long time before the song called the "Star-Spangled Banner" was written. The people of that time said, "Now that we are a union of thirteen states we must have a flag for our Union."

They said, too, that the flag of the United States should be thirteen stripes, by turns red and white. The union should be thirteen white stars in a blue field.

That was the way our first flag looked. There is a story that it was made by Betsey Ross.

James. Who was Betsey Ross?

Mary. She was a widow. She sewed well and had many friends who wished to help her. It is said that George Washington asked her to make the flag.

“I do not know that I can make it, but I shall be glad to try,” said Mrs. Ross.

Washington then drew the flag for her. While Washington was drawing the flag Mrs. Ross took her scissors and a small piece of paper. With one clip of her scissors she made a perfect five-pointed star.

Those who saw it were much pleased, for they thought the five-pointed star more beautiful than the six-pointed star of England.

In three days Betsey Ross had finished the first flag of the United States. At least, such is the story that I have heard.

James. How many stars are there now?

Ned. I know. There are just as many stars as there are states. Every time the people make a new state a new star is added to our own red, white, and blue.

Do you know how many states there are?

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —
 Of thee I sing:
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee —
Land of the noble, free —
 Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break —
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,

To Thee we sing :

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

GOD'S LOVE

My God! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy Mercy Seat
In depths of burning light!

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

— FATHER FABER.

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

(FOR TEACHERS)

ä, as in mäte.
 š, as in sen'šte.
 š, as in căre.
 š, as in št.
 š, as in šrm.
 š, as in šsk.
 š, as in šll.
 ą = ö, as in what.
 e = k, as in eat.
 ç = s, as in çell.
 ě, as in hě, měta.
 ě, as in ěvent.
 ě, as in mět.
 ě, as in hěr.
 e = ä, as in eight.
 é = ä, as in whěre.
 ee = ē, as in feet.
 ğ = j, as in ğem.
 ĩ, as in mĭne.
 ĩ, as in ĩdea.

ĩ, as in ĩt.
 ĩ = ē, as in sĭr, bĭrd.
 ĩ = ē, as in machĭne.
 ŋ = ng, as in bank, lĭnger.
 ō, as in ōld.
 ō, as in ōbey.
 ō, as in ōr.
 ō, as in nōt.
 o = ō, as in dō, rōm.
 o = ō or u, as in wōlf, fōot.
 ó = ū, as in sōn.
 ow = ou, as in owl.
 oy = oi, as in boy.
 s = z, as in hĭz.
 th, as in thĭn.
 th, as in thĕn.
 wh = hw, as in what.
 y = ĩ, as in bĭy.
 y = ĩ, as in hĭymn.
 y = ē, as in mĭrtle.

Certain vowels, as a and e, when obscured are marked thus: ą, e.
 Silent letters are italicized.

PRONUNCIATION

It is believed that the following list contains all the words in the Second Reader which are likely to present the slightest difficulty in either spelling or pronunciation.

á bŏve'
 á crŏss'
 ád mĭred'
 á grĕed'
 ą ĩght'y
 ą ĩmŏst
 ą ĩtar

Ā mĕr'ĭ cá
 á mŏng'
 á new'
 ąn'ĭ mal
 ąn'swĕred
 ąnt'ĭes
 ąp pĕared'

ąp'ple-tárt'
 Ā'prĭl
 ąrch
 á shŏre'
 ąs'pĕn
 Ā'trĭ
 at täck'

Au'gust	bow'ēr	chāins
au'tūmn	brānch'ēs	chārgē
bā'biēs	brēad	chāse
bāde	brēak	chāt'tēr bōx
bān'nēr	brēak'fast	cheer'fūl
bāre	brēathe	cheer'y
bārked	breeze	cheeḡe
bār'ley	brīdḡe	chīm'neŷ
bār'rēled	brīght'nēs	Chī'ná
bāsked	brō'ken	Chī'ná town
bās'kēts	brōōd	chīrp
bāthe	brōught	çit'y
bāt'tle	brūsh'ēs	elāss'ēs
bēadḡ	buīld	elēan
bēak	buīlt	elēar
bēam	būnch	elīmō'ing
bēast	būn'dle	elōth
bean'ti fūl	būr'denḡ	elūḡ
bē cāme'	būr'rōwed	elūs'tēr
bē çaḡe'	būrst	eōarse
bēe'hive'	būsh'ēs	cōast
bē hold'	būsh'y	eoiled
bē liēve'	buŷ	eōl'ōr
Bēn'jāmin	busy (bīz'zi)	Ċō lūm'būs
bē nēath'	eā lūm'nī āte	eōm'fōrt
bēr'riēs	eām'el	eōm'fōrt a ble
Bēth'lē hēm	eā nāḡ'	eōōk'ies
bēt'tēr	eān'dleḡ	eōrdḡ
bē tween'	eārd'er	eōre
blēak	eār'pen ter	eōst'lŷ
blind	eār'riāḡe	eōs tūme'
blithe	eḡught	eōt'tāḡe
blōwn	eḡwed	eouch
bōasts	çēllḡ	eōūḡ'in
bōught	çēn'ter	eōv'ēred

eoy'ly	dirt'y	feast
erā'dles	dis like'	Fēb'ru & r'y
erēam	dis'tance	fēl'lōw
erīb	dived	fī'bērs
erīck'ēt	dī vid'ed	fēld
erōaked	dōne	fīf'tēen'
erōss	dōn'key	fīfth
erowd	dōor'stēp	fīn'est
erū'ēl	dōth	fīn'īshed
erūmbē	dra ^w n	fīsh'īng
eūn'ning	drēam	fīat'tēr
eūrl'y	driv'en	fīesh
eūr'tāing	drowned	fīeē
eush'ionē	dūr'ing	fīing
dāin'ty	ēarth'ly	fīoats
dāis'ies	ēas'y l'y	fīōck
Dān'y ēl	ēas'y	fīōor
dārk	ēat'en	fīour
dār'ling	E'gypt	fīōld'ed
dāte	eight	fīōnd
dāugh'tēr	ē lēv'en	fīōol'ish
dēad	ēmp'ty	fīōr'ēt
dēar'ly	ēn'e m'y	fīōur'tēen'
dēath	En'glānd (īng-)	fīōurth
Dē cēm'bēr	ē nōugh'	fīeeze
dēl'y eāte	ēs cāpe'	fīiēnd'ly
dē light'	ēs pouēd'	Fritz
dēlve	ē'ven īng	fīrōg'glē
dēpths	ewe (ū)	fīrōz'en
dēs'ērt	ēx cēpt'	fīrūt
dew (ū)	fāint	fīr'r'y
dī'ā mōnd	fāll'en	gār'ment
dīf'fēr ēnt	fām'y l'y	gār'nēt
dīkes	fās'ten	gāth'ēr
dīn'ner	fēar	Gēn'ō &

Gēr'mə nŷ	hūmp	lāughed
gĭfts	hūn'drēdʒ	lāwn
glō'rĭfĭeʒ	hūng	lēad'ɪng
gōad	hūr'rŷ	lēadʒ
gōs'sĭps	r'dle	lēaped
grās'sŷ	Īn'çēnsē	lēarned
grāv'ēl	Īn dēed'	lēnd'eth
Grētch'ēn	Īn'dī ʒ	lē's'sōngʒ
grĭēf	Īn'dī ʒnʒ	lēst
grūdʒe	Īn'nō çēnçē	lĭb'ēr tŷ
guārd	Īn'sēets	lĭl'ŷeʒ
guide	Īn stēad'	lĭmðʒ
hāl'f-grōwn'	Īn vĭt'ed	lĭn'ēn
hānd'sōme	Is'land	lĭs'ten
hāng'ɪng	Jā'eōb	lĭt'tēr
hāp'pen	Jān'tū ʒ rŷ	lĭz'ārd
hāp'pĭ nēs	Jē ru'sā lēm	lōne'sōme
hār'bōr	jew'ēl	lōp
hārd'lŷ	Jew'ĭsh	lōōse
hārd'ŷ	Jō'sēph	lōve'lŷ
hārm'ful	joŭr'neŷ	lōw'ɪng
hārm'ɪng	joy'ōūs	lūtes
hār'vest	jūice	māid
hēadʒ	Jū lŷ'	māid'enʒ
heārt'ŷ	Jūne	māize
hēav'ŷ	keen	māj'es tŷ
Hē'brewʒ	kĭng'dōm	mān'āge
heĭght	kneel	mān'gēr
Hĭ'ā wā'thā	knew	mān'kĭnd'
hĭl'side	knĭght	March
Hōl'land	knōck	Mār'eō Pō'lō
hōl'lōw	knōwn	mās'tērred
hōn'ōred	lā'dĭeʒ	mēad'ōw
hō tēlʒ'	lāmb'kĭnʒ	mēal
hūm'ble	lāpped	mēant

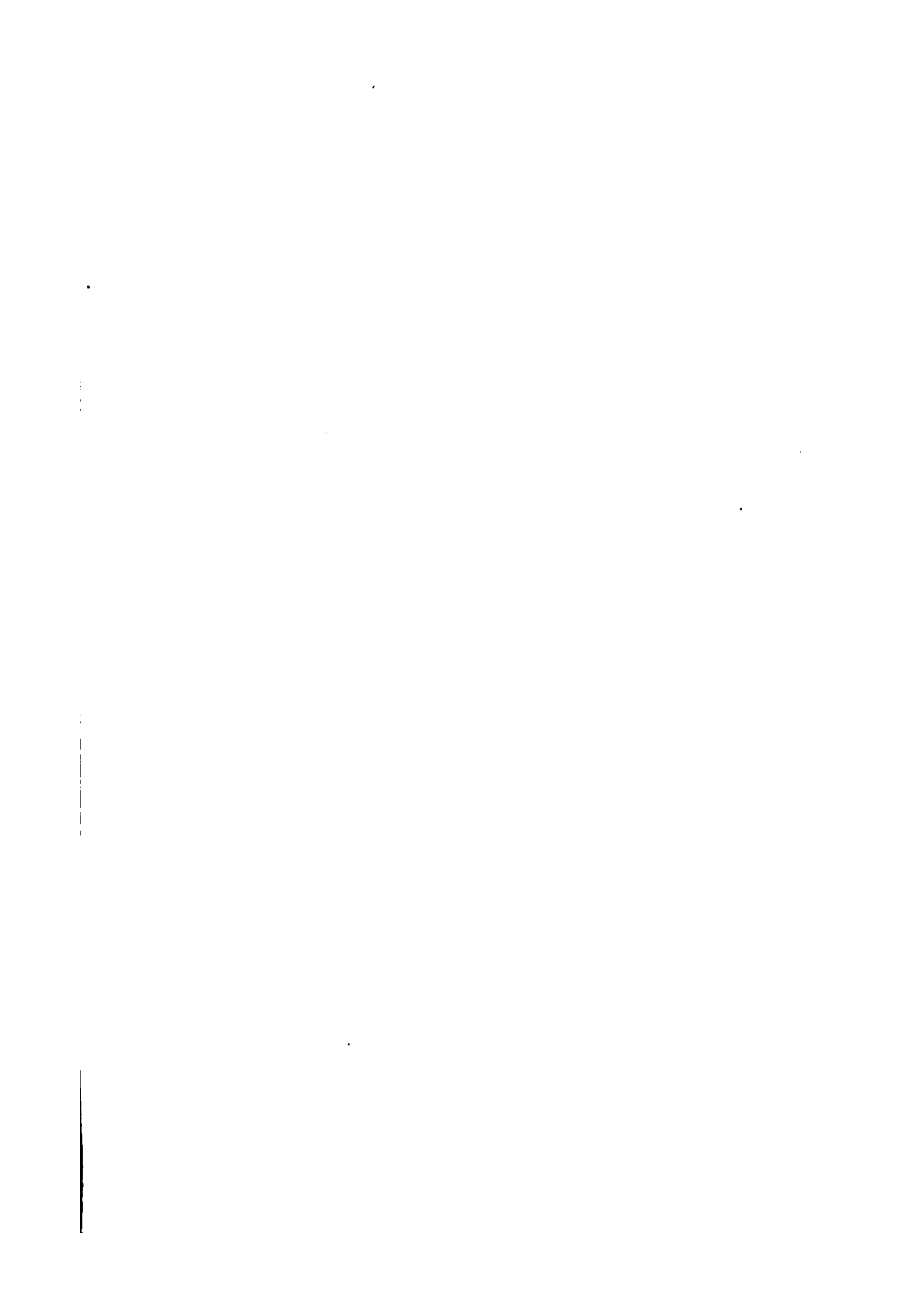
mēas'tire	nōrth'ēr	piē'tūreŝ
mēd'dle	nōs'triŋŝ	piēce
mēd'i ċine	Nō vēm'bēr	pīg'eōnŝ
Mee'nāh	nūm'bēr	pī'rātes
mē lō'dī oūs	nūrse	pī'tch'ēr
mēnd'ed	ō'cegn	plāshed
mēr'eŷ	Ōc tō'bēr	plēa'gant
mēs'sāg eŝ	ōf'fēred	plēaŝ'eŝ
mī'l'lōn	ōf'fēr ŋg	plēn'tŷ
mīrth	ōf'ten	Pō cá hōn'tas
mīt'tēnŝ	ōl'ive	pōl'ished
mōnthŝ	once (wūns)	pō lite'
Mōōŝ	ōn'lŷ	pōōlŝ
Mōŝ'eŝ	ō'pened	pōp'lār
mōss'y	ōr'dēred	prāiŝe
mōst'lŷ	ōr'nā ments	prāt'tie
moun'tainŝ	ōught	prē pāred'
mouth	out strētched'	prēŝ'ents
mōv'ing	ō'ver seerŝ	prīe'kle
mū'ŝie	ōwned	prīest
mūsk'rāt	ōwn'ērg	prīŝ'on
Nā tīv'i tŷ	pāl'āce	prīŝ'on ēr
nā'tūre	pālŋ	prōph'ēts
nāugh'tŷ	Pā'lōs	prōve
Nāz'ā rēth	pār'ents	psālŋŝ
neigh'bōr	pār'lōr	pulled
nēith'ēr	pār tāke'	pūr
nēs'tle	pāssed	pūre
nēs'tlīngŝ	pā'tient	push
nīb'bled	pēace	quāf'ing
nīgh	pēaŝ'ant	quār'rēl
nīght'lŷ	pērched	queer
Nō'āh	pēr'fēet	quite
noiŝe	pēr'sōn	rāil'roadŝ
Nō kō'mīs	pīck'ing	rāised

rāi'sin	seāt'tēr	slēn'dēr
rāpped	scēnt	slēpt
rāp'tūre	sci's'gōrɔ	slōw'ly
rāre	serā'tch'ing	snā'tch
rāt'tling	sēarched	sōl'diers (-jērs)
rēach	sēa'song	sōl'id
rēad'y	sēat'ed	Sōl'ō mōn
rēal'ly	sēc'ondɔ	sōme'bōd y
rē cline'	sē'erēt	sōōthe
rē mārks'	sēnd'eth	sōr'rōw
rē mēm'bēr	Sēp tēm'bēr	sōr'ry
rē pāir'	sēr'pent	sound'ly
rē tūrn'	sērv'ant	spān'gled
rīp'en	sērve	spāred
rīse	sērv'īce	spārk
rōb'bērɔ	sewed (sōd)	spār'kle
rōcked	shād'ōw	spēnt
Rōme	shāl'lōw	spi'ceɔ
rōōm	shāped	spi'dēr
rough (rūf)	shārp	spīn'hērɔ
rūsh'eq	shēlf	spōk'en
sāck	shēl'tēr	squāreɔ
sāf'est	shēp'hērd	squāw
sāfe'ty	shīm'mēr	squīrm
sāil'ōr	shīne	stā'ble
sāmp'led	shōeɔ	stārt'ed
sān'dalɔ	shōuld	stārved
sāng	show'erɔ	stāt'ūe
Sān'tā Clāus	shrūg	stōck
Sāul	sīgh	stōl'en
Sāv'iour (-yūr)	sīlk'en	stōm'ach
seālēɔ	sīlk'y	stōreɔ
scānt	sīl'vēr	stōrm
seārce'ly	sīn'gle	stō'ry
scār'lēt	skīrts	strānge

strēngth
 strikes
 striv'ing
 strōng
 strōn'gēr
 stūd'y
 stū'pid
 sūn'bēamz
 sūp'pēr
 sūp pōrt'
 sūp pōge'
 surē'l'y
 sūr prīsed'
 swa'd'dling
 swa'l'low
 swōrd
 tā'ble
 tāk'ing
 tēar'ful
 tēeth
 tēm'ple
 tēn'dēr
 tēn'drīlz
 thānks'giv'ing
 thīck
 thīrst'y
 thīr't'y
 thou'sandz
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 thriv'ing
 thrōng
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 ūn'dēr stōōd'
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 ūn tied'
 ūn til'
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 vēg'e tā ble
 vine yārd
 voy'age
 wāist
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wān'ders
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 wīth'ered
 wōm'an
 wōn'dēr
 wōōf
 wōōl'l'y
 world
 wor'ship
 wrāpped
 wrīn'kle
 wrīt'ten
 wrīt'ing
 wrōng
 yēar
 yēlp
 yēld
 yōūn'gēst
 yōūr sēlf'



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