

## LESSON XLVI.

## NEW WORDS.

hålf	Grip	snüg	pîle
roof	sight	fôrçè	wåit
quít	plāin	erāsh	sêrvè
			chōōsè
			strāngè
			à round'
			mārchèd
			(mārcht)



THE LAZY RAT—Continued.

“Are you all here?” said the old gray rat, as he looked around.

“Do you all choose to go? Make up your minds at once.”

“Yes, yes,” said all in the line; “we all wish to go. It is quite plain that it is not safe to stay here.”

Just then the captain caught sight of Grip—that was the young rat’s name. He was not in the line. He was near by on the stairs.

“You did not speak,” said the old rat. “Of course you will come?”

“I don’t know,” said Grip.

“Don’t know! Why, you do not think it safe to stay here, do you?” said the old rat. “It has always been the rule with rats to quit a falling house, has it not?”

“I don’t know,” said Grip. “The roof may not come down for some time yet.”

"Well, stay then," said the old rat, "and it will serve you right if you get hurt."

"I don't know that I will stay, and I don't know that I will go," said Grip, with a wise look.

"O well, we can not wait for you to make up your mind," said the old rat. "Come with us and be safe, or stay where you are and get hurt. Now, rats! Right face! March!"

And the long line of rats marched out of the mill. They went down the steps one by one, and the young rat looked on.

"I have half a mind to go," said he, "and yet—I don't know. It is warm and snug here, and I shall have the mill all to myself."

The tail of the last rat was hardly out of sight as he spoke. Grip went near the steps and looked down.

"I will go back to my hole for a short time, to make up my mind," said he.

That night the wind blew harder than ever. The old mill shook as if it would surely fall. Grip began to be afraid. It was the first time he had felt any fear.

"I don't know," said he, "but that I would better go, too. But I will wait a little while."

Then the wind blew harder and harder. Grip started to leave the mill. Before he could get out, down it came with a great crash.

The next day some men came to look at the fallen mill. They thought it strange to see no rats. But at last, as one man moved a great pile of boards, he saw a young rat, quite dead.

He was half in, and half out of



But it comes back at night, and the  
children are fed  
And tucked up to sleep in a soft  
feather bed.

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

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

## LESSON XLVIII.

## NEW WORDS.

eāke	hēlpəd	erēā'turə
wīnk	(hēlpt)	stōek'ings
blīnk	pīe'turə	Chřīst'mas
mouse	stīr'rīng	Sān'tā Clāʊs
chēeks		



Mamma was put-  
ting Milly and May to bed, the night  
before Christmas, and she told them  
this story.

“After little children are fast asleep, the good old Santa Claus comes down the chimney with a great bag of toys.

“Then he goes to all the little beds and looks at the faces of the sleeping children.

“He has seen so many of them asleep, that he can tell if the little closed eyes look kind when they are open, or if cross words ever come out of their mouths.

“He will look at my little Milly to-night, and say, ‘There are no tears on her cheeks, and her mouth is sweet and rosy.

“‘I am sure it has been a happy, smiling mouth all day. Her little hands are at rest now, but they have taken care of May’s toys, and put the things back in mamma’s workbox.

“‘They have taken hold of May’s little hands and helped her down the stairs.

“‘They have given her a big piece of the cake that grandmother sent to Milly.’

“Then Santa Claus will see May, and say, ‘I think May’s face looks as if she loved Milly.

“‘Her mouth seems full of kisses, and her little hands will soon learn to take care of her own toys.’

“Last of all, Santa Claus will go to mamma’s bed, and say, ‘Mamma’s face would not look so happy if her little girls were not very kind and good.

“‘I must put some very pretty toys in their stockings, and I will leave two picture books on their little chairs.’”

Then mamma hung up the stock-

ings and kissed her little ones good night.

Milly and May were so happy, that they laughed softly under the bed covers, and had to wink and blink their eyes a long time before they could go to sleep.

In the morning the story came out true.

## LANGUAGE LESSON.

*Let pupils tell what Santa Claus brought them last year.*

## SLATE EXERCISE.

*Let pupils copy the following numerals with their names.*

one two three four  
 1 2 3 4  
 five six seven eight  
 5 6 7 8  
 nine ten  
 9 10

## LESSON XLIX.

## NEW WORDS.

oil	eāve	rōam	spring
fāt	skīnŝ	twīgŝ	erēeps
liēŝ	thīek	gnawŝ	ūse'ful
flesh	smēll	eōmb	hōl'low



THE BLACK BEAR.

Here is a picture of a black bear.

Some bears are black, some are white, and others are brown.

Bears are covered with long, thick hair, which keeps them very warm.

Men hunt bears for their skins. From these skins, coats and other things are made which are useful in winter.

The flesh of the bear is good to eat, and an oil is made of his fat.

The black bear is a good climber. He makes his home in a hollow tree or a cave.

He is very fond of wild fruit, of which he finds plenty in the woods.

He is very fond of honey, and when he finds a hive of wild bees, he is sure to take all they have.

The wild bees make their hives in hollow trees, and the bear finds them by the smell of the honey.

When he finds a hive, he climbs the tree, and for hours and hours

he gnaws away at the bark and the wood.

After a while he makes a hole large enough to let in his paw.

Of course the bees do not like this. They buzz around the bear, and try to sting him. But his skin is so thick, and his hair is so long, that he does not mind the stings of the bees.

He puts his great paw through the hole into the hive, and pulls out large pieces of the comb which holds the honey.

He never stops until he has taken all the poor bees have in their hive, and has left them without any food for winter.

When winter comes, the bear creeps into a hole or a cave, and there he makes a soft bed of leaves and twigs.

When the snow comes, it covers the mouth of the hole or cave, where the bear lies snugly hidden.

He closes his eyes, and seems to sleep through the whole winter.

In the spring, when the snow is gone, and the green leaves come out, and the birds begin to sing again, the bear wakes from his long sleep.

Then he sets out once more to roam about the woods, hunting for fruit and hives of wild bees.

## LANGUAGE LESSON.

*Let pupils tell in their own language,—*

- How the bear finds the honey.
- How he makes a hole in the tree.
- Why the bees can not sting him.
- What he does during the long winter.

*Let pupils write statements about,—*

- The black bear.
- The wild bees.
- The bear's skin.
- What the bear eats.

## LESSON L.

## NEW WORDS.

sīt	treat		lā'dy
frēt	'twas	=	īt was
jōkə	you're	=	you are
brōkə	doesn't	=	does not
Dōl'ly's	wouldn't	=	would not
	eas'ier		pleas'ant er

## SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,

Your doll should break her head;  
 Could you make it whole by crying  
 Till your eyes and nose were red?

And wouldn't it be pleasanter

To treat it as a joke,  
 And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,  
 And not your head, that broke?

Suppose your task, my little man,

Is very hard to get;  
 Will it make it any easier  
 For you to sit and fret?



And isn't it, my boy or girl,  
The wisest, bravest plan,  
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,  
To do the best you can?

## LANGUAGE LESSON.

*Let pupils commit to memory the last two stanzas of this poem.*

*Let them make a statement about,—*

Some object in the schoolroom.  
Some bird they have seen.  
One of the drawings below.

## SLATE EXERCISE.

*Let pupils rule their slates into squares to correspond to the diagram below, and then reproduce the drawing.*



## LESSON LI.

## NEW WORDS.

ān'i mal	hār'vēst	eār'rŷ	stākks
lēād'ing	fās'tens		mīçē
groud	sīt'ting		hālłs
bā'bīes			spēnd
			whēat



böd'ŷ'  
eūrled  
dīn'ner

## THE BABIES THAT LIVE IN A BALL.

In this picture you see the home of the "Babies that live in a ball."

This little ball was built on the stalks of the wheat by an animal called the "Harvest Mouse."

The ball is not much larger than an egg, and yet there are sometimes three or four little harvest mice in it.

They are baby mice. Of course they must be very small to live in such a little house.

The mother of these little mice is not half so large as the little mouse you sometimes see running about your homes.

This little mouse is almost red on her back. The under part of her body is soft and white, like silk, and her ears are short.

Even wise men do not know how so small an animal can make this pretty ball.

We can not tell how she fastens

the ball to the wheat stalks, nor how she gets into it to feed the baby mice.

In the picture you see the mother mouse sitting on the nest, eating her dinner. She has a little bug for her dinner.

Father Mouse is away, trying to find one for his dinner. Do you see his tail curled around the wheat stalk?

The tail of the harvest mouse is as long as his whole body, and he can hold on with it as if it were a hand.

The little harvest mice do not spend their winters in this airy home. They make a snug, warm house underground.

This house has a room large enough for the mice, but it seems to us to be very small.

It has long halls leading to it, and through these, the little mice carry bits of soft, dry grass, with which they make warm and cozy nests.

When the days begin to grow cold, these little mice go into their nests in the ground.

There they sleep through the whole winter, and do not wake till the spring comes back and the sun warms the ground.

LANGUAGE LESSON.

*Let pupils tell in their own words,—*

- Where the harvest mouse makes her nest.
- How large the ball, or nest, is.
- The size of this little mouse.
- What she is eating for her dinner.
- Where these mice live in winter.

*Let pupils write statements about,—*

- The tail of the harvest mouse.
- The mouse on the nest in the picture.
- The mouse on the stalk in the picture.

LESSON LII.

NEW WORDS.

flăt	rĕad	slĭps	bĕr' rĭes
fĕet	sōles	pō'lar	sĕa' wĕed
kĭlls	bōots	tō'ward	sŭn' shĭnĕ
sĕals	Nôth	sŭm'mer	sĕa' shōrĕ

THE WHITE BEAR.

In another lesson you have read about the black bear.

In this lesson you will learn something about the white or polar bear.

In the cold, cold North there is nearly always snow on the ground.

Even in summer it is very cold, and great pieces of ice float about in the sea.

Here is the home of the white bear. He does not mind the cold, for he has a coat of thick fur to keep him warm.