

LESSON LII.

ealm	squall	re fū's'al	out'ward
coast	lin ger	res eued	threāt'en
haste	sig'nals	dis tress'	ex tend'ed
Eng'lish	fōr'eign	hū's'band	fish'er man
(ing' glish)			

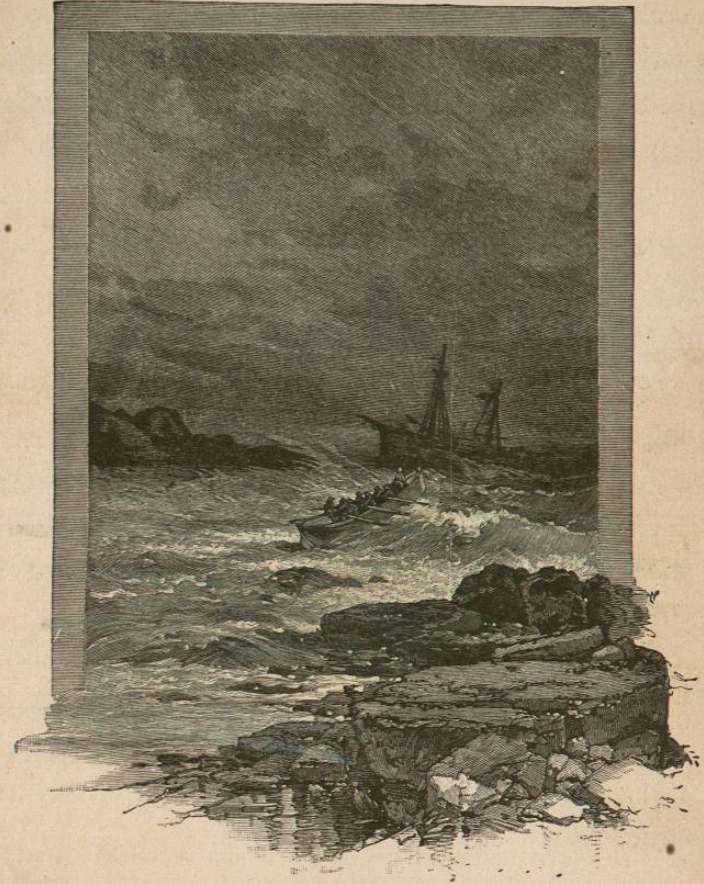
SAVED FROM THE SEA.

A storm is raging along the English coast. A lifeboat is nearly ready to make its way to a ship which, at some short distance from the land, is showing signals of distress. The lifeboat still needs one man.

Ned Brown, a fisher lad and a good sailor, wishes to fill the place. But first he bends down gently to a woman who stands beside him, and says to her in a clear, brave voice, "Mother, will you let me go?"

The mother has been a widow only six months. Her husband was a fisherman. He put out one day during the last spring in a small fishing boat upon a calm sea. A sudden and terrible squall came on; pieces of the boat were

seen next morning, but the fisherman returned no more.



A fierce refusal rises to the woman's lips. But her sad eyes move slowly towards the helpless ship. She thinks of the many lives in danger within it,

and of many distant homes threatened with loss of their loved ones.

She turns to her boy, and in a voice as calm and brave as his own, "Go, my son," says she, "and may God bring you back safe to your mother's arms."

She leaves the beach in haste and seeks her lonely home; and thinks of her old sorrow and her new fear.

Morning dawns again. The storm is over. The waves are tossing their heads, but the sea will soon be calm. A fine ship has gone down upon the waters, but the lifeboat has nobly done its work, and all in the ship have been saved.

Why does Ned Brown linger outside his mother's door? He has shown himself the bravest of the brave throughout the night. Why does he hold back?

Beside him stands a tall, worn man; a man whom he has saved from a watery grave; a man whose eyes, full of tenderness, never leave his own. Around the two are many villagers;

hands are extended to the man and happy words are spoken.

"Who will dare to tell her?" So says one with a voice well-nigh choked with feeling.

"I will." And, in another moment, Ned Brown enters the house, and is in his mother's arms.

"Mother, listen. I have a tale for your ears. One of the men saved last night is a fisherman. A storm had overtaken him upon the sea several months ago. He was seen and saved by a foreign ship. The ship was outward bound.

"Away from home, from wife, from friends, the man was forced to sail. By his wife and friends he was mourned as dead.

"He came to a distant land and set sail again in the first ship bound for England.

"Last night he found himself within sight of home; but a storm was raging on sea and land, and once more the man stood face to face with death.

Help came in his need. Mother, try to bear the happy truth.

“When your brave heart—a heart which in the midst of its sorrow could feel for the sorrows of others, sent me forth last night, you knew not (how should you know?) that you sent me to save my dear father’s life.”

Not another word is spoken. A step is heard; the rescued man stands by his own fireside. With a cry of wild joy the mother rushes forward and falls into his arms.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write a short exercise upon one of the following subjects,*

hats, cloaks, boots, coats,

and use this

ANALYSIS.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Where bought. | 6. Parts. |
| 2. When bought. | 7. Description. |
| 3. Of what made. | 8. Color. |
| 4. Who made them. | 9. Appearance. |
| 5. How made. | 10. Cost. |

Let teacher show pupils how to use the above analysis in writing a description of any article.

LESSON LIII.

lil'ŷ	dū'lŷ	mil'let	prāis'eş
grāçə	shârə	vāl'leŷ	Nā'turə

WORK.

Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the
sky,
Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry;
Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
Than alive, when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,
On the hilltop, low in the valley;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the rose and lily.

Work, with a plan, or without a plan,
 And your ends shall be shaped true;
 Work, and learn at first hand, like a man--
 The best way to know is to do!

Down and up till life shall close,
 Ceasing not your praises;
 Turn in the wild, white winter snows,
 Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
 Work, and the sun your work will share,
 And the rain in its time will fall;
 For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
 And the grace of God through all.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—Let pupils add *ful* to each of the following words, and give the meaning of the words so formed.

<i>fear</i>	<i>faith</i>	<i>pain</i>	<i>joy</i>
<i>hope</i>	<i>doubt</i>	<i>grace</i>	<i>sorrow</i>

Let pupils write eight statements, each containing one of the words just formed.

MAXIM FOR MEMORIZING.

“Let your hands and your conscience
 Be honest and clean;
 Scorn to touch or to think of
 The thing that is mean.”

LESSON LIV.

<i>in sist'</i>	<i>knit' ting</i>	<i>in ter fere'</i>
<i>nēe' dlēs</i>	<i>priek' ing</i>	<i>fin' ish ing</i>
<i>eap' i tal</i>	<i>re ceived'</i>	<i>spēe' tā elēs</i>
<i>worst' ed</i>	<i>gal vān' ie</i>	<i>pūn' ish ment</i>
<i>bāt' ter y</i>	<i>tēmp' ting</i>	<i>mēd' dlē sōmē</i>

HOW TOM GOT INTO TROUBLE.

Tom was quite as meddlesome as little Millie who broke her grandmother's spectacles, and got snuff into her eyes. He could never leave anything alone.

“Some day you will meddle too much,” said his mother, “and then you will be sorry.”

But Tom did not mind. Other people did, for Tom did a great deal of mischief in one way and another.

If his mother laid down her knitting work for a moment, he would pull out the needles in order to see the little loops.

If his sister's worsted work was on the table, he began working at it and

was sure to spoil it. If the gardener was weeding, Tom said he would weed too, and pulled up more flowers than weeds, which made the gardener very angry.

Then in the nursery, if he found the little ones playing cars, he would interfere and place the chairs another way, and would insist on being the conductor himself. Then the little ones would cry, and nurse would be angry and send Tom out of the nursery.

But one day Tom met with a punishment. He had been peeping about, and listening, and hearing of some wonderful machine that his father had just received.

"I must go and have a look at it," said Tom to himself. And down he went to his father's study to see what the machine was like.

He opened the door very softly, and there stood the wonderful machine, with chains and handles and plates, most tempting to behold.

Tom rubbed his hands and smiled.

"I might take it to pieces," he said, "and put it together again without any one knowing."

So he got upon a chair, and kneeling down, took a chain handle in each hand.

"Capital!" he was going to say, but instead of finishing the word, he cried out, "O, O, O!" and screamed so loud that every one ran to see what was the matter.

For no sooner had Tom taken hold of the handles than he felt as if pins and needles were pricking him, and he could not take his hands away, the handles seemed to keep them fast. "O, O, O!" yelled Tom.

"Ah!" said his father, "you have punished yourself at last. This is a galvanic battery."

Tom did not know what a galvanic battery was, but he made up his mind not to meddle with one again.

When his father had loosed his hands, Tom crept away to his room, without stopping to say a word, not caring to

hear their laughter and the jokes that were made upon him.

The galvanic battery had done its work well. Tom's feelings had been touched in a manner that surprised him.

He was told that there were other machines in the world more dangerous than galvanic batteries, and he believed it.

Tom had learned a lesson, and one that he was likely to remember. He never again meddled with anything he did not understand.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write a short exercise upon one of the following subjects,*

corn, apples, potatoes, strawberries,
and use this

ANALYSIS.

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Size. | 6. How planted. |
| 2. Shape. | 7. How often planted. |
| 3. Color. | 8. How cared for. |
| 4. Seeds. | 9. How gathered. |
| 5. How they grow. | 10. How made ready for food. |

Let teacher show pupils how to use the above analysis in writing a description of other articles of food.

LESSON LV.

hambre
gloves hūn'ger al lowed' *didales* thim'bles
mixtas mixed wāst'ed warn'ing pro dūced
echaar blave *desanglad* *tilaraxas* *am gado*
looked un tidy eōb'wēbs erūmpled
poor *regular*
wōrse rēg'u lar eōn'stant ill'tēm pered

ANNA AND THE FAIRIES.

PART I.

Once upon a time, there was a very untidy little girl, who never kept anything in its place, and who, for that reason, lost her books, thimbles, pins, needles, gloves, shoe strings, and everything else that some one did not put away for her.

She wasted her time in looking for them, when she ought to have been learning her lessons, or sewing, or going out to walk, and was a constant trouble to herself and her parents, her brothers and sisters, and all others in the house.

Now this was in the days when children had fairy godmothers. This little girl had two; one of them being

cross and ill-tempered, while the other was kind and gentle.

Anna—for that was the girl's name—had often been told that if she kept on being so untidy, she would give these fairies power over her, and that after a time, one or the other of them would carry her off and take the whole care of her.

The foolish girl took no heed of the warning, and so it happened, that one day the ill-tempered godmother came to take her away.

Never was such an object seen as this fairy. Her hair looked as if it had never known a comb or brush; her dress was soiled and torn; her stockings had holes in them; one shoe had lost more than half its buttons, and the other was tied up with a piece of string.

Anna was carried off and locked up in a small, dirty room, with uncleaned windows, cobwebs in all the corners, the floor covered with dust, and the walls almost black with smoke.

“There, Anna,” said the fairy, “I have brought you to just such a room as yours would have been, if you had been allowed to have your own way, and which, of course, you will like. Now I will bring you some work.”

So saying, she produced in some strange manner a great box of pins and needles and a bundle of crumpled papers.

She emptied the box on the table, and told Anna that she must stick the pins and needles into the paper in regular rows.

All the pins and needles of the same size and shape must be placed together, and she was to have no food until she had finished the task. Then the fairy went out, leaving Anna to herself.

The poor girl did not know how to begin her work. The pins and needles were all mixed together, and whenever she tried to pick one out, she pricked her fingers with the points of several others.

There were great carpet pins as long

as Anna's finger, and tiny little pins, some of which were so small that she could hardly see them.

Then there were long needles and short needles, large needles and needles so fine that one of the hairs from Anna's head would not pass through their eyes.

The more she tried, the worse matters became. Hour after hour passed away and she felt ill with hunger. At last, she burst into tears, thinking that she would be starved to death in this dirty, ill-kept room.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils make out an analysis in five parts for the subject—*

What happened yesterday.

Let pupils ask one or more questions upon each part of the analysis, and write out the answers in complete statements.

Unite such statements as relate to the same part of the analysis and may be properly joined.

The treatment of each part should make a separate paragraph; and all the paragraphs together, a complete story.

LESSON LVI.

^{gis} gūidə	< dīn'gy	eān'vas	dis ōr'der >
bēads	mōt'to	pāt'tern	ar rāngəd'
seowl	prōp'er	pēə'vish	un rāv'eləd >
ǎet'ed	eōp'īəd	prēs'ençə	eōm pān'ions (yūns)

ANNA AND THE FAIRIES.

PART II.

"What troubles you, child?" said a pleasant voice, and on looking round, Anna saw standing on the table in front of her, a little lady who looked like neatness itself.

Anna pointed to the heap of pins, needles, and papers on the table before her, but could not speak.

"Let me try what I can do," said the lady, waving a shining wand over the table.

As she waved it, all the pins left the needles and made a little heap near themselves. Then the carpet pins withdrew from their companions, and time, themselves in rows, with their partners all one way. Then the other pin



stat.

Until the same, until they were all arranged
anal. e side of the table.
 The *paragra* needles acted in the same
story. er. Both pins and needles jumped

into their proper papers, pushing their way through with their points.

Then the papers smoothed themselves and doubled themselves into regular folds.

Anna turned round to thank the lady, but she was no longer there, and the ill-tempered fairy was standing in her place.

"So," said she, "you have done the task after all, and must have your dinner!"

The next day, she brought out another box, full of beads, of all colors and sizes, and needles to match, with silk and thread.

"Now," said she, "you must stay here until you have strung all the beads on threads of their own color and of the right size. There is only one thread for each kind of bead, and each needle and thread exactly fit their beads."

Anna tried and tried a long time, but found she could not string the beads as the fairy wished them.

"Ah," said she, "if that kind lady would only come again!"

"I am here," said the same sweet voice, and at a wave of the shining wand, all the beads, needles, and thread arranged themselves in their places, so that Anna soon finished her task.

When the ill-tempered fairy returned, she seemed much surprised to find the beads all strung so nicely. She then went away and brought Anna's dinner.

Next day, she came with a tangled mass of silks of all colors, and a canvas and pattern which had to be exactly copied before dinner.

This time Anna at once called for help, and again the kind fairy appeared. At her presence the tangled silks unraveled themselves and lay in rows, each of its own color and in its own place.

"Who is my kind helper?" asked Anna.

"I," said she, "am the fairy Order. You see what I am. Now see what I

might have been, if I had been as heedless and careless as you."

In a moment, the smooth and shining hair became tangled; the trim dress looked dingy, loose, and ragged; the neat shoes were worn and soiled; the stockings had holes in them; the sweet smile changed to a peevish scowl, and Anna saw before her the ill-tempered fairy who had made her life so unhappy.

"Now," said she, "I am the fairy Disorder, under whose rule you have been. Choose which of us you will take for your guide."

"Order shall be my guide in the future," replied Anna, and as she turned again to look at the ill-tempered Disorder, there stood the fairy Order in her place.

Anna thanked the fairy Order with all her heart for what she had done for her, and from that time was never again found untidy.

"A place for everything, and everything in its place," was her motto, and

all through her life, she never forgot the lesson she had learned from the two fairies, and never failed to keep everything about her room and herself, neat, clean, and in order.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils add less to each of the following words, and give the meaning of the words so formed.*

<i>use</i>	<i>care</i>	<i>hope</i>	<i>harm</i>
<i>rest</i>	<i>fear</i>	<i>doubt</i>	<i>motion</i>

Let pupils write eight statements, each containing one of the words just formed.

LESSON LVII.

fēr'tile	erowns	shād'ow	flāsh'ing
<i>fertil</i>	<i>coronas</i>	<i>sombra</i>	<i>relampagueando</i>

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

While the new years come, and the old years go,
How, little by little, all things grow!
All things grow, and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little, on fertile plain,
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun
When the summer at last is done.

Low on the ground an acorn lies—
Little by little it mounts the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded, while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laugh-
ter and play,
Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life are passing away—
Passing without return, while so
The new years come and the old years go.

LANGUAGE LESSON.—*Let pupils write a short exercise upon one of the following subjects,*

bricks, plaster, boards, nails,

and use this

ANALYSIS.

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Of what made. | 3. How used. |
| 2. How made. | 4. By whom used. |