

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
mīll'-er	hīgh'-est	an-ōth'-er
plāy'-er	wēak'-est	sōme'-times
hūnt'-er	strōng'-est	īnn'-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."

*Monte... Mayo 1 de 1900.*

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*.

Ann is smaller than I am, and my little brother is smaller still; so he is the smallest. I am taller than Ann is, Ned is taller than I am, mother is taller than Ned, and father is taller than mother; he is the tallest of us all.

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

When I work, I am a —.

When I climb, I am a —.

I am 10 years old, and Ann is only 4 years old; so I am — years — than Ann.

LESSON LII.

<i>izquierda.</i>	<i>fabricar.</i>	<i>facilmente.</i>	<i>inundar.</i>
left	build	ēas'-i-ly	flōw'-ing
<i>frente.</i>	<i>completamente.</i>	<i>protección.</i>	be-tween'
frōnt	quite	shel-ter	
<i>derecho.</i>	<i>enfrente de.</i>	<i>detrás.</i>	wēath'-er
right	lēdge	hid'-den	
<i>detrás.</i>	<i>salpicar.</i>	be-hind'	hōv'-ered
heart	splash		

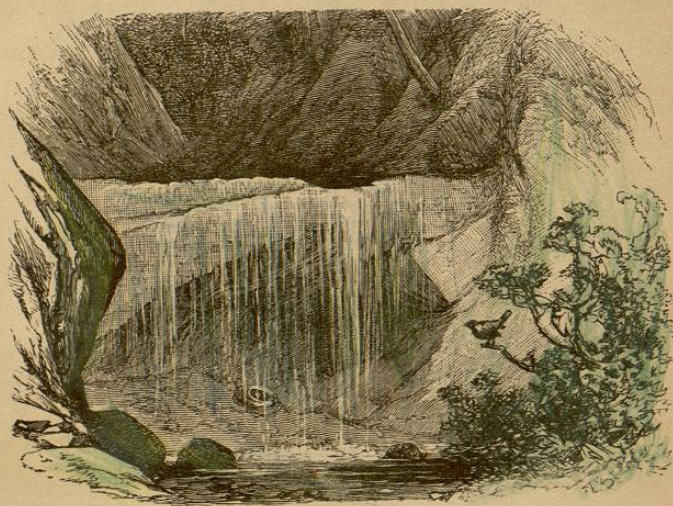
*El nido debajo de la cascada.*  
THE NEST UNDER THE WATER-FALL.

*En un solitario lugar cerca de los montes de Nueva York, en un pequeño cascada.*  
In a lonely place, among the hills of New York, is a pretty water-fall. In dry weather there is only a little water there, which creeps gently among the rocks and stones, and keeps the moss green.

In rainy weather there is a great deal of water, and then it makes quite a noise, and comes with a dash and a splash over the rocks. One fine day in spring a little bird began to build her nest on a ledge of stone under this water-fall.

The bird thought she had chosen a very safe place under the shelter of that rock. To be sure, a little water did flow over it, and fall to the right and to the left, but that did her no harm.

She could go in and out very easily. So she made the nest ready for her eggs.



But the weather changed. It began to rain very hard. The water rose rapidly, and poured over the stones and rocks. When the little bird came home, she could not see her nest; it was quite hidden.

The water was flowing over every part of the rock, and made a wall between her and her nest. To be sure, it was safe and dry behind the water, but how was she to get there? Poor little bird! how her heart beat!

She flew to the right, she flew to the left, she came back in front of the nest; she hovered there a minute, then darted through the falling water to her dear little home behind it.

*Write five sentences about a bird.*

LESSON LIII.

slipped	pēach	dōē'-tors
mōn'-ey	bāt'-tle	shāk'-ing
ôr'-phan	Bī'-bles	gāth'-ered
hūn'-gry	a-mūṣe'	āft'-er-nōon
eow'-ard	Chī-nēṣe'	ī'-ron-ing (ī'-ārn-)

HOW SILVER-HAIR TRIED TO BE GREAT.

"I wish I were a great man," said little Silver-Hair, shaking the flaxen locks off his face, "because then I'd do ever so many things to make people happy!"

"What would you do if you were a great man, my son?" asked his mother.

"Why, I'd help the good people, and whip the bad people, and give money to the poor people, and send doctors to the sick people, and take care of the orphan people, and feed the hungry people, and send Bibles to the Chinese people, and—and—get my name put down in a book."

"Well," said his mother, laughing, "those are many things even for a great man to do. But did you ever think how great men come to be great men?"

"No, mamma."

"Do you think your little apple-tree, which is only as high as your knee, will ever grow to be a peach-tree?"

"No, mamma."

"What kind of a tree was the elm-tree in the front-yard, when it was little?"

"An elm-tree, I guess."

"And now, what kind of a boy do you think will grow to be a great man?"

"A great boy, I guess."

"Suppose, then, my little Silver-Hair tries to be a great boy."

"How?"

"By doing everything he can to make everybody happy."

"Tell me something to do, mamma."

"Well, there is Sarah, who is busy ironing. You might fill the wood-box for her."

Silver-Hair went to work and piled up the wood till the box was full. Then he pulled up the weeds in the back-yard, to please his papa when he came home.

But now he was so tired that he asked his mother if she did not think he had done enough great things for one afternoon. His mother kissed him, and told him that he might rest now, and play.

Montgomery, December 24 de 1878

The next day he did not find it easy to be great, for little sister Maggie was cross. It was hard work to amuse her, when he wanted to play out under the trees. He had a mind to give up trying to be great.

He slipped away from her, put on his hat, and ran out into the grass. There he felt like a coward who had run away from a battle.

So he gathered a handful of flowers and took them in to the little girl, and showed her how to stand them up against the wall and play that she had a garden.

Then he took her on his back and played that he was a horse, until she laughed so loud that mamma came to enjoy the fun.

Write five sentences about Silver-Hair.

LESSON LIV.

eătch	seâred	twën'-ty	ăn'-swered (-sêrd)
lî-onş	sîñ'-gle	piet'-üre	wôn'-dered
tî-ġer	ăet'-ive	splên'-did	eight'-een (ă'-teen)

*Some of Tiger*  
 X LIONS AND TIGERS.

*2 lions & 1 tiger*  
*one is a picture of a lion*  
 "Two lions and a tiger!" said Louis, holding up a picture. "Aren't they splendid-looking fellows? I wonder if they're going to fight?"

"The tiger would get the worst of it, I'm afraid," answered the boy's father, as he looked at the picture. "Two lions to one tiger are more than a match.

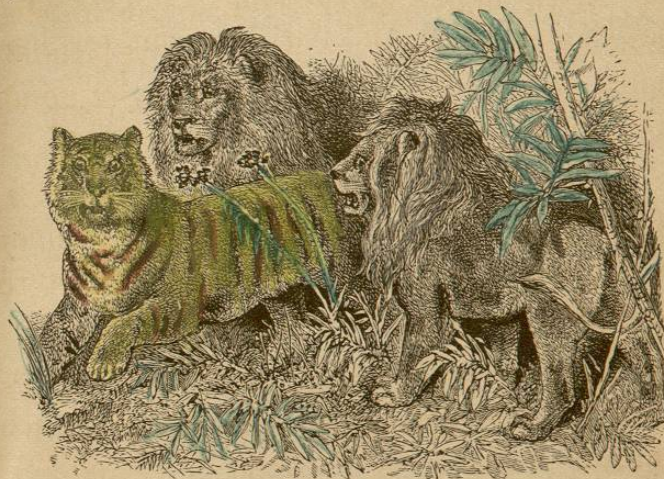
"They are splendid-looking fellows, that's a fact! How grandly the artist has drawn them!"

"Don't you think, papa, that the tiger is a little scared?"

"I shouldn't wonder, for the two great lions look as if they were going to eat him up. But it isn't likely they'd find that a very easy thing to do; for a tiger is about as strong as a lion, and more active. He'd make a hard fight for his life, even with two against him."

"I think he wants to get off," said Louis. "You see that his head is set away from

the lions; but they could catch him, I guess."



"In a race, the tiger would beat them. At a single bound he could go eighteen or twenty feet."

"Then he'd better be off," said Louis.

"So I think! Running will be better for him than fighting. Two lions to one tiger are too many."

*Copy this sentence:*

Never be cruel to a dumb animal; it can not tell how much it suffers.

## LESSON LV.

cierto. alegremente amarilla. en el momento  
 true gāy'-ly yēl'-lōw to-gēth'-er  
 tu-lip danced kind'-ly but'-ter-flies

Las 3 mariposas  
 THE THREE BUTTERFLIES.

Once there were three Butterflies, a white one, a red one, and a yellow one, playing in the sunshine.

Soon the rain fell and made them wet, and they hastened to fly home.

But the house-door was shut, and the key was nowhere to be found.

So they went to the Tulip, all gayly striped in red and yellow, and said, "Tulip, open your flower a little—will you, kindly?—that we may slip in out of the rain."

The Tulip said, "I will open to the red Butterfly, and to the yellow one—they may come in; but I won't let in the white one."

Then the red and the yellow Butterflies said, "If you won't let in our white brother, we won't come in either, thank you."

Now it rained harder and harder, and

they flew away to the Lily. "Good Lily," said they, "will you kindly open your flower a little, and let us slip in out of the rain?"

Then the Lily said, "I shall be glad to let in the white one, for he looks like myself; but I won't let in the other two."

Then the white Butterfly said, "If my two brothers can not come in, I will not come either, thank you."

And so they all flew away together. Now, the sun behind the clouds had heard how the Butterflies were true to each other, and he shone out again, bright and clear, and dried the wings of the three Butterflies.

They danced once more over the flowers, and played till it was night, and then went home. And there was the door wide open! The last sunbeam had opened it for them. In they flew, and went to bed.

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

What was the color of the lily? Which butterfly would it let in? What were the colors of the tulip? Which butterflies would it let in?

## LESSON LVI.

passed  
missed  
erēd'-it  
spēll'-er

æ-eōrd'  
writ'-ten  
tēach'-er  
eoūn'-try

small'-est  
bläck'-bōard  
ūn-der-stōōd'  
dīf'-fer-ent-ly

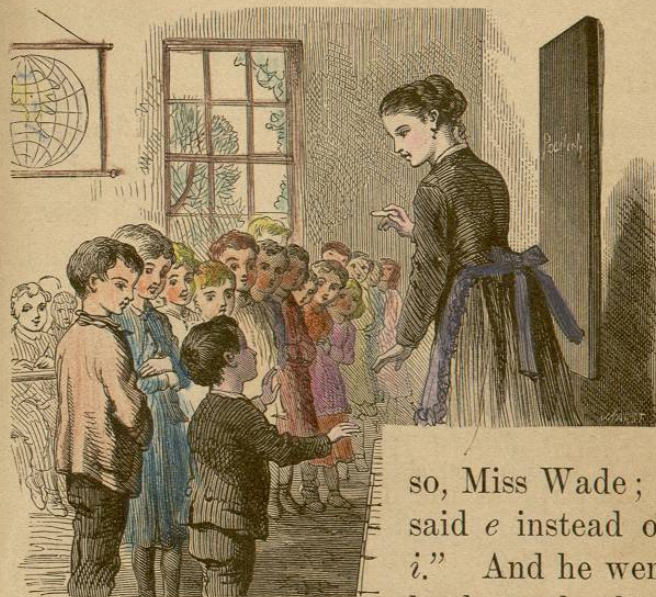
## THE HONEST SPELLER.

In a country-school a large class was standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very hard word. The teacher put the word to the pupil at the head, and he missed it.

She passed it to the next, and the next, and so down the whole class, till it came to the last pupil, the smallest child in the class, and he spelled it right—at least so the teacher understood—and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself.

The teacher then turned and wrote the word on the black-board, so that they might all see how it was spelled.

But no sooner was it written than the little boy cried out, "Oh! I didn't spell it



so, Miss Wade; I said *e* instead of *i*." And he went back to the foot, of his own accord, more quickly than he had gone to the head.

Here was an honest boy. It would always have been thought that he had spelled the word correctly, if he had not told the truth. He was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

Write a sentence having in it the words wrote and black-board. Write three sentences about this picture.

Write a sentence having in it your teacher's name.

## LESSON LVII.

pär'-lor

al'-môst

pëo'-ple

al'-ways

buzz'-ing

whipped

spoil'-ing

tüm'-bling

rose-bush

them-selves

dëath

thôrnş

seâred

sure (shür)

mîn'-ute (-it)



CARLO'S TRIAL.

“Bow-wow!” said Carlo. “Dear me! who would have thought that rose-bush would tumble?”

“I was just trying to get a fly that

was buzzing in the window, and I gave a jump, and down came that thing tumbling about my ears, and scared me almost to death!

“Why do people want rose-bushes? Ugly things! always tumbling and spoiling themselves! Full of thorns, too; there is one in my foot this minute, that feels as big as a post!

“Bow-wow-wow! I’m *sure* I don’t know what to do. There will be trouble, I know there will; for Miss Helen is very fond of roses.

“If they find out I did it, I shall be whipped, and they won’t let me come into the parlor again for a year; and this is the only window where I can watch for Master Harry when he comes from town.

“Oh, bow-wow-wow! This world is full of trouble, and I don’t know what to do. If I should leave the rose-bush here and go off to the pond and stay a long while, they might think it was the wind that broke it; and the wind wouldn’t mind, I’m sure.”



Copy these lines:

Bow-wow-wow! I'm sure I don't know what to do! There will be trouble, I know there will!

Why do people want rose-bushes? Ugly things! always tumbling and spoiling themselves!

LESSON LVIII.

cleared  
beat-en  
sheaves

sown  
stalk  
waves

flails  
grain  
stacks

red'-dish  
ma-chine  
sum-mer

WHEAT.

Wheat grows from seed which is sown in the ground. When it first comes up it looks like grass; but after a time a strong stalk rises above the green leaves, and out of the end of this grows a head of wheat.

The head at first is soft and green, but, when the summer heat has made it ripe, it is hard and full, and has a golden color.

When the wind blows over a field of ripe wheat, the tall grain bends in long waves,

and the whole field looks like golden water.

When quite ripe, the wheat is cut down and tied in bundles, called "sheaves," and left to dry. Then it is put into a barn, or into stacks, to keep it safe.

It is next beaten with flails, or run through a machine, until all the grains of wheat are beaten out of the heads.

The stalk is straw, and the shell which was around the grain is chaff.

After the grain is threshed, that is, beaten out of the heads and cleared of the chaff, it is sent to the mills and ground into flour.



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

What does wheat look like when it first comes up? What color is it when it is ripe?

What is done to the wheat after it gets ripe?

## LESSON LIX.

## ROLLO'S LETTER.

Friday Evening.

My dear Father,

Jonas and I have been down to the woods to-day hauling up wood on the new sled.

I helped Jonas load.

Jonas is going to work there to-morrow, and I want to go with him.

But my feet get very cold while I stay down there. We could build

a fire but it melts the snow and makes a wet place on the ground.

Jonas says that if I had a certain large flat stone that is lying in the pasture up the brook for a hearth, and two other stones on each side for andirons, I should get along much better, for I could have a log for a seat, and then put my feet upon the warm and dry hearth to warm them.

I asked him to go and

get it for me, but he says  
he cannot without your  
leave.

I have written this  
letter to ask if you  
are willing that we  
should take the horse  
and the sled and go up  
to-morrow and haul  
it down. I am,

Your affectionate son,  
Rollo.

P.S.

Jonas thinks it will  
not take more than  
half an hour.

ROLLO'S FATHER'S LETTER.

At Home.

Saturday Morning.

My dear Boy,

Yours of last evening  
was duly received. Jonas  
may get the stone for you.

I think it a very good  
plan to make a fire-place  
of it. It will be a good place  
to roast apples, as well as  
to warm feet.

Affectionately, your  
Father

## LESSON LX.

thee	ereep	ēar'-nest
vēr'-y	brōok	tīnk'-ling
fāir'-y	fūn'-ny	rāin'-drōp
erā'-zy	mōss'-y	prayer (prār)

## A WISH.

“Be my fairy, mother;  
Grant me a wish to-day—  
Something, as well in the sunshine  
As when the rain-drops play.”

“And if I were a fairy,  
With but one wish to spare,  
What should I give thee, darling,  
To quiet thine earnest prayer?”

“I'd like a little brook, mother,  
All for my very own,  
To laugh all day among the trees,  
And shine on the mossy stone;  
“To run right under the window,  
And sing me fast asleep;  
With soft steps, and a tender sound,  
Over the grass to creep.

“Make it run down the hill, mother,  
With leap like a tinkling bell,  
So fast I can never catch the leaf  
That into its fountain fell.

“Make it as wild as a frightened bird,  
As crazy as a bee,  
With a noise like a baby's funny laugh—  
That's the brook for me!”

*Write in your own words a little story about a wish  
which you would like to have a fairy grant you.*

## LESSON LXI.

sipped	un-eoil'	erim'-son	būt'-ter-fly
set-tle	through	un-elōsed'	pow'-dered
ā-pron	tum-bler	dēl'-i-eate	ēl'-e-phants
jūic'-es	es-eāped'	quiv'-ered	Frēd'-er-ick

## THE BUTTERFLY-CHASE.

“It shall not escape!” cries Frederick;  
“I will have that butterfly!”

“But, take care! take care!” says little  
Emily. “Look at its beautiful wings; your