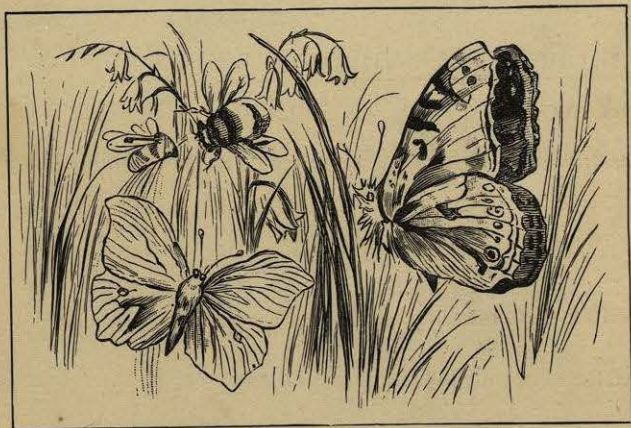


XLIII. THE FIELDS IN MAY.

[MEMORY GEM.]

| | | | | | | |
|-----------|--|----------|--|-----------|--|-------------|
| ver'dure | | jour'ney | | busi'ness | | laugh'ingly |
| fra'grant | | shad'ow | | mead'ow | | but'ter fly |

What can better please,
 When your mind is well at ease,
 Than a walk among the green fields in May?
 To see the verdure new,



And to hear the loud cuckoo,
 While sunshine makes the whole world gay:

When the butterfly so brightly
 On his journey dances lightly,
 And the bee goes by with business-like hum,

When the fragrant breeze and soft,
 Stirs the shining clouds aloft,
 And the children's hair, as laughingly they come:

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

W. ALLINGHAM.

RHYMING WORDS.

Write the last words of the first and second lines in each stanza; then of the fourth and fifth. What lines are left? Do they rhyme with each other?

EXPRESSION. — To be read musically, but not with sing-song tones.

LANGUAGE.

The verdure is the green grass and the leaves.
 The finch and linnet and cuckoo are birds.
 The butterflies and bees are insects.

Bowers are little arbors or shady places made by the branches of the trees or bushes.

Cresses are plants found on the edges of brooks. They have a hot, biting (*pungent*) taste, and are eaten at table as a salad.

XLIV. BABY CALLA.

| | | | |
|-----------|------------|------------|----------|
| nes'tle | gar'dener | trow'el | pal'ace |
| blan'kets | cov'er let | bed'quilts | lan'tern |

1. Baby Calla had been put into her little bed by the kind gardener.

It was not a clean white bed with pretty hangings, in which she lay.

There were no great, fluffy pillows for her golden head to nestle against. The sheets that covered her were brown and damp, and the place was very dark.

2. When the man made up the bed for the little baby, he took great pains to have it smooth and nice. He patted it gently with his trowel, and left the blankets off all day, that the sun might warm it.

3. Then he laid the little baby in very carefully, and covered her over with the brown blankets. He did not allow even the tip of her nose to show above them.

4. Baby Calla did not want to be covered up. But the wise old gardener knew what was best for such little tots, and he packed her snugly in.

"Oh, how cruel to make me lie here in this dark place!" cried the little one. "It was bad

enough, I am sure, in the box, but this damp, musty bed is a thousand times more dreadful!"

5. Then she lay quite still, thinking.

"I wonder how long I am to stay here!" she cried, after trying in vain to drop off to sleep.

Then she tried to throw off the blankets, but they were so heavy she could not lift them.

6. "Oh dear, oh dear! How very tiresome it is, to be sure! If I were only a little bigger, I would not be many minutes in getting these dirty old bedquilts off my poor head. How I do wish that I could grow!"

7. Just then a clear, soft light from a pretty lantern lit up the place where she lay, and something cool touched her face.

"Wait," said a queer little voice beside her, — "wait, and you shall grow."

8. "How do you know that?" asked baby Calla, gazing in wonder at the handsome lamp which the stranger carried.

"Oh," was the reply, "I have seen hundreds of nice babies, just like you, put in the beds and covered up. They always come up beautifully."

9. "How do they get out?" asked baby Calla.

"Well, they grow — and grow — and grow, until they are quite large enough and strong enough

to throw off the covers and look out. You will be very beautiful by and by if you wait.”

10. “My good friend, you seem to know everything,” said baby Calla. “Perhaps you will tell me your name.”

“Indeed I will! It is Glow Worm.”

“That is rather a pretty name. Do you always carry a lamp with you?”

11. “Yes, always. But it burns brightest in damp places. Now I must be going. Good by.”

Sometimes a small army of tiny creatures would tramp past her, but it was too dark for her to see them.

12. Once baby Calla tried to follow a huge beetle, but the heavy covers settled back so quickly that she could not get on.

But soon she found a new and strange feeling swelling within her bosom. Then a voice which seemed to be the voice of God, said, “Arise, my child, for it is morning!”

13. And, as she lifted her head above the brown coverlet, lo! the plain wrapper she had worn so long unclasped itself from about her neck, and slipped off.

14. Then she was in the light again. “Oh, how lovely it is!” she said.

She looked about her and saw so many things that she quite forgot herself. But when she remembered to look, she stood bathed in the beautiful sunlight, robed in the finest green satin, with diamonds on her bosom.

15. And she grew, and grew, fairer and fairer, taller and more stately, until the dear little glow-worm’s light could no longer shine upon her face.



16. Then the gardener came one day, and with his trowel lifted her and placed her in a lovely vessel of gold and silver. After this she was carried to the palace of

the good little princess Lighthouseart.

And the dear princess Lighthouseart called her Calla Lily.

LANGUAGE.

Tell what things the words below stand for or name: —

| | | | |
|------------|---------|----------|------------|
| pil'low | lil'y | blank'et | sat'in |
| gar'den er | trow'el | lan'tern | di'a monds |
| cov'er let | lamp | pal'ace | ves'sel |

Thus: A *lantern* is a kind of lamp that can be used out of doors.

This lantern was the glow-worm’s light.

XLV. WAITING TO GROW.

sprout | month | pres'ently | read'y

Think of the flowers that are waiting to grow

Under the snow.

And think what hosts of queer little seeds,—

Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and weeds,—

Are under the leaves and under the snow

Waiting to grow.

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,

Reaching their slender brown fingers about

Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,

Waiting to grow.

Only a month or a few weeks more

Will they have to wait behind that door,

Listen and watch and wait below

Waiting to grow.

Nothing so small or hidden so well

That God will not find it, and presently tell

His sun where to shine and his rain where to go,

Helping them grow.

LANGUAGE.

Name months for *growing* and months for *waiting*.

XLVI. AUNT KATE'S WHITE SUGAR.

| | | | | |
|-----------|----------|----------|----------|-----------|
| ar rived' | jour'ney | crys'tal | a'pron | De troit' |
| ser'vice | tow'el | shrubs | ne'gress | guest |

1. Myra's home is in the far South. It is always summer there.

She can go out of doors for a walk with Maumer, her nurse, on the coldest days of the year without mittens or a hood.

At Christmas time she can have a chase with Fido on the clean bright grass in the park, and not feel a bit cold.

2. She can find plenty of wild flowers whenever she has a mind to search for them.

From the trees in her father's grove she can pluck the sweetest oranges. Yet this little Southern girl prizes a nice red apple more than she does a whole apronful of ripe oranges.

Myra's nurse is a faithful negress. Nurse's mother was a house-servant in the family of Myra's grandmother, and a slave.

3. So Nurse Maumer was once a little slave girl. But when her freedom was given her, she begged that she might remain in the service of the family she loved. And so in time she came to be Myra's nurse.

She is kind-hearted and trusty, and Myra's good papa has given her the charge of his little girl on a journey to Detroit.

Myra has an auntie living at Detroit. Mr. Hall, who has been at the South, looking after his orange-groves there, is going with them.

4. The mocking-birds are singing when she starts, and the woods and fields are sweet with blossoms. Roses bloom in the gardens, and strawberries and cream have been on their breakfast-table for many weeks.

It is not yet light when the train glides slowly into the long depot at Detroit.

5. Myra has to pull her eyes open with her chubby fingers when the man in charge of the sleeping-coach comes to tell her that they have arrived.

She is wrapped in thick shawls, and taken in a cab to her Aunt Kate's house, which is on Fort Street. In the nicely warmed rooms she does not dream of the keen, cold weather outside.

As soon as it is light her aunt throws open the blind in the pretty breakfast-room, and asks her little guest to come and look.

6. Myra gazes in wonder.

"O Auntie!" she cries, "where did all that

nice white sugar come from; and what do the people of your city do with so much of it? No wonder you are the sweetest auntie in the world." And she perches on the tips of her kid boots to kiss the smiling face bending over her.

7. "Run down the steps, Myra, and fetch me a handful of the sugar for my coffee," says her aunt.

Off scamper the nimble feet, and soon their owner's voice is heard in the hall, calling out:—

"Please open the door quick, Aunt Katie! The sugar is so cold that it hurts. And it is all melting and running through my fingers."

8. Myra's auntie takes the dripping mass from the small, red hands of the little girl. As she tenderly dries the cold fingers on a soft towel, she tells her how the good God has formed the beautiful snow-crystals. How He has spread the white mantle of snow over the shrubs and flowers that they may not be harmed by the cold Northern winter.

SPELL AND WRITE.

shrubs | crys'tals | tow'el | guest | depot'

LANGUAGE.

Compare snow and sugar to see how they are alike.



| | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| stu'pid instead' | rough enjoyed' | cov'ered build'ing | les'son learned |
|---------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|

1. Mabel was a good little girl, but she did not like to study. She told her mother that she could walk and talk, and do ever so many other things, and she didn't care if she didn't know how to read.

2. Her mother was sorry to hear her little girl talk in that foolish way. She told Mabel how sorry she would feel to grow up and know nothing.

Mabel said she would be willing to learn if it was not such hard work.

3. One morning Mabel lay on the floor with her book in her hand. "Mamma," she said, "I don't think other little girls have such hard times studying as I do."

4. "I know my little girl is not stupid," said her mother. "If you would study your lesson, Mabel, instead of thinking how hard it is, you would soon get through. But put your book away now, and I will give you a lesson without any book."

5. Mabel was delighted to put her book down. She did not know what her mother could mean. They put on their hats and walked a long distance. At last they came to a shady yard with a large stone building in it. Mabel's mother asked to go to the schoolroom. They were taken into a large room, where many little girls were seated in a row, with books in their hands.

6. "Now, Mabel," said her mother, "see how nicely these little girls study."

The teacher gave Mabel one of their books. She looked at it a moment, and said, "Mamma, they are not studying at all, for their books have no letters in them."

7. Mabel's mother then took one of the books and showed it to her. There were no black let-

ters in it; but Mabel felt the page, and found that it was rough. Her mother told her it was covered with raised letters.

8. The teacher asked one of the little girls to read for Mabel. The pupil ran her fingers over the page, and read nicely. Mabel then learned that the poor little girls were blind, and could only read by feeling the letters with the tips of their fingers.

9. Mabel enjoyed her lesson without any book very much, but she was sorry for the little blind girls. She told her mother that her own lessons would not seem tiresome again, when she thought how hard it must be for them to learn to use books.

NATURAL HISTORY. — THE EYE. *A Study.*

The eye rests in a bony socket. The forehead protects it from above, the cheek-bone below, and the eyelids, a pair of fringed curtains, cover it whenever the light would be too bright, or any other harm would come to it. The eye itself is a round white ball. On the front of the eyeball is the round *iris*, which is either blue, gray, brown, or black. In the centre of the iris is the *pupil*, a small, round window. Inside this window is the *nerve of sight*, which reaches from the brain to the eye. If harm comes to this nerve, the sight may be lost, and people become blind.

XLVIII. A CHILD TO A ROSE.

| | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------------|------------------|
| sur prise/ friend'ly | fin'ished wood'bines | brown crest'ed moon'white | scorns thorns |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------------|------------------|

White Rose, talk to me!
 I don't know what to do.
 Why do you say no word to me
 Who say so much to you?
 I'm bringing you a little rain,
 And I shall feel so proud
 If, when you feel it on your face,
 You take me for a cloud.
 Here I come so softly
 You cannot hear me walking;
 If I take you by surprise
 I may catch you talking.

White Rose, are you tired
 Of staying in one place?
 Do you ever wish to see
 The wild flowers, face to face?
 Do you know the woodbines,
 And the big brown-crested reeds?
 Do you wonder how they live
 So friendly with the weeds?
 Have you any work to do

When you've finished growing?
 Shall you teach your little buds
 Pretty ways of blowing?

Do you ever go to sleep?—
 Once I woke by night,
 And looked out of the window:
 And there you stood moon-white,—
 Moon-white, in a mist of darkness,—
 With never a word to say;
 But you seemed to move a little,
 And then I ran away.

White Rose, do you love me?
 I only wish you'd say.
 I would work hard to please you
 If I but knew the way.
 I think you nearly perfect
 In spite of all your scorns;
 But, White Rose, if I were you,
 I *wouldn't* have those thorns.

Poems for a Child.

LANGUAGE.

Find in the lesson two COMPOUND words; two CONTRACTIONS, that is, words having an *apostrophe* to mark a letter left out where two words are joined to make one.

XLIX. THE FLOWERS.

| | | | |
|-----------|----------|---------|-----------|
| sea'son | breathed | ti'ny | a'corn |
| pro duce' | prop'er | cau'ses | cher'ries |

1. How does the rose draw its bright color from the dark brown earth?

How does the lily get its shining white?

How can the tiny seed grow into a plant?

And how does every plant know its season to put forth leaves and buds and blossoms?

2. They all come in their order; each one knows its place.

The mayflower and the violet make haste to lift their heads above the ground. When spring comes, they come, saying, "Here are we!"

3. The rose waits for the warm summer, and the pretty aster and golden-rod come late, and stay to meet the biting frost.

4. Every plant produces another like itself.

An ear of corn will not grow from an acorn, nor will a grape-vine produce cherries; but every one springs from its proper seed.

5. What keeps them alive through the cold winter, when snow is on the ground and the sharp frost is in the air?

6. What causes them to spring up again and send their sap through the hard branches?

Who breathed on them with the breath of spring?

7. There is little need that I should tell you of God, for everything speaks of Him.

8. Every field is like an open book; every flower has a lesson written on its leaves.

9. Every brook has a tongue, and there is a voice in every whispering wind.

10. They all speak of Him who made them. They all tell us that He is very good.

MRS. BARBAULD.



L. TINTO, THE FERRY-HOUSE PARROT.

| | | | |
|-------------|----------------|------------|------------|
| Al a ba'ma | ad'ver tis ing | im'i tate | in'ter est |
| cus'tom ers | re fresh'ment | bus'i ness | crim'son |

1. Tinto was a beauty. He was dressed in green and crimson, with here and there a dash of gold. He could talk very well, and was fond of doing so. He lived at a ferry-house, on a river in Alabama.

2. Tinto's master kept a refreshment room. His cage used to hang at the door, where the people passed in going to and from the boats,

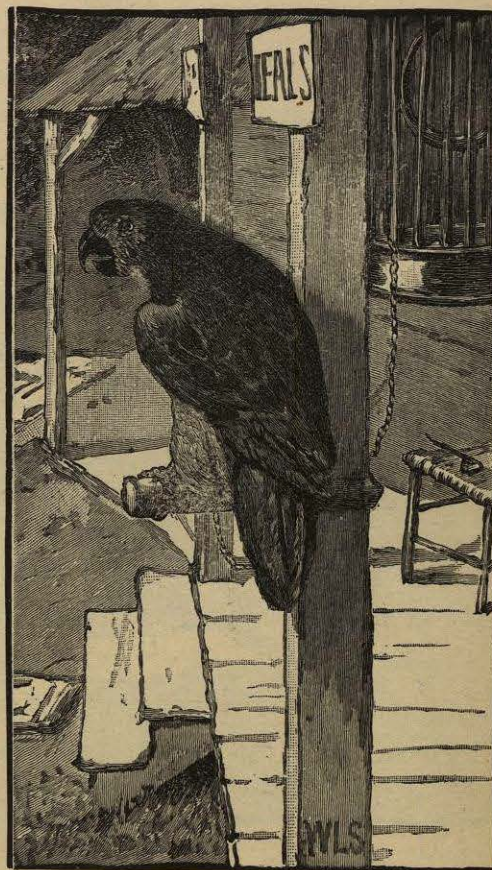
and his long chain let him perch outside. This parrot was in the advertising business. He was quick in picking up words and short sentences.

3. "Hot coffee, sir?" "Have a bite?" "Here's the place!" "Come in, all!"

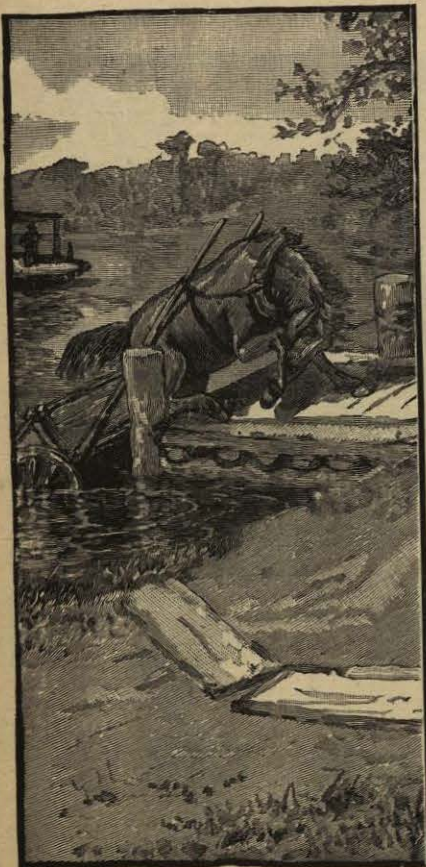
He kept using these phrases, and so brought in many customers to his master.

4. Tinto not only said what he was taught, but he would imitate many sounds he heard. He could whistle to the dogs he saw, and they would run all about to find their masters.

He tried to crow like the old rooster in his



master's yard; but this was almost the only thing he could not do.



5. Tinto was a very noisy bird. He used to scream very loud, and chatter, as though he were laughing. He seemed to take an interest in everything that was going on near the ferry.

6. One day he played a sad trick upon a poor horse. Dobbin was a good horse, and always obeyed his driver. He used to draw loads, brought across the river in the boats, up to the town. When Dobbin's master went to dinner,

he used to leave his team by the ferry-house.

7. The wagon was backed down the gangway, ready to take in a load. Tinto saw the thing done every day, and heard what was said to

Dobbin. I don't know whether the parrot meant to be naughty or not, but on this day he cried out, as loud as he could, "Back up, Dobbin! Back up, Dobbin! Back up, sir!"

8. Dobbin had backed down the gangway hundreds of times before when the order was given. He did so this time. Tinto kept saying the same words, and Dobbin kept backing. He backed the wagon off the gangway, and then went over into the river himself.

o beyed'
gang'way
wheth'er
hun'dreds
mis'chief.

9. A boy saw all this, and called Dobbin's master. After some hard work, the poor horse and the wagon were taken out of the water. Tinto was kept in the attic a month for this trick. If he did it for mischief, perhaps he wished he had done nothing but the advertising business.

LANGUAGE.

Describe this kind of advertising. Tell any other kinds that you have ever seen or heard of.

How many syllables in the words below? —

Advertising, refreshment, business, customer, imitate.

Study different syllables to learn how many sounds they have, and see if they have the same number of letters.