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SCHOOL READING.

SECOND YEAR.

Robert	amuse	want	floor
once	tired	bought	himself
whose	strange	dream	creatures

THE TALKING BOOK.

I.

1. Once there was a little boy whose name was Robert. He lived in the country with his father and mother, and he was the only child in the house.

2. As there were no children for him to play with, he had to amuse himself in any way that he could.

3. He made friends with the bees in the meadow, and with the birds in the woods. He knew where the grass grew tallest, and where the pretty wild flowers bloomed.



Robert.

II.

4. One day when it rained, Robert could not go out of doors. He sat by the window, and looked at the big drops falling on the grass and on the stones in the road.

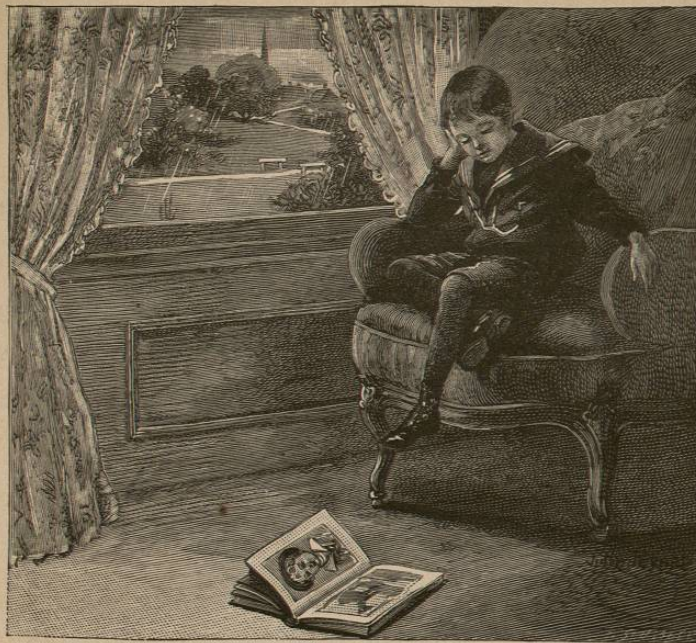
5. He said, "How glad I should be if the rain could talk to me. I should like it to tell me where it has come from and where it is going."

6. But the rain only said, "Tap, tap, tap," as it fell on the roof and ran down to the ground. It could not tell him anything.

7. Robert had been in doors all day, and he was tired and sleepy. He had been looking at the pictures in a pretty book that his father had bought for him in the city. But now the book was on the floor, not far from the window.

8. When Robert grew tired of hearing the rain's "Tap, tap!" he turned to the book and said, "Pretty book, come and talk to me! Come and tell me all that you know!"

9. He did not think that the book would say anything. But all at once it flew



All at once it flew open.

open, and Robert saw a pleasant face on one of its leaves.

III.

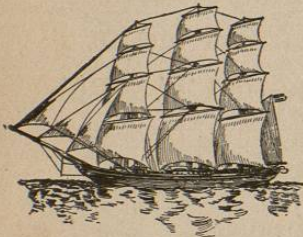
10. Then the book began to talk. It said, "If you want me to tell you what I know, you must learn to read me."

11. "What will you tell me about, if I learn to read you?" said Robert.

12. "Oh, I will tell you about many things,"

said the book. "I will tell you about the pretty creatures that live in the fields and the woods. I will tell you about the flowers in the garden and the meadow.

13. "I will tell you about the pleasant brook, and the flowing river, and the great wide sea where the white ships are sailing.



Where ships are sailing.

14. "I will tell you of lands far away; of the great cities, and their tall houses and busy streets; and of many other things that you have never seen.

15. "I will tell you about the blue sky above us, and the moon and stars, and the clouds that bring the rain."

IV.

16. The book was still for a minute, and then Robert said, "What else will you tell me, pretty book?"

17. "If you are a good child," said the book, "I will take you with me to the pleasant land where the fairies live."

18. "What will you show me when we are there?" said Robert.

"I will show you many strange things," said the book. "I will show you the fox that fell in the well, and the lark that sang in the meadow; and I will tell you about a dear little girl who stopped one day to talk with a fierce wolf.



The Fox.

19. "But you must learn to read me, or I can never take you with me to that pleasant land. You must learn to read me, or I can not tell you about the things that live there."

"Oh, I will learn!" said Robert.

V.

20. Just then the door opened, and Robert's mother came in. The book lay quite still on the floor and did not say another word.

21. Robert opened his eyes, and said, "Oh, mother, I have had a dream! I thought that the book was talking to me. Now I am going to learn to read it."



Learning to read.

tame	shot	squirrel	pussy
gone	shoot	hunter	chickens
forgot	gun	Bunny	branches

THE PET SQUIRREL.

I.

1. One day when Frank was in the woods he caught a little squirrel. He found it in a nest, high up in a tree.



The Squirrel.

2. The squirrel tried to bite him, but he held it fast and took it home with him. "Now I shall have a pretty pet," he said.

3. His sister Annie said, "What will its mother think, when she comes to her nest and finds her baby gone?"

"I did not think of that," Frank said. "But she will not care."

4. "What if you were the little squirrel — do you think your mother would not care?" Then Frank said, "In the morning I will take the little fellow back to his home in the woods."

II.

5. Early the next morning, Frank carried the squirrel back to the woods. There he met a hunter with a gun in his hands.

6. The hunter had seen the squirrel's nest high up in the tree. He said to Frank, "What are you going to do with that little squirrel?"

7. Frank said, "I am going to put it back in its nest. I am going to let it stay with its mother, here in the green woods."



The Hunter

8. The hunter said, "Its mother will never see it again. I have shot all the squirrels in the woods, and I will shoot that one, too, if you let it go."

9. Frank carried the squirrel back home. He would not leave it for the hunter to kill.

III.

10. The squirrel was soon very tame. It forgot all about its home in the tree top. Frank took good care of it and fed it every day. Annie named it Bunny. It would run about the house and play. Frank's baby



Frank had many other pets.

sister liked to play with it. She called it a little pussy.

11. It would run and play with Frank and Annie. It would climb the trees in the garden. It would swing from the branches, when the wind was blowing. It was a happy little squirrel.

12. Frank and Annie had many other pets. You can see some of them in the picture. How many chickens do you think Frank has?

bush help sight quickly poor
paw reach sorry bottom don't
die smooth ready pity afterwards

THE FOX IN THE WELL.

I.

1. A fox was walking in a field and looking for food. He was very hungry, and was ready to eat almost anything that came in his way.

2. When, at last, he saw a bird on a bush, he jumped very quickly to catch it. He did not see a well that was by the bush. The grass all around it was so high, that it was hid from sight.

3. The bird flew away, and the fox fell into the well. But he did not have to fall far, for the well was not deep, and there was only a little muddy water at the bottom.

4. The wall of the well was made of stone, and it was very smooth. All day the poor fox tried to climb out, but he could not. At last, he began to call for help.



II.

5. A wolf was going through the field, and heard his cry. He went to the top of the well, and peeped down.

6. The fox saw him, and was very glad. "Oh, my dear wolf!" he said. "You are good and kind. If you will reach down as far as you can, I think I can take hold of your paw. Then you can help me out."

7. But the wolf only sat by the well and looked down. "Poor little fox," he said, "what are you doing in that well? Is it not very cold and wet down there?"

8. "Yes," said the fox, "and I shall die if you don't help me out."

9. But the wolf only said, "Poor fox! You stand there in the water, and you must be very cold. I feel so sorry for you."

10. The fox said, "If you are so sorry for me, please help me out first, and then pity me afterwards."

11. I have heard of some people who are like the wolf. They are always sorry for others, but not always ready to help them.

chop	beast	fine	money
chips	cost	hatchet	mischief
cherry	arms	truth	woodsman
edge	marks	right	rosebush

GEORGE AND THE HATCHET.

I.

1. There was once a little boy whose name was George. He did not have many play-things, but one day his father gave him a bright, new hatchet. He was very much pleased, for he had been wanting a hatchet a long time.

2. He looked at its bright sides and its sharp edge, and said, "Thank you, father, for this pretty hatchet. I think I can make good use of it." Then he ran out of the house to try it.

3. There was a large stick of wood on the ground before the door, and he thought it would be fun to chop it in two. Every time he hit it with his hatchet the chips flew fast and far. But after a while he grew tired of the stick.



The Hatchet.

II.

4. He had often seen the men chopping down trees in the woods. He thought how fine it would be, if he could chop down a tree with his new hatchet.

5. So now, he ran away from the house, and out into the garden. What a fine place this was for a little woodsman! He played that the garden was the woods, and that all the plants were great trees with their tops reaching to the sky.

6. He found Pussy asleep under a rose-bush, and played that she was a fierce wild beast of the woods. But he was only a woodsman, and not a hunter; and so he went on, and did not waken her.

7. At last he found a tree that pleased him. It was a little tree; but it was green and pretty. How his hatchet made the chips fly! In five minutes the tree was chopped almost through. In another minute it fell to the ground.

8. The little woodsman had done enough work for one day. He left the pretty tree

where it had fallen, and went home through the garden. Then he put his hatchet away, and ran into the house to be his mother's little boy again.



He could see the marks of the hatchet.

III.

9. At noon George's father went out into the garden to look at the trees and flowers. "I should like to know how my new cherry

tree is growing this spring," he said; and he went down the garden walk to see it.

10. What did he think when he saw that the pretty tree, which had cost him so much money, had been cut down? He could see the marks of the hatchet. He knew that it was George who had done the mischief.

11. He turned and walked back to the house very fast. He met George at the door. He said, "Who has chopped down my cherry tree — the pretty cherry tree that cost me so much money? Oh, if I can only find the one who did it!"

12. Little George looked at his father, and his eyes were full of tears. He had not thought that his father cared so much for the tree. "Oh, father!" he said, "I will tell you all about it. I cut your cherry tree down. I did it with my little hatchet."

13. His father took him in his arms. He said, "I am so glad, George, that you have told me the truth. The boy that always tells the truth is the boy for me. He will be the right kind of a man when he grows up."



THE BROOK.

1. "Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a bright, happy brook
That was running away.
2. "You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.
3. "But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

4. So Mary ran on ;
 But I have heard say,
 That she never could find
 Where the brook ran away.

hark gloom sparkle weather
 lost shadow heaps together

HARK! HARK!

1. Hark! hark! my children, hark!
 When the sky has lost its blue,
 What do the stars say in the dark?
 "We must sparkle, sparkle through."
2. What do the leaves say, when the storm
 Blows them all in heaps together?
 "We must keep the flowers warm,
 Till they wake in fairer weather."
3. What do little birdies say,
 Flying through the gloomy wood?
 "We must sing the gloom away ;
 Sun or shadow, God is good."



gay fill gladness delight
 sweet fair pleasures world

HAPPY DAYS.

1. We are little children, full of life and play,
 Singing, ever singing, songs so bright and gay.
2. Should we not be happy in a world so fair?
 Love and joy and gladness find we every-
 where.
3. Birdies in the tree tops sing us songs so
 sweet ;
 Blossoms in the meadows stay our busy feet.
4. Winter clouds and snowstorms, summer
 sunshine bright,
 Bring us many pleasures, fill us with delight.

loud	content	earthy	gold
laid	fluttering	blanket	danced

THE LEAVES.

1. "Come, little leaves," said the wind one day;
"Come over the meadows with me, and play.
Put on your dresses of red and gold, —
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."
2. Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they fell fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and
flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.
3. Dancing and flying, the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were
content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a white blanket over their
heads.



TWO FRIENDS AND TWO LETTERS.

1. Early in the summer, Flora went into the country to see her little friend Annie. She had never been away from the city before, and she did not know much about the country.

2. Annie was glad when Flora came. The two little girls had a pleasant time together, and they were very happy. Every day, when the weather was warm, they went out into the fields and woods.

3. Many things in the country were new and strange to Flora. At first she did not know a sheep from a cow, or a duck from a robin. But she soon learned all about them.

4. She staid with Annie till the summer was over. After she had gone back to her home in the city, she wrote a letter to her little friend, and then Annie wrote a letter to Flora. Would you like to read these two letters? Here they are:



Flora.



Annie.

New York, October 10.

My dear friend Annie:-

It is now three weeks since I came home. I think very often of the pleasant days that I spent with you in the country. I have a new book that papa bought for me. It is a pretty book and I am going to read it.

Write to me, Annie, and tell me all about the things on the farm. Do the flowers still bloom in the meadows? Do the lambs still play in the grassy field? Are the apples ripe on the apple tree?

Your friend,
Flora.

Spring Farm, October 12.

Dear Flora:-

Your letter came to me this morning. I was very glad to hear from you, and so was mother. We have missed you much since you went away.

Jack Frost has killed all the flowers in the meadow. The lambs that you saw when you first came here, look almost like sheep now. The apples are ripe, and we have carried them into the barn.

Our school will begin next week. I shall be glad for then I shall have a new book.

Your loving friend,
Annie,