

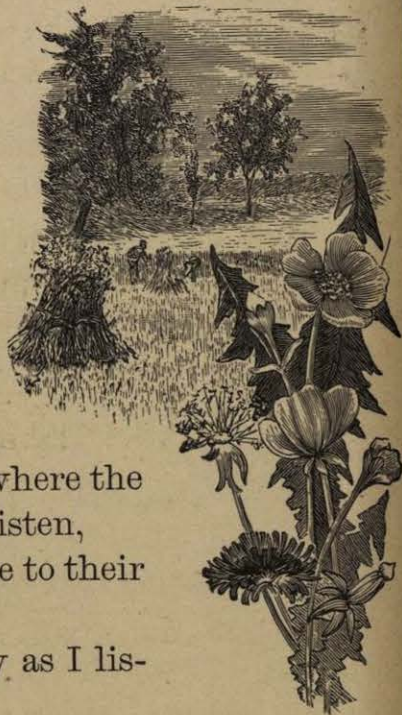
Slowly and brightly I watched it declining  
Through the old elm-tree, all golden with  
light.

Soon will the night come, the darkness will  
gather

Over the fields, and  
the trees, and the  
leaves,

And the round moon  
will shine brightly  
where father

Reaped down the  
harvest and bound  
the brown sheaves.



Beasts have lain down where the  
bright dewdrops glisten,

Birds have gone home to their  
roosts long ago,

Only the bat brushes by as I lis-  
ten,

Or the black beetle hums drowsy and slow.

Lay the white cloth for his coming, dear  
mother;

Set out his chair where he likes it to be;

Close at his side you shall stand, little brother,  
Baby shall sit like a queen on his knee.

From the hard hand that has labored so truly,  
Toiling and straining that we might have  
bread,

We'll take the sickle that did its work duly,  
Leave it to-night with the spade in the shed.

We'll hang around him with smiles and caresses,  
Make him forget, as we climb on his chair,  
Toil that has wearied, and care that oppresses,  
All but his home and his little ones there.

**LANGUAGE.**

What do you think is meant by the sun's "declining"?  
Tell what kind of a spirit you think the verses show.



LXXVII. THE WHITE CAT. — Part V.

Blanche	ma'jesty	wed'dings	ha'zel
reigned	sulk'ily	mus'tard	ker'nel

1. Then Prince Beryl came in, and they were all surprised at his grand dress and carriage, and all his followers. He cracked his walnut, and found in it a hazel-nut. He cracked that, and found a cherry-stone. In it was its kernel.

2. Then the King laughed, and the other Princes began to whisper; but the Prince took out of the kernel a grain of wheat. In the grain of wheat was a mustard-seed.

3. Then he gave up hope, and began to mutter, "Ah! White Cat, you have cheated me." As he spoke, he felt a cat's claw scratch his hand, so that the blood came.

4. He opened the mustard-seed, and took out a piece of cloth, five hundred yards long and three yards wide. On it were worked all the birds, beasts, and fishes in the world; the sun, moon, and stars; every sort of plant and tree that grows; and pictures of all the kings and queens then in the world, and all their subjects, down to the smallest child.

5. The King became as pale as death when he saw it. Prince Beryl passed it through the needle again and again, while the other Princes looked on very sulkily, though all the Court



could not help gazing at the wonderful stuff, and admiring it.

6. "My sons, this is very wonderful," said the King at last; "but we have all forgotten one thing, which is, that a king needs a wife. Travel one year more, and he who brings home the most lovely lady shall be crowned and married on the same day."

7. Prince Beryl was not much pleased, but he drove off to his puss, and found all the road strown with flowers and hung with flags. White Cat sat on a throne by the gate. "You shall have a lady," she said. "Stay with me now for another year."

8. To amuse the Prince, she had ordered a great sea-fight between her cats and the rats of the country. The cats had pieces of cork for ships; the rats had egg-shells. It was a hard battle, for the cats did not like the water; but the rats swam well. In the end the cats won.

9. When the last day came, the White Cat said to Prince Beryl, "Cut off my head and tail, and throw them into the fire quickly." But the Prince cried out, —

10. "My Pussy, my darling Pussy! I would not be so cruel for ten crowns!" However, she

begged so hard that at last he drew his sword and cut off her head and tail.

11. In a moment the cat was gone, and before him stood the most beautiful lady he had ever seen. At once a number of lords and ladies came in, each with a cat-skin.

12. They threw themselves at the lady's feet, and called her their dear Princess Blanche. Then came a troop of servants, and did the same.

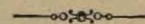
The Princess told Prince Beryl that some angry fairies had changed her and all her ladies and gentlemen into cats, and had left of her servants only the hands, and that she could only be set free by a handsome young prince.

13. They set out at once for the King's palace; and, the moment the Princess Blanche came in, every one cried out that she was the most lovely of all the ladies in the world.

14. "Your majesty," she said to the King, "I do not come to take your crown. I have six kingdoms of my own. If you will accept one for yourself, I will give one each to your elder sons, and the three that are left will be quite enough for Prince Beryl and me."

15. So every one was pleased, and the three weddings took place, for the other Princes had each brought home a handsome wife. King Beryl and Queen Blanche reigned for many years, loved by all their subjects.

**LANGUAGE.** — After having read this story several times, the points should be recalled from memory as a Language and Memory exercise.



LXXVIII. THE BAT.

wea'sel | escaped' | weight | tum'bling | mis ta'ken

1. The bat is a queer little creature. He wears a coat of soft, brown fur, like the mouse. Yet he has a pair of wings, and flies in the air like a bird. His legs are so small and weak that, small as he is, they could hardly bear his weight; when we see him we hardly know whether to think of him as a beast or a bird.

2. Here is a very old story of a bat, who saved his life by passing first for one and then for the other:

A bat trying to fly one day, the story says, fell to the ground, and a weasel caught him.

He begged the weasel not to take his life.

"I always kill birds," said the weasel.

3. "But I am not a bird," said the bat, as he folded his wings close to his sides; "birds don't come tumbling down as I did; and besides, don't you see my little, smooth head, and my ears?"

4. "Yes, yes," said the weasel; "I did not notice them at first. I see you are a mouse." So he let him go.

Some time after, the bat took another flight,



and again fell to the ground; and another weasel came out of his hole and caught him.

5. "Pray don't kill me," said the bat.

"Certainly I shall," said the weasel; "I kill mice wherever I find them."

"But stop a moment," said the bat, spreading his wings; "I am not a mouse. Don't you see my great wings. A mouse can't fly, can it?"

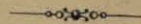
6. "I beg your pardon," said the weasel; "I did

not know you were a bird. I thought you were a mouse. I see I was mistaken;" and the bat escaped a second time.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

The bat is like the mouse in many things; but his hind legs are weak, and his fore legs are very long. The long hands are mere bones, with a thin skin between them. When the bat spreads them out to fly with, they are like two great fans, or like parts of an umbrella.

The bat flies about at night, and hides in dark places in the daytime. Its habits are as unlike those of the mouse as possible.



#### LXXIX. BEAUTIFUL GRANDMAMMA.

quaint	win'some	dim'pled	zest	his'tory
a'pron	knit'ting	peace'ful	knee	silk'en

Grandmamma sits in her quaint arm-chair,—  
 Never was lady more sweet and fair.  
 Her gray locks ripple like silver shells;  
 And her own brow its story tells  
 Of a gentle life, a peaceful even,  
 A trust in God, and a hope in heaven.

Little girl May sits rocking away  
 In her own low seat like some winsome fay:

Two doll babies her kisses share,  
 And another one lies by the side of her chair.  
 May is as fair as the morning dew;  
 Cheeks of roses, and ribbons of blue.

"Say, grandmamma," says the pretty elf,  
 "Tell me a story about yourself.  
 When you were little, what did you play?  
 Were you good or naughty the whole long day?  
 Was it hundreds and hundreds of years ago?  
 And what makes your soft hair as white as  
 snow?"

"Did you have a mamma to hug and kiss?  
 And a dolly like this, and this, and this?  
 Did you have a pussy like my little Kate?  
 Did you go to bed when the clock struck eight?  
 Did you have long curls, and beads like mine?  
 And a new silk apron with ribbons fine?"

Grandmamma smiled at the little maid,  
 And, laying aside her knitting, she said,  
 "Go to my desk, and a red box you'll see;  
 Carefully lift it and bring it to me."  
 So May put her dollies away, and ran,  
 Saying, "I'll be careful as ever I can."

The grandmamma opened the box, and lo!  
 A beautiful child, with throat like snow;  
 Lip just tinted like pink shell rare;  
 Eyes of hazel, and golden hair;  
 Hands all dimpled, and teeth like pearls,—  
 Fairest and sweetest of little girls.

"Oh! who is it?" cried winsome May;  
 "How I do wish she were here to-day!  
 Wouldn't I love her like everything?  
 Wouldn't I with her frolic and sing?  
 Say, dear grandmamma, who can she be?"  
 "Darling," said grandmamma, "I was she."

May looked long at the dimpled grace,  
 And then at the saint-like, fair old face.  
 "How funny!" she cried, with a smile and a  
 kiss,  
 "To have such a dear little grandma as this;  
 Still," she added, with smiling zest,  
 "I think, dear grandma, I like you best."

So May climbed up on the silken knee,  
 And grandmamma told her history,—  
 What plays she played, what toys she had;  
 How at times she was naughty, or good, or sad.

“But the best thing you did,” said May, “don’t you see?  
Was to grow a beautiful grandma for me.”

**LANGUAGE.**

The arm-chair was *quaint* because it was of some odd kind, perhaps the kind they used when the grandmamma was young. “Even” means the same as evening. It means the “close of life” here, just as the evening is the close of the day. The “hope in heaven” means that the grandmamma was looking forward to a more beautiful life than any one could have in this world.



LXXX. MEDIO POLLITO.—Part 1.

man'aged	disturbed'	sus pect'ed	min'is ters
in'no cent	ac quaint'ed	court'iers	frugal'ity

1. Medio Pollito, a bantam pullet, by labor and frugality once saved a hundred crowns. The king, who is always in want of money, had no sooner heard of it than he sent to borrow them, and Medio Pollito was proud to lend her money to the king.

2. But there came a bad season when she would have been very glad to have it again. She wrote letter after letter to the king and the ministers,

but no one replied, so that at last she resolved to go in search of her money herself, and she set out for the king’s palace.

3. On the way she met a fox.

“Where are you going, Medio Pollito?” said he.

“I am going to see the king, who owes me a hundred crowns.”

“Take me with you.”

“It will not be the least trouble. Jump down my throat, and I will carry you.”

4. The fox jumped down her throat as he was bidden, and on she went, delighted at having done him a favor.

A little further on she met a wolf.

“Where are you going, Medio Pollito?” said he.

5. “I am going to see the king, who owes me a hundred crowns.”

“Take me with you.”

“With pleasure. Jump down my throat, and I will carry you.”

The wolf jumped down her throat, and off she went once more. He was a little heavy, but the thought that he wished to take the journey gave her courage.

6. As she drew near the palace, she met a river.  
 "Where are you going, Medio Pollito?" asked the river.

"I am going to see the king, who owes me a hundred crowns."

"Take me with you."

"I have a heavy load already; but if you can find room down my throat, I will carry you."

7. The river made itself very small, and glided down her throat on the spot.

The poor little chicken could scarcely walk; but she managed to reach the door of the palace.

"Rap, rap!" went the knocker. The porter put his head out of the window to see who was there.

8. "Whom do you want to see, Medio Pollito?" said he.

"I am going to see the king, who owes me a hundred crowns."

The porter took pity on the innocent young chicken. "Go away, my pretty pullet," said he; "the king doesn't like to be disturbed, and those who trouble him have to suffer for it."

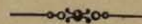
9. "Open the door," said she. "I must speak to the king. He is well acquainted with me; he has my property."

The king was told that Medio Pollito wished

to speak with him. He was at the table, feasting with his courtiers. He burst out laughing, for he suspected what was the matter.

10. "Bring in my dear friend," said he, "and put her in the poultry-yard."

The door opened, and the king's dear friend entered quietly, sure that she was about to receive her money. But instead of taking her up the great staircase, the servant led her to a little courtyard, raised a latch, and behold! Medio Pollito found herself shut up in the poultry-yard.



LXXXI. MEDIO POLLITO.—Part II.

let'tuce	hud'dled	ex traor'di na ry	smoth'ered
en'e mies	ac ces'sion	un pro tect'ed	crouched

1. The cock, who was busy with a lettuce leaf, looked down on her without saying a word; but the hens began to peck her and to chase her in all directions. Hens are always cruel to strangers that come to them unprotected.

2. Medio Pollito, who was a peaceful and orderly little chicken, not accustomed to quarrelling at home, was terribly frightened at the

sight of all these enemies. She crouched in a corner, and cried with all her might, "Fox, fox, come out of my throat, or I am a little lost chicken!"

And behold! the fox jumped out of her throat and ate up all the hens.

3. The servant who carried the corn to the poultry found nothing but feathers on her arrival. She ran in tears to tell the king, who turned red with anger.

"Shut up this crazy Medio Pollito in the sheep-fold," said he; and to comfort himself he ordered some more wine.

4. Once in the sheep-fold, Medio Pollito saw herself in greater peril than in the poultry-yard. The sheep were huddled close together, and threatened every moment to trample the poor chicken under foot. She had just succeeded in taking shelter behind a post when a great ram threw himself down there and nearly smothered her in his fleece.

5. "Wolf, wolf, come out of my throat, or I am a little lost chicken!" cried she.

And behold! the wolf jumped out of her throat and killed all the sheep in the twinkling of an eye.

6. The king's anger knew no bounds when he learned what had just happened. He overturned glasses and bottles, ordered a great fire to be kindled, and sent to the kitchen for a spit.

"The wretch!" he cried; "I will roast her, to teach her better than to kill everything in my palace!"

7. The poor, trembling Medio Pollito was brought before the fire. The king held her in one hand and the spit in the other, when she hastily murmured,—

8. "River, river, come out of my throat, or I am a little lost chicken!"

And behold! the river flowed out of her throat, put out the fire, and drowned the king and all the courtiers.

9. Medio Pollito, left mistress of the palace, sought in vain for her hundred crowns; they had all been spent. But as there was no one on the throne, she mounted it in the king's place, and the people welcomed her with shouts of rejoicing; they were delighted to have a queen that knew how to save.

10. This story appears strange, and I should not tell it to you if it had not a moral, which seems, at first sight, to be that it is not well to lend



money to spendthrifts; but this is not the true one. The true moral of the story is that we should always be obliging to everybody, however absurd it may sometimes appear, for kindness never fails to be its own reward in the end.

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JEAN MACE.

**LANGUAGE.**

Tell what *property* is, and what is meant by *spendthrifts*.  
Use the words *obliging*, *absurd*, *reward*, *welcomed*.  
What is meant by *sought in vain*? *knew no bounds*?



LXXXII. SILVER MINNOW.

ven'ture some	cap'tain	côr'al	sai'lor	mer'maid
min'now	for'ests	grōves	snare	pi'rate

Silver minnow's gone to sea,  
He a captain bold would be;  
Venturesome young fish is he,  
Pretty silver minnow.

Silver minnow fain would go  
Where the coral forests grow,  
Through the seaweed groves below,  
Restless silver minnow!

Silver minnow's pert and smart,—  
Through the water see him dart;  
He knows all a sailor's art,  
Pretty silver minnow.



Silver minnow fears no snare  
Where the mermaids comb their hair;  
May no pirate meet him there,  
Foolish silver minnow!

**NATURAL HISTORY.**

The fish feels cold when we touch it because its blood is cold. It has gills to breathe with instead of lungs, and so breathes the air that is in the water. It moves by means of fins, and has either a naked skin or a covering of scales.

*Mermaids* are sea-fairies. They are said to have heads like women, but to be like fishes in other ways.

*Pirates* are sea-robbers, or murderers.

LXXXIII. GOD'S CARE.

approach'es | twink'ling | contin'u ally | disturb'd'

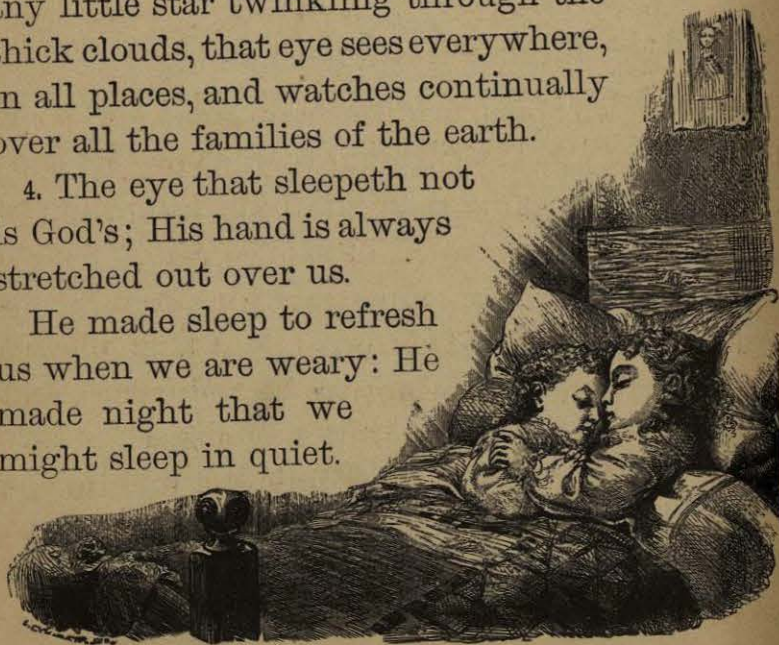
1. Who takes care of all people when they are sunk in sleep; when they cannot defend themselves, nor see if danger approaches?

2. There is an eye that never sleeps; there is an eye that sees in dark night as well as in the bright sunshine.

3. When there is no light of the sun, nor of the moon; when there is no lamp in the house, nor any little star twinkling through the thick clouds, that eye sees everywhere, in all places, and watches continually over all the families of the earth.

4. The eye that sleepeth not is God's; His hand is always stretched out over us.

He made sleep to refresh us when we are weary: He made night that we might sleep in quiet.



5. As the mother moves about the house with her finger on her lips, and stills every little noise that her infant be not disturbed,—as she draws the curtain around its bed, and shuts out the light from its tender eyes, so God draws the curtains of darkness around us; so He makes all things to be hushed and still, that His large family may sleep in peace.

MRS. BARBAULD.

LXXXIV. RUMPELSTILTSCHEN.—Part I.

impor'tance | tal'ent | increas'd' | aston'ished  
neck'er chief | pal'ace | skil'ful | overjoyed'

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

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

3. When the maiden was brought to him, he led her to a room full of straw, gave her a wheel and spindle, and said, "Now set to work, and if by the morrow this straw be not spun into gold,