



A LITTLE SCHOOL.

Here's Arthur and Mollie,
Beth Gray, with her dollie,
Grave Robert, and little
Paul Mack.

Phil Dexter and Fannie,
George Baker and Annie,
With dear Baby Noll and
his Jack.

Next Sue, Grace, and
Bennie,
Then Norman and Jenny,
And last, Agnes Hill and
Fred Black.

Dear Miss Oak:

Here is a picture
of our school. We had it
taken last week. Do you
see me in it?

Beth Gray held up her
dollie. I wish I had had
mine. The little boy with
the jumping Jack is Annie
Baker's cousin. The rest you
know. We all want to see
you very much.

Your loving pupil,
Gracie Downs

car'riage	vil'lage	draw'er	shrubs	les'sons
sta'tion	schol'ars	cous'ins	vis'i tors	rai'sin

MISS OAK'S SCHOOL.

Would you like to know more about the little school in the picture?

It is a long way out of the village, at a place called Maple Hill.

There is no school-house at Maple Hill station. But over Mr. Downs' carriage-house is a very pretty room. It has five sunny windows, and the children use it for a school-room.

Each scholar has brought a chair from home to sit in, and each has a little table with a drawer.

There is a desk for Miss Oak, and a pretty rocking chair; and there are two chairs for visitors. Can you think how such a room would look?

The windows are full of pretty plants, and the walls have pictures on them.

In the summer time it is often hard to find where the school is. It may be out under the maple trees, or down in the hollow by the pond. I found it once in the grape arbor.

The scholars were having a lesson about grapes, and each had a bunch of grapes and a raisin.

I was a visitor, but I had grapes and raisins.

The scholars at Maple Hill learn a great deal about the trees and shrubs, the fruits and flowers, the birds and beasts, the flies and little bugs.

But they read and write and spell, just as you do, and learn about numbers. Some of them have hard lessons in books.

There are eight girls in the school, and nine boys. But two of the children—Arthur and Noll—are too small to learn lessons.

Look at the picture till you know the name for each face that you see, and then I can tell you about some of the scholars.

Norman and Bennie are Gracie Downs' brothers. The school is at their home. Fred and Robert are her cousins, and live close by.

Fannie Dexter is the one Gracie plays with most. You can hardly see Fannie's face. Her brother Phil stood in front of her, and had on a big hat.

Annie Baker is the oldest of the scholars. She helps Miss Oak teach the little ones to read.

Miss Oak comes in the cars. Two of the scholars, a girl and a boy, or two girls or boys, go to the station to meet her.

They are all good children, and they have a pleasant school.

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

Dē troit'	drawl	sug'ar	ōwned
crăck'er	both'er	par'rot	should'n't

hope, hoping; give, giving; live, living.

PRETTY POLLY.

There are a great many Pretty Pollys in the world. This one was owned by a lady in Detroit.

The lady lived in a house with high, stone steps, on one of the wide streets. The cage for the parrot stood in the bay window.

In the morning the cage was open for awhile, and Polly hopped about outside.

All the little children on that street knew and loved Polly.

Some of them had to go past the house to go to school. They always looked to see if the window was open, or if Polly was out of her cage.

If she was, she would hop down to the post to see them. And they would give her a bit of cake, or a cracker, or some other nice thing.

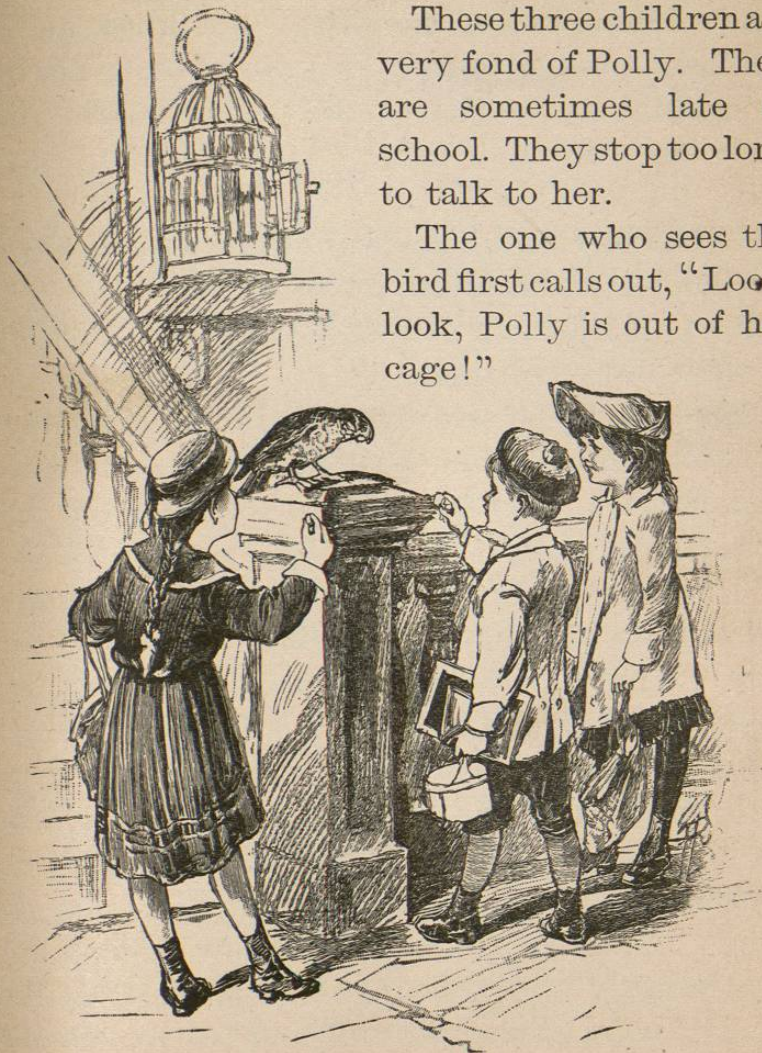
Polly was sure to pay them with some of her wise looks or queer sayings.

If older people said, "Good morning, Mistress Polly," she would sometimes drawl out, "Good m-o-r-n-i-n-g; Polly's sleepy!"

To the next she might say, "Good morning; don't bother a bird."

These three children are very fond of Polly. They are sometimes late at school. They stop too long to talk to her.

The one who sees the bird first calls out, "Look, look, Polly is out of her cage!"



May is the one who can make her talk best. She goes behind her and holds out a bit of cake. "Here, Polly," she says, "you know me."

"Yes," drawls Polly, "I know you. You're good children." That makes them laugh, and Polly does not like that. "Don't laugh," says May.

When Polly has all she wants, she will say, "Go to school now, children, go to school."

Then off they run as fast as they can, for they know it must be time.

This will all be said over again the next day, but each time it seems just as funny as before.

Sometimes the children used to talk about her strong, stout legs.

"How her toes point,—two straight in front, and two back!" they would say.

Or, "What a queer bill she has, and how funny she looks when she eats!"

But Polly did not seem to like it.

"I don't blame her," said May; "we shouldn't like to have any one do it to us. We won't do it any more."

They hope she will say some new thing; but she has only three sayings for them: "I like you," "You're good children," and "Go to school."

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

charm'ing ly	tröd'den	cûrled	hēath
tēr'ri bly	washed	chānged	fōlks

THE OLD LOVE.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world;
 Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
 And her hair was so charmingly curled.
 But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played on the heath one day;
 And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
 But I never could find where she lay.

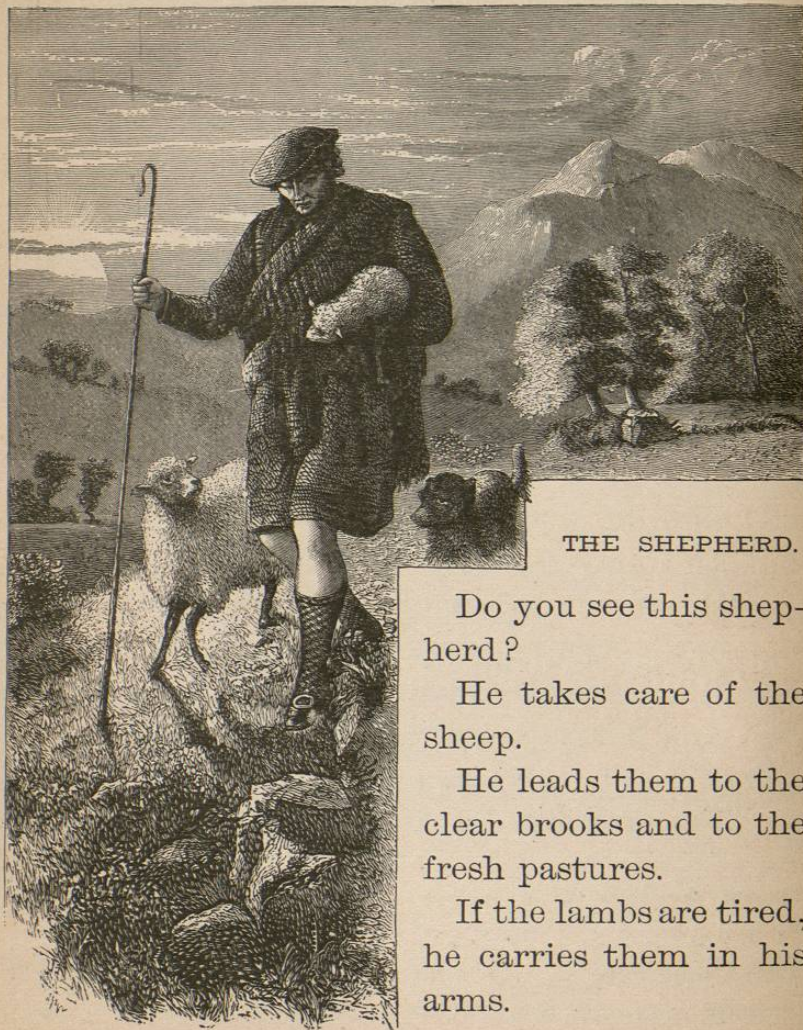
I found my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played on the heath one day;
 Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
 For her paint is all washed away;
 And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
 And her hair not the least bit curled;
 Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world.

LESSON 2.—LANGUAGE STUDY:

I had She One day I
 After a long time The rain The cows ...
 Her hair But still world.

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

shep'herd	hērb̄s	fiēld̄s	watch'es
wan'der	ēarth	fruits	pas'ture



THE SHEPHERD.

Do you see this shepherd?

He takes care of the sheep.

He leads them to the clear brooks and to the fresh pastures.

If the lambs are tired, he carries them in his arms.

If they stray away, he brings them back to their fold.

But who takes care of the shepherd? Who leads him in the way that he goes?

If he should wander from it, who will bring him back?

God is the Shepherd who watches over all. The whole earth is His fold, and we are His flock.

The fruits and the herbs, the green fields and gardens, — all good things are the pasture which He has given us.

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters.

— Psalm xxiii.

LESSON 2. — VOWEL SCALES.

sheep	stray	care	arms	earth	all	whole	who
ē	ā	â	ä	ē	ə	ō	ōō
brings	fresh	back	past	us	flock	—	brooks
ī	ě	ă	â	ū	ö	—	ōō

Repeat or sing the vowel scales, letting one

ē	ā	â	ä	û	ə	ō	ō
ī	ě	â	â	ū	ö	ō	ō

sound pass into the next without break.

Macron —; Breve ˘; Circumflex ^; Dots .. (above and below); Dot .; Wave ~.

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

wom'en | par'ent | hon'or | obey' | teach'es



THE MOTHER.

How dearly this mother loves her little child!

How many things she does for it!

She holds it in her arms; she feeds it and talks to it.

If the little one is sick, she takes care of it, and watches over it with tender love.

She does not forget it for a moment. She teaches it how to be good, and is happy as she sees it grow.

But who cares for the mother when she is tired? Who watches over her, and remembers her every moment? Who keeps her from harm?

God cares for the mother. He is the parent of all.

All the men and all the women who live in the wide world are His children.

He loves them all, and is good to all.

God is our Shepherd; let us follow Him. He is our Father; we will love Him. He is our King; let us honor and obey Him.

LESSON 2.—LANGUAGE LESSON:

The mother loves her little child.

She — it, she — it, she — it.

God is our, let us

He is our, let us

He is our, let us

LESSON 3.—VOWEL SOUNDS.

DOUBLE VOWELS.	TWO VOWELS WITH ONE SOUND.	DUPLICATES.
i oi	ai ea ee	e like ā; ô like ŭ
ou u	oa ie ei	ı like o; ô like a

Examples.— They, sòn, full, fôr; pain, mean, sleep, moan.

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

climb	field	ex cept'	wan'der
tired	safe'ty	won'der	al'ways

THE STORY OF A LAMB.

I will tell you a story about a lamb.

There was a kind shepherd who had many sheep and lambs.

He took a great deal of care of them. He gave them sweet, fresh grass to eat, and clear water to drink.

If they were sick, he was very good to them; and when they had to climb a high, steep hill, and the little lambs were tired, he used to carry them in his arms.

And when they were all eating their suppers in the field, he used to sit upon a stile and play them a tune upon his pipe, or sing songs to them; so they were happy sheep and lambs.

And every night this shepherd used to pen them in a fold, to keep them in safety from the greedy wolf.

Now they were all happy, as I have told you. They loved the shepherd dearly that was so good to them, all except one foolish little lamb.

This lamb did not like to be shut up in the

fold at night; and she came to her mother, who was a wise old sheep, and said to her:—

“I wonder why we are shut up so all the night. The dogs are not shut up, and why should we be? I think it is very hard, and I will get away if I can.

“I like to run about as I please. It is very pleasant in the woods by moonlight.”

Then the old sheep said to her: “You are very



silly little lamb; you had better stay in the fold. The shepherd is so good to us that we should always do as he bids us. If you wander about by yourself, I dare say you will come to harm.”

“I dare say not,” said the little lamb.

And so when night came, and the shepherd called them all to come into the fold, she would not come, but hid herself.

And when the rest of the lambs were all asleep in the fold, she came out, and jumped and frisked and danced about.

She got out of the field, too, into a forest full of trees; and a fierce wolf came rushing out of a cave, and howled very loud.

Then the silly lamb wished she had been shut up in the fold; but the fold was a great way off. And the wolf saw her, and seized her.

He carried her away to a dark den, where there were two cubs; and the wolf said to them:—

“Here, I have brought you a young, fat lamb.”

And the cubs took her, and growled over her a little, and then tore her in pieces and ate her up.

It is better for little silly lambs to stay in the fold at night, is it not?

for'est
frisked
howled
fierce
seized
piec'es

LESSON 2.—SLATE WORK.

*How sweetly does the time fly
When, to please my mother, I
Do with all my heart try.
'Tis Love says so.*

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

dōst	de light'	voice	clōth'ing	mak'ing
mēad	wool'ly	re joyce'	be came'	stream

THE LAMB.

[FOR A MEMORY GEM.]

Little lamb, who made thee?

Dost thou know who made thee?

Gave thee life and made thee feed

By the stream and o'er the mead?

Gave thee clothing of delight,—

Softest clothing, woolly bright?

Gave thee such a tender voice,

Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb, who made thee?

Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;

Little lamb, I'll tell thee:

He is callèd by thy name,

For He calls Himself a Lamb.

He is meek, and He is mild;

He became a little child:

I a child, and thou a lamb,

We are callèd by His name.

Little lamb, God bless thee!

Little lamb, God bless thee!

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

togeth'er | mid'dle-sized' | por'ridge | nei'ther | be gin'ning

THE THREE BEARS.

Part I.

Once upon a time there were Three Bears. They lived together in a house of their own in a wood.

One of them was a Little Small Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear; and the other was a Great Huge Bear.



They had each a pot for their porridge: a little pot for the Little Small Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear; and a great pot for the Great Huge Bear.

And they had each a chair to sit in: a little chair for the Little Small Wee Bear; a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great Huge Bear.

And they had each a bed to sleep in: a little bed for the Little Small Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great Huge Bear.

One day they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots. Then they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling. They did not wish to burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it.

In that same far-off country there lived a little girl. She was called Silver Hair, because her light curly hair shone so brightly.

coun'try
gath'er
ev'er y where
bot'tom
chām'ber

She was a sad romp; and so restless, she could not be kept quiet, but ran out and away, and often without leave.

One day she went into the wood to gather wild flowers, and into the fields to chase butterflies. She ran here and there and everywhere, till, at last, she found herself in a lonely wood.

There she saw the snug little house where the Three Bears lived when they were at home.

First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped into the keyhole, and seeing no one in the house, she lifted the latch.

The door was not locked, for the Bears were good Bears who did no one harm, and did not think any one would harm them.

So Silver Hair went in. And well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table.