

And they are all full of light. Isn't he funny? He must be all on fire inside his head!"

"Don't you know what that is, Ned?" asked his big brother, Joe. "That's a jack-o'-lantern. It is made out of a pumpkin; it must be Phil Dexter's. His grandfather gave him the pumpkin. He has been up in the country, you know, mamma, and he brought the pumpkin home.

"I could make one if I had a pumpkin. He cut holes for the mouth and eyes and nose, and put a candle inside. The light is a candle, Ned; don't you see? There, he has gone."

"I wish our grandpapa lived in the country," said Ned, "so that we could have a jack-o'-lantern."

"I'll make one, anyway," said Joe. "I know I can, out of something."

Joe sat very still till tea time. He was thinking how to make his jack-o'-lantern.

When tea was over, he went up into the attic. No one saw him for a long time. Little Ned got sleepy and went to bed.

At last Joe came down.

"Now, mamma," he said, "if you will give me two cents to buy a candle, I will show you as good a jack-o'-lantern as ever was made."

He ran to the store close by, and soon came back with his candle. Then he went into the front hall and shut the door.

"Now come into the hall, if you please," he said very soon; "Jack wishes to see you. But you must shut the door, or else put out your light."

His mamma turned the gas very low, and they all went into the hall. There sat Mr. Jack, looking as bright and smiling as you please.

Joe had found a round box in the attic. He cut eyes and a nose and a mouth, and set a candle in it. It made a very fine Jack.

As soon as it was dark the next night, he took it out of doors, and came close to the window for Ned to see.

"We have our jack-o'-lantern now," said Ned, "if we haven't a grandpapa up in the country to give us a pumpkin."

In a few days all the boys had made jack-o'-lanterns. Joe said the town was full of men with fires inside their heads.

SLATE WORK.

Phil Dexter's jack-o'-lantern.

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

please	float	sail	miss
pleased	float'ed	sailed	missed
pleas'ant	float'ing	sail'or	miss'ing

Califor'nia, weath'er, shing'les, ban'ners.

SAILING BOATS.

One rainy day papa made two ships for his little girls. They were about a foot long. It



pleased the girls very much to see the ships made. They had little, white sails; and tiny flags floated from the tops of the masts. And they were gayly painted.

Sixon put his nose into the paint pail, so he was painted, too. But it soon wore off. Sixon was the dog.

Mabel's ship was painted blue and had a blue flag. She called it the "Bluebell."

Nelly's was bright red. She thought a long name would sound the best. So she named hers "The Pride of the Seas."

When the pleasant weather came again, the two sisters had fine times sailing their ships.

They were careful little girls, and their papa let them go down to the lake to play as often as they liked.

There was a little cove, with a bright, sandy beach near their home. They sent the ships across this cove from one side to the other.

Back and forth they went safely for awhile. But one day a stray breeze caught the little "Bluebell." She did not sail across to the other side, as she had done before. She went out past the point, and away into the great, wide lake.

The wind was strong. The blue banners floated in the air, and she sailed away and away, till at last she was quite out of sight.

"Let's play she has gone to California," said Nelly sadly, as she stood watching her.

"She will come back with a load of gold some time," added Mabel.

"The Pride of the Seas" had to go across the cove alone now.

"She's as much yours as mine," said Mabel. And after that she always said "our boat" when she spoke of it.

One day the girls tried a new place, and the ship stuck fast in a bank of mud where the girls could not go.

John, the hired man, had to put on his long rubber boots, and waded into the water to get her.

Many and many a pleasant summer day she sailed. The girls used to make little boats of pieces of shingles, with paper dolls for sailors.

They sent them out on the lake to find the missing "Bluebell." It is now a long time since she started, but she has never come back.

Nellie and Mabel are young ladies; but they still keep the pretty plaything their papa made for them.

SLATE WORK. (Joining o to other letters.)

cove.	point	stood	could
dolls	nose	boots	Six'on
down	boat	box	long

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

pres'ent
ex press'

col'lar
watch'ing

jag'ged
fleece

dar'ling
nib'ble

NED'S BLACK LAMB.

Not long ago Ned had a present of a lamb. His Uncle Frank sent it to him by express.



Ned was crying when the lamb came. That was a foolish thing for such a great boy to be doing, was it not?

His mamma had just gone to ride. She could take only one at a time of the three children, and this time it was not Ned's turn. So Ned and his sister stood on the piazza, with eyes full of tears, watching mamma out of sight.

It was just then that the man came into the yard with the lamb. The children did not cry any more, you may be sure.

It did not look much like the lamb the children had read about, with "fleece as white as snow." This one was black; but it had a line of white about its neck and feet, like a collar and cuffs.

The children called it "a beauty" and "a darling." They jumped up and down for joy. And pretty soon the lamb jumped, too; but lambs are always a little stiff.

The black lamb grew very fond of Ned. It would follow him about all day. A bed of soft hay was made for it in the shed. Ned never went to his own bed till he had looked to see that his pet was asleep.

stout
knock
heärt
hëav'ÿ
griëf

One day Ned's mamma said, "Why, Ned, what is the matter with your hair? Have you been trying to cut it? It looks all jagged and torn."

"My lambie eats it, mamma," said Ned; "he likes it just as well as he does hay."

And this was true. When the little boy sat with his book, or lay on the ground in the shade, the black lamb would come up in the most loving way and nibble his hair.

By and by this very little lamb, that came to Ned in the spring-time, had grown stout and large. He was not a very safe pet.

Baby was just learning to walk. Whenever she came out on the lawn, Lambie, as Ned still called his pet, would knock her over and dance around or upon her. He did not mean to do harm; but he hurt her, he was so heavy.

So the mother had to send him off to a farm a good many miles away.

Poor Ned! No one could blame him for crying then. His little heart was full of grief. He sadly missed his playmate.

Some weeks after, when a flock of sheep went by, his mamma heard him ask the man who took care of them: "Please, sir, have you a little black lamb, with a white collar round its neck? It must be a very little one."

Even now he does not like to have any one talk of the bad ways of "that black sheep."

LESSON 2. — SLATE WORK. DICTATION.

A little black lamb with white collar and cuffs.

LESSON 3. — About a Lamb.

How large? What kind of a covering? How many feet? what kind? What he eats. What sound he makes.

lin'gered | pa'tiently | appear' | fol'lowed | teach'er

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day:
That was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out;
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
'Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm;
As if to say, "I'm not afraid,
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry;
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

read'er	coax'ing	per haps'	hun'gry
be cause'	coax	a wake'	sharp'ly

THE BLACK BEAR.

I know two children who are not afraid of a big black bear. You and I would be afraid, would we not, little reader?

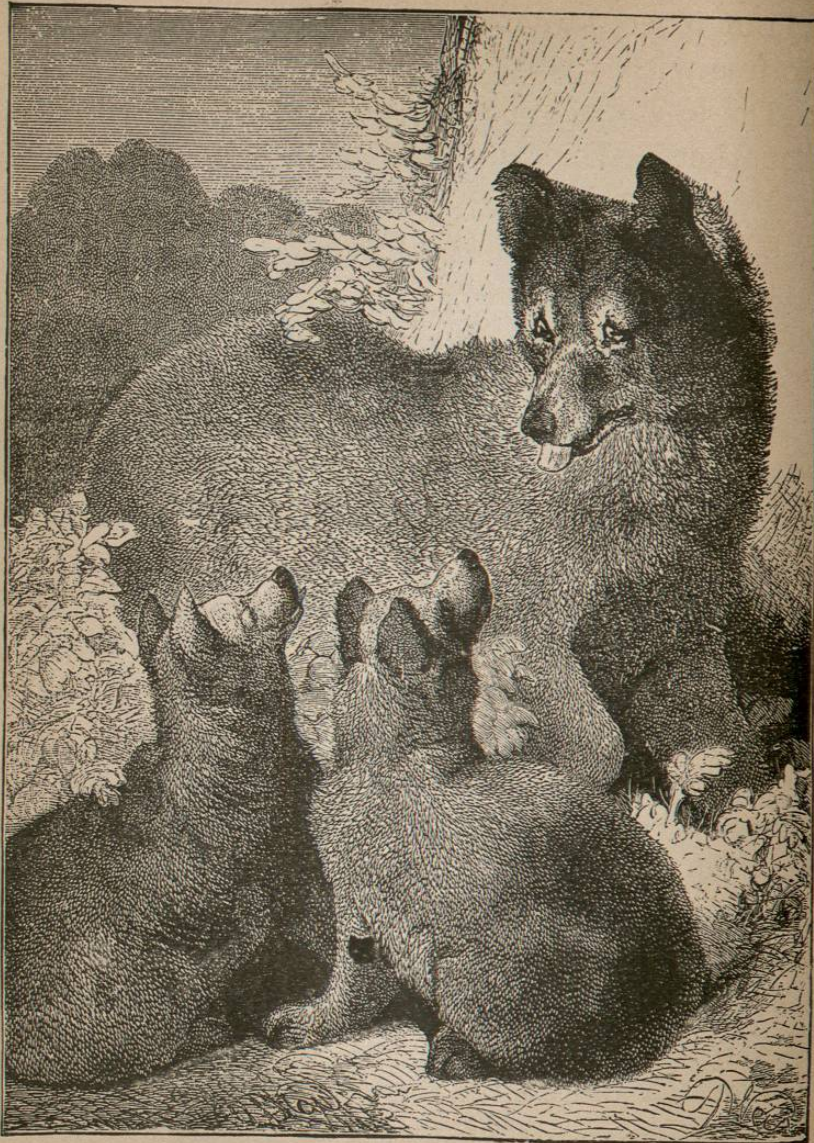
These little ones are only babies. They are not a year old yet. Do you think it is because they know no better that they are not afraid?

The babies are twins; that is, they are both of the same age—a little brother and sister, perhaps.

They are very fond of the old black bear. They like to lie down by her side. They will sleep there for an hour at a time, and when they wake, they will coax the bear to play with them.

If she is sleepy, she may be a little cross at first; perhaps she will speak sharply to them, or push them away; but they do not mind that. They will go on coaxing till she is wide awake.

Then what a frolic they will have! How the babies will roll and tumble! And the bear seems to like it as well as they do. She is very fond of them. No one would dare to go near her to take the little ones away.



But it would not be safe for all children to be so free with a bear.

These, if they could speak, would call her "mother." That is why they feel so safe.

Mothers, all over the world, are good to their little children, are they not?

Look at the picture. See the bright face of the mother bear. She does not look as if she would harm any one.

And see the little cubs look up at her. What are they saying? They are full of fun and frolic.

This kind of bear is not apt to be cross. She would be if her children were in danger. She might be if she were hungry, for that would make her cross.

I would not care to go very near her; would you?

LESSON 2. — SPELL:

bear	dare	fair	their
tear	care	air	there
wear	pare	hair	where

What kind of a coat does the

The cubs call the bear mother.

I should not to go the bear is.

It is a day. I will the apple.

Do not your dress. Take of your

The teacher may tell what the missing word is, and let the children point to it.

Grand'-	al'ways	nee'dles
mam ma	stitch'es	grow'ing
knit'ting	some'times	sor'ry

SPELL: sew (sō), does, puts, any, next.

THE LOST STITCHES.

Grandmamma is always knitting.

She says she is growing blind, and cannot see to read and sew as mamma does.

But her eyes do not look blind to little Bennie. He thinks they are full of light and love.

He likes to watch grandmamma at her knitting, she makes the needles fly so fast.

"How can you, Grandma, when you don't look on?" he asks.

Sometimes she drops a stitch; then she looks on. Bennie thinks her eyes look sorry. He does not like to have grandmamma drop a stitch.

And he cannot think where they go when they fall.

She is knitting a red hood now for the little lame girl in the next street.

Bennie wants all the stitches to go in to make it pretty and warm. So he has taken his little basket. You see him in the picture. He is looking on the floor to see if he can find any of them.

"How do they look, grandma?" at last he says; "I don't see any of them."

"What are you looking for, my boy?" asks grandmamma.



"For the stitches that you lost," says Bennie; "you said you lost one just now, and I have been trying to find it for you."

So grandmamma lets him see a stitch drop, and shows him how she picks it up again. Then she puts the work away, and tells the dear boy the story he likes best of all to hear:

How mamma was once a little girl named Emma, and how afraid she was of the dog, Shag.

And how one day Emma fell into the mill-pond, and no one knew it but Shag. And Shag brought her out without hurting her a bit, and laid her on the bank.

Then how Shag went and told her papa, so that he went and saw little Emma, and took her home.

How they all cried and laughed, and laughed and cried. How they loved the little Emma more than ever, and the good dog, Shag. And how Emma was never afraid of Shag again.

Then Bennie goes, as he always does, to tell it to his mamma, and to ask if she *was* a little girl named Emma, and if she *was afraid of Shag*, and if she *fell into the pond and he pulled her out*, and she *was never afraid any more*.

SLATE WORK.

Finding grandma's stitches.

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

o'pen'ing | in'sect | hon'ey | swim'ming | rejoice'

EARLY RISING.

Get up, little sister, the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the
light;
The buds are all opening, the dew's on the
flower;
If you shake but a branch, see, there falls quite
a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look, under the
trees,
How the young lambs are skipping about as
they please,
And by all those rings on the water, I know,
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

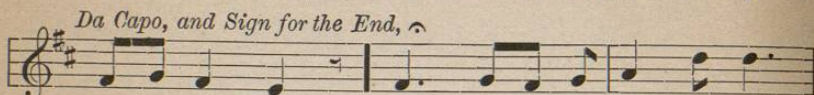
The bee, I daresay, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of the spring;
For the bee never idles, but labors all day,
And thinks, wise little insect, work better than
play.

Get up, for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, or work like the bee.

THE RISING SUN.



1. See where the ris - ing sun In splen - dor
 2. Fair is the face of morn; Why should your



Da Capo, and Sign for the End, ♩

decks the skies! His dai - ly course be - gun;
 eye - lids keep Clos'd when the night is gone?



Haste and a - rise.--- Oh, come with me where
 Wake from your sleep.-- Oh, who would slum - ber



vio - lets bloom And fill the air with
 in his bed, When dark - ness from his



sweet per - fume, And where, like dia - monds
 couch has fled, And when the lark as -



to the sight, Dew - drops spar - kle bright.
 cends on high, War - bling songs of joy?--

D.C.

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

draw'er	troub'le	gnaw	crumbs	whis'ker
tow'els	pan'try	snug	bā'con	rē ply'
quick'ly	ex cuse'	threads	al'most	hur'rah

THE COUNCIL OF THE MICE.

There were once some little mice who lived in the walls of a house.

They found plenty to eat; there were snug little places to make nests, and there was a drawer full of towels from which to get threads to line them. In the great attic they could frolic and dance, or run races inside the walls.

They had but one trouble: in the same house there was a cat,—a very wicked cat, they said.

One night they met to talk about their trouble, and to see if they could not find a way to put an end to it.

“We must do something,” they all said. There were Brown-back, Grey-ear, White-whisker, and ever so many more.

“It is not safe for us anywhere,” said Brown-back. “If I step into the pantry to get a bit of cheese-rind or bacon, down comes the cat. If I go into the dining-room to pick up the crumbs, she is sure to be there.”

“And she watches at every hole that any one