

"Down, down, down he goes—through the dark water, till at last he stands on the bottom.

"Once there, he works away as fast as he can, for it is not possible for him to stay under water longer than two minutes at one time.

"He searches about among the rocks and cliffs, and cuts off, with great care, the nicest sponges he can find, and puts them under his arms, or into a sack.

"When he has gathered as many as he can, he pulls the rope, and the men in the boat haul him and his load of sponges up to the surface as quickly as possible."

"How do they get the flesh off?" said Roy.

"They bury them in the sand till the flesh decays and then they wash them in acid and water, till they are clean and fit to sell."

Roy sat still for a long time, looking at the piece of sponge he had in his hand.

At last he said softly, to himself, "Sponges, animals? No eyes, no ears, no hands? What funny things!"

LANGUAGE LESSON.—Let pupils fill blanks in the statements given below, using in turn the following sets of words: *he, his, him; you, your, you; I, my, me; they, their, them; we, our, us.*

— will go to school.

— will learn — lessons.

— teacher will praise —.

## LESSON XLI.

knife	Hār'rŷ	jōgged	puḍ'ding
— tr'alŝ	rĕa'son	sŭp'per	stōm'aeh
— spilled	— ěl'bowŝ	— năp'kin	our sĕlves'

## TABLE MANNERS.

"George, I am going to eat my supper by myself, after this," said little Harry.

"I don't believe you will," replied his brother.

"Then I wish every one would stop scolding me at table."



Harry seemed to be unhappy and anxious to have his elder brother help him bear his trials.

"Why don't you try to get along at table, and do as you are told?" inquired George, although he was somewhat moved by Harry's sorrowful looks.

"But I am told so many things! Last night, father scolded because I was too far away from the table. Then tonight, he scolded because I was too close."

"That's all right, Harry; last night you took your supper in your lap, and to-night you jogged the table so that you spilled water from the glasses."

"Yes, George, that's so; but you know I didn't mean to do it."

"Why did you laugh, then?"

"I could not help laughing at first. I tell you, though, I didn't like the scolding I got afterwards," said Harry.

"You had better sit close to the table after this; but not so near as to touch it," said George.

"I'll try to, George."

"I say, Harry, while I think of it, I want to ask a favor of you?"

"What is it?"

"Try not to make such a noise when you eat your soup, or bread and milk."

"Why?" inquired Harry.

"Because it makes me think of pigs when I hear you, and I don't like to have my little brother make me think of pigs."

"I won't do it any more, George."

"Is there anything else that you ought not to do at table?"

"O yes, a great many things!" said Harry.

"Well, Harry, let me hear about them. You tell me what you ought not to do, and I will try to tell you why not."

"That will be real fun!" said Harry.

"Father says, 'Harry, do keep your elbows off the table.'"

"It looks so lazy to see a boy with his arms resting on the table. You went to sleep one time and upset your plate," said George.



"So I did! Then Aunt Mary says, 'Harry, do stop putting your knife in your mouth.'"

"Well, Harry, you have your fork to carry your food to your mouth with, and no one likes to see a knife used as a shovel—it is meant to cut with."

"I suppose you know, George," said Harry; "I don't like to see any one put a knife into his mouth, either."

"Then stop doing it yourself, Harry."

"I'll try. Mother always says, 'You must not eat so fast, Harry.'"

"It is bad for your stomach, and will make you sorry when you are older," said George.

"Then Uncle John says, 'Harry, you eat too much.'"

"Same reason as I just gave you, and it may make you sick, right afterwards."

"I know that," said Harry; "I was sick last week when we had that good pudding—I mean bad pudding."

"Anything else?" inquired George.

"Yes. You told me to take my knife and fork off my plate when I passed it," said Harry.

"I don't like to have them fall off and then pick them up for you. They are not clean, either, and may soil our clothes or the tablecloth."

"That rule is all right, I know," said Harry; "but if I play with my knife and fork while my plate is away, every one scolds me."

"It looks very childish to see a boy like you, play at table!" said George.

"All right, George, I am going to call out, the next time you play with your napkin ring."

"Will you?" said George, blushing; "so you may, my fine fellow; and I'll stop, too, if you catch me."

Harry looked much pleased at his brother's answer.

"I tell you, George, you and I don't try to talk with our mouths full, do we?"

"Who does, Harry?"



"Shall I tell them not to?" inquired Harry.

"Yes, I think it would be fair," replied George; "only tell whoever it is quietly, and ask him to please not do it—you will surprise every one, if you are pleasant about it."

"I will do as you tell me, George," said Harry; "we will try to have things done right, won't we?"

"We shall have to look out for ourselves, too," replied George.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils give nine statements, whether oral or written, each one being a rule for "Table Manners."*

*Let pupils copy and learn the following corrections of common errors.*

He and I will go next week.  
Have you and he had dinner?  
Will you tell him and me?  
All this is between you and me.  
I did not say anything.

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt!  
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

LESSON XLII.

Will spēd söl'emñ ò'er = ò'vèr

*aspectivo solemne sobre*



WILL AND THE BEE.

One morning, Will, a thoughtless boy,  
Who cared for naught but play,  
Went out into the pleasant fields  
To pass an idle day.



At work among the pretty flowers,  
 There flew a busy bee.  
 "O stay!" cried Will, "and sing your song,  
 And play to-day with me!"

With solemn hum the bee sped on,  
 As if the hours were few;  
 To idle Will made this reply—  
 "You see I've work to do."

"And do you never wish," said Will,  
 "To rest the long day through?"  
 "No day is long," the bee replied,  
 "To those with work to do."

"If you, a bee, have much to do,"  
 For Will thus thought it o'er,  
 "Why, then, a boy, with hands to work,  
 Should surely do much more.

"There must be work for me to do!"  
 And Will sprung to his feet;  
 "Work on, dear bee, an idler, me  
 You never more shall meet."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write the following sentences from dictation, and then compare them with the book, correcting spelling, capitals, and punctuation.*

"'Twas the night before Christmas."  
 I saw Mr. and Mrs. Brown on a Friday in June  
 at Oldtown, N. Y.

## LESSON XLIII

eān'dle <i>we la</i> stuffed	eōm'fort	spūt'terēd <i>chishured</i>
<i>sap</i> slip perſ	māch'eſ <i>ceillo</i>	be numbēd
ā'pron (ā'purn)	splēn'dor	wān'der ing <i>sagando</i>
	smōk'ing	dis ap pēared <i>desaparecio</i>

## THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.

It was very cold; it snowed, and was beginning to grow dark, and it was the last night of the year, too—New Year's Eve.

In the cold and darkness, a poor little girl was wandering about the streets with bare head and bare feet.

She had a pair of slippers on when she left home, but what was the good of them?

They were very large, old slippers of her mother's—so large that they fell off the little girl's feet, as she ran across the street to get out of the way of two carriages, which came rushing along at a great rate. One slipper was not to be found, and a boy ran off with the other.



Thus the little girl wandered about barefooted, with some matches in an old apron, whilst she held a bundle of them in her hand.

No one had bought any matches of her through the whole day—no one had given her a single penny.

Hungry, and blue with cold, the poor little girl crept along, the large flakes of snow covering her yellow hair, which curled round her face; but it gave her no comfort to think of that.

In a corner between two houses, she found shelter. Curling herself up, she drew her poor little feet, which were red and blue with cold, under her as well as she could; but she was colder than ever, and dared not go home, for, as she had sold no matches, her cruel father would beat her.

Besides, it was cold at home, for they lived just under the roof, and the wind blew in, though straw and old rags had been stuffed into the large cracks.

Her little hands were quite benumbed with cold. O how much good one match would do, if she dared but take it out of the bundle, draw it across the wall, and warm her fingers in the flame!

She took one out and drew it across the wall. How it sputtered and burned! It burned with a warm, bright flame, like a candle, and she bent her hand round it: it was a wonderful light!

It seemed to the little girl as if she were sitting before a large stove, in which the fire burned brightly, and gave out such comfort and such warmth!

She stretched out her feet to warm them, too—but the flame went out, the stove disappeared, and there she sat with a little bit of the burnt match in her hand.

Another was lighted; it burned, and, where the light fell upon the wall, she could see through it and into a large room.

There the table was covered with a cloth of dazzling white, and with fine



china; and a roast goose was smoking upon it. *de un asado que se fumando*

But what was still more delightful, the goose sprung down from the table, and, with a knife and fork sticking in its back, came towards the little girl.

Then the match went out, and she saw nothing but the thick, cold wall.

She lighted another; and now she was sitting under the most beautiful Christmas tree. It was larger than those she had seen at Christmas through the windows of rich people.

Hundreds of candles were burning among the green branches, and beautiful pictures, such as she had seen in the shop windows, looked down upon her. She stretched out both her hands, when the match went out.

She drew another match across the wall, and in the light it threw around, stood her old grandmother, so bright, so gentle, and so loving.

"Grandmother," the little girl cried, "O take me with you! I know that you will disappear as soon as the match

is burnt out, just like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the Christmas tree!"

She quickly lighted the rest of the matches that remained in the bundle, for she wished to keep her grandmother with her as long as possible; and the matches burned so brightly that it was lighter than day.

Never before had her grandmother appeared so beautiful and so tall and, taking the little girl in her arms, they flew high, high up into the heavens, where she felt neither cold, nor hunger, nor fear, any more—for they were with God! *porque ellos estaban con Dios*

But, in the corner between the two houses, in the cold morning air, lay the little girl with pale cheeks and smiling lips.

She was frozen to death during the last night of the Old Year. The first light of the New Year shone upon the dead body of the little girl, sitting there with the matches, one bundle of which was nearly used up.



"She has been trying to warm herself," people said; but no one knew what beautiful dreams she had had, or with what splendor she had entered with her grandmother into the joys of a New Year.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write complete statements about each part of the following analysis, and then unite them so as to make a story. The treatment of each part should form a separate paragraph.*

## ANALYSIS.

- Time.** What day of the year was it?  
What part of the day was it?
- Weather.** Was it cold or warm?  
Was it wet or dry?
- Girl.** What was said of her clothing?  
Why was she unhappy?
- Matches.** Why did she light the matches?  
What did she see while the first was burning? The second? Fourth?
- Grandmother.** How did her grandmother seem to her?  
What did she wish her grandmother to do?
- Death.** Where did she seem to be going?  
What did the people say about it the next day?

## LESSON XLIV.

lī'on	bār' rel	ex çept'	eāp' turəd
pālm	sūl' len	gō ril' lā	prōb' a blý
dēalt	hāb' its	nā' tīvès	un knōwn'
rōwəd	at tæk'	tēr' ri blè	ad ven' turə

## THE GORILLA

"You have now read about many animals, John," said Uncle George, "and have learned much about their habits."

"But there is still another animal that I should like to know something of," said John.

"And what (is it?)" inquired his uncle.

"The gorilla."

"Ah, John, we know nothing about gorillas except what can be learned from the stuffed skins of those that have been killed, and the stories of travelers and hunters."

"Have none of them been taken alive?" inquired John.

"A few, but they do not live long after being captured."



"I have heard that gorillas grow to be as tall as men. Is it true?" inquired John.

"Quite true, and they are very strange-looking animals. The hair of the gorilla is of a grayish black, except upon the arms, face, hands, and feet, where it is black.

"Its strength is truly wonderful. It can break limbs of trees as large round as your neck; bend the barrel of a gun and crush it in its jaws.

"If a hunter does not kill it at the first fire, it turns upon him and tears him to pieces with its terrible hands.

"The natives never hunt or attack the gorilla if they can avoid doing so; for they fear it more than they do the lion or elephant."

"How did they ever capture one alive?" inquired John.

"They never have captured a full-grown gorilla," replied his uncle; "those that have been taken were quite young.

"Even these grow more sullen and

<sup>from</sup> fierce, and in a short time die from some unknown cause. Probably they do not get the kind of food that they like."

"Please tell me a story about the gorilla, will you, uncle?"

"Certainly. Once upon a time, a party of men were hunting elephants. They took a boat and rowed up a small river.

"When they came to a good landing place, they left their boat and started toward some palm trees growing near the shore. As they were about to enter the forest they heard a noise like thunder.

"The natives knew at once that it was the cry of a gorilla and turned back toward the boat; but the white men stood still. In a moment there dashed into the open space a huge gorilla.

"It was, indeed, a frightful-looking object. Its mouth was wide open, showing its long, yellow teeth. The hair on its head stood up straight and



it was beating its breast with its great fists. *grows*



“The man nearest it raised his gun and fired; but only wounded the gorilla. In a moment, the fierce brute

was upon him. With one hand it tore the gun from the man, and with the other dealt him a blow that laid him almost lifeless on the ground. The other hunter then fired and the gorilla fell over dead.

“The first hunter was so badly hurt that it was thought he would die, but he recovered and told me about his strange adventure.”

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils answer the questions given below, in complete statements, and connect them so as to make a story.*

## ANALYSIS.

- Home.** Where does the gorilla live?
- Appearance.** What is its height? *altitude*  
 What is its color?  
 What is said of its hands?  
 What animal does it look like?
- Nature.** What is said of its temper?  
 How does it behave when captured?
- Food.** Upon what does the gorilla live?
- Hunting.** Why must one be careful in hunting it?  
 What becomes of the captured gorillas?