

VARIOUS

GRADED LITERATURE
READERS: FOURTH
BOOK

Various

**Graded Literature
Readers: Fourth Book**

«Public Domain»

Various

Graded Literature Readers: Fourth Book / Various — «Public Domain»,

Содержание

PREFACE	5
INTRODUCTION	6
The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean	7
September	8
Robert Louis Stevenson	9
Travel	10
Travelers' Wonders	12
Ants	14
The Four Sunbeams	16
Sifting Boys	18
The Fountain	20
Lewis Carroll	22
What Alice Said to the Kitten	23
I	24
II	25
The Kitten and the Falling Leaves	26
The Snow-Image	28
I	29
II	30
III	32
IV	33
V	35
Little by Little	37
The House I Live In	38
I	38
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	39

Various

Graded Literature Readers: Fourth Book

PREFACE

It is believed that the Graded Literature Readers will commend themselves to thoughtful teachers by their careful grading, their sound methods, and the variety and literary character of their subject-matter.

They have been made not only in recognition of the growing discontent with the selections in the older readers, but also with an appreciation of the value of the educational features which many of those readers contained. Their chief points of divergence from other new books, therefore, are their choice of subject-matter and their conservatism in method.

A great consideration governing the choice of all the selections has been that they shall interest children. The difficulty of learning to read is minimized when the interest is aroused.

School readers, which supply almost the only reading of many children, should stimulate a taste for good literature and awaken interest in a wide range of subjects.

In the Graded Literature Readers good literature has been presented as early as possible, and the classic tales and fables, to which constant allusion is made in literature and daily life, are largely used.

Nature study has received due attention. The lessons on scientific subjects, though necessarily simple at first, preserve always a strict accuracy.

The careful drawings of plants and animals, and the illustrations in color – many of them photographs from nature – will be attractive to the pupil and helpful in connection with nature study.

No expense has been spared to maintain a high standard in the illustrations, and excellent engravings of masterpieces are given throughout the series with a view to quickening appreciation of the best in art.

These books have been prepared with the hearty sympathy and very practical assistance of many distinguished educators in different parts of the country, including some of the most successful teachers of reading in primary, intermediate, and advanced grades.

Thanks are due to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons and to President Roosevelt for their courtesy in permitting the use of the selection from "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman."

INTRODUCTION

In the Fourth and Fifth Readers the selections are longer, the language more advanced, and the literature of a more mature and less imaginative character than in the earlier books.

The teacher should now place increased emphasis on the literary side of the reading, pointing out beauties of language and thought, and endeavoring to create an interest in the books from which the selections are taken. Pupils will be glad to know something about the lives of the authors whose works they are reading, and will welcome the biographical notes given at the head of the selections, and the longer biographical sketches throughout the book. These can be made the basis of further biographical study at the discretion of the teacher.

Exercises and word lists at the end of the selections contain all necessary explanations of the text, and also furnish suggestive material for language work. For convenience, the more difficult words, with definitions and complete diacritical markings, are grouped together in the vocabulary at the end of the book.

A basal series of readers can do little more than broadly outline a course in reading, relying on the teacher to carry it forward. If a public library is within reach, the children should be encouraged to use it; if not, the school should exert every effort to accumulate a library of standard works to which the pupils may have ready access.

The primary purpose of a reading book is to give pupils the mastery of the printed page, but through oral reading it also becomes a source of valuable training of the vocal organs. Almost every one finds pleasure in listening to good reading. Many feel that the power to give this pleasure comes only as a natural gift, but an analysis of the art shows that with practice any normal child may acquire it. The qualities which are essential to good oral reading may be considered in three groups:

First – An agreeable voice and clear articulation, which, although possessed by many children naturally, may also be cultivated.

Second – Correct inflection and emphasis, with that due regard for rhetorical pauses which will appear whenever a child fully understands what he is reading and is sufficiently interested in it to lose his self-consciousness.

Third – Proper pronunciation, which can be acquired only by association or by direct teaching.

Clear articulation implies accurate utterance of each syllable and a distinct termination of one syllable before another is begun.

Frequent drill on pronunciation and articulation before or after the reading lesson will be found profitable in teaching the proper pronunciation of new words and in overcoming faulty habits of speech.

Attention should be called to the omission of unaccented syllables in such words as *history* (not *histry*), *valuable* (not *valuble*), and to the substitution of *unt* for *ent*, *id* for *ed*, *iss* for *ess*, *unce* for *ence*, *in* for *ing*, in such words as *moment*, *delighted*, *goodness*, *sentence*, *walking*. Pupils should also learn to make such distinctions as appear between *u* long, as in *duty*, and *u* after *r*, as in *rude*; between *a* as in *hat*, *a* as in *far*, and *a* as in *ask*.

The above hints are suggestive only. The experienced teacher will devise for herself exercises fitting special cases which arise in her own work. It will be found that the best results are secured when the interest of the class is sustained and when the pupil who is reading aloud is made to feel that it is his personal duty and privilege to arouse and hold this interest by conveying to his fellow pupils, in an acceptable manner, the thought presented on the printed page.

The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean

By the Brothers Grimm

Jakob Grimm (1785-1863) and Wilhelm Grimm (1786-1859): German authors. The Brothers Grimm, as they are familiarly called, wrote many learned scientific books, but they are best known to children by their collection of German fairy and folk stories.

1. In a village lived a poor old woman, who had gathered some beans and wanted to cook them. So she made a fire on her hearth, and that it might burn more quickly, she lighted it with a handful of straw.

2. When she was emptying the beans into the pan, one dropped without her observing it and lay on the ground beside a straw. Soon afterwards a burning coal from the fire leaped down to the two.

3. Then the straw said: "Dear friends, whence do you come here?"

The coal replied: "I fortunately sprang out of the fire. If I had not escaped by main force my death would have been certain. I should have been burned to ashes."

4. The bean said: "I, too, have escaped with a whole skin. But if the old woman had got me into the pan, I, like my comrades, should have been made into broth without any mercy."

"And would a better fate have fallen to my lot?" said the straw. "The old woman has destroyed all my brethren in fire and smoke; she seized sixty of them at once and took their lives. I luckily slipped through her fingers."

5. "But what are we to do now?" asked the coal.

"I think," answered the bean, "that as we have so fortunately escaped death, we should keep together like good companions. Lest a new mischance should overtake us here, let us go away to a foreign country."

6. This plan pleased the two others, and they set out on their way together. Soon, however, they came to a little brook, and, as there was no bridge, they did not know how they were to get over.

At last the straw said: "I will lay myself across, and then you can walk over on me as on a bridge."

7. The straw, therefore, stretched herself from one bank to the other, and the coal, who was of an impetuous nature, tripped forward quite boldly on the newly built bridge. But when she reached the middle and heard the water rushing beneath her, she was, after all, frightened, and stood still.

8. The straw then began to burn, broke in two pieces, and fell into the stream. The coal slipped after her, hissed when she sank into the water, and breathed her last.

The bean, who had prudently stayed behind on the shore, could not help laughing at these events, and laughed so heartily that she burst.

9. It would have been all over with her also, if, by good fortune, a tailor who was traveling in search of work had not sat down to rest by the brook. Pitying the poor bean, he pulled out his needle and thread and sewed her together. She thanked him prettily, but, as the tailor used black thread, beans since then have a black seam.

Öb şerv ĩng: seeing; noticing. **Brĕth ´rĕn:** brothers. **Mĭs chānce´:** misfortune; ill luck. **Īm pĕt ´ŭ oūs:** hasty.

September

By Helen Hunt Jackson

Helen Fiske Hunt Jackson (1831-1885): An American poet and prose author of much merit, whose writings appeared under the pen name of "H. H." Among her books are "Bits of Travel," "A Century of Dishonor," and "Ramona."

1. The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

2. The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

3. The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow-nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

4. From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

5. By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

Sēdg'ēs: coarse grasses which grow in marshy places. **Fläunt**: wave; spread out. **Nook**: corner. **Tō'kens**: signs.

Which of the flowers named in this poem have you seen?

At your home do these flowers bloom in September, or earlier, or later?

Can you name any other tokens of the coming of September?

Robert Louis Stevenson

1. The famous Scotch author, Robert Louis Stevenson, was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850. He was a delicate child with a sweet temper and a happy, unselfish disposition, who bore the burden of ill health bravely in childhood as in later life. In "The Land of Counterpane," a poem which you may remember, he tells some of the ways in which he amused himself during the idle days in bed.

2. When he was well enough to be up, he invented games for himself and took keen delight in the world of outdoor life.

3. His education was carried on in a somewhat irregular fashion. He attended schools in Edinburgh, and studied with private tutors at places to which his parents had gone for the benefit of his health or of their own. He thus became an excellent linguist, and gained wide knowledge of foreign life and manners. He early showed a taste for literature, beginning as a boy the careful choice of language which made him a master of English prose.

4. Stevenson's father had planned to have him follow the family profession of engineering. With this in view he was sent to Edinburgh University in the autumn of 1868. Later he gave up engineering and attended law classes; but law, like engineering, was put aside to enable him to fulfil his strong desire for a literary life.

5. His first stories and essays, published in various magazines, met with favorable notice. In 1878 he published his first book, "An Inland Voyage," the account of a canoe trip with a friend.

6. The mists and east winds of his native Scotland proved too harsh for his delicate lungs, and year after year he found it necessary to spend more and more time away from his Edinburgh home. On one of these journeys in quest of health, he came to America, and in "Across the Plains" he describes his journey in an emigrant train from New York to San Francisco. It was on this visit to California that he met Mrs. Osbourne, who became his wife in 1880.

7. "Treasure Island," a stirring tale of adventure, was published in 1883. It was followed by two other boys' stories, "The Black Arrow" and "Kidnapped."

8. In 1887 Stevenson and his wife again visited America. They hired a yacht and spent two years sailing among the islands of the South Seas, finally visiting Apia in Samoa. Samoa pleased Stevenson, and as the climate suited him, he decided to make his home there. At Vailima, his Samoan home, he spent four happy years with his wife and his mother. Then his health failed, and he died suddenly, December 3, 1894. He was buried, as he had desired, on the summit of a mountain near his home.

9. Besides many novels and volumes of essays, Stevenson was the author of four volumes of poetry. The best known of these is "A Child's Garden of Verses," a book of delightful child poems from which the poem "Travel" is taken.

Lĩṅṅuĩst: a person skilled in languages. **Fõr'eĩgn:** belonging to other countries. **Prõ fes'sion:** employment; the business which one follows. **Cá nõe':** a small, light boat. **Ĕm ĩ grants:** emigrants are people who have left one country to settle in another. **Quęst:** search. **Yacht:** a light sea-going vessel used for parties of pleasure, racing, etc. **Ä'pĩ ä. Sä mõ'ä. Vāĩ lĩ'ma.**

Travel

By Robert Louis Stevenson

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow; —
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats; —
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar; —
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum; —
Where are forests hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts; —
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes; —
Where in jungles near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin; —
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man,
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom

Of some dusty dining-room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

Crū'sōeş: men like Robinson Crusoe, the hero of the story of that name. He was a shipwrecked sailor who lived many years on an uninhabited island. **Mosque**: a church in some Eastern countries. **Mīn'ārēt**: the tall, slender tower of a mosque. **Bázäar'**: in the East a shop where goods are kept for sale. **The Great Wall**: a wall fourteen hundred miles long, built many hundreds of years ago for the defence of the Chinese Empire. **Jūn'gleş**: thickets of trees and vines found in hot countries. **Giving ear**: listening. **Pal an quin'**: an enclosed carriage, used in China and India, which is borne on the shoulders of men by means of two poles. **Swēep**: a boy who cleans chimneys by sweeping them. **Cār'á vān**: a company of travelers through a desert. **Fēs'tī valş**: feasts.

Travelers' Wonders

By Dr. John Aikin

Dr. John Aikin (1747-1822): The author of many scientific and literary works. This selection is from "Evenings at Home," a volume of stories for children written by Dr. Aikin and his sister, Mrs. Barbauld. A hundred years ago, there were few books written especially for young people, except grammars, histories, and other text-books, and this volume of instructive stories was very popular.

1. One winter evening Captain Compass was sitting by the fireside with his children around him.

"Oh, papa," said little Jack, "do tell a story about what you have seen in your voyages. We have been reading some wonderful tales of adventure. As you have sailed round and round the world, you must have seen many strange things."

2. "That I have, my son," said Captain Compass, "and, if it will interest you, I will tell you some of the curious things I have seen."

3. "Once about this time of the year I was in a country where it was very cold. To keep warm, the people had garments made from an animal's outer covering which they stripped off his back while he was yet alive. They also wore skins of beasts, these skins being made smooth and soft in some way."

4. "Their homes were made of stones, of earth hardened in the fire, or of the stalks of a large plant which grew in that country. In the walls were holes to let in the light; but to keep out the rain and the cold air these holes were covered with a sort of transparent stone, made of melted sand."

5. "They kept their homes warm by means of a queer kind of rock which they had discovered in the earth. This rock, when broken, burned and gave out great heat."

6. "Dear me!" said Jack, "what wonderful rock! I suppose it was somewhat like flints that give out sparks when we knock them together."

"I don't think the flints would burn," said the Captain; "besides, this was of a darker color."

7. "The food, too, of these people was strange. They ate the flesh of certain animals, roots of plants, and cakes made of powdered seeds. They often put on these cakes a greasy matter which was the product of a large animal."

"They ate, also, the leaves and other parts of a number of plants, some quite raw, others prepared in different ways by the aid of fire."

8. "For drink they liked water in which certain dry leaves had been steeped. I was told that these leaves came from a great distance."

"What astonished me most was the use of a drink so hot that it seemed like liquid fire. I once got a mouthful of it by mistake, taking it for water, and it almost took away my breath. Indeed, people are often killed by it; yet many of them are so foolish that they will give for it anything they have."

9. "In warmer weather these people wore cloth made from a sort of vegetable wool growing in pods upon bushes. Sometimes they covered themselves with a fine glossy stuff, which I was told was made out of the webs of worms. Think of the great number of worms required to make so large a quantity of stuff as I saw used!"

"The women especially wore very queer things. Like most Indian nations, they wore feathers in their headdress."

10. "I was also much surprised to see that they brought up in their houses an animal of the tiger kind, with sharp teeth and claws. In spite of its natural fierceness this animal was played with and caressed by timid women and children."

11. "I am sure I would not play with it," said Jack.

"Why, you might get an ugly scratch if you did," said the Captain. "The speech of these people seems very harsh to a stranger, yet they talk to one another with great ease and quickness.

12. "One of their oddest customs is the way that the men have of greeting the women. Let the weather be what it will, they uncover their heads. If they wish to seem very respectful, they stay uncovered for some time."

13. "Why, that is like pulling off our hats," said Jack.

"Ah, ah, papa!" cried Elizabeth, "I have found you out. All this while you have been telling us about our own country and what is done at home."

14. "But," said Jack, "we don't burn rock, nor eat grease and powdered seeds, nor wear skins and worms' webs, nor play with tigers."

15. "What is coal but rock?" asked the Captain, "and is not butter grease; and corn, seeds; and leather, skins; and silk, the web of a kind of worm? And may we not as well call a cat an animal of the tiger kind, as a tiger an animal of the cat kind?"

16. "If you remember what I have said, you will find with your sister's help that all the other wonderful things I have told you about are ones we know quite well.

"I meant to show you that to a stranger our common things might seem very wonderful. I also wanted to show you that every day we call a great many things by their names without ever thinking about their nature; so it is really only their names and not the things themselves that we know."

Trăns pâr'ent: that can be seen through. **Glöss'y:** smooth and shining. **Rě quired':** needed.

We wear clothes made from sheep's – .

Our shoes are made of the skin of beasts, made smooth and soft: this is called

– .

Some houses are built of – , which are made of earth hardened in the fire.

– are holes to let in light and air.

In these holes is put – , which is made of melted sand.

– is a rock which burns.

We eat – , – and – , which are the flesh of animals.

We eat cakes made of the powdered seeds of – and – .

We also use for food – , – , and – , which are the roots of plants.

The leaves of – are cooked and eaten.

– grows in pods upon bushes, and is used for making clothes.

– is a glossy fabric made out of the webs of worms.

Ants

1. How often you have seen ants running about the lawn, but have you ever stopped to watch them and to study their habits? Let me tell you some facts which have been learned about them. I am sure they will give you a new interest in these wise little creatures.

2. It may seem to you that ants run to and fro in an aimless way; but this is not the case, for they have work to do, and they are doing it with all their might. They cannot see far before them, and it is by means of their feelers, or perhaps by scent, that they find their way.

3. You must remember that small weeds are to them like huge trees, so we must look upon them as travelers following a track through great forests. You will see, too, that ants stop from time to time to rest and to clean off the particles of earth which cling to them.

4. Ants, like bees, do not enjoy living alone. In their homes, which we call ant-hills, many thousands of them live together. These homes are like great cities; indeed, such places as London and New York are the only human cities which compare with them in size. There is never any disorder in these great homes, although each ant is free to build, fight, hunt, or go where it pleases.

5. If the top of an ant-hill be taken off, there will be found nurseries, chambers, halls, and kitchens – all snug and waterproof.

6. In some countries ants build their houses above ground and tunnel out great cellars under them. But most of the ants we know make their homes in the earth, where they can keep warmer than in nests above ground.

7. Some ants tunnel out a home in the ground and make a little hillock of earth around the top. At night they close the entrances with leaves, bits of straw, and tiny twigs. If you watch their nests in the morning you see the busy little ants open their doors and hurry out.

8. Some hunt insects for food; some gather honey from flowers; others milk their cows. These cows are plant lice, which yield a sweet juice of which ants are very fond. So ants keep herds of these little insects. They keep also beetles and other insects as pets, or for use.

9. While some of the ants are getting food, those at home are busy clearing out the galleries and doing other work. The well-fed ants return to the nests and share their food with the workers. One of the ant laws is that each must help others for the good of all.

10. Deep down in the bottom of the nest lives the queen ant, the mother of the family, who is very much larger than the others. She does not take care of her little ones. This is done by ant nurses, who pick up the tiny eggs and care for them. In the morning the eggs are carried up to the higher chambers, which are warmed by the sun. In the evening they are taken back to the lower rooms away from the chill air.

11. The eggs hatch into grubs, which look like little grains of rice. These are the ant-babies. The careful nurses feed them, keep them warm and clean, and carry them from one room to another, for babies, you know, must be kept comfortable. Think how busy the nurses must be with hundreds and thousands of babies to care for!

12. Some ants keep slaves. Regular bands of soldiers go out and bring home the grubs of another kind of ant. When these grow up they help their masters work. Sometimes the masters depend so much on their slaves that they will not build nests, care for their young, nor even feed themselves. They become so helpless that they die if their slaves are taken from them.

13. Sometimes two ants will fight together until both are killed. Sometimes armies of ants fight together fiercely until one or the other party comes off victor.

14. In cold countries ants sleep through the winter deep down in their lower rooms. In warmer countries they lay up stores in summer for the chilly days when it would be hard for them to find food in the meadows and fields.

15. In Texas there are ants which clear spaces ten or twelve feet around their nests, only leaving the needle grass or "ant rice," which they use for food.

16. Among other interesting species of ants are the leaf-cutting ant, found in Central America, and the honey ant of Mexico.

Hil'lock: a small mound. **Spe'cies:** kinds.

Write sentences telling five things you have learned about ants from this story.

Can you tell anything not mentioned above which you have learned in observing ants?

The Four Sunbeams

1. Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
All shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,
Not seek our own happiness all the day through,
Then meet in the eve at the west."

2. One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
And played "hide and seek" with a child on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased in delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

3. One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom;
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.

4. One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again;
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

5. And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light,
Till angels had lifted the veil.

6. At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams passed into the west.
All said: "We have found that, in seeking the pleasure
Of others, we fill to the full our own measure."
Then softly they sank to their rest.

Glēe: joy; mirth. **Flēe:** run away. **Īn'vā līd:** one who is weak from illness.
Rōamed: wandered; went from place to place. **Drēar'ī ēst:** most comfortless and sorrowful.

Kind words cost nothing, but are worth much.

Sifting Boys

1. Not long ago I was looking over one of the great saw-mills on the Mississippi River, in company with the manager of the mill. As we came to one room, he said: "I want you to notice the boys in this room, and I will tell you about them afterwards."

2. There were some half-dozen boys at work on saws, with different machines – some broadening the points of the teeth, some sharpening them, some deepening the notches between them. There was one lad who stood leaning up against a bench, not trying to do anything.

3. After we had passed out of the room, the manager said: "That room is my sieve. The fine boys go through that sieve to higher places and higher pay. The coarse boys remain in the sieve and are thrown out as of no use for this mill."

4. Then he explained what he meant. "If a boy wants to work in the mill, I give him the job of keeping the men in all parts of the mill supplied with drinking-water. That is the lowest position and draws the lowest pay. I say to that boy: 'When you have nothing else to do, go into this room, and then I shall know where to find you when I want you.'

5. "But there is a much more important reason why I send him into this room. In a business like this our men are constantly changing. A good deal of the work, as you will see by watching the machines and those who manage them, requires much attention and skill. I must, therefore, look out for the best men to put into the highest positions.

6. "Now, I put the water-boy into this room, where there are several kinds of work being done. There are pieces of broken saws lying about, and some of the tools that are used in sharpening and mending them.

7. "I watch that boy. If he begins handling the broken saws, looking them over, trying them, practicing on them with the tools there, watching the other boys at their machines, asking questions about how the work is done, and always making use of his spare time in one way or another, why, that boy is very soon promoted.

8. "He is first put to work on some of the machines in this room, and afterwards on those that require greater skill, and is pushed ahead as rapidly as there are openings for him. He soon goes to a better position and better pay, and I get a new water-boy. He has gone through the sieve.

9. "But there is another kind of boy. When he has time to spare, he spends it in doing nothing. He leans up against the benches, crosses one leg over the other, whistles, stares out of the window, no doubt wishing he was outside, and watches the clock to see how soon he can get away. If he talks with the other boys, it is not to ask questions about their work, but to waste their time with some nonsense or other.

10. "I often do all I can to help such a boy. I push the tools under his very nose. I ask him questions about them. I talk with him about his plans for the future. I do all that I can to awaken some kind of life in him. If the boy has any energy in him, well and good; if he has not, he is simply useless. I don't want such a boy in this mill even as a water-boy."

Prồ mốt'эд: advanced; raised in rank. **Ĕn'ěr gỹ:** force and resolution; power for work.

There is no one else who has the power to be so much your friend or so much your enemy as yourself.

Duty

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,

So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

EMERSON

The Fountain

By James Russell Lowell

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891): An American author. Among his best known poems are "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "A Fable for Critics," and "The Biglow Papers." "My Study Windows" and "Among My Books" are the best of his prose works. He was Minister to Spain and afterwards to Great Britain, and the volume "Democracy" contains some of his most brilliant addresses.

1. Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

2. Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;

3. Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

4. Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary;

5. Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

6. Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

7. Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

8. Glorious fountain!

Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

Sprā y: water falling in very small drops. **Blīþe sōme**: gay; cheerful. **Ā wēa**
ry: tired. **Ās pīr ũng**: rising upward.

Select ten words which tell what the fountain does.

Lewis Carroll

1. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, an English author, better known by his pen name, Lewis Carroll, was born January 27, 1832. His father was a clergyman, and the home of Charles's boyhood was in the country, some distance from the little village of Daresbury. The neighborhood was so secluded that even the passing of a cart was an interesting event, but we may fancy that the home itself was not a quiet one, since there were in it eleven boys and girls.

2. Charles was a bright, merry boy who invented games for the entertainment of his brothers and sisters, and made pets of snails, toads, and other queer animals. As a boy he seems to have lived in the "Wonderland" which later he described for other children. He enjoyed climbing trees, also, and other boyish sports.

3. When Charles was eleven years old the family moved to a Yorkshire village, and a year later he was sent from home to school. Fond as he was of play, he was fond of study, too, and his schoolmaster found him a "gentle, intelligent, well-conducted boy." After three years at Rugby, the most famous of the English preparatory schools, Charles Dodgson went to Oxford University. At Christ Church, Oxford, as student, tutor, and lecturer, the remainder of his life was spent. The routine of his days was very simple and regular. He spent the mornings in his lecture room, the afternoons in the country or on the river, and the evenings with his books, either reading or preparing for the next day's work.

4. He was very fond of children and was a great favorite with them, inventing puzzles, games, and stories for their amusement. One July afternoon in 1862, he took three little girls on a boating excursion, and on the way he entertained them with a wonderful story about the adventures of a little girl named Alice. At the entreaty of his child friends, Mr. Dodgson afterwards wrote out this story. It was published with the title "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," under the pen name of Lewis Carroll. It became at once a child-classic, being widely read in England and America, and translated into French, German, Italian, and other languages.

5. Mr. Dodgson wrote several other popular books for children, the best known of which are "Through the Looking-glass," a continuation of Alice's adventures; "Sylvie and Bruno;" and "The Hunting of the Snark." Besides these stories, he wrote several learned works on mathematics. It was hard for people to realize that Charles Dodgson, the mathematician, and Lewis Carroll, the author of the charming fairy tales, were one and the same person.

6. After a short illness, Mr. Dodgson died January 14, 1898. "The world will think of Lewis Carroll as one who opened out a new vein in literature – a new and delightful vein – which added at once mirth and refinement to life."

Sě clūd'ed: apart from others; lonely. **En tēr tāin'ment:** amusement. **Rou tīne':** regular course of action.

What Alice Said to the Kitten

By Lewis Carroll

I

1. One thing was certain, that the *white* kitten had had nothing to do with it; it was the black kitten's fault entirely. For the white kitten had been having its face washed by the old cat for the last quarter of an hour, and bearing it pretty well, considering; so you see that it *couldn't* have had any hand in the mischief.

2. The way Dinah washed her children's faces was this: First, she held the poor thing down by its ear with one paw, and then with the other paw she rubbed its face all over the wrong way, beginning at the nose. Just now, as I said, she was hard at work on the white kitten, which was lying quite still and trying to pur – no doubt feeling that it was all meant for its good.

3. But the black kitten had been finished with earlier in the afternoon, and so, while Alice was sitting curled up in a corner of the great armchair, half talking to herself and half asleep, the kitten had been having a grand game of romps with the ball of worsted Alice had been trying to wind up, and had been rolling it up and down till it had all come undone again. There it was, spread over the hearthrug, all knots and tangles, with the kitten running after its own tail in the middle.

4. "Oh, you wicked, wicked little thing!" cried Alice, catching up the kitten and giving it a little kiss to make it understand that it was in disgrace. "Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! You *ought*, Dinah; you know you ought!" she added, looking reproachfully at the old cat and speaking in as cross a voice as she could manage. Then she scrambled back into the armchair, taking the kitten and the worsted with her, and began winding up the ball again.

5. But she didn't get on very fast, as she was talking all the time, sometimes to the kitten, and sometimes to herself. Kitty sat very demurely on her knee, pretending to watch the progress of the winding, and now and then putting out one paw and gently touching the ball, as if it would be glad to help if it might.

6. "Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty?" Alice began. "You'd have guessed if you'd been up in the window with me – only Dinah was making you tidy, so you couldn't. I was watching the boys getting in sticks for the bonfire – and it wants plenty of sticks, Kitty! Only it got so cold and it snowed so they had to leave off. Never mind, Kitty; we'll go and see the bonfire to-morrow."

7. Here Alice wound two or three turns of the worsted round the kitten's neck, just to see how it would look. This led to a scramble, in which the ball rolled down upon the floor and yards and yards of it got unwound again.

II

8. "Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty," Alice went on as soon as they were comfortably settled again, "when I saw all the mischief you had been doing, I was very near opening the window and putting you out into the snow! And you'd have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! What have you got to say for yourself?"

9. "Now, don't interrupt me!" she went on, holding up one finger; "I'm going to tell you all your faults. Number one: You squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now, you can't deny it, Kitty; I heard you! What's that you say?" – pretending that the kitten was speaking – "Her paw went into your eye? Well, that's *your* fault for keeping your eyes open. If you'd shut them tight up it wouldn't have happened."

10. "Now, don't make any more excuses, but listen. Number two: You pulled Snowdrop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her! What! you were thirsty, were you? How do you know she wasn't thirsty, too? Now for number three: You unwound every bit of the worsted while I wasn't looking."

11. "That's three faults, Kitty, and you've not been punished for any of them yet. You know I am saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week. Suppose they had saved up all *my* punishments," she went on, talking more to herself than to the kitten, "what *would* they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came."

12. "Or – let me see – suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner? Then, when the miserable day came, I should have to go without fifty dinners at once. Well, I shouldn't mind *that* much. I'd far rather go without them than eat them."

13. "Do you hear the snow against the window panes, Kitty? How nice and soft it sounds! Just as if some one was kissing the window all over outside. I wonder if the snow *loves* the trees and fields that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt; and perhaps it says, 'Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again.'"

14. "And when they wake up in the summer, Kitty, they dress themselves all in green and dance about whenever the wind blows – oh, that's very pretty!" cried Alice, dropping the ball of worsted to clap her hands: "And I do so *wish* it were true."

Rě prōach'ful lý: chidingly. **Dě mūr'e lý:** soberly. **Mīs'chiě voūs:** doing harm in play.

Round, square, broad, yellow, silver, sweet, gold, narrow, sour, brown, crooked, stony.

Place together the words which show (1) form; (2) taste; (3) color; (4) material.

Use each of the words in a sentence telling something which always has the quality named: as, a ball is round.

The Kitten and the Falling Leaves

By William Wordsworth

William Wordsworth (1770-1850): An English poet. He found poetry in the simplest scenes and incidents of everyday life, and helped others to see the beauty of nature, to reverence God, and to sympathize with even the lowliest of their fellowmen. "Intimations of Immortality," "Laodamia," "The Excursion," and "The Prelude" are among the best of his longer poems.

That way look, my infant, lo!
What a pretty baby show!
See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves – one, two, and three —
From the lofty elder tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly: one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.
But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now – now one —
Now they stop and there are none:
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap, half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again:
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.

Ed'dý ĩng: moving in a circle. **Cõn veyed':** carried. **Sylph:** a fairy. **Pår'á chũte:** a sort of umbrella by means of which descent is made from a balloon. **Cõn'jũr ěr:** magician. **Fĕats:** tricks.

The Snow-Image

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864): An American novelist. His best works are "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," and "The Marble Faun." Hawthorne wrote also several delightful books for children; among these are "Grandfather's Chair," a collection of stories from New England history, "Biographical Stories," "The Wonder Book," and "Tanglewood Tales" – the two latter being volumes of stories from Greek mythology.

I

1. One afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness, after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow.

2. The elder child was a little girl, whom, because she was of a tender and modest disposition, and was thought to be very beautiful, her parents and other people, who were familiar with her, used to call Violet.

3. But her brother was known by the title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers.

"Yes, Violet – yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother; "you may go out and play in the new snow."

4. Forth sallied the two children, with a hop-skip-and-jump that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snowdrift, whence Violet emerged like a snow bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom.

5. Then what a merry time had they! To look at them frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose but to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony; and that they themselves had been created, as the snowbirds were, to take delight only in the tempest and in the white mantle which it spread over the earth.

6. At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow – an image of a little girl – and it shall be our sister and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

7. "Oh, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice! And mamma shall see it!"

"Yes," answered Violet; "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor, for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

8. And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow.

9. Indeed, it was an exceedingly pleasant sight – those bright little souls at their tasks! Moreover, it was really wonderful to observe how knowingly and skillfully they managed the matter. Violet assumed the chief direction and told Peony what to do, while, with her own delicate fingers, she shaped out all the nicer parts of the snow-figure.

10. It seemed, in fact, not so much to be made by the children, as to grow up under their hands, while they were playing and prattling about it. Their mother was quite surprised at this; and the longer she looked, the more and more surprised she grew.

II

11. Now, for a few moments, there was a busy and earnest but indistinct hum of the two children's voices, as Violet and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit; while Peony acted rather as a laborer and brought her the snow from far and near. And yet the little urchin evidently had a proper understanding of the matter.

12. "Peony, Peony!" cried Violet; for her brother was at the other side of the garden. "Bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear tree. You can clamber on the snowdrift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister's head!"

13. "Here they are, Violet!" answered the little boy. "Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!"

"Does she not look sweet?" said Violet, with a very satisfied tone; "and now we must have some little shining bits of ice to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet. Mamma will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Tush! nonsense! – come in out of the cold!'"

14. "Let us call mamma to look out," said Peony; and then he shouted, "Mamma! mamma!! mamma!!! Look out and see what a nice 'litle girl we are making!"

15. "What a nice playmate she will be for us all winter long!" said Violet. "I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold! Shan't you love her dearly, Peony?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony. "And I will hug her and she shall sit down close by me and drink some of my warm milk."

16. "Oh! no, Peony!" answered Violet, with grave wisdom. "That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow-sister. Little snow-people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony; we must not give her anything warm to drink!"

17. There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out; loudly and joyfully:

18. "Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud! And the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?"

"Yes, it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. "O Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!"

19. "Oh, certainly," said Violet, as if it were very much a matter of course. "That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red – redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red if we both kiss them!"

20. Accordingly, the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

21. "Come, 'litle snow-sister, kiss me!" cried Peony.

"There! she has kissed you," added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too!"

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

22. Just then there came a breeze of the pure west wind sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor windows. It sounded so wintry cold that the mother was about to tap on the window pane with her thimble finger to summon the two children in, when they both cried out to her with one voice:

23. "Mamma! mamma! We have finished our little snow-sister, and she is running about the garden with us!"

24. "What imaginative little beings my children are!" thought the mother, putting the last few stitches into Peony's frock. "And it is strange, too, that they make me almost as much a child as they themselves are! I can hardly help believing now that the snow-image has really come to life!"

"Dear mamma!" cried Violet, "pray look out and see what a sweet playmate we have!"

III

25. The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. The sun was now gone out of the sky, leaving, however, a rich inheritance of his brightness among those purple and golden clouds which make the sunsets of winter so magnificent.

26. But there was not the slightest gleam or dazzle, either on the window or on the snow; so that the good lady could look all over the garden and see everything and everybody in it. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children.

27. Ah, but whom or what did she see besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children!

28. A stranger though she was, the child seemed to be on as familiar terms with Violet and Peony, and they with her, as if all the three had been playmates during the whole of their little lives. The mother thought to herself that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them.

29. So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor; for, now that the sunshine was withdrawn, the atmosphere out of doors was already growing very cold.

30. But, after opening the house door, she stood an instant on the threshold, hesitating whether she ought to ask the child to come in, or whether she should even speak to her. Indeed, she almost doubted whether it were a real child after all, or only a light wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the intensely cold west wind.

31. There was certainly something very singular in the aspect of the little stranger. Among all the children of the neighborhood the lady could remember no such face, with its pure white and delicate rose-color, and the golden ringlets tossing about the forehead and cheeks.

32. And as for her dress, which was entirely of white, and fluttering in the breeze, it was such as no reasonable woman would put upon a little girl when sending her out to play in the depth of winter. It made this kind and careful mother shiver only to look at those small feet, with nothing in the world on them except a very thin pair of white slippers.

33. Nevertheless, airily as she was clad, the child seemed to feel not the slightest inconvenience from the cold, but danced so lightly over the snow that the tips of her toes left hardly a print in its surface; while Violet could but just keep pace with her, and Peony's short legs compelled him to lag behind.

34. All this while, the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a flying snowdrift, or how a snowdrift could look so very like a little girl.

She called Violet and whispered to her.

"Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

35. "Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so very plain an affair, "this is our little snow-sister whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother and looking up simply into her face. "This is our snow-image! Is it not a nice 'ittle child?"

36. "Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

"My darling mamma," answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, "surprised that she should need any further explanation, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I."

37. "Yes, mamma," asseverated Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz; "this is 'ittle snow-child. Is not she a nice one? But, mamma, her hand is, oh, so very cold!"

IV

38. While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street gate was thrown open and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a pilot-cloth sack, with a fur cap drawn down over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands.

39. Mr. Lindsey was a middle-aged man, with a weary and yet a happy look in his wind-flushed and frost-pinched face, as if he had been busy all the day long and was glad to get back to his quiet home. His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise at finding the whole family in the open air on so bleak a day, and after sunset, too.

40. He soon perceived the little white stranger, sporting to and fro in the garden like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snowbirds fluttering about her head.

"Pray, what little girl may that be?" inquired this very sensible man. "Surely her mother must be crazy to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown and those thin slippers!"

41. "My dear husband," said his wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor's child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony," she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, "insist that she is nothing but a snow-image which they have been busy about in the garden almost all the afternoon."

42. As she said this, the mother glanced her eyes toward the spot where the children's snow-image had been made. What was her surprise on perceiving that there was not the slightest trace of so much labor! – no image at all! – no piled-up heap of snow! – nothing whatever save the prints of little footsteps around a vacant space!

43. "This is very strange!" said she.

"What is strange, dear mother?" asked Violet. "Dear father, do not you see how it is? This is our snow-image, which Peony and I have made because we wanted another playmate. Did not we, Peony?"

"Yes, papa," said crimson Peony. "This be our 'ittle snow-sister. Is she not beau-ti-ful? But she gave me such a cold kiss!"

44. "Poh, nonsense, children!" cried their good, honest father, who had an exceedingly common-sensible way of looking at matters. "Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. Come, wife; this little stranger must not stay out in the bleak air a moment longer. We will bring her into the parlor; and you shall give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as comfortable as you can."

45. So saying, this honest and very kindhearted man was going toward the little white damsel, with the best intentions in the world. But Violet and Peony, each seizing their father by the hand, earnestly besought him not to make her come in.

46. "Nonsense, children, nonsense, nonsense!" cried the father, half-vexed, half-laughing. "Run into the house, this moment! It is too late to play any longer now. I must take care of this little girl immediately, or she will catch her death-a-cold!"

And so, with a most benevolent smile, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand and led her toward the house.

47. She followed him, droopingly and reluctant, for all the glow and sparkle were gone out of her figure; and whereas just before she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now looked as dull and languid as a thaw.

48. As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps of the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face, their eyes full of tears, which froze before they could run down their cheeks, and entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

49. "Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kindhearted man. "Why, you are crazy, my little Violet – quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold already that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"

V

50. His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest gaze at the little white stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no; but she could not help fancying that she saw the delicate print of Violet's fingers on the child's neck. It looked just as if, while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand, and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

51. "After all, husband," said the mother, "after all, she does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

A puff of the west wind blew against the snow-child, and again she sparkled like a star.

52. "Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

53. The common-sensible man placed the snow-child on the hearthrug, right in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

"Now she will be comfortable!" cried Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw. "Make yourself at home, my child."

54. Sad, sad and drooping looked the little white maiden as she stood on the hearthrug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her like a pestilence. Once she threw a glance toward the window, and caught a glimpse, through its red curtains, of the snow-covered roofs and the stars glimmering frostily and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the window panes as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove!

55. But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

"Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woolen shawl or blanket directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors and find out where she belongs."

56. The mother, meanwhile, had gone in search of the shawl and stockings. Without heeding the remonstrances of his two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow-sister did not love the warmth, good Mr. Lindsey took his departure, shutting the parlor door carefully behind him.

57. Turning up the collar of his sack over his ears, he emerged from the house, and had barely reached the street-gate when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony and the rapping of a thimble finger against the parlor window.

58. "Husband! husband!" cried his wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the window panes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents!"

"We told you so, father!" screamed Violet and Peony, as he reëntered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor – dear – beau-ti-ful little snow-sister is thawed!"

59. And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this everyday world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw, too. In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation of his wife.

60. She could only reply that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearthrug.

"And there you see all that is left of it!" added she, pointing to a pool of water in front of the stove.

61. "Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister!"

"Naughty father!" cried Peony, stamping his foot, and – I shudder to say – shaking his little fist at the common-sensible man. "We told you how it would be. What for did you bring her in?"

62. And the stove, through the isinglass of its door, seemed to glare at good Mr. Lindsey, like a red-eyed demon triumphing in the mischief which it had done!

I. **Rŭd'đĩ nĕss**: redness. **Phiz**: face. **Săl'ńed**: ran out. **Ĕ mĕrĝed'**: came out.

II. **Wrŏught**: worked. **Ūr'chĭn**: a little boy. **Dĕ ľĭb'ĕr Ātĕ**: slow and careful. **Āc'cŭ rā cŷ**: correctness. **Im āĝ'ĩ nā tĭve**: full of fancies.

III. **In hĕr'ĩt ançĕ**: possession. **At'mos phere**: air. **Thĭth'ĕr**: to this place. **Ās'pĕct**: appearance; look. **Cŏm pĕlled'**: forced; obliged. **Lăĝ**: go slowly. **Cŏm prĕ hĕnd'**: understand. **Ās sĕv'ĕr āt ĕd**: said earnestly.

IV. **Pilot-cloth sack**: a coat made of coarse dark blue cloth, such as pilots wear. **Flĭm'sy**: thin. **Bĕ nĕv'ŏ lent**: kind. **Rĕ ľŭc'tant**: unwilling.

V. **Pĕs'tĩ lençĕ**: the plague; a deadly disease. **Rĕ mŏn'stranç ĕş**: objections. **Glāre**: stare; look fiercely.

Little, happy, rich, kind, strange, diligent, polite, strong, lifeless, lazy.

Name words having similar meaning: as, little, small.

Name words having opposite meaning: as, little, large.

Speak clearly if you speak at all;

Carve every word before you let it fall.

HOLMES

Little by Little

1. Low on the ground an acorn lies —
Little by little it mounts to the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded, while so
The new years come and the old years go.

2. Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laughter and play,
Little by little the longest day
And the longest life are passing away —
Passing without return, while so
The new years come and the old years go.

The House I Live In

I

1. This wonderful body of mine is the house in which I live. This house has five gates, through which messages from the outside world can get to me. There is Eye Gate, Ear Gate, Nose Gate, Taste Gate, and Touch Gate. All my knowledge of the things around me comes in through these five gates.

2. This house of mine has, in its lower story, a kitchen called the stomach. Here the food is cooked, or "digested," as we say, and prepared for being mixed with the blood. In the story above there is a great pump, the heart, which sends the blood through the house to keep it warm and in good repair.

Then, in the top story, or the head, is the room where the master or mistress of the house lives.

3. We should learn all we can about this house and what to do to keep it in good order. We should find out what is bad for it and what is good, that we may avoid the one and seek the other. Thus we may hope to grow up strong and healthy men and women. Good health will cheer us and make all our work easy and pleasant.

4. The first lesson on health that I have to learn is this: *I must keep my body clean*. Much of the dirt that gathers on the body comes, not from the outside, but from the inside of the body. The skin is full of little pores. These pores are the mouths of tiny pipes, or tubes, millions of which are found in the skin.

5. You can see them in this picture, which shows a little bit of the skin, cut through from the inside to the outside and very much enlarged.

It is through these tubes that the body rids itself of many waste substances which would prove very harmful if retained. When their outlets become choked up with dirt, nothing can pass through them. You see, therefore, how necessary it is to keep the skin clean if we wish to have good health.

6. Once upon a time a great man was coming to visit a certain town. The people went out to meet him, clad in gay and curious dresses so as to do honor to their noble visitor. One little boy was covered all over with thin leaves of gold, so that he might look like a golden boy.

7. No doubt he looked very pretty, but he became ill and died before the gilding could be removed. All the pores of his skin were closed up by the gold; and it soon caused his death.

8. In Holland there is a village which is said to be the cleanest in the world. The houses, inside and outside, the streets, and everything about the place, are kept neat as a pin. Women wearing clumsy wooden shoes may be seen scrubbing the houses and pavements.

9. We should be like these Dutch people and keep our wonderful house, the body, clean. It is only by frequently washing the whole body that we can keep in good health.

Water and soap are all that are needed to keep the skin clean and ready for its work, and every one can get these.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.