

His father and mother were not rich. Their little log home was all they had. It was near a road in the backwoods. Here little Lincoln had to play all alone the first years of his life.

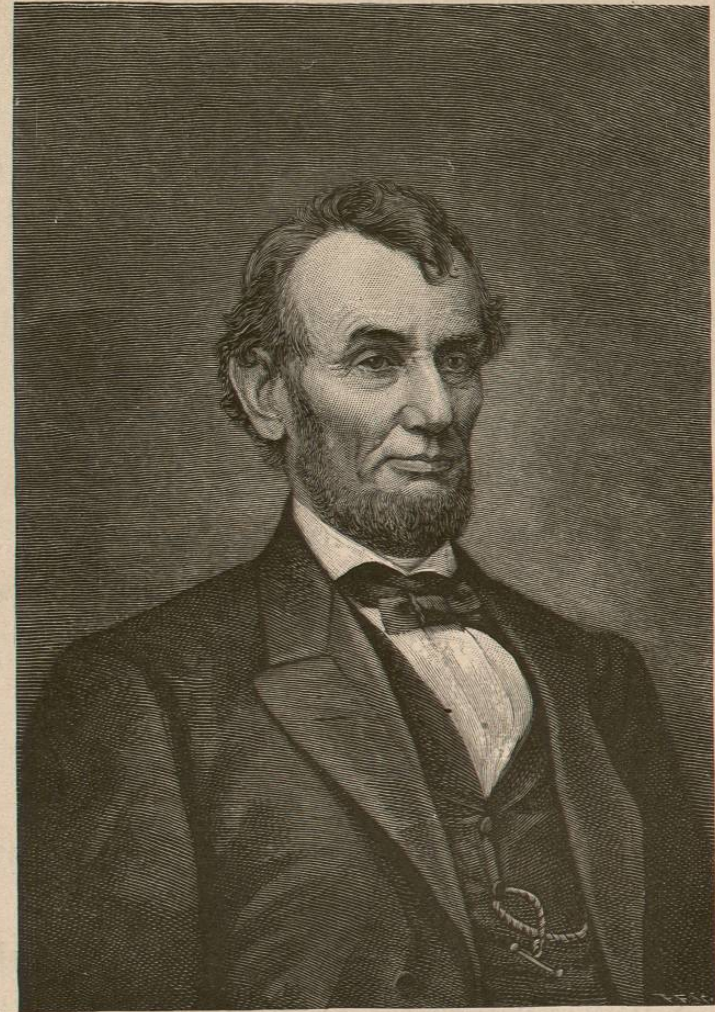
He spent only one year at school, but before he became a man he could read and write. He wrote some things in note books.

Lincoln had no slate like that which you have. His slate was a wooden spade. He wrote on it with a bit of coal. On it he wrote and wrote until he could write well.

It is a good thing to read some books and know them well. This Lincoln did. It is not a good thing to read many books over and over and not know any of them.

When Lincoln was seven years old his father gave up their little log home. Then they went to live in another state.

Lincoln helped his father cut the trees and score the logs. They put a cover of brush over their little log home to keep out the rain.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Lincoln helped his father work on the farm. He was a very strong lad and could do almost everything a man could do.

From the farm he went to work on a flat-boat. He went down the "Father of Waters" to its mouth. He saw a large city there. When he came back he went to live with his father again and helped him still more.

Some time after that, he made another trip down the "Father of Waters." He saw many black boys and girls, brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, sold at the block. They were sold for the highest price to any one who would buy them. Boys and girls were taken from their fathers and mothers. It was a sad sight for Lincoln. It made him feel for them.

He said that if the time ever came when he could do anything, he would stop the sale of the black boys and girls, and their fathers and mothers. It was his hope that the day would come when he could do something for the slaves.

In time Lincoln came to know men in all shades of life. He saw their needs and wants.

Years came and went, and in time the South and the North had a great war. This war went on for four long years. The time had then come for Lincoln to stop the selling of slaves. He was at the head of our country. With one stroke of his pen he made the slaves free, and put a stop to the selling of blacks in this country forever.

This grand country of ours which the good Washington helped to make, Lincoln helped to save.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

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.

love

loved

A HAPPY HOME.

Madge, Bess, and Ross are at home. Their home is in the country.

They love their dear home. They love their father and mother, too. The brother and sisters love each other. It is a very happy home.

It is a winter's night. Brother and sisters are sitting around the open fireplace. They like to look at the burning logs. The sparks, as they fly upward, look like little fire flies.

Ross has a pan of snow-white pop corn. Bess has a dish of apples and nuts. Boys and girls like to eat apples and nuts on long winter nights.

Every night they sing sweet songs. Sometimes they sing "Home, Sweet Home." That is the song which they love to sing best.

Some nights their father will read a good book to them. They like to hear about the boys and girls of other lands.

Ross says when he becomes a man, he means to cross the wide sea. He wants to see these odd looking boys and girls.

Ross is a good boy. He loves his mother. All good boys love their mother. It is his delight to do anything he can for her.

He never speaks a cross word to his mother. That is the best way for a boy to show his love.

Do you ever speak a cross word to your mother?

Madge and Bess go to school. When school is over they help their mother with the housework. They like to make their mother happy. Do you like to make your mother happy? How do you show your love for your mother?

One night their father said that he had a new book to read to them. He would like to read about two girls and a boy. The names of the girls were Nell and Fannie; the boy was Jack.

Nell and Fannie said they loved their

mother. Jack said that he too loved his mother. Now I want you to tell me which of these three loved best.

Jack said to his mother, "I love you. I like to work for you. I want to help you all I can. I am a strong boy. Let me get the water for you this morning." Then Jack went to get a pail of water from the old well.

Just then he saw some of his playmates swinging in the garden. Then Jack wanted to play, too. Forgetting his work, he ran to the garden, leaving his mother to bring in the water.

"I think that Jack did not do right," said Ross. "He did not show his love for his mother by swinging in the garden. The best way to show your love is by good deeds."

"Well," said their father, "let us see what Nell did to show her love."

"Mother, I love you, too," said Nell. "I am your dear little girl. I have not the words to tell you how much I love you. You

have been such a dear good mother to me I want to help you with the work. Let me make the cake to-day. I can bake it so it will be nice and brown."

"No, my dear Nell," said her mother, "you may help me. I will make the cake and you can help me by getting the eggs, flour, and spice."

Nell did not like that. She wanted to make the cake. When her mother would not let her do as she wanted to do, she began to pout and fret.

It is not nice to have a pouting girl in the house.

Her mother was glad when Nell put on her hat and ran out to play.

"Let us hear what Fannie did," said Bess. "Nell is like some little girls that I know. If they cannot have their own way, they will pout."

"I do not like pouting girls," said Ross.

Fannie said, "I love you, mother. I am glad there is no school to-day. Now I can

help you with the work. You are so good and kind to me that I want to do something to show my love for you."

"Fannie," said her mother, "you may rock the baby." When baby was asleep, Fannie helped her mother with the sweeping and dusting.

She was as happy all day as she could be, for she was helping her mother. She went about her task with a song on her lips.

When night came she went to bed a happy girl.

"I like Fannie best," said Madge. "Her love for her mother was true love."

"The best test of love," said Bess, "is what we do for others."

"Yes," said Ross, "Fannie loved her mother best. Father, I want to thank you for the tale that you have just read. I shall not forget it. I shall think of it every time that mother asks me to do anything for her."

That night the brother and sisters went to bed happy in a father's and a mother's love.

grocer

candy

sugar

PLAYING STORE.

One day in June, Ross, Madge, Bess, and Dan were playing in the garden.

"Let us play store," said Ross. "I will be the grocer. I will get a plank and a box or two. I will put my goods on the plank where you can see them. Madge and Dan can be brother and sister. Bess can be the play mother. You can play that you live in a big house under the apple tree."

Then Ross went to work with a will. Soon he had a fine looking store. He had a pile of big red apples, a box of blue plums, a box of white sand for his sugar, and a pan of sawdust for flour.

Soon a little girl came to the store. She had a big basket in her hand.

"Good morning, Miss, what can I do for you?" said the little grocer.

"I was sent to the store by my mother. She needs some sugar and flour."

"What have you in that big basket, my little girl?"

"I have a basket of eggs."

"Are the eggs fresh, Miss?"

"Yes, the eggs are fresh. A brown hen laid them in the grass. She did not want me to take the eggs. I told her that my mother needed the eggs. I told her that I must take them to the store to get some sugar and flour.

"Mr. Grocer, will you be so kind as to give me some sugar and flour for these eggs? My mother wants to make a cake."

"What is your mother's name?"

"My mother's name is Bess. Mrs. Bess White is her name. She lives in that big house under the apple tree."

"Do you go to school, little girl?"

"Oh, yes, I go to school every day. I can read and write. My teacher says that I know many things for such a little girl."

"Can you tell how many eggs you have in your basket?"

"Yes, I can do that. I have six eggs. Mr. Grocer, will you tell me the price of eggs?"

"Eggs are very high now, my little girl. But I guess I can give you some sugar and flour for them. I will put the sugar and flour in strong bags. Do not let the bags fall, or you will spill your flour and sugar."

"I think I shall put the bags in the basket."

"My little girl, would you like to have a big red apple?"

"Yes, I would like to have an apple. I am very fond of apples."

"You may take this plum for your little brother."

"My little brother will be glad to get this plum. He is at home weeding in the garden."

"Here is your sugar and flour, my little girl."

"I thank you, Mr. Grocer. Good morning."

"Good morning, little girl. Come and see me when your mother needs anything."

"How are you to-day, my little man?"

"I am very well, I thank you."

"Do you like fruit, my little man?"

"I should like to take some fruit to my mother. She is not very well to-day. I think she will like a nice ripe orange."

"I will send your mother a ripe orange, and put it in this pink bag for you. Tell your mother I hope she will soon be well."

"Have you any candy to sell, Mr. Grocer?"

"Yes, I have some good stick candy, and maple sugar."

"How do you sell your stick candy?"

"I will sell you ten sticks of candy for a dime."

"Then you may give me two sticks. I will give one to sister Madge. I will now run home, for I know that my mother is waiting for me. Good day, Mr. Grocer."



P
D
V
C

