

that Jamie saved Bruno's life. But neither Bruno nor Jamie can remember anything about that, for Jamie was only a baby then, and Bruno was a little puppy.

As Jamie and his nurse were out walking one day, they met a man carrying three puppies to the river to drown them. Bruno was one of these.

They were all nice, bright puppies; but Bruno licked Jamie's little fat hand so softly, that the baby was quite pleased, and cried to have him.

Just then Jamie's father came by, and, seeing how much his little boy was taken with the puppy, he said he might have it for his own.

So, first Jamie saved Bruno from being drowned, and then Bruno saved Jamie from being drowned; and now, I think, you will not wonder that after this they became fast friends and playfellows.

Copy this story, and put words in place of the dashes:

MY DOG.

My dog's name is Bruno.
He is a — dog.
He has two eyes and a — tail.
He can run and he can —.

LESSON XLI.

breāk	heārts	be-găn'	pret'-ty (prĭt')
eried	piēc-es	lōve'-ly	peeped
stāyed	pāssed	chānced	lĭn'-ing
glād'-ly	rōb'-bers	ōwn'-ers	work'-ers

THE STOLEN BASKET.

Two little workers once set to work to make a little basket. It was to be a basket for eggs.

They began their work very gladly. They went out to gather straws and twigs; these they brought home and twisted into the form of a basket.

After many days of hard work the basket was made. The little workers lined it with a soft lining, as smooth as silk.

When it was done, this tiny basket was very pretty, and the two busy workers who had made it were as proud and happy as they could be.

Then the eggs were put into it, and lovely eggs they were. There were four of them, all deep blue, with spots of black upon them.



It chanced one day that two boys passed the house where these little workers lived, and as they peeped in they saw the basket. Then they went into the house and stole the basket. They took the eggs out, broke the basket into pieces, and threw it away.

When the two little workers came home and found that their basket and their eggs were gone, they cried out as if their hearts would break.

Now, those boys who took the little workers' basket were robbers! And is it not wrong to rob? You say, "Oh, yes—it is very wrong!"

Then, was it not wrong, even though the owners of the little basket were only birds, and the house in which they kept it was only a bush?

Write answers to these questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

Who were the little workers?

How many were there?

What did they make?

What did they put into it?

LESSON XLII.

thēm

rīght

wrōng

nēared

a-lōng'

sōr'-ry

glād'-ly

rē'-al-ly

wound'-ed

whēr-ēv'-er

beau'-ti-ful

chīr'-rup-ing



NELL AND HER BIRD

Good-by, little birdie!

Fly to the sky,
Singing and singing
A merry good-by.

Tell all the birdies
Flying above,
Nell, in the garden,
Sends them her love.

Tell how I found you,
Hurt, in a tree;
Then, when they're wounded,
They'll come right to me.

I'd like to go with you,
If I could fly;
It must be so beautiful,
Up in the sky!

Why, little birdie—
Why don't you go?
You sit on my finger,
And shake your head, "No!"

He's off! Oh, how quickly
And gladly he rose!
I know he will love me
Wherever he goes.

I know—for he really
Seemed trying to say,
"My dear little Nelly,
I can't go away."

But just then some birdies
Came flying along,
And sang, as they neared us,
A chirruping song;

And he felt just as I do
When girls come and shout
Right under the window,
"Come, Nelly—come out!"

It's wrong to be sorry;
I *ought* to be glad;
But he's the best birdie
That ever I had.

Copy the first three stanzas of this poem.

LESSON XLIII.

pěr'-sonḡ slōw'-ly cheer'-ful-ly o-bey' (o-bā')
 sup-pōḡe' fāint'-ly sōr'-rōw-ful whēth'-er

THE WAY TO OBEY.

When Rollo was about five years old, his mother, one evening, took him up in her lap, and said,

"Well, Rollo, it is about time for you to go to bed."

"O mamma," said Rollo, "*must* I go now?"

"Rollo, suppose any mother should say to her boy, 'Come, my boy, it is time for you to go to bed,' and the boy should say, 'I won't go!' would that be right, or wrong?"

"Oh, very wrong!" said Rollo.

"Suppose he should begin to cry, and say he did not want to go?"

"That would be very wrong, too," said Rollo.

"Suppose he should begin to beg a lit-

tle, and say, 'I don't want to go *now*! I should think you might let me sit up a little longer!' what should you think of that?"

"It would be wrong."

"Suppose he should look up into his mother's face sorrowfully, and say, '*Must* I go now, mother?'"

"Wrong," said Rollo, faintly.

"Suppose he should not say a word, but look cross, and throw away his playthings in a pet, and walk by the side of his mother slowly—what should you think of that?"

"I think it would be wrong."

"Suppose he should look pleasantly, and say, 'Well, mother!' and come pleasantly to take her hand, and bid the persons in the room good-night, and walk off cheerfully!"

"That would be right," said Rollo.

"Yes," said his mother; "and always, when a child is told to do anything, whether it is pleasant to do or not, he ought to obey at once, and cheerfully."

Write three sentences about Rollo.

LESSON XLIV.

touch	pul'-ley	rav'-eled	bot'-tom
friend	lad'-der	build'-ing	stair'-way
tow'-er	sil'-ence	chim'-ney	light'-house

THE TALL CHIMNEY.

Do you see this tall, round tower, that stands on the hill? It looks like a light-house, but it is not.

It is only a chimney. You see it has no lamp on the top, as the light-house has, nor any door at the bottom; and there is no stairway inside.

The men have finished building it, and have just come down from the top—*all but one man.*

How did they get down?

At the top of the chimney is a large pulley, and over this the men hung a rope, so long that both ends of it could touch the ground at the same time.

Each man, when his turn came, put his feet into a loop at one end of the rope, and

so came safely down. But one careless man pulled the rope too far through the pulley, and it fell to the ground.

See! There is one man left on the top. How can he get down? There is no ladder that will reach so high, and he has no rope.

The men below stand in silence, looking up at their lonely friend on the top.

I will tell you how this man got down.

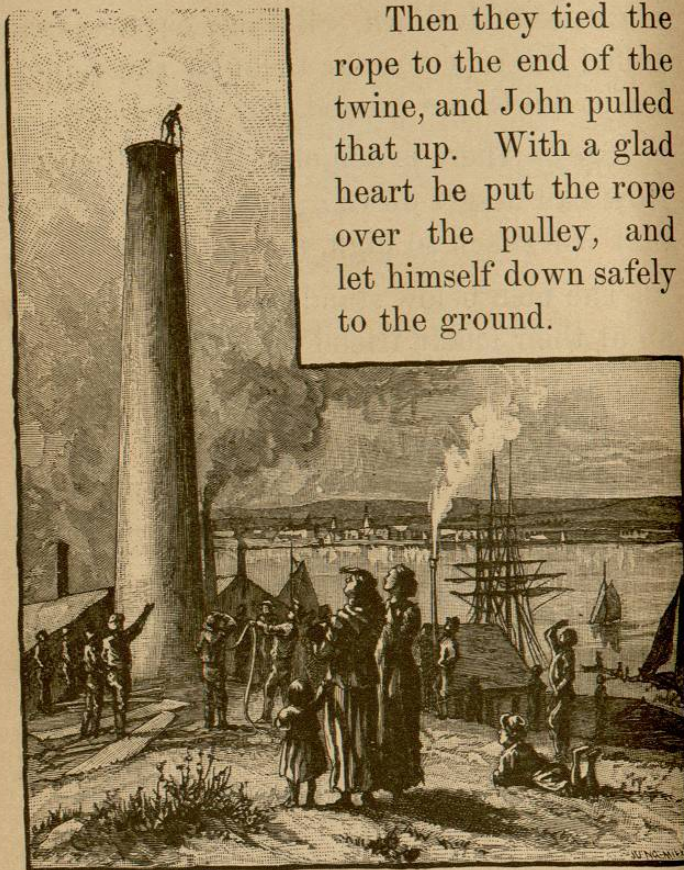
His wife was there, and, with all her strength, she called, "John, ravel your stocking! Begin at the toe!"

John knew what she meant; so he drew off his stocking, cut the toe, and began to ravel out the yarn.

When he thought he had enough yarn raveled, he tied a piece of brick to it and let it down to the ground.

While John was raveling the stocking his wife had brought a ball of twine. She tied the twine to the end of the yarn, and the men shouted to John, "Pull it up!"

John pulled and pulled, and at last the people below heard him say, "I have it!"



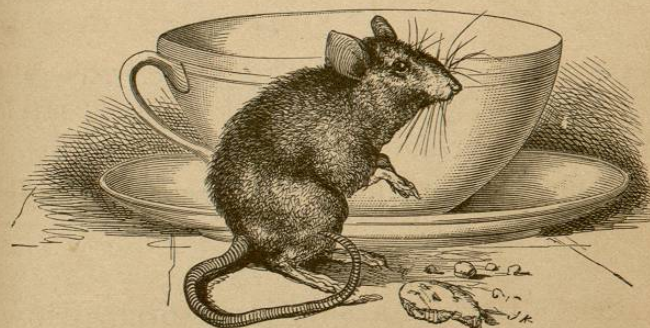
Then they tied the rope to the end of the twine, and John pulled that up. With a glad heart he put the rope over the pulley, and let himself down safely to the ground.

Copy these sentences :

John's wife had great presence of mind.
I think she knit his stocking.
Why did she not tie the rope to the yarn?

LESSON XLV.

gōne	mōrn	slȳ'-ly	heārth
wēre	be-sīde'	quī'-et	with-īn'



"IF YOU PLEASE."

All dressed in gray, a little mouse
Has made his home within my house ;
And every night and every morn
I say, "I wish that mouse were gone !"

But why? A quiet soul is he
As any one need wish to see.
My house is large, my hearth is wide,
With room for him and me beside.

Ah, yes! But when the lights are out,
He likes to slyly peep about,

And help himself to what he sees,
Without once saying, "If you please."

Copy this poem.

LESSON XLVI.

thŭn'-der	hĕrĕ	här'-bor	stôrm
light'-ning	breāk	eöv'-ered	strĕak

THE STORM. AT SEA.

See! Here is a ship in a storm. How black the sky is! It is covered with clouds. Do you see that streak of light in the black sky?

It is the lightning. It flashes out of the clouds; behind them the loud thunder is rolling and rolling.

How the wind blows! It is a very strong wind, and it blows the sea and makes it rough. Look at the waves—how high they are!

The great waves break over the ship and toss it about. It is a large ship, but it rocks in the storm like a toy-ship.

A little boy's mother is in this ship, and she is afraid the ship will sink into the sea.

But the captain is a brave man, and the ship is strong and new. I think it will ride through the storm.



The winds will stop, the waves go down, and the black clouds roll away; then the good ship will come safely into the harbor.

Copy these lines, and put words in place of the dashes:

The — have stopped, the — are still.

Sail on, good —! sail on, and bring my mother — to me!

LESSON XLVII.

A LETTER FROM LUCY.

Riverside, Ohio
June 20th 1888

My dear Amy,

Do you remember
the old tree that we used to
climb last summer?

Two owls have built a nest
in it, and they have little ones.
Last week one of the little
owls got out of the nest, and
lost his way. Tom found him
and brought him home, and
put him in the hen-coop
in the yard. The next day
what do you think we found

at the door of the coop?

A big fat mouse just killed!

The next day two dead birds
were lying by the coop.

The old owls have found
out where the little owl is,
and they come at night to
bring him food.

I think we shall keep
him until he gets tame.
I have never seen a pet
owl, have you?

Don't forget to write to me
about your birth-day.

Your loving cousin,
Lucy.

Write a letter to one of your friends, or to your teacher.

LESSON XLVIII.

fāç'-eş	fleet	blānk'-et	sleigh (slā)
mēr'-ry	shawl	chil'-dren	läugh (läf)



JINGLE! JINGLE!

Jingle! jingle! Up and down
Sleighs are flying through the town.
Jingle! jingle! Don't you hear
Merry sleigh-bells far and near!

Get a sleigh that's large and wide;
Let the children have a ride—
Henry, Ellen, Tom and Ann,
George and Jane, and little Fan.

Yes, there's room enough for all;
Bring another blanket-shawl;
Tuck them in. Away we go—
Jingle! jingle!—through the snow.

Jingle! jingle! Now we meet
Faces gay and horses fleet;
And we laugh, and shout, and sing,
While the merry sleigh-bells ring!

*Write a sentence having in it the word snow, and
another sentence having in it the word sleigh.*

LESSON XLIX.

bēr'-rieş	hûrlş	swa'l-lōwş
sweet'-ly	ěmp'-ty	for-gõt'-ten
eoûn'-try	frōz'-en	yěs'-ter-daÿ
püz'-zled	in'-seets	mōve'-ment

WHERE THE BIRDS ARE.

One cold winter day a little boy's mother said to him, "Where are the birds, Willie?" Willie looked up and down the lonely road, and into the naked trees, but he could not see any birds. For a moment he was

puzzled; then he said, "They are all in their nests, mamma."

His mother showed him that the nest in the tree near the window was empty. She told him that all the other nests were empty too. Willie looked sad, and said, "Are the birds all dead, mamma?"

"No, Willie, they are not dead. Do you not remember that yesterday you saw a snow-bird? But the other birds have gone far away south, where it is as warm in the winter-time as it is here in the summer."

"If they had stayed here all winter, they would have died. They would have frozen to death as they slept in the trees, or else they would have starved to death."

"Why would they have starved to death, mamma?" said Willie.

"Because they feed upon berries, insects, and seeds, which they could not find here in winter."

"Will they find such food in the country to which they have gone, mamma?"

"Yes, Willie. Here the cold wind hurls the snow against our windows, and the sky is very dark; but there the sun is shining bright and warm."

"The ground is covered with green grass, the flowers are in blossom, and there are berries on the bushes, and seeds on the grains and grasses."

"Little flies sail about in the sunshine; bugs and worms crawl around on the ground."

"Oh, yes, the dear little birds have plenty to eat there. And they fly up into the green trees, and sing sweet songs to the people who live there."

"But they have not forgotten us. They will come back next summer, and sing for us as sweetly as ever. In April you may begin to watch for the birds to come back."

Copy these sentences, and put words in place of the dashes:

The birds will come back to us in the —.

In — we will begin to watch for the birds to come. Birds feed upon —, —, and —.

LESSON L.

elēar	smiled	rōv'-ing
eried	bright'-ly	mēr'-ri-ly
a-frāid'	ē'-ven-ing	ānx'-ious (ānk'-shus)

THE CHILDREN AND THE MOON.

The sun had set, and it was getting dark, and the children in the field were still thinking only of their play.

But when it grew darker and darker they were afraid, and cried, for they did not know the way home.

All at once a light shone through the trees. At first they thought it was a fire; but it rose high in the air, and they saw it was the moon.

And, when the Moon saw the children, she said, "Good evening, my children! Why are you out so late?"

The children were afraid at first, but, when they saw that the Moon smiled kindly at them, they took heart, and said,

"Ah, we have stayed too late, and we can not find the way home, because it is so dark." And they wept so loud that the Moon was sorry for them.



Then the Moon said to them, "I will give you light, so that you can find your way." And she shone out so bright that it was almost as light as if it had been day.

Then the children were glad, and ran merrily home, singing and dancing all the way.

At the door they turned, and said, "Dear Moon, we thank you for having lighted us so well!"

And the Moon said, "I am glad you are safe home. Run, now, to your mother, for she is anxious about you."

Copy these lines:

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"

"Over the sea."

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"

"All who love me."

LESSON LI.

ēat'-er	deep'-est	mēan'-ing
mill'-er	high'-est	an-ōth'-er
plāy'-er	wēak'-est	sōme'-times
hūnt'-er	strōng'-est	inn'-keep-er

MAKING WORDS.

When we add *er* to the end of a word, it sometimes makes it mean one who does the action or the work.

Thus, a man who goes into the woods to hunt wild animals is called a "hunter."

A miller is a man who works in a mill, and a farmer is a man who works on his farm with his men and horses.

A man who keeps anything is a keeper. If he keeps a shop, he is a shop-keeper; and if he keeps an inn, he is an inn-keeper.

When I sleep, I am a sleeper; and when I eat, I am an eater. When I walk, I am a walker; and when I read, I am a reader.

Father and mother say that I am a player more than a worker.

But when we add *er* to other words, it has quite another meaning. When we add *er* to *deep*, the word we make is *deeper*; and *deeper* means *more deep*.

In the pretty brook that runs by our door, the parts where it runs fast are not very deep, but the still pools are deeper. The mill-pond is deeper than the pools of the brook, and the well is deeper than the mill-pond.

We say, "The pools are deep, the mill-pond is deeper, but the well is the deepest of them all." The word *deepest* is made by adding *est* to the word *deep*.