

## LESSON XLV.

<del>niċċa</del> <i>sobrina</i>	dis'tant	mit'tenʒ	bānk'nōtə
re lief'	pūrse	grēet'ing	whis'perəd
ĕmp'ty	quar'ter	brĕak'fast	āft'er noon
<i>bacio</i>	<i>bolero</i>	<i>salvadoro</i>	<i>desayuno</i>

## THE FIFTEEN FAIRIES.

Aunt Nellie sat thinking. It was only a week before Christmas, and she had nothing ready for her little niece who lived in a distant city.

At last, with a look of relief, she said: "I have thought of something! I know it will please her."

She then wrote a letter to Mary's mamma and folded into it a crisp bank note.

On Christmas morning Mary opened her eyes upon a bright silver quarter which lay upon her pillow. By the side of it was a tiny note which read as follows:

"Dear Mary: I am one of fifteen fairies which are to appear to-day, with a Christmas greeting from Aunt Nellie."

"O how nice!" said Mary. "What a funny auntie; always doing something different from other people."

Wide awake, she jumped out of bed and began to dress.

She found a shining piece of silver in the foot of each of her stockings, two of Aunt Nellie's fairies were in her shoes, another faced her in the wash-bowl, and a wee one was in the box beside her brush and comb.

"These will almost fill my poor, little, empty purse," she thought, as she took it from a drawer and touched the spring—but in the purse was a bigger fairy than had yet appeared!

Such a merry time as she had dressing that morning! She kept calling mamma in, and how they laughed over each new fairy that appeared.

At breakfast, she was served first to a silver quarter,—another shone in her glass of water.

She wondered if the chicken and rolls would turn into silver when she began to eat them.



How many times that morning she counted her ten silver fairies! But she hunted in vain for the other five.

Fairy number eleven did not appear until dinner time, when it flew out of her napkin and rolled merrily over the floor.

Mary spent a happy afternoon, planning what to buy with her fairies. Some of them should turn into a pair of warm mittens for poor Tommy Smith.

She would carry a basket of frosted cakes to poor, blind Ann, and a pretty doll to a little lame girl round the corner.

But mamma was calling her to get ready for a walk. When she felt in the pocket of her dress for her mittens, she found instead, a fairy. Another peeped out from the bow on her hat in a laughable way.

That night at supper a little cake was placed before Mary's plate, and fairy number fourteen came near being eaten, but appeared just in time to be saved from such a fate.

The last of Aunt Nellie's fairies was resting quietly on her pillow when she went to bed.

Early next morning Mary turned her fairies into the queerest shaped bundles, and her big basket was quite full.

What fun she had in giving away her presents!

"Why, it's nicer than my Christmas, mamma," she whispered as she turned to leave the little lame girl whom she had made so happy with her first doll.

So, many hearts were made glad that day and the whole long year by Aunt Nellie's fifteen fairies.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils tell this story in their own words, using the following points: Aunt Nellie's plan. How Mary found the fairies. What she did with the money. What she said about it.*

LESSON XLVI.

A SONG OF THE SLEIGH.

stēəd flēə'çy flēət'ing tēm'pests  
chīmə spār'klə fōām'ing mōon'bēams





On a winter's night,  
When hearts are light,  
And health is on the wind,  
We loose the rein  
And sweep the plain,  
And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song  
We glide along  
Across the fleeting snow;  
With friends beside,  
How swift we ride  
On the beautiful track below!

O the raging sea,  
Has joys for me,  
When gale and tempests roar!  
But give me the speed  
Of a foaming steed,  
And I'll ask for the waves no more.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils copy the third stanza and point out the lines that end with similar sounds.*

*Let pupils fill blanks in the stanza given below.*

"So the merry brown thrush sings away in the —,  
To you and to me, to you and to —;  
And he sings all the day, little girl, little —:  
'O the world's running over with joy!'"



## LESSON XLVII.

fōr'ty at tēnd' -jōūr'nēy bōard'ing  
 tīk'et stā'tion ex āet'ly -in tēnd'ing  
 pōr'ter -eōl lēet' -hōl'i dāys eon dūet'or

*boards*  
*porteros*  
*recoger*  
*ferrocarril*  
*días de fiesta*  
*Indiendados*

## MAY'S ADVENTURE.

"Well, dear, as Maude has gone and your train is about to start, I will say good-by. I hope you will get home safe. Be sure to write and let me know as soon as you possibly can."

"O yes, Miss Smith; everything will be all right; Harry is to meet me at Newfield, you know. Good-by!"

Then the train started, and as May waved her hand, she felt that the holidays had begun at last.

It was only ten weeks since May had left her home in the country to attend a city boarding school; and yet the time seemed very long to her since she had last seen all the dear home faces, and her delight was very great as the train started slowly away from the station.

May had never traveled alone before, and as none of her schoolmates happened to be going her way, the best thing to be done was for her cousin Harry to meet her at Newfield, a distance of about twenty-five miles from home.

"Let me see," said May to herself, "I have bought a knife for John, and a boat for Charles (I hope the mast won't break) and a doll for baby. All of them cost a dollar, so now I have only ten cents left."

Then May took her purse out of her pocket, and felt for this piece of money. Presently her fingers wandered to the place where she had put her ticket.

Suddenly she gave a start, for looking into her purse she saw that her ticket was not there!

"O!" she cried, "what shall I do! what shall I do! Maude has my ticket!"

Poor May! At first she felt like having a good cry, but she knew that would be of no use, so instead she be-



gan to think how she should get over her trouble.

"What shall I say to the conductor when he asks for my ticket," thought May. "Perhaps he will not believe that I ever had one. O what will papa do when the train comes and——"

May felt a great lump in her throat at this last, sad thought; but she rubbed her eyes and put her hat straight, thinking, "I will make myself look as well as I can anyhow."

"Tickets! tickets, please!" said the conductor, and he waited a moment for May to speak.

"I have no ticket—I mean I have none with me," said May, timidly.

"Then I must collect your fare. Where are you going?" said the conductor.

"But I only have ten cents," and May showed her purse.

"You will have to get off at the next station," said the conductor, and at the next station May got off.

She had no sooner left the cars than

a hand was laid upon her arm, and she heard a voice saying—

"Why, May! what are you doing here?"

She turned round and saw her cousin Harry.

"O Harry! can it be you?" cried May. "I have no ticket and the train will be off in a minute; what shall I do?"

"Is that all?" was the answer. "O, I'll soon see to that."

In a short space of time May was again seated in the car, and going toward home at the rate of forty miles an hour.

"And now, Harry," said May, "please tell me how you happened to be here, instead of waiting at Newfield to meet me?"

"Why," replied her cousin, "by chance I took the wrong train, one that did not stop at Newfield. I had been waiting at the station we have just left, for half an hour, intending to meet you in the train and then to



come back with you. How did you lose your ticket?"

"I did not exactly lose it," said May. "I took it out of my purse when I wanted to pay the porter, and I gave it to Maude to hold. Then her train came up and we forgot all about the ticket."

May and her cousin reached home without further adventure, tired and dusty after their long journey.

*Mayo su prima arribaron a su casa sin ninguna aventura cansados y empobrecidos después de su larga jornada.*

LANGUAGE LESSON.—Let pupils write complete statements about each *part* of the following *analysis*, and unite them so as to make a story.

The treatment of each part should form a paragraph.

ANALYSIS.

- May.** Who she was.  
Where she was going.
- Adventure.** The loss of the ticket.  
What the conductor said.  
What May said.  
May gets off the train.
- Harry.** Where he was.  
What he said to May.
- Home.** How they got there at last.



LESSON XLVIII.

PICTURE LESSON.

Let pupils give answers, whether oral or written, to the following questions, in complete statements.

1. What do you think this girl's name is?
2. Where do you think she lives?
3. Where is she now?
4. What has she for a pet?
5. Where did she get it?
6. What has she in her lap?
7. What is it made of?
8. What has she in her bowl?
9. Where did she get it?
10. What has she in her right hand?
11. What is it made of?
12. What color is the little girl's dress?



13. What is it made of?
14. Where did she get the dress?
15. Who made it?
16. What is the color of her apron? *delantal*
17. What other animals do you see in the picture?
18. What time of the year do you think it is?
19. Is it warm or cold weather?
20. Do you think this little girl is kind?
21. Why do you think so?

*Let pupils unite their answers, so as to form a complete story, by using the proper **connecting words** and omitting unnecessary words.*

*Let teachers occasionally select simple pictures, and have pupils treat them in a similar manner.*

## LESSON XLIX.

*fail*  
o mit'

*poema*  
pō'em  
*subir*

pū'pil's  
re cīt'ed

*finalmente*  
fī'nal ly  
*resolver*  
re șolved'

## HOW TOM GOT THE PRIZE.

"What is the matter with you?" said Mrs. Bell to a little boy, who sat near a wall at the back of her house. He had a book in his hand, and tears were in his eyes.

"We all have a poem to learn," said the boy, whose name was Tommy

Brooks, "and the one who says it best is to get a prize from the teacher, but I don't think I can learn it."

"Why not?" said the lady.

"The boys say that I can't, and that I need not try," said Tommy, as he rubbed his tearful eyes.

"Don't mind what the boys say. Let them see that you can learn it," replied the lady.

"But I don't think I can," said Tommy; "it is so long, and some of the words are so hard.

"I know there is no use in my trying for the prize; but I should like to learn the poem as well as I can; for the boys laugh at me and call me 'Slow Tommy.'"

"Well, dear," said the lady, in a kind voice, "if you are slow and can't help it, try to be 'slow and sure,' as they say.

"Look at that snail on the wall; how slow it is! And yet, if you watch it, you will see it will get to the top in time. So just try to learn a few lines



each day, and you may gain the prize in the end. And when you get on very slowly, think of the snail on the wall."

When Mrs. Bell had said this, she went on her way. And Tommy thought that he might run a race with the snail. So he resolved to try to learn the poem by the time the snail got to the top of the wall.

Finally, the day came on which the teacher was to give the prize, and he called upon the pupils to repeat the poem.

When five or six had recited, Tommy's turn came. There was a laugh when he arose, for most of the boys thought he would fail. But he did not omit a single word; and his heart was full of joy when the teacher said, "Well done, Tommy Brooks!"

When the rest of the class had tried, the teacher said Tommy had done the best of all, and gave him the prize.

"And now tell me," said the teacher, "how you learned the poem so well."

"Please, sir, it was the snail on the wall that taught me how to do it," said Tommy.

There was a loud laugh when Tommy said this. But the teacher said: "You need not laugh, boys; for we may learn much from such things as snails. How did the snail teach you, Tommy?"

"I saw it crawl up the wall little by little. It did not stop nor turn back, but went on, and on. And I thought I would do the same with the poem.

"So I learned it little by little, and did not give up. And by the time the snail reached the top of the wall, I had learned the whole poem."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils tell this story in their own words, using the following points: Tommy's difficulty. What the lady said to him. How he recited the poem. What he said about it.*

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Do not flatter yourself, nor permit other people to flatter you."



## LESSON L.

dwēll <i>habitar</i>	brīn'ŷ <i>salada</i>	Mōr'ná	prōm'ise <i>prometer</i>
eōr'al <i>coral</i>	dēpths <i>profundidades</i>	sē'erets <i>secretos</i>	lān'guage

## MORNA BY THE SEA.

My home is a hut by the sea,  
 For I am a fisherman's child;  
 And the playmates and friends that are  
 dearest to me  
 Are the waves so rough and wild.

I love to run on the shore,  
 When the sun and the tide are high;  
 The salt waves chase me—I laugh the more;  
 Who is so happy as I?

I love the waves, and they love me;  
 They say so in language plain.  
 I tell them my secrets, and they promise me  
 That they'll never tell mine again.

And presents they bring me beside,  
 Presents of coral and shell,  
 Briny and fresh with the last spring tide,  
 From the depths where the starfish dwell.

Only when father is far away  
 On the unknown, far-off sea,  
 I am anxious and sad, for the waves out  
 there  
 May not know him, I fear, nor me.



Then my dear waves that live on the shore,  
 Sing a low and comforting strain:  
 "Fear not, little maid; God is good, and  
 once more  
 Thy father shall come back again."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—Let the teacher write a stanza or  
 two of this poem on the blackboard, omitting the last word  
 of each line, and have pupils fill the blanks.



## LESSON LI.

*grasped*  
hāil Lane chēer'ily ex elāimēd'  
*inclined*  
rōad leanēd pār'ti eles ad vāng'ing  
*intention*  
vā'por Mā'bēl in tēn'tion sāt is fāe'tion

## WHY DOES IT SNOW?

"Why does it snow?" asked little Mabel, as she leaned upon the window sill watching the silent snowflakes.

"Because it wants to, I suppose," said her brother Tom. "I am sure if it keeps on, I shall have some fun with my sled."

"No, I don't wish for that reason," said Mabel; "I really wish to know why it snows."

"You'll have to ask somebody else, then; I can't stop to tell you. I must find my mittens."

Little Mabel had no intention of giving up her question until it was answered to her satisfaction, so she left the room to find her grandfather.

Old Mr. Lane was sitting in an arm-chair near the sitting-room window, and

saw the question in little Mabel's eyes as soon as she opened the door.

"Why does it snow, grandfather?" were the first words she said.

"That is a hard question," replied Mr. Lane, laughing.

"But you know, don't you?" said Mabel, advancing toward her grandfather's chair.

"Well, Mabel, let us—you and me—think it all over, and see whether we can't find out. Do you know what clouds are, Mabel? We must begin with them."

"Yes, mamma says that they are made of vapor, which rises from the earth and sea."

"That is very true," said Mr. Lane, "and did mamma tell you why the vapor rose from the earth?"

"Because the vapor is warm. It is the sun's heat that makes the vapor."

"Will not any heat cause vapor, Mabel?"

"O yes, grandfather."

"Quite right. The vapor rises and



is blown together by the wind, and then the cold air above the earth causes the little particles to show themselves and form clouds."

"And the clouds become heavy and drop down rain," said Mabel.

"That is nearly right, Mabel," said her grandfather, "but a great many of these little particles of vapor go to form a single drop of rain. It sometimes takes several days before the clouds have any drops of water in them."

"Please tell me more," said Mabel.

"Well, when the drops of rain fall from the clouds, if they enter very, very cold air, what would we have then?"

"I can't think," said Mabel.

"Hail," said her grandfather; "for that is frozen rain. I want my little girl to know about rain and hail, as well as snow."

"Are we coming to snow now, grandfather?" exclaimed Mabel.

"Really we ought to come to snow

before hail and rain," answered Mr. Lane; "but I wished to have you take the best road. You have heard, have you not, that the shortest way is not always the easiest?"

"O yes; I have heard that," said Mabel.

"Before the drops of rain are formed, the little particles of water are sometimes frozen in the clouds, and then fall in little flakes."

"O that is the snow, at last," cried Mabel, clapping her hands.

"Yes, that is snow!" said her grandfather, cheerily, "and I am sure that you and Tom will have a merry time with it while it lasts."

LANGUAGE LESSON.—Let the teacher read a short story to the pupils, and assist them in selecting the *parts* to form an *analysis*.

Let pupils write one or more questions about each part, answer them in complete statements, and then unite them, so as to reproduce the story.

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

"Cherish what is good, and drive evil thoughts and feelings far."