



BLACKIE'S  
• MODEL •  
READERS

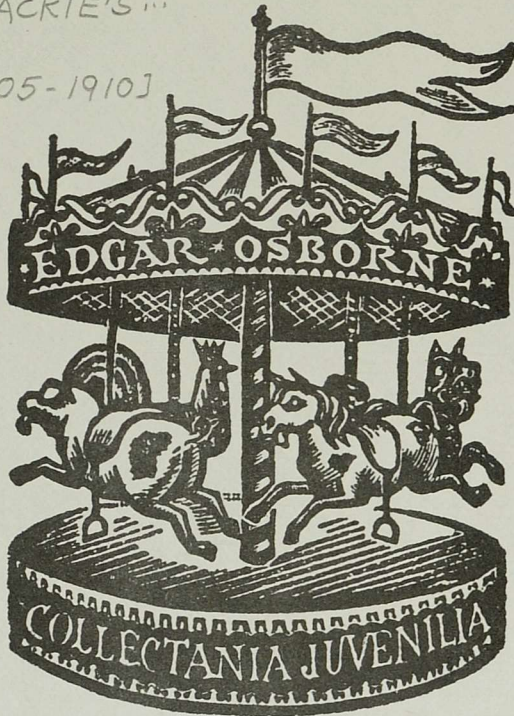
• BOOK • I •

BLACKIE •  
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BLACKIE'S

[1905-1910]



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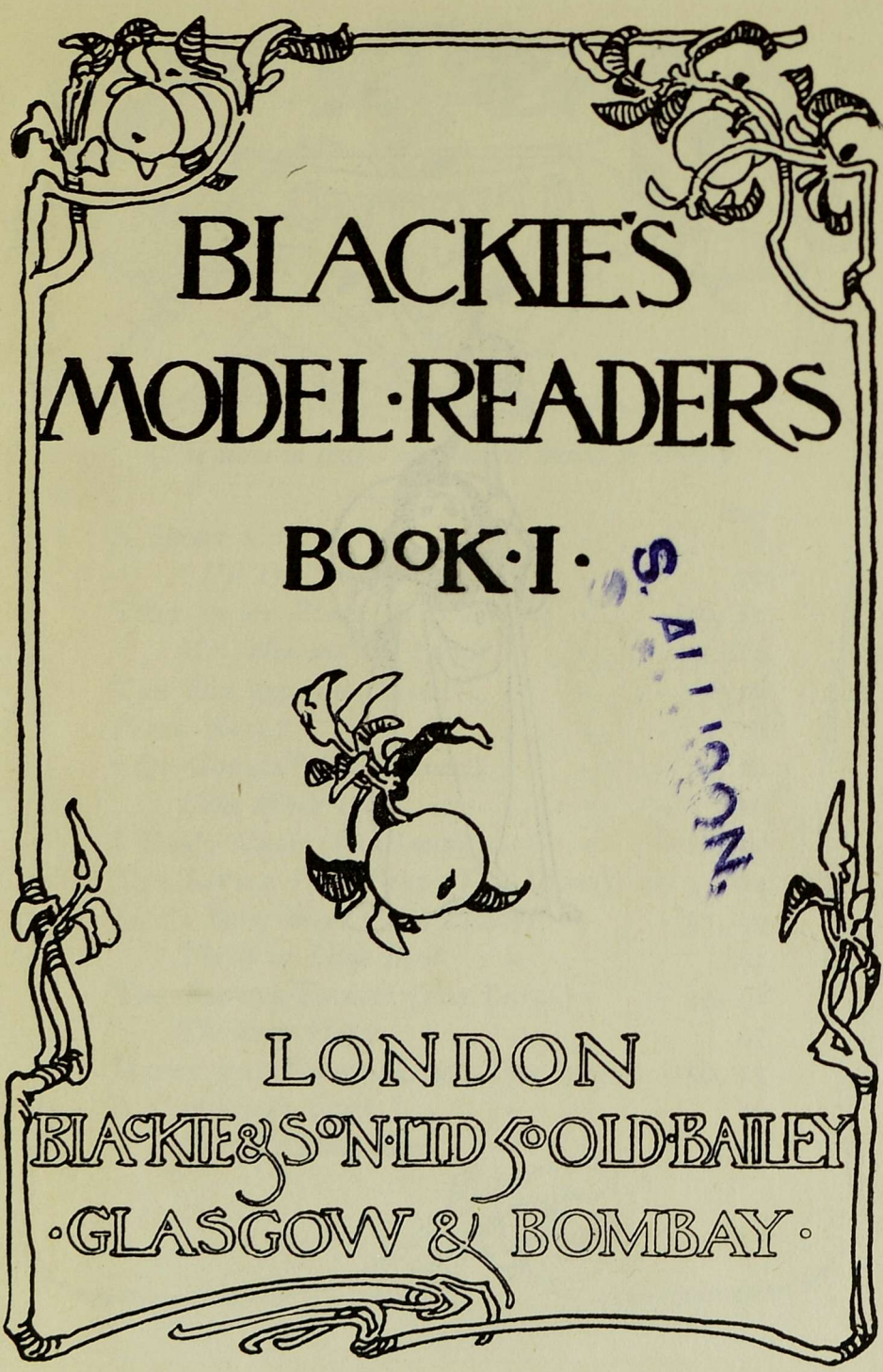






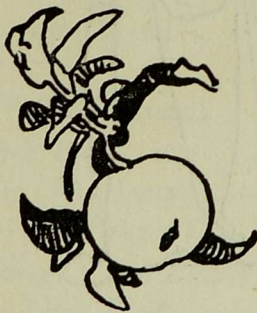
CROSSING THE STREAM (page 8)





BLACKIE'S  
MODEL-READERS

BOOK I.



S. A. 11. 1907.

LONDON  
BLACKIE & SON, LTD 5 OLD BAILEY  
GLASGOW & BOMBAY.

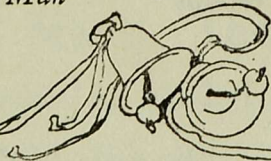






(The titles in italics are those of lessons in verse.)

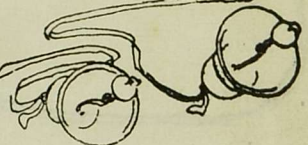
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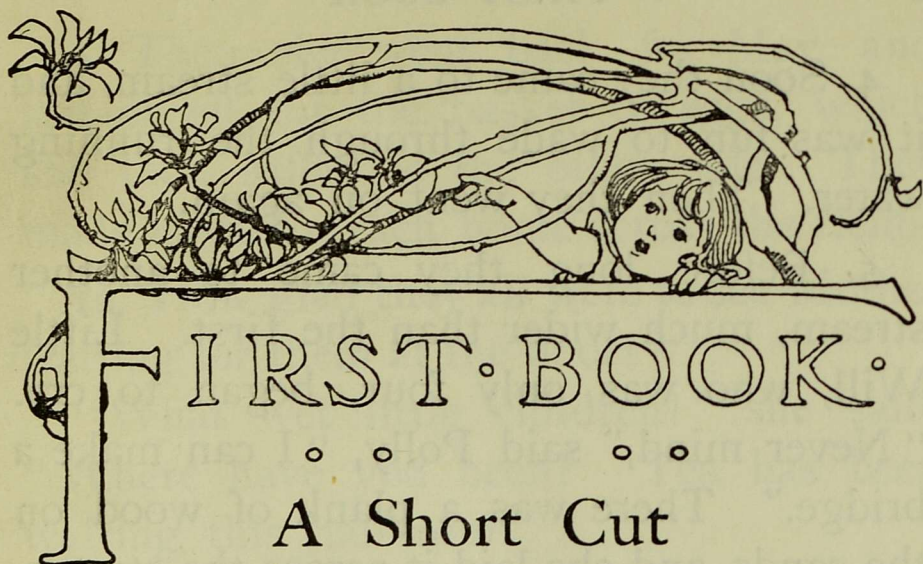






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1. One day, Polly, May, and little Will were sent to the farm for eggs. The farm was near the sea on the other side of the bay.

2. The sun was bright and hot, and when they came to the farm, little Will wanted to lie down and sleep. But Polly knew they had only time to walk home before tea.

3. "Let us go home by the shore; it is a short cut," said May. They started for home along the sands, and took off their shoes and stockings so as to run along quickly.



4. Soon they came to a little stream, and it was fun to wade through the running water. Then they went on again.

5. Before long they came to another stream, much wider than the first. Little Will, who was only four, began to cry. "Never mind," said Polly, "I can make a bridge." There was a plank of wood on the sands, and she laid it across the stream.

6. On this bridge all the children crossed. They went along, quite happy again, but alas! there was one more stream to cross. This was very wide and deep, and when they came to it, Polly felt she would like to sit down and cry, like little Will.

7. But she said to herself: "I am eight years old, and yesterday Mother called me a little help. So I must try to be brave."

8. The water was running swiftly, but Polly told little Will to get on her back. Then she took a stick in her hand, and waded safely across, though the stones hurt her feet very much.

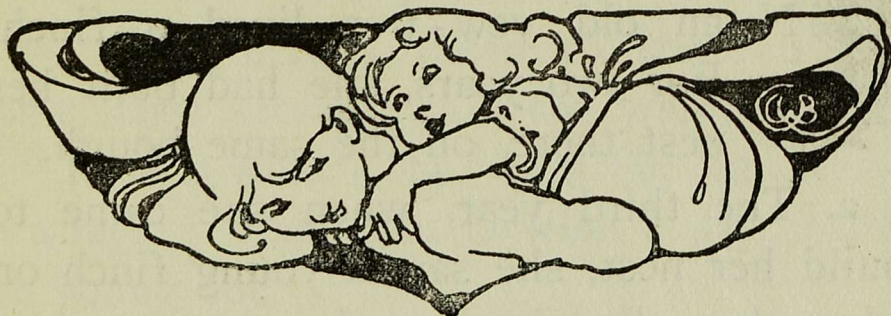
9. Then she went back for May, and last of all for the basket of eggs, which she took safely to the other side. They made haste to reach home across the fields.

10. How glad they all were to see Mother waiting for them at the door!

“What wet little children!” she said. “Where have you been? Tea has been waiting this half-hour.”

11. “We took a short cut home by the shore,” said May. “It was all full of water,” said little Will. “We took so long to cross the rivers,” said Polly.

12. “Well, here you are safe and sound,” said Mother; “you will know now that a short cut is not always the quickest road.”

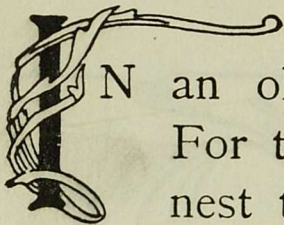




## “I’ll Try” and “I Can’t”

1. The little boy who says “I’ll try”,  
Will climb to the hill-top.  
The little boy who says “I can’t”,  
Will at the bottom stop.
  
  2. “I’ll try” does great things every day;  
“I can’t” gets nothing done;  
Be sure then that you say “I’ll try”,  
And let “I can’t” alone.
- 

## That is my Place — Part I



IN an old yew-tree lived a finch.  
For two years, she had built her  
nest there, on the same bough.

2. The third year, when she came to  
build her nest, she saw a young finch on  
what she called her bough.

3. "What are you here for?" said the old finch; for she saw that the young finch had some moss in her beak, as if she was going to build her nest.

4. "I am here to build my nest," said the young finch in a pert voice.

"You must not; that is my place!" said the old finch.

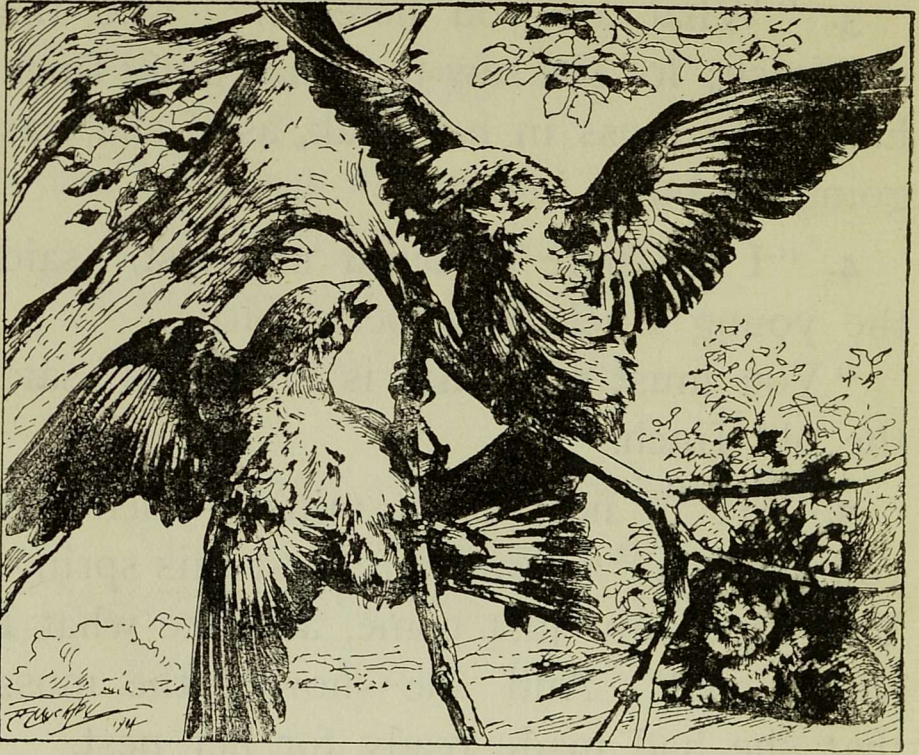
5. "It is not; it is mine!" cried the young finch. "I was here first this spring. You have only just come, and see what I have done!" And she showed the moss that she had made ready for her nest.

6. "I don't care; it is my place!" said the old finch. "I had this tree first. I have had it two years; and now, when I come back, I find you here."

7. "And here I mean to stay. First come, first served," said the young finch.

"That is what I say," said the old finch, in a rage. "And that is what I say," said the young one.





## That is my Place—Part II

1. The old finch gave the young one a peck, and tried to tear the moss away. The young one flew at her, and they had a great fight.

2. Each one cried out: "It is my place!"  
"No; it is mine!" "I was here first!"  
"No, I was!"

3. "What is all this?" said an old cat,

who lay near in the sun. "What a noise! I must go and see what is the matter." She went softly along, sprang up into the tree, and heard what the two birds said.

4. They were too angry to see her. But, all at once, they heard a great rough voice close to them, which said: "You cannot both have the place."

5. And she caught them, one in each of her front paws.

"It is not yours," she said to the old finch. "You were too late this year. You are a cross bird, and you fight. I cannot let you live."

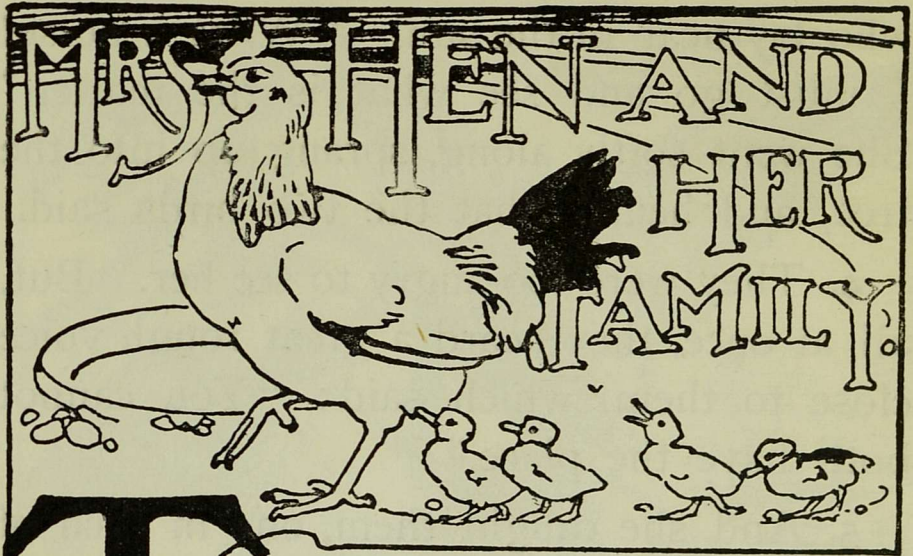
And she ate her up.

6. "And it is not yours," she said to the young one. "The old finch had it last year, you know. You have not been at all fair. I cannot let you live."

So she ate her up too.

7. Then the cat went down the tree, and lay in the sun. "There is an end of that," she said.

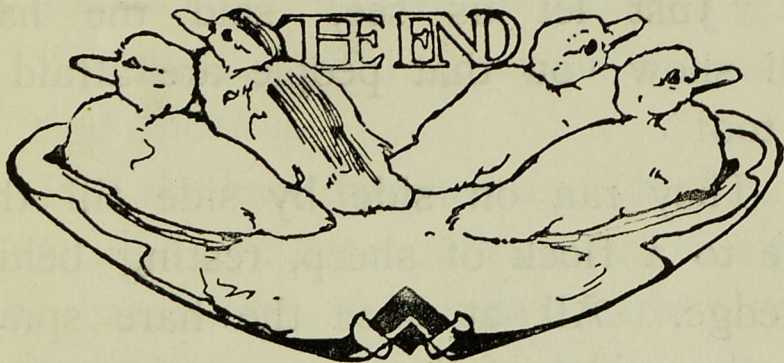




**T**HE time is drawing very near,"  
Said Mrs. Hen one day,  
"For all my little chickens dear  
To break their shells away.

2. "How proud and joyful I shall be  
When through the yard I go,  
With all my tiny little chicks  
Behind me in a row!"
3. Crack! go the eggs beneath her wings,  
Four little heads peep out,  
And soon four fluffy yellow things  
Are running all about.

4. She leads them proudly through the farm,  
And gains the field beyond,  
“For here,” she thinks, “they’re safe  
from harm.”  
But they espy a pond.
5. As fast as little legs can go  
They all start off. “Come back,  
Come back, my dears!” she cries in woe:  
They only answer “Quack!”
6. “Alas! alas! they’ll all be drowned,  
They’re in the pond!” she clucks.  
But lo! they’re swimming safe and sound,  
For they are little ducks!





## The Fox and the Hare

1. One day a fox was out walking. He met a very timid-looking hare—just the kind of person he liked to tease.

2. So he began:

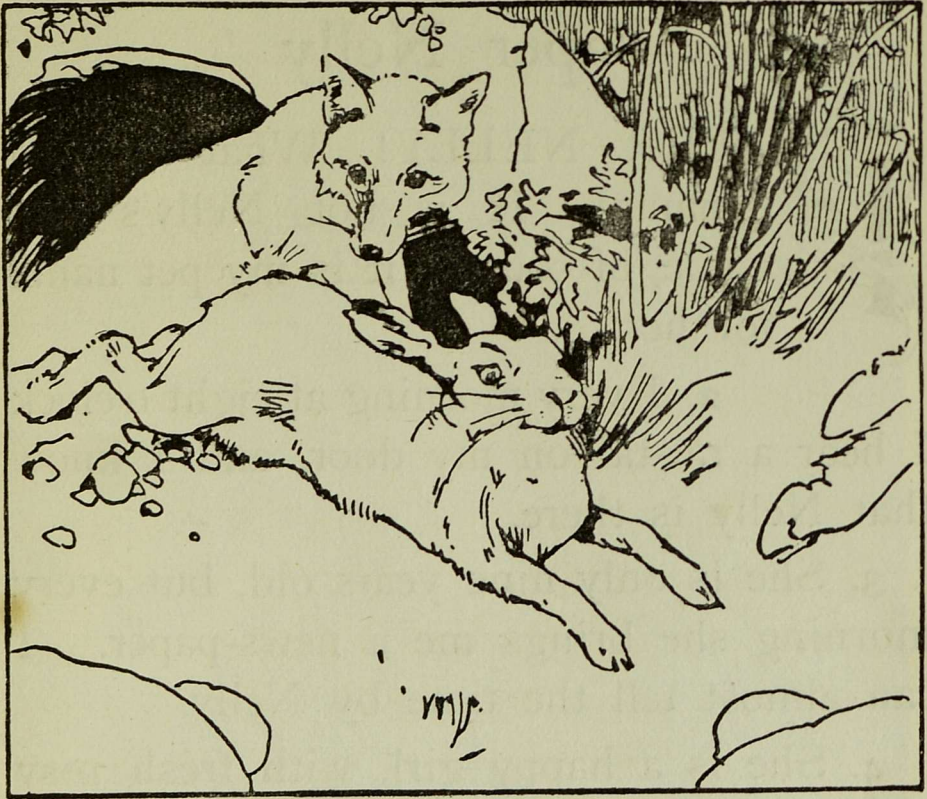
“It must make you sad to know that nobody is afraid of you!”

3. “Indeed!” said the hare, “and who is afraid of you?”

4. “Every one is afraid of me,” said the fox. “You see, I have such a lovely long tail that, in the distance, people take me for the wolf, and run away as fast as they can. But nobody ever runs away from you.”

5. “Just let us see,” said the hare. “I’ll show you that people are afraid of me too!”

6. They ran on side by side till they came to a flock of sheep, resting behind a hedge. All at once the hare sprang into the midst of them.



7. The sheep rushed this way and that in great fear, and went out of sight so quickly that no one could tell where they had gone.

8. "Well, I should never have thought it!" said the fox.

9. But the hare laughed and laughed for joy, until he tore his mouth across; and that is the reason why, to this day, hares always have split lips.



## Paper Nelly



PAPER NELLY! What an odd name! It is not Nelly's real name, of course; it is my pet name for her.

2. Every morning at eight o'clock I hear a rat-tat on my door, and I know that Nelly is there.

3. She is only nine years old, but every morning she brings me a news-paper. I can almost tell the time by Nelly.

4. She is a happy girl, with fresh rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes. Summer and winter she is always the same.

5. After drinking a mug of milk, she starts with her papers, and runs from house to house. She gives a little rat-tat at each door, and lays the folded paper on the mat. Then she trots off to school.

6. One frosty morning, Nelly did not come. There was no rat-tat at eight o'clock, and I had no paper to read.



"PAPER NELLY"



7. After breakfast I went to the shop in the village, to ask what had become of Nelly. Her mother did not know. Nelly had started at the proper time.

8. We went out to look for her. It was a very dark winter morning, and few persons were to be seen. By and by we came to a lane leading from one part of the village to another.

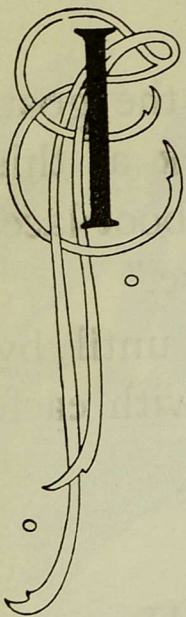
9. There, on the ground, we saw little Nelly. She had been running along, when she slipped on a slide made in the dark lane, and hurt her foot so much that she could not stand.

10. We took her home, and for a few days she lay in bed. But she did not grumble, and her foot was soon well again.

11. I was very glad to hear the rat-tat again at my door, and to see the rosy face of Paper Nelly as she ran along the roads.

---

“Of Course” — Part I



IN a dark wood, where wild beasts lived, there once lay a man's boot.

2. How it came there I cannot say. No man had been there; at least, the wild beasts had not seen one in all their lives.

3. But there the boot lay; and, when the beasts saw it, they all came round to talk about it.

4. Though they had never seen such a thing before, they were all quite sure that they knew what it was.

5. “Why, there is no doubt at all, I say,” said the bear. “Of course it is the rind of some kind of fruit—the fruit of the cork, I fancy. This is cork, it is plain to see;” and he showed the sole of the boot.

6. “It's not that at all,” said the wolf. “Of course it is some kind of nest. Look! Here is the hole for the bird to go in, and



here is the deep part, where the eggs and young ones may be safe. No doubt at all; of course not!"

7. "It is not that at all," said the goat. "How can you be so silly! Look at this long root!" and he pointed to the boot-lace. "It is the root of a plant, of course."

8. Thus they went on talking, until by and by they began to get angry with each other.

---

## "Of Course" — Part II

1. "If I might speak," said an old owl, who had been sitting silent in a tree near, "I think I could tell you what it is. I have been in a land where there are more of such things than you could count. It is a man's boot."

2. "A what?" cried all the beasts and birds. "What is a man? and what is a boot?"

3. "A man," said the owl, "is a thing





The Wild Beasts and the Boot



with two legs, but no feathers. He can walk, and eat, and talk, like us; but he can do much more than we can."

4. "That can't be true," said the beasts. "How can a thing with two legs do more than we can, who have four? It is false, of course."

"Of course it is, if they have no wings," said the birds.

5. "Well," went on the owl, "they have no wings; and yet it is true. And they can make things like this. They call them boots, and put them on their feet."

6. "Not true! not true!" they all cried. "We know that such things are not worn on the feet. How could they be? You have said what you know is false. You are not fit to live with us. You must leave the wood."

7. They chased the poor old owl out of the wood, and would not let him come back.

8. "It is true for all that," said the owl. Of course it was!





LITTLE WHITE LILY (page 26)



## Little White Lily

1. Little white Lily  
    Sat by a stone,  
    Drooping and waiting  
    Till the sun shone.  
Little white Lily  
    Sunshine has fed;  
Little white Lily  
    Is lifting her head.
  
2. Little white Lily  
    Said, "It is good;  
Little white Lily's  
    Clothing and food."  
Little white Lily,  
    Drest like a bride,  
Shining with whiteness,  
    And crownèd beside:
  
3. Little white Lily  
    Droopeth with pain,  
Waiting and waiting  
    For the wet rain.

Little white Lily  
Holdeth her cup;  
Rain is fast falling,  
And filling it up.

4. Little white Lily  
Said, "Good again,  
When I am thirsty  
To have fresh rain!  
Now I am stronger;  
Now I am cool;  
Heat cannot burn me,  
My veins are so full."

5. Little white Lily  
Smells very sweet:  
On her head sunshine,  
Rain at her feet.  
"Thanks to the sunshine,  
Thanks to the rain!  
Little white Lily  
Is happy again!"

—George Mac Donald.



## I Don't Care — Part I

1. "I shall go this way," said a young black colt who was out on the moor. And he looked down the road.

2. "No, no," said a horse who was close by. "You must stop on the moor."

"Why? Why must I stop?" asked the colt.

3. "I cannot tell," said the horse. "I have been told by an old horse to stay; and so I shall."

"I don't care," said the colt, and off he went.

4. By and by he met an old mare at an inn door.

"What are you here for?" asked she.

"I have come out for a bit of fun," said the colt.

5. "But you should not," said the mare. "You are not fit to go out into the world. You have no shoes on."



He met an old Mare near an Inn Door



6. "I don't care," said the colt, and he kicked his heels up, to show that he did not mind what the old mare said. The mare was not a great talker, and she said no more.

7. Then the colt went on down the road. He met a mule with a pack on his back. The mule shook his head at the colt.

8. "You should not be here," he said. "The town is close by."

"I don't care," said the colt, and he ran on.

---

## I Don't Care — Part II

1. Right on through the town he went. He had not been in a town before in all his life; the noise, and the sight of such crowds of men, made him feel quite mad.

2. He ran here, and he rushed there. Men and boys ran to catch him, and threw stones, and cried out to him, all up and down the streets.

3. At last, in a shop-window, he saw a young colt just like himself. He ran up to ask it what he should do, and how he could get back to the moor.

4. The other colt ran to meet him, but, just as he was going to speak, he dashed his head into a sheet of plate-glass, and hurt himself. It was his own face that he had seen in the glass.

5. He fell down among the bits of broken glass, and the angry shop-keeper came out and caught him.

6. "Why, that is my young colt from the moor," said a man who had just come up. "These are his tricks, are they? He must have a great clog of wood tied to one of his feet, then."

7. So he was led back, with his head cut and his feet sore. And for a long time after that, he had to stump from spot to spot with a clog tied to one foot.

8. He did not say "I don't care" then.



## The Little Pine-Tree — Part I

**F**AR down in the forest, where the warm sun and the fresh air made a sweet resting-place, grew a little pine-tree. It had needles that were green all the year round, and yet it was not happy.

2. "I do not like needles," said the little tree. "They are not even so pretty as leaves. I should like to be the most lovely tree in the forest. I wish I had golden leaves."

3. And lo! when the morning came, it found that its wish had been granted. It had leaves of gold, which shone in the sunlight.

How happy it was!

4. But after a while a man, walking through the forest, saw the leaves of gold, and cried: "I'll be rich to-day!"

5. He ran at once to the tree, and began

to pluck the leaves. When he went away, the little tree was quite bare, and was as vexed as a tree could be.

6. "I see it is not well to have gold leaves," it said. "They are very pretty, but I should like something that people would not take from me."

7. "I wish I had leaves of glass. They would be pretty, and yet no one would want to take them."

8. The next morning, when the little tree awoke, it was covered with leaves of glass. They shone in the sunlight.

"Now, am I not gay?" it said.

9. But when the wind began to blow, the glass leaves were dashed against one another. Soon they were all broken to pieces. When night came, the little tree was again without a leaf.

---



## The Little Pine-Tree – Part II

1. “Leaves of gold and of glass are pretty,” it said, “but they are not the best. I should like to have green leaves, like the other trees.”

2. The next morning, when the little pine-tree awoke, it had green leaves like the other trees.

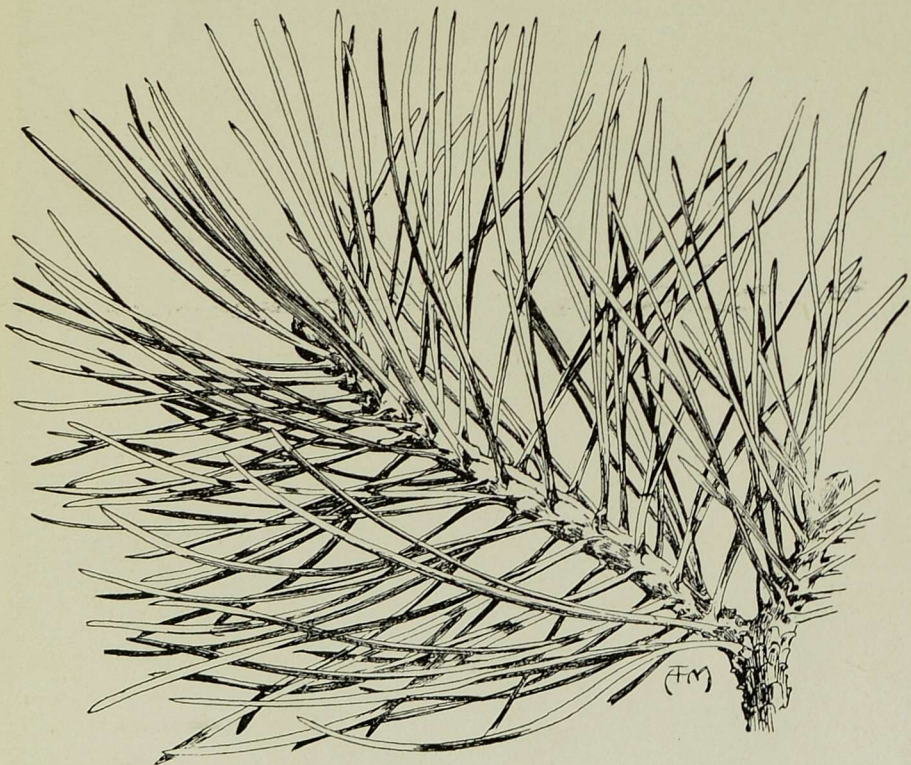
3. “After all, green leaves are best,” it said. “Now I am like the other trees, but more lovely.”

4. But, after a while, a goat came by. He was hungry, and the leaves of the little tree were fresh and sweet. So the goat ate them all. That night the little tree was again without a leaf.

5. It was very sad; it said: “Gold leaves are fine, glass leaves are pretty, and green leaves are good for other trees. But, after all, I think my needles were best for me. How I wish I could have them back again!”

6. The next morning, when the little tree awoke, it had its needles once again.

7. Then the south wind said softly to the little tree:



Pine Needles

“ Be thankful, and change no more!  
The thing you are is always the thing  
That you had better be.”

8. Ever after that the little tree was contented.





JACK'S NEW BOAT



## Jack's New Boat – Part I

1. One day Jack saw a pretty boat in a toy-shop. It was painted green, and had white sails and a red flag. "I am sure it will sail fast," thought Jack.

2. He wished he could buy the boat, but he had no money. On his birthday his Uncle Jim gave him some pennies, and then Jack went at once to the shop and bought the boat.

3. How proud he was of it! "Isn't it fine?" he said to his sister Molly, when he showed it to her. "Come and see how well it sails."

4. So Molly and Jack went away down to the shore, where there was a large pool among the rocks. They put the boat into the water. When they saw it float, just like a real ship, they clapped their hands for joy, and wished a strong wind might come to blow it along.

5. They had not long to wait, for a gust



of wind came puffing round the corner of the rock. But oh! as soon as it struck the sails, the boat blew over. It lay with its mast and sails flat upon the water.

6. Jack put it straight again. But the next gust blew it over once more, and at last Jack saw that his pretty new boat could not sail at all.

7. How vexed he was! and Molly was just as vexed as he. They lifted the boat to take it home, and then they found that the green paint was nearly all washed off, and the sails were like bits of dirty rag. The boat was not even pretty to look at.

8. When Uncle Jim saw the boat, he laughed. "That kind of boat is not meant to sail," he said. "It is a dry-land boat, Jack. It must have been made by a man who never saw the sea or a real boat.

9. "It is just a thick lump of wood, cut to look like a ship. But it ought to be made hollow inside, and have a deck and a heavy keel.

10. "Your boat would then be light above and heavy below, and would be able to sail," he said.

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## Jack's New Boat — Part II

1. Jack thought long about what Uncle Jim had told him. At last he went with Molly to the joiner, and asked for a tool to scoop out the boat.

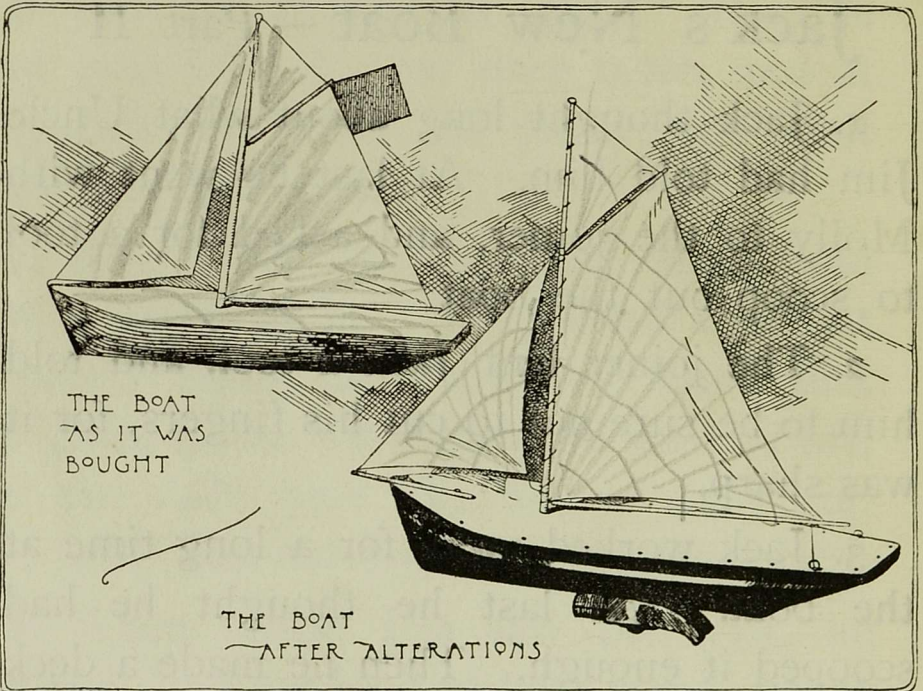
2. The joiner lent Jack a tool, and told him to be sure not to cut his fingers, for it was sharp.

3. Jack worked away for a long time at the boat. At last he thought he had scooped it enough. Then he made a deck with a thin piece of wood, and fixed it on with little nails. He put a hole in the deck, for the mast to go through.

4. But what was to be done for a keel? Jack had no lead, and did not know how to make a keel. But he did not mean to give it up, and at last he thought of a way.



5. Some time before, he had found an old hammer-head, and had put it in his play-box. He thought that if he fixed this to the bottom, it would do for a keel.



6. So he put a big linen button over the hole in the hammer-head. Then he drove a long nail through the button, into the bottom of the boat. In this way the hammer-head was fixed on to the boat like a keel. But it was a very odd-looking keel.

7. Jack put up the mast and sails as quickly as he could, and ran off with Molly to try if the boat would sail now.

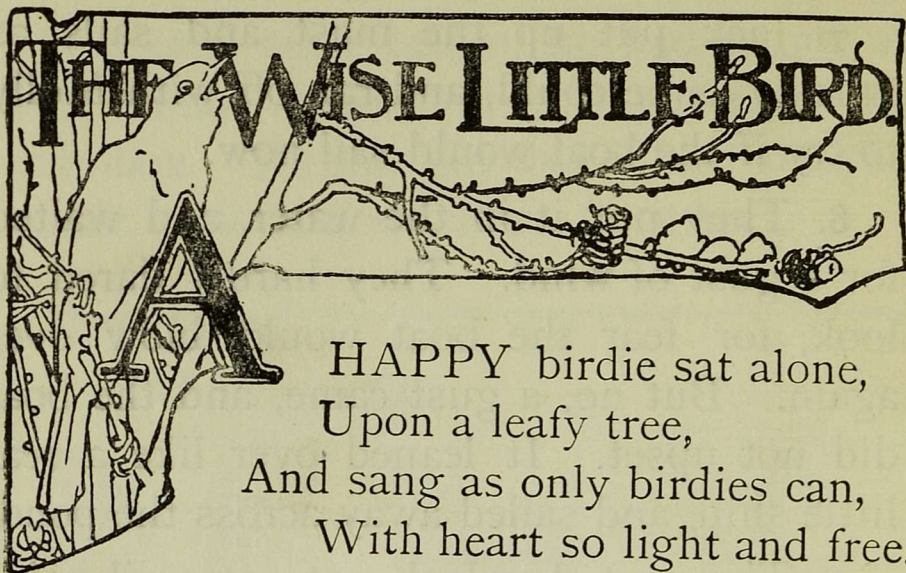
8. They put it in the water, and waited for a gust of wind. They hardly dared to look, for fear the boat would blow over again. But no, a gust came, and the boat did not upset. It leaned over like a real little ship, and sailed away across the pond.

9. The next day Jack got some oil paint and painted the boat blue. He put a white stripe round it, and painted the deck white. It looked smart and trim, and Molly danced with joy because it was now a real sailing-boat.

10. When Uncle Jim saw how well Jack had done, he was very much pleased. On Jack's next birthday he gave him a grand new toy ship with beautiful sails and a heavy lead keel. So Jack had two boats that could sail the sea.

---





HAPPY birdie sat alone,  
Upon a leafy tree,  
And sang as only birdies can,  
With heart so light and free.

2. Upon the ground below, there lay  
A cunning pussy-cat,  
Who wished to eat that happy bird,  
Because he looked so fat.
3. She thought he soon would end his song,  
And hop upon the ground;  
And then, before he flew away,  
She'd have him at a bound.
4. But Dick was wise, and when he saw  
That pussy-cat below,  
He whispered to his dainty self:  
"I'm better here, I know!"

5. So pussy waited long in vain,  
For still the birdie, gay,  
Sang endless songs, as though he meant  
To stay there all the day.
6. At last the pussy cried aloud:  
“Oh, birdie, up aloft,  
Come down, I pray, and rest your feet  
Upon the grass so soft!
7. “A feast of worms I’ll promise you,  
And dewy drops to drink;  
A finer feast of dainty fare  
You’ll never get, I think!”
8. But Dicky shook his head, and said:  
“I thank you, pussy dear.  
'T is kind of you to ask me, but  
I mean to stay up here!”
9. Then off went pussy in a rage,  
And left the birdie free  
To sing his songs of love and joy,  
Upon that leafy tree!



## The Flower-Fairies — Part I

1. One bright sunny morning, little Lily went out into the fields to gather some flowers for her mother. She soon came to a meadow gay with yellow buttercups.

2. Lily plucked some, and then ran on, into a field where some red poppies were growing. She gathered some of these, and put them among her buttercups.

3. She did not stay long in this field, but went to a little stream, beside which grew the pretty blue forget-me-nots.

4. Lily gathered a bunch of these. What a bright nosegay it was! — Buttercups, poppies, forget-me-nots!

5. But Lily was getting tired, so she sat down on the bank to rest. Soon she heard a soft voice say: “Do you like butter?”

6. Looking round, she saw a pretty little lady, with a crown of gold upon her head. She was dressed in yellow.

7. Lily felt shy, but, being a polite little girl, she said:

“Yes, thank you; and will you please tell me your name?”

8. “My name,” said the little lady, “is Fairy Yellow, and I am Queen of the Buttercups and all the other yellow flowers. Look, here come my sisters, Fairy Red, and Fairy Blue.”





## The Flower-Fairies — Part II

1. Lily now saw two more ladies, one dressed in red and the other in blue.

2. "Good-morning!" said Lily.

"Good-morning!" said Fairy Red. "I live among the poppies, and all the red flowers belong to me.

3. "And I," said Fairy Blue, "am queen of the blue-bells, and forget-me-nots, and all the sweet blue flowers."

4. "Well," said Lily, "I think you are all very pretty, and I shall always think of you when I look at the flowers. Now I must go home. Good-bye!"

5. "But we are going with you," said the fairies. To Lily's surprise each crept into a flower; Red into a poppy! Yellow into a buttercup! Blue into a forget-me-not!

6. Lily woke up. There was her pretty nosegay by her side. She was afraid almost to look at the flowers, for she

knew that she had been dreaming, and she wanted to believe that the fairies were really there.

7. As she went home, she seemed to hear the fairies in the flower-bells singing to her. She told her father all about it that evening, and he put into words the song that the fairies sang.

8. " Little girl, oh! come and see!  
Dainty little fays are we.  
In the flower-cups, snug and deep,  
Gay we live, and soft we sleep."



## The Snow-Flakes

1. See the pretty snow-flakes,  
Falling from the sky;  
On the wall and house-tops,  
Soft and thick they lie.



2. On the window-ledges,  
    On the branches bare,  
See how fast they gather,  
    Filling all the air.
  
3. Look into the garden,  
    Where the grass was green;  
Covered by the snow-flakes,  
    Not a blade is seen.
  
4. Now the bare black bushes  
    All look soft and white;  
Every twig snow-laden,  
    What a pretty sight!
  
5. Don't forget the birdies  
    Now that winter comes;  
Think, they may be hungry;  
    Scatter out your crumbs.
  
6. Think, too, in the winter,  
    Of the hungry poor;  
Let them find a welcome  
    At your open door.



"DON'T FORGET THE BIRDIES . . . SCATTER OUT YOUR CRUMBS"





## Hetty the Flower-Girl—Part I

1. Hetty was a little London girl. When she was two years old, she could run about on her two chubby legs as well as any child.

2. Her mother took in washing, and was very busy all day, so that Hetty had very often to take care of herself.

3. One day, when her mother was hard at work, Hetty thought it would be nice to go to the door. When she reached the door, she thought it would be nicer still to go out into the street.

4. Poor little baby! She went into the road, and before anyone could save her, a big horse ran over her, and she lay pale and hurt on the ground.

5. Kind men picked her up, and took her home. She was not killed, but after that she was always lame, and could only walk with crutches.

6. In time she learnt to read, and write, and sew; and she could play with her rag doll. But she could not run and romp with other little girls, and she could not sweep the floor, or make the beds, for her mother.

7. When she was eight years old, her mother was ill with a fever, and had to stay in bed a great many days.

8. Hetty was a good, kind girl, and she





HETTY THE FLOWER-GIRL



wished, all the time, that she could work and earn money to buy nice food for her mother.

9. "How Mother would like some grapes and jelly!" she said to herself. "I wish I could get some for her. But I don't know how."

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## Hetty the Flower-Girl — Part II

1. One morning, as Hetty was going to the grocer's to buy some tea, she stopped at the corner to look at old Mr. Sunshine's flowers.

2. His real name was Jones, but the children called him Mr. Sunshine because he was so cheery and kind.

3. When Hetty saw the red roses and the bright pinks, she thought that a pot of flowers might please her sick mother. She asked the price of some of them, but they were all too dear; for she had only a few pennies of her own.



4. I suppose she looked very sorry about it, for Mr. Sunshine said, "Now, you'd like one of those roses, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Hetty, "but I must wait until I have saved some more pennies."

5. "Come now," said Mr. Sunshine; "if you will sit here on this bench, and sell this basket of nosegays for me, I will give you the rose-bush."

6. Hetty looked up in Mr. Sunshine's face with a glad smile. She sat down on the bench, looking like a little white flower herself, and held up the basket as people passed by. One or two stopped and bought a nosegay.

7. By and by, at dinner-time, more people came along the street. Many gentlemen stopped at the flower-stall and bought nosegays. Some put them in their button-holes, others took them home.

8. When Mr. Sunshine came to look in the basket, there was only one nosegay left, and Hetty had a handful of pennies for him.

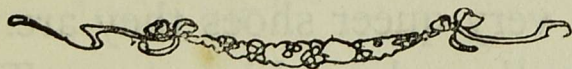
9. He counted them, and said, "That is all right; now you may take your rose-bush and go home." Then he saw that she could not use her crutches and carry the pot too; so he went home with her.

10. When he reached the door he said, "You can come and sell flowers for me every morning, if you like, and I will pay you a shilling every day."

11. This seemed a great deal of money to Hetty, and she was almost ready to cry for joy when she told her mother about it.

12. She went every day and sold flowers for Mr. Sunshine, and earned the money to buy nice things for her mother.

13. Then she saved enough to set up a flower-stall of her own, and everybody who went along the street had a smile and a kind word for lame Hetty the flower-girl.







## A Christmas Gift

1. In the land where Marie lives, the boys and girls do not hang up their stockings at Christmas. Instead, they put out their shoes for Santa Claus to fill.

2. And very queer shoes they are. They are not leather shoes like ours. They are made of wood, and are hard and heavy.

3. As Christmas drew near, Marie often said to her mother: "I wonder what I shall find in my shoe!"

4. Her mother, who was very poor, looked sad when Marie said this.

5. "You must not expect anything this year, my dear," she said. "It is a hard winter. You and I, in times like these, must be glad to get bread to eat."

6. But Marie was quite sure that Santa Claus would not forget her. On Christmas-eve she put her wooden shoe by the fire-place, and went to sleep.

7. "Poor child!" said her mother. "How sad she will be, when she wakes up and finds her shoe empty!"

8. The next morning, Marie was up before it was light.

"Oh mother, mother!" she cried. "Just see what Santa Claus has brought me! It is a dear little bird."

9. There, indeed, was a little robin! Marie took it in her hand. It fluttered



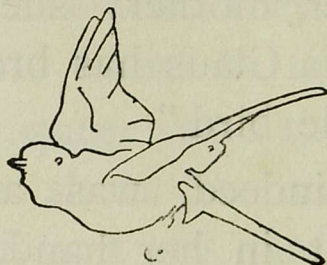
about, but could not fly. Marie's mother looked at it, and found that one of its wings was hurt.

10. "We will keep it, and take care of it all the cold winter," she said. "It would die, out in the snow."

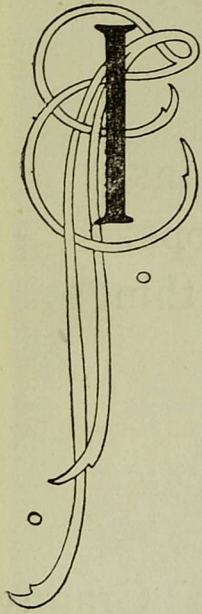
11. "I shall never be lonely now, when you are away at work all day," said Marie. "When I wished for a little dog, you said that he would eat too much. But we shall not miss the crumbs my Christmas bird will eat."

12. Marie kept the bird till spring came, and then she set it free. But it often came to her window for crumbs.

13. Marie said it was the best Christmas gift she had ever had, for the little bird became a dear friend.



## Granny's Little Man



'M Granny's man, she says I am,  
Her useful little Man,  
And true it is, I love her well,  
That sweet and gentle Gran!

2. I love to sit beside her chair,  
And watch her knit so fast;  
I stay until she falls asleep,  
And drops her work at last!

3. I'll tell you what I do for Gran,  
Whene'er I have the chance;  
Though small my deeds, I'm more than  
paid  
By Granny's kindly glance.

4. I hold the wool for her to wind,  
And never let it fall;  
And Granny says, of all her friends,  
I hold it best of all.



5. And when her glasses hide themselves,  
As they are apt to do,  
I find them quickly; more than that,  
The case I bring her, too!
6. I thread her needles, find her pins,  
And pick up things she drops;  
I fetch her books, and buy her things  
In all the village shops.
7. I think that's all that I can do,  
For boys are only boys;  
But one thing more — when Granny  
sleeps,  
*I never* make a noise!







"GRANNY'S LITTLE MAN"





The little girl meets the fairy

## The Fairy Castle — Part I



LITTLE girl was one day picking flowers in a wood, when she was met by a lovely maiden.

2. Her dress was of pale-green velvet, glossy and soft, with stripes of bright crimson running

up and down.

3. In her hand she carried a basket of spring flowers, and on her head she wore a garland of pale-yellow blossoms.

4. Her voice was like the sound of silver bells, as she spoke to the child, saying: "Mary, you are a good child. You have done your best to help your sick mother; and now tell me, what are you going to do with the flowers you are picking?"

5. "I am picking them for mother," replied Mary. "She loves the spring flowers, but she is too ill to come and gather them for herself, and she has no money to buy them."



6. "I thought so," said the fairy. "Your mother is sick and poor, and you want to help her." She took a blossom from her basket, like those in the garland upon her head, and gave it to the child.

7. "Now, see here, Mary," she said; "take this primrose, and as you walk along, follow the primrose blossoms until you come to the walls of an old castle.

8. "In the wall you will find a great doorway, covered all over with flowers. Touch the lock gently with your key-flower,"—she pointed to the primrose she had given her,— "and the door will open, so that you may enter the fairy castle. I will meet you there."

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## The Fairy Castle — Part II

1. The fairy went away, and Mary did as she had been told, and followed the primroses on the banks until she reached the castle walls.

2. She soon found the door covered with flowers, and, moving aside some of the pretty blossoms, she placed the "key-flower" upon the lock. Slowly the door turned upon its hinges.

3. Everywhere Mary saw primroses. Great baskets, full of the pale yellow blossoms, hung from the roof of the hall, and banks of them were heaped around the walls.

4. She was afraid to enter, until she heard the sweet voice of her fairy friend calling her.

5. "Come in, Mary," she said, "and take what you like. Under these sweet blossoms are boxes full of gold and silver. You may take off the flowers and open which box you please.

6. "Take as much as you can carry, and come again as often as you like. The 'key-flower' will always open the door; but there is one thing you must remember.

7. "You must not take away one single



blossom, and every flower must be put back where you find it. If you do not obey this rule, you will never again find your way to this rich hall.”

8. With these words the fairy again went out of sight, and Mary, looking down among the flowers, found the riches of which she had been told.

9. Filling her apron with gold and silver, she put back the blossoms she had moved, and went quickly home to her mother.

10. Great was the delight of the sick woman, for now she and Mary need be no longer poor. Many and many a time they went to the fairy castle, and every time brought back something good.

11. This is a story which the children of Germany often hear. They call the primrose the “key-flower”. They are taught that, so long as they obey and are good, it will open for them the door of the fairy castle, where riches and happiness are to be found.

## The Baby Lark

1. A baby lark had got out of its nest sideways; it fell only an inch or two, but that was a dreadful drop for a baby.

2. "You can get back this way," its mother said, and showed it the way. But when the baby tried to leap, it fell down.

3. Then the mother marked out lines on the ground, on which it was to hop. It went along very well so long as the mother was there every moment, to say: "How well you hop!"

4. "Now teach me to hop up," said the little lark, meaning that it wanted to fly; and the mother tried to teach it, but in vain.

5. She could soar up, up, very bravely, but she could not tell how she did it.

"Wait till the sun comes out after rain," she said.

6. "What is sun? What is rain?" the little bird asked. "If you cannot teach me to fly, teach me to sing."



7. "When the sun comes out after rain," the mother said, "then you will know how to sing."

8. The rain came, and stuck the little bird's wings together. "I shall never be able to fly or to sing!" it wailed.

9. Then, all at once, it had to blink its eyes, for a splendid light had spread over the world, catching every leaf and twig and blade of grass in tears, and putting a smile into every tear.

10. The baby bird's breast swelled, it did not know why; it fluttered from the ground, it did not know why.

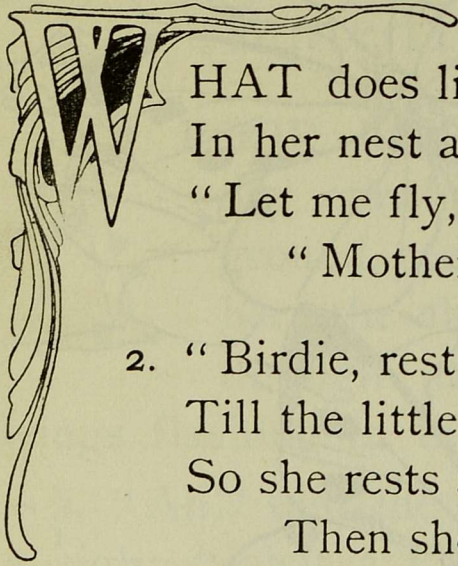
11. "The sun has come out after the rain!" it sang.

"Thank you, sun! Thank you! Thank you! Oh mother! Did you hear me? I can sing!"

12. Then it floated up, up, calling: "Thank you! thank you! thank you!" to the sun. "Oh mother, do you see me? I am flying."

—Adapted, by permission, from J. M. Barrie.

# What Does Little Birdie Say?



WHAT does little birdie say,  
In her nest at peep of day?  
“Let me fly,” says little birdie,  
“Mother, let me fly away.”

2. “Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.”  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

3. What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
“Let me rise and fly away.”

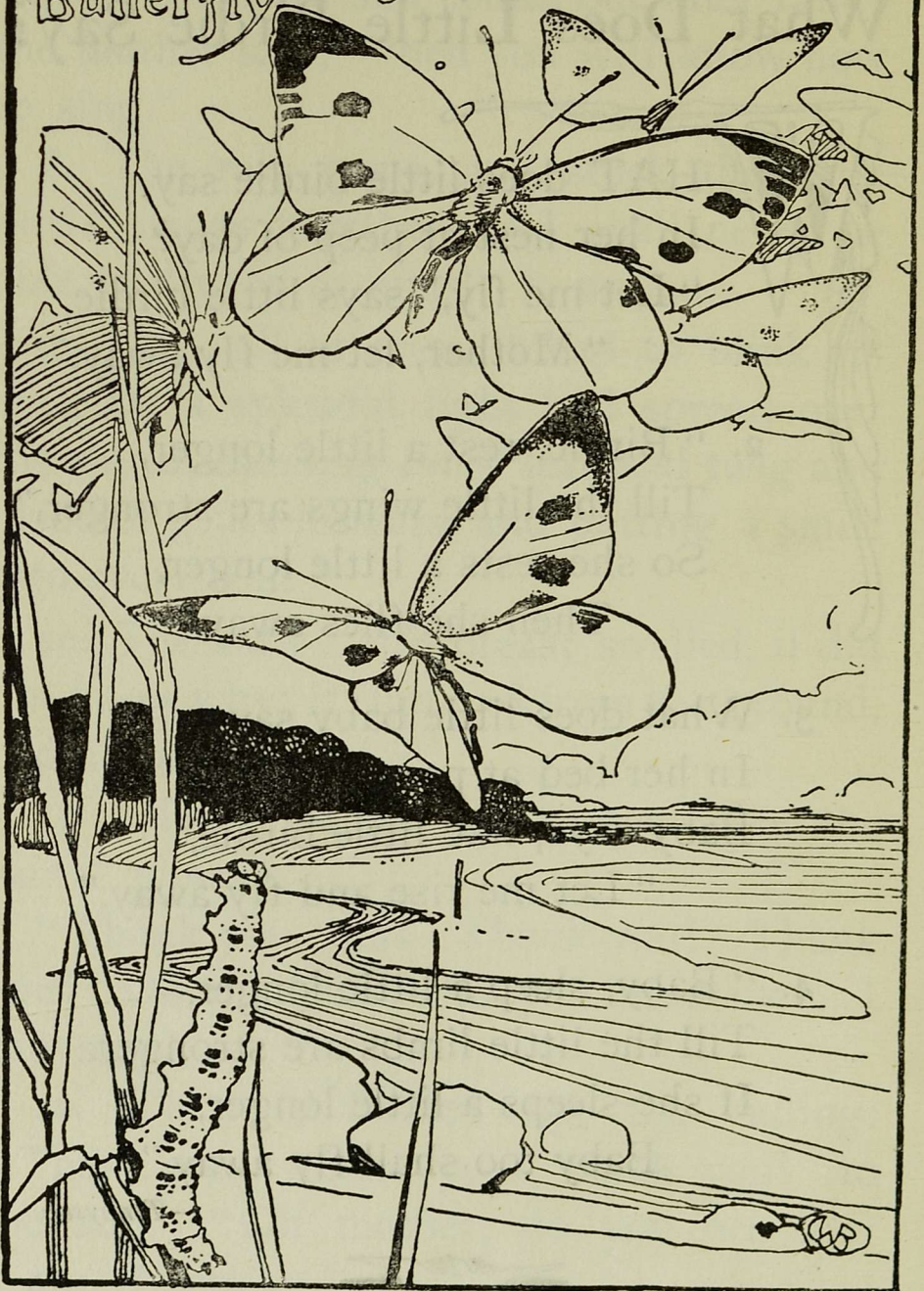
4. “Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger.  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby too shall fly away.”

—Tennyson



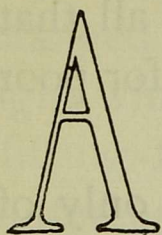


# The Caterpillar & the Butterfly



"Those proud things above our heads . . . never notice us"

## The Caterpillar and the Butterfly — Part I



POOR little caterpillar was one day crawling slowly along the ground, seeking for food. Above her the happy insects darted through the air, their bright wings flashing in the sun-light.

2. “Ah!” said the little caterpillar, with a sigh; “what a hard life is ours! We move only with great toil, and even then we can never go far.

3. “We are kept near the damp ground; at any moment we may be trodden on. We climb up and down rough stalks, eating tough leaves; only now and then we find a flower. I am so tired!

4. “Those proud things above our heads, the bees, and butterflies, and dragon-flies, never notice us. How gay their life is! Flying is easy. They have only to spread



their wings, and the summer winds bear them on.

5. "How gaily they are dressed! They are at home with all the flowers; they live on sweets, see fine sights, and hear all that is to be heard. What do they care for poor things like me?"

6. "They are selfish, and think only of themselves. If I had wings, and could move about with such ease, I am sure I should think sometimes of the poor worms down below.

7. "I would give them, every now and then, a sip of honey, or a taste of something nice from the flower-garden. I would come down and speak a kind word, tell them something good to hear, and be quite a friend.

8. "Oh, if I only had wings, how much good I might do! But those proud things never dream of that."

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## The Caterpillar and the Butterfly – Part II

1. One day the weary caterpillar was changed into a butterfly. She spread her light wings, and passed the happy hours in flitting from field to field, rocking in the buttercups, and sipping the sweet honey.

2. One morning, as she rested on a rose-bud, she saw below her two worms, making their slow way over the ground.

3. “Poor things!” she said. “How little they know! It must be stupid down there. I hope someone will do something to make them happy. If I were not so busy, I would try myself.”

4. “But I cannot spare a moment. There is a rose party to-day, and a sweet-pea party to-morrow. The bees and hornets are getting up a concert, and I must be there.”

5. “The queen-bee will soon have a great honey-feast, and I must be there. The wasps are good policemen, and will



keep away all who are not well dressed, like those two worms.

6. "Poor things! If I had the time, I would try to do something for them; but every sunny day is taken up, and I could not think of going out in the wet.

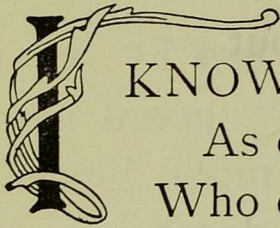
7. "Besides, if I went down to them, I might soil my wings. If I once speak to them, they will expect me to play with them, and then what will all my fine friends say?"

8. "Here comes Miss Pink Moth! Are you going to the rose party? How pretty you look! Wait one moment, till I have washed my face in this dewdrop. The sun has nearly dried it up, while I have been looking at those low dirty worms.

9. "What a waste of time! They are not worth thinking about, are they? Now, dear Miss Pink Moth, just one more sip, and then we will go."

10. And the selfish butterfly flew away.

## Mr. Nobody



KNOW a funny little man,  
 As quiet as a mouse,  
 Who does the mischief that is done  
 In everybody's house.

No one has ever seen his face,  
 And yet we all agree  
 That every plate we break was cracked  
 By—Mr. Nobody.

2. 'T is he who always tears our books,  
 Who leaves the door ajar;  
 He pulls the buttons from our shirts,  
 And scatters pins afar.  
 That squeaking door will always squeak,  
 For, really, don't you see,  
 We leave the oiling to be done  
 By—Mr. Nobody.

3. He puts damp wood upon the fire,  
 And kettles cannot boil;  
 His are the feet that bring in mud,  
 And all the carpets soil



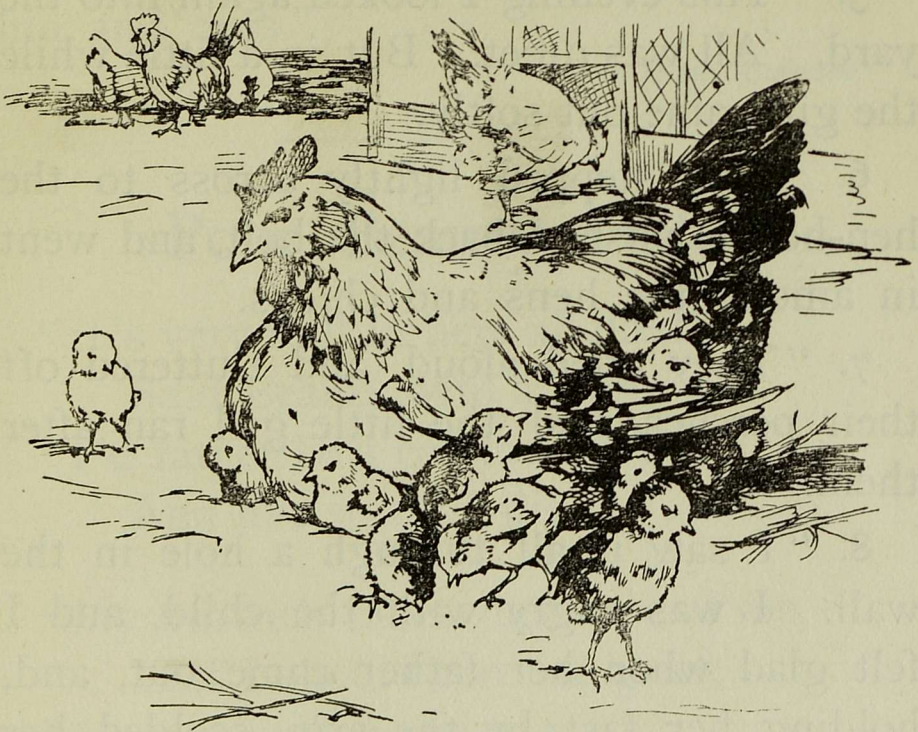
The papers always are mislaid;  
Who lost them, if not he?  
For no one tosses them about  
But—Mr. Nobody.

4. The finger-marks upon the doors  
By none of us are made;  
We never leave the blinds unclosed,  
To let the curtains fade.  
The ink we never spill—oh no!  
We cannot careless be!  
Of course, such things are always done  
By—Mr. Nobody.

5. Oh Mr. Nobody! 't is time  
You learnt a better way;  
And did some good instead of harm,  
As Anybody may.  
Pray, if you do commit a fault,  
Own up, and say "'T was I!"  
Then Somebody will be a man,  
And Nobody will die.

## What the Moon Saw

1. "I was looking down last night," said the moon, "on a small yard, with houses round about it."



2. "There I saw a clucking hen, and with her were nine chicks, running here and there. A pretty little girl came skipping out, and ran towards the chicks.

3. "Then the hen clucked, for she was



afraid, and spread her warm wings over her little brood.

4. "The girl's father came out of the house, and scolded her for running after the chicks. I sailed away behind a cloud.

5. "This evening I looked again into the yard. All was quiet. But in a little while the girl came out softly.

6. "She stepped lightly across to the hen-house, pushed back the bolt, and went in among the hens and chicks.

7. "They cried aloud, and fluttered off their perches, and the little girl ran after them.

8. "I saw it all through a hole in the wall. I was angry with the child, and I felt glad when her father came out, and, holding her fast by the arm, scolded her even more than he did last night.

9. "She hung down her head, and her blue eyes filled with tears. 'What are you doing here?' he asked.

10. "She cried and said: 'I wished to

tell the hen how sorry I was for giving her a fright last night, but I did not like to tell you so.'

II. "Then the father kissed the sweet child's mouth, and I kissed her on the chin and eyes."

—*Hans Andersen.*

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## Poor Beauty Doll

1. "It's very dull in here all day!"  
Said Beauty with a sigh;  
"I'd rather be a common doll,  
And live so till I die.
2. "My mistress takes such care of me,  
Lest I should come to grief;  
I'm never taken out to tea,  
My joys, alas! are brief.
3. "On birthdays, or at Christmas-time,  
I'm handed round with care;  
A boy sings out: 'Oh dear, how fine!'  
A girl: 'What curly hair!'

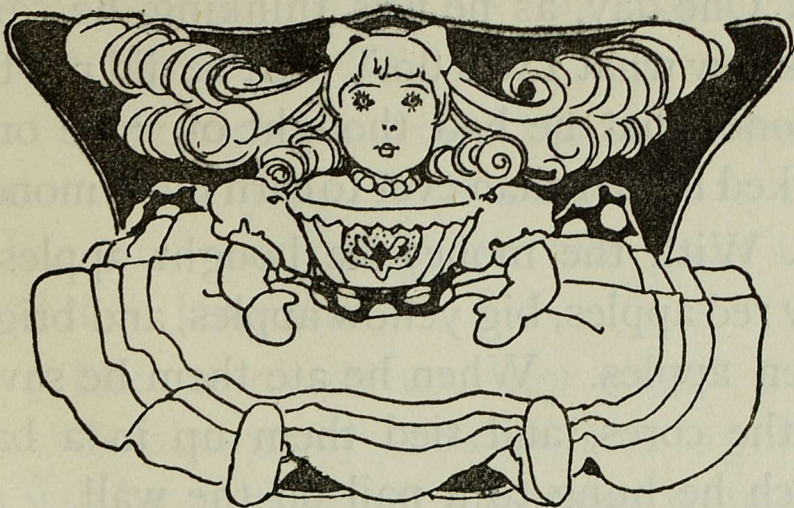




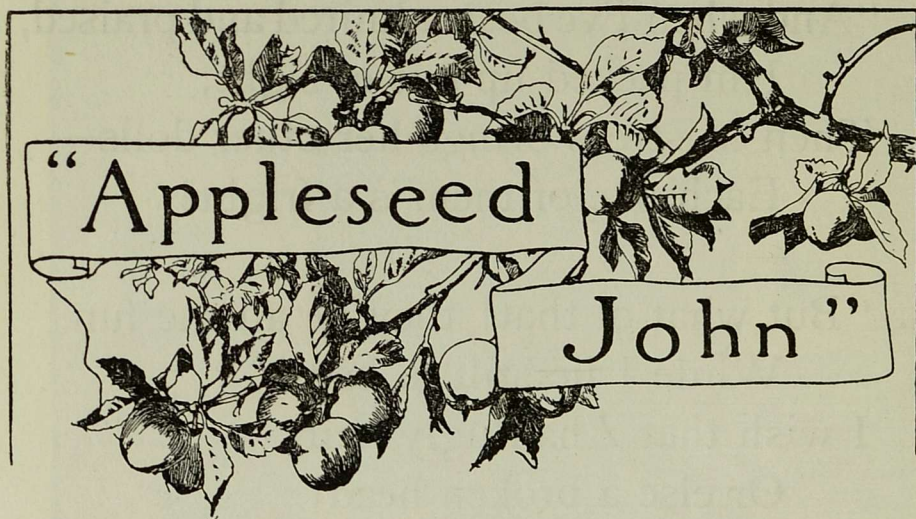
THE BEAUTY DOLL (page 79)



4. "And when I've been admired and praised,  
I'm packed up out of sight;  
Then Mistress brings her other dolls—  
Each one of them 's a fright!
5. "But what of that! they've all the fun,  
While I lie still in bed;  
I wish that *I* had ugly hair,  
Or else a broken head!
6. "Then I'd be just a common doll,  
And treated like the rest.  
It's fine to be a beauty, yes!—  
But common things are best!"







1. John was a poor old man who lived all alone. "I should like to do some good in the world," he said to himself; "but how can I? I am old and not at all clever, and I have so little money!"

2. One day, as he was thinking, he said: "I know what I will do." But he did not tell anyone what he had thought of. He only worked harder than ever to earn more money.

3. With the money he bought apples—rosy red apples, big yellow apples, and bright green apples. When he ate them he saved all the cores, and tied them up in a bag, which he hung to a nail on the wall.

4. Early one morning he took the bag and a strong stick, and walked far into the country. “Here is a good place,” he said.

He made a little hole in the ground with his stick and planted an apple core.

5. “Good-bye, little seeds!” he said. “When you are tired of sleeping in your warm bed, come up and see the world. Some day you will be fine apple-trees, if you keep on growing.”

6. He planted many apple cores that day, and the next day too, until the bag was quite empty. Then he went back to his work, and earned more money. He bought more apples, and when his bag was again full of cores, he set off.

7. People began to know him as he went about the country. Boys peeped into his old bag, and when they saw him plant the cores, they laughed.

8. “They won’t do you any good,” they said. “It takes many years for trees to grow. You will be dead before the apples come.”



9. Old John laughed too.

“Yes,” he said. “But someone must plant the seeds before others eat the fruit.”

10. He sometimes stayed at farm-houses, and told the children merry stories. Everybody grew fond of him, and when he left they would say: “Good-bye! come again, dear old Appleseed John.”

11. So the years went by, and at last the old man died.

“I have done a little good, I think,” he said, as he closed his eyes.

12. In that country to-day you will see many, many apple-trees. If you ask anyone why so many trees are there, he will say: “Oh! old Appleseed John planted them long, long years ago.” And then he will tell you the story.

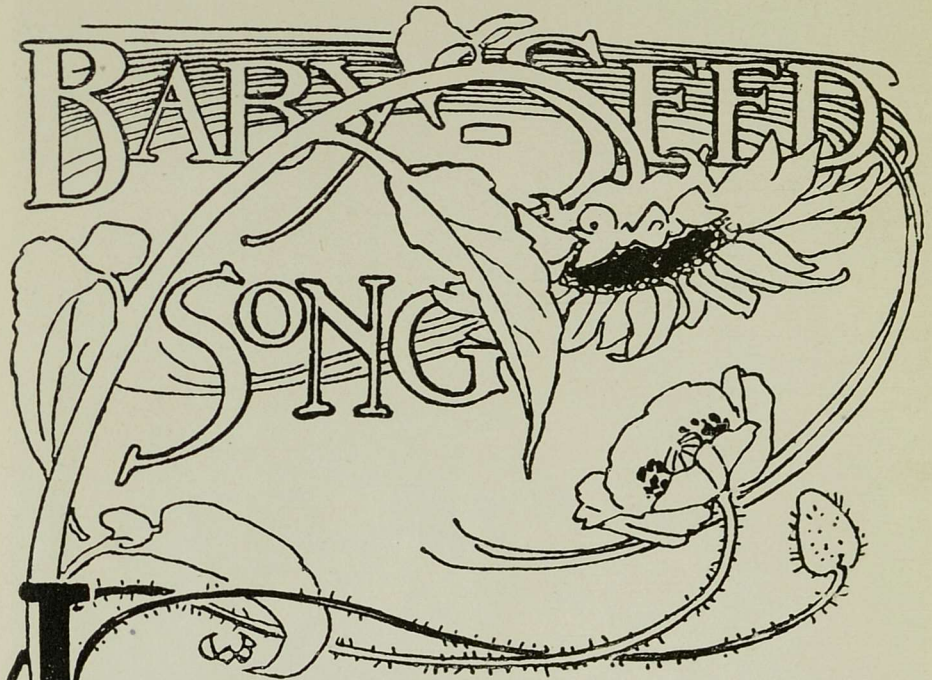






IN AN APPLE ORCHARD





**L**

ITTLE brown brother, oh! little  
brown brother,

Are you awake in the dark?

Here we lie cosily close to each other:

Hark to the song of the lark!

“Waken!” the lark says, “waken and  
dress you;

Put on your green coats and gay,  
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine  
caress you—

Waken! 't is morning—'t is May!

2. Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,

What kind of flower will you be?

I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother;

Do be a poppy like me.

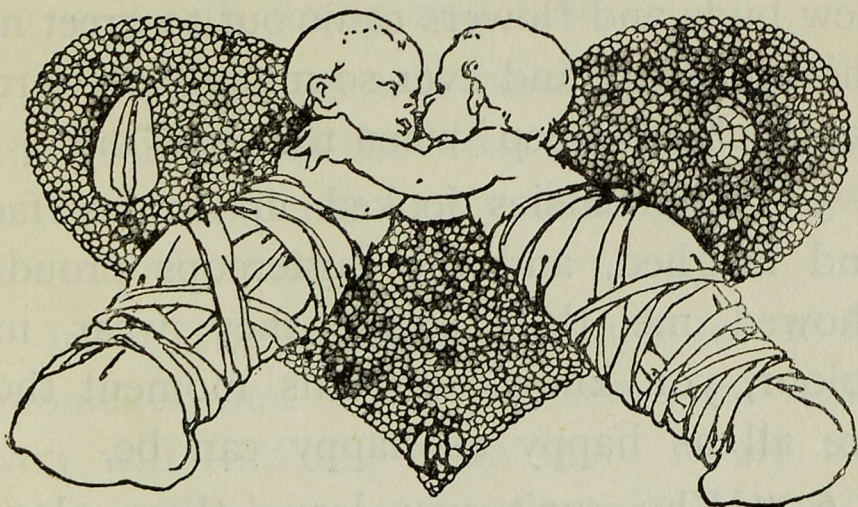
What! You're a sun-flower? How I shall miss you

When you've grown golden and high!

But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;

Little brown brother, good-bye!

—*E. Nesbit.*





## The Sun's Smile

1. "Go away," said the Rain to the Sun. "Don't you see *I* am going to visit the earth? You know you ought not to shine when my tears are falling."

2. "It is such a lovely day," said the Sun, "and the earth is so pretty to see, that I don't want to go away."

3. "I shall not stay long," said the Rain; "only five or ten minutes. Just to please you, I will only make a shower call to-day."

4. "But I don't want to go, even for five minutes," said the Sun. "Ever so many new buds and flowers came out to greet me this morning, and ever so many baby-birds sang 'cheep-cheep' when they saw me."

5. "The daisies looked up in my face and laughed, and the buttercups proudly showed me their coats; they wear my colour, you know. At this moment they are all as happy as happy can be."

6. "Why can't you leave them alone,

Rain? They don't want you in the daytime, when they have me to make them warm. Wait till night comes. I shall then be far away.

7. "I shall be gone to other lands, and the Moon and the Stars will be in my place. They will not mind your clouds hiding their faces for an hour or two, and the Earth will be too sleepy to miss them."

8. "My dear Sun," said the Rain, "you do make things warm, sometimes too warm. While we are talking, it is getting hotter and hotter, and soon the flowers you love so well will droop and fade.

9. "The grass will bend sadly down to the ground, and the birds will stop singing, unless I send my merry shining little ones to refresh them.

10. "Hide behind a cloud for a few moments, and when you come out again, you will find the earth more lovely than ever. All dust and stains will be washed



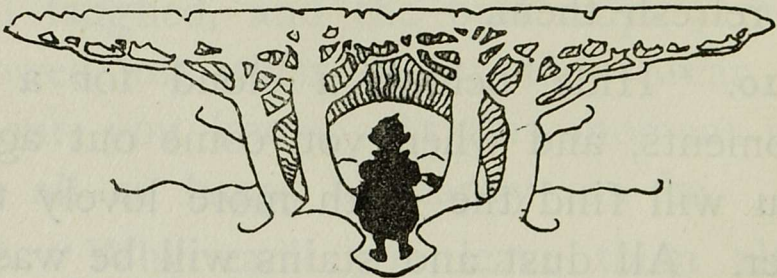
away; the grass will be greener, the flowers brighter. Do as I ask you, Sun."

11. But the Sun was stubborn that July day. He would not hide behind the cloud, but kept on shining when the shower began.

12. Looking down on the earth, as the shining drops reached it, he saw the sweet buds opening their dainty leaves, the grass standing firm, and the flowers lifting their drooping heads.

13. "You were right, Rain," said the Sun, smiling upon her. His smile made an arch in the sky, and shone there, bright with every colour, until the shower stopped.

14. And children, coming home from school, saw it, and cried joyfully, "A rainbow! A lovely rainbow! Let us run to the rainbow!"





## Punch and Judy—Part I

1. "Molly, Molly, come quickly! There's a Punch and Judy show up the street. Come!" cried Harry to his sister as they were going home from school one day.

2. "Here, give me your bag, and take my hand, and I will help you along. I do love Punch and Judy."



3. "So do I," said Molly in high glee. She held tightly to Harry's hand, and ran as fast as her short, stout legs could carry her, so as to keep up with Harry's longer steps.

4. "Yet I think I like dog Toby better," she added; for Molly was a gentle little thing, who loved animals dearly.

5. Very soon Harry and Molly stood amid the crowd of children, and some grown-up people too, who were looking at Punch and Judy.

6. They heard the jokes of the long-nosed hunch-back, and laughed at the sharp words of cross Dame Judy. They laughed too at the fat policeman, who tried to make peace between the pair.

7. But all the time Molly's eyes were fixed on dog Toby.

8. "Look, Harry, look!" she cried, when the lean dog sprang up to his place on the ledge of the box. "Isn't he like our dog Nip?"

9. "Don't you remember our dear dog Nip, and how we cried when we could not find him anywhere?"

10. "How *you* cried, you mean," said Harry grandly. "Yes, of course, I remember Nip. Do you think a fellow would be likely to forget his own dog?"

11. "Father was sure he had been stolen; and now that I come to think of it, that dog is really very like Nip."

12. "Indeed he is!" cried Molly. "And see, Harry, that's just the way Nip used to cock his head on one side, and that's the same black spot Nip had above his left eye!"

13. "I do believe it is our very own dog. Let us go near, and make quite sure."

14. "Well," said Harry, "if it is our Nip, I shall ask the policeman to make the showman give him back to us. Come along."

---



## Punch and Judy—Part II

1. The children pushed their way through the crowd until they stood inside, right in front of the show. By this time dog Toby was being rather roughly used.

2. Seeing them so eager, the watchful showman held out his hand, for the pennies that he thought they were going to give him.

3. Then a strange thing happened—something that none of the people had ever seen in a Punch and Judy play before. Just as Harry and Molly stood still in front of the box, dog Toby saw the pair.

4. For an instant he sat looking at them, his hat cocked on one side, his big frill all crooked. Then, with a short, sharp bark of delight, he sprang from his perch on the ledge of the box almost into Harry's arms.

5. He began to jump round his little friends, to lick their hands, all the time



"Dog Toby sprang from his perch"





DOWN BY THE SEA (page 98)



barking and wagging his stumpy tail for joy.

6. "It is Nip, it is Nip!" said Molly with a glad cry, and she flung her arms around the dog's neck.

7. "Come, Nip! Dear old fellow! Good dog, come! Come away home with us," said Harry, and he patted Nip's head.

8. Then they set off. The showman looked angry, but many people smiled at the two children, as they ran with the dog, in Toby's cap and frill, frisking at their heels.

9. They ran all the way home as fast as their feet could move, to tell the good news that Nip was found.

10. The showman, with his show bundled on his back, went off nearly as fast as Harry and Molly. For he was a thief.

11. He had stolen the dog the last time he was in the town, and now he was afraid of the police. And for many a day Punch and Judy did not come that way again.



## Going to the Sea-Shore

1. O little pebbles down by the sea!  
I wonder if you are waiting for me,  
Shining and dancing in the warm light,  
Washed by the waves, and looking so  
bright.
2. Dear little pebbles, white as the snow,  
I'll tell you something perhaps you don't  
know:  
The summer is coming, and so are we,  
For father says we may go to the sea.
3. Then, pretty pebbles, our little bare feet  
Will kiss you again and again, you're  
so sweet;  
I know you won't scratch us, for you're  
smooth and round,  
Without any "prickers", like those on  
the ground.
4. I'll tell you another thing, pebbles so kind:  
I will bring—unless Nursesey should leave  
them behind—

A pail and a shovel, and what I will do  
Is to dig a big hole for a well—wouldn't  
you?

5. And then when the waves come scam-  
pering up,  
'T will be filled to the top like my own  
silver cup;  
And we will run down and splash it about,  
Till another big wave, with a laugh and  
a shout,
6. Chases us up till we're out of its reach—  
All of us safe, high and dry on the beach.  
Yes, the waves are great fun, but I really  
must say  
I'd rather have pebbles when I want to  
play.
7. O summer, *do* hurry! O spring, go away!  
Little flowers, please blossom! Dear birds,  
sing your lay!  
And the sooner you do it, the better for me,  
For the pebbles are waiting, I know, by  
the sea.



## The Hungry Kittens

**B**REAKFAST was on the table, and five small kittens were on the floor.

“I want some milk!” cried Spot.

“I am very hungry!” said Stripes with a squeak.

2. “Why should we wait for other people?” mewed Smut.

“Let us help ourselves!” said daring Pickles.

“And then hide under the sofa,” said little Fluff.

3. Sticking his sharp claws into the clean white cloth, Pickles began to pull himself up to the table. After him went Smut, and Stripes followed. Spot and Fluff looked on, quite pleased.

4. “Take care! You are pulling off the cloth!” cried Spot suddenly. “Catch me, I’m falling!” squealed Stripes. “Leave





THE NAUGHTY KITTENS



go, or we shall be down!" squeaked Pickles and Smut.

5. But Stripes held tightly to the cloth, which every moment slipped faster from the table. Crash! Down came the cup, hitting Stripes on the head and knocking him to the ground.

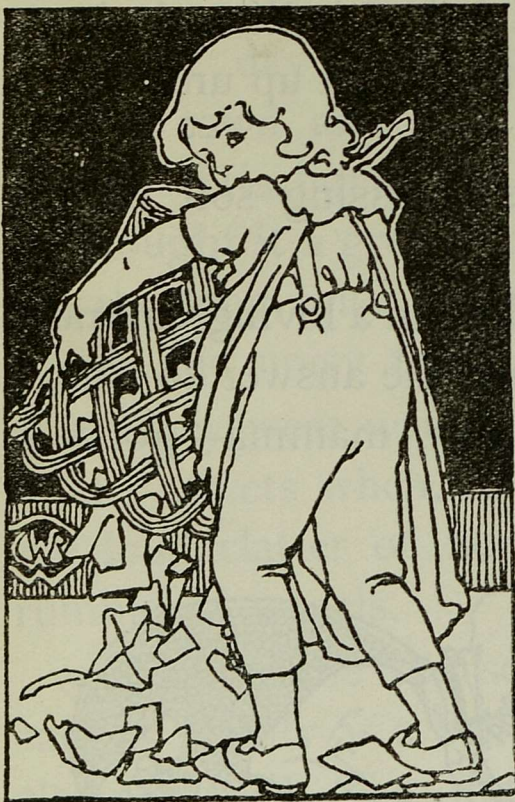
6. Smash! Down came the saucer, the cruet-stand, the knife and fork, and spoon. The pepper went in Fluff's eyes, and the mustard was spilled on Spot's nose.

7. A moment later, Pickles and Smut rolled to the floor, just as the bottle and vase broke into little bits.

8. "Mia-ow! Mia-ow! Mia-ow-ow-ow!" cried the unhappy kittens. "Save us, we are all drowned!"

9. Then Mary, the housemaid, came into the room. "You naughty kittens!" said she, as she carried them to their bed in the wash-house. "You shall have no breakfast to-day! You must learn not to be greedy."

# My Good-for-Nothing



1. "What are you good for, my brave little man?"

Answer that question for me, if you can.

You, with your fingers as white as a nun,

You, with your ringlets as

bright as the sun.

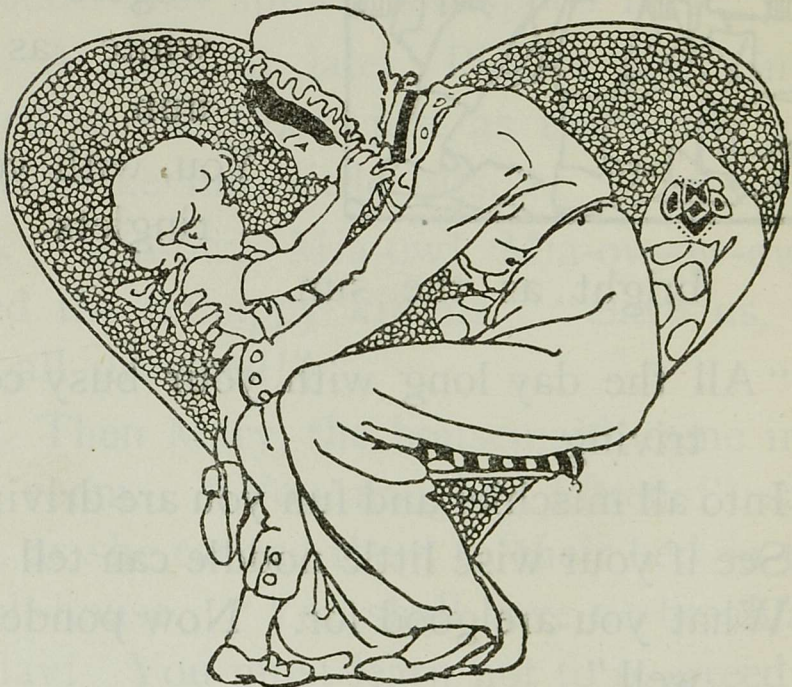
2. "All the day long with your busy contriving,

Into all mischief and fun you are driving;  
See if your wise little noddle can tell

What you are good for. Now ponder it well."



3. Over the carpet the dear little feet  
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;  
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,  
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
4. Two little hands, pressing soft on my  
face,  
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;  
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,  
“Good to love you, mamma—good to  
love you.”



## The Fire-Brigade — Part I

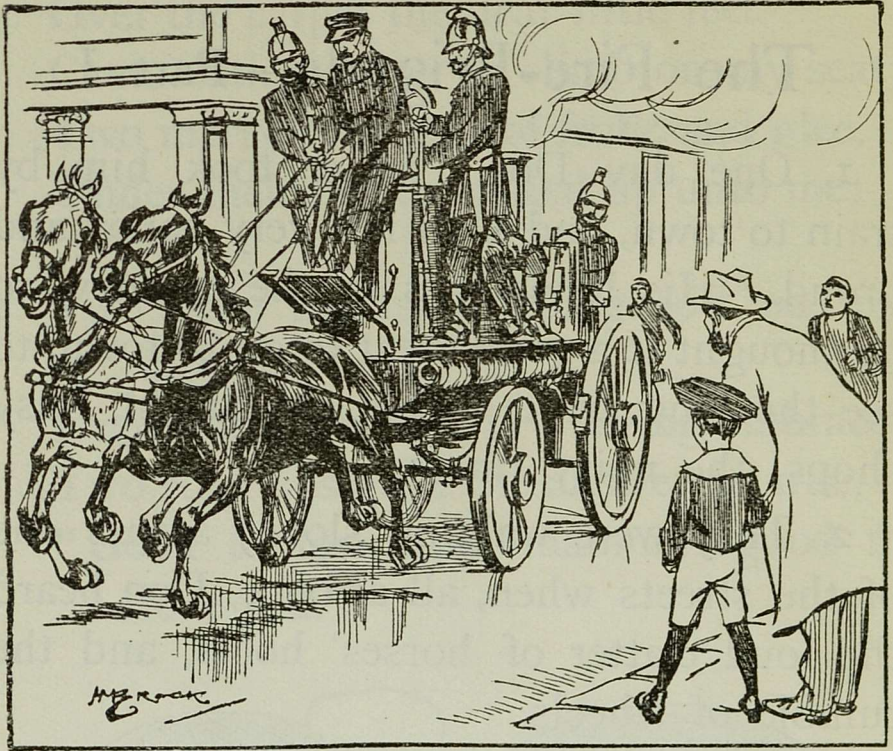
1. One day Don's father took him by train to town, and Don felt very happy and proud. His home was in the country, so he thought it a great treat to go to town, to see the long, wide streets, the bright, busy shops, the noisy trams.

2. They were walking slowly across one of the streets when, all at once, Don heard the loud clatter of horses' hoofs, and the rumble of wheels.

3. Then came the sound of a bell that said as plainly as a bell could say: "Clang, clang, clang! Get out of my way, little boy, as fast as ever you can, if you don't want to be run down."

4. Don's father held his little son's hand very tightly, and drew him quickly to the far side of the street. There they stood, for Don wanted to see what was causing such a stir, and what everybody was looking at.





5. "What is that, father?" asked Don, as a queer-looking thing went by like a flash. It was a big red thing on four wheels, drawn by two strong, swift horses driven by men in blue clothes, with shining brass helmets on their heads.

6. "That is a fire-engine," said Don's father. "It is going to put out a fire."

7. "Tell me about the fire-engine, father," said Don that night, when he was laid

snugly in his cosy bed, and his father sat beside him reading the newspaper.

8. "Well, you know what a fire-engine looks like," said Don's father, putting down his newspaper. "You saw one to-day rushing along the street.

9. "There was a house on fire at the other end of the city. Some little boys and girls were playing with matches, and lighted some bits of paper. Other things took fire, and soon the whole house was in a blaze.

10. "Someone, seeing the flames and hearing the children scream for help, shouted 'Fire, fire!' A policeman rang a bell, and he also called 'Fire, fire! Fire in Green Street!' through a sort of speaking-tube in the wall.

11. "Through this tube the news was carried to the fire-station, where men are always waiting, ready with their engine and hose and ladder to go just where their help is needed."



## The Fire-Brigade — Part II

1. "At the fire-station a man heard the bell ring, and sprang forward to listen to the message as it came clear and quick through the tube. Then he rang another bell called the alarm, to let the men know that they were wanted.

2. "In three minutes a number of brave fellows had on their belts and helmets, and the horses sprang into their harness, which hangs ready for them night and day. And in less time than it takes you to wash your hands, or brush your hair, there they were, flying along the street."

3. "What did they do next?" asked Don. "Were the good firemen in time? Did they save the little children who set the house on fire?"

4. "Yes," said Don's father, as he turned the newspaper over in his hands. "And this is how it happened.

5. "The house was blazing, the children crouching for safety in a corner, when a glad shout went up from the people outside: 'The fire-engine, the fire-engine! Here is the fire-engine at last!'

6. "Then the firemen got ready their long hose, and sent jets of water over the flames until they stopped blazing. Other men set up a ladder against the house.

7. "One climbed quickly, through sparks and smoke, to the window. It was shut, so he broke it open with the strong, sharp axe he had in his belt.

8. "He jumped into the hot, burning room, lifted the little ones from the floor in the corner, and carried them, one by one, down the ladder to a place of safety below.

9. "Then the crowd shouted 'Hurrah! Hurrah! Three cheers for the firemen, the brave, brave firemen!'"

10. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Three cheers for the firemen!" cried Don too; but his voice sounded very sleepy, his eyes were very



heavy. And by the time his father took up the newspaper again, Don had fallen fast asleep.

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## What are they doing?

1. "Little sparrow, come and say  
What you're doing all the day."
  
2. "Oh, I fly over hedges and ditches to  
find  
A fat little worm or a fly to my mind;  
And I carry it back to my own pretty nest,  
For the dear little pets that I warm with  
my breast;  
For until I can teach them the way how  
to fly,  
If I did not feed them, my darlings would  
die.  
How glad they all are when they see me  
come home!  
And each of them chirps, 'Give me some!  
give me some!'"



“The fireman carried them, one by one, down the ladder” (page 109)

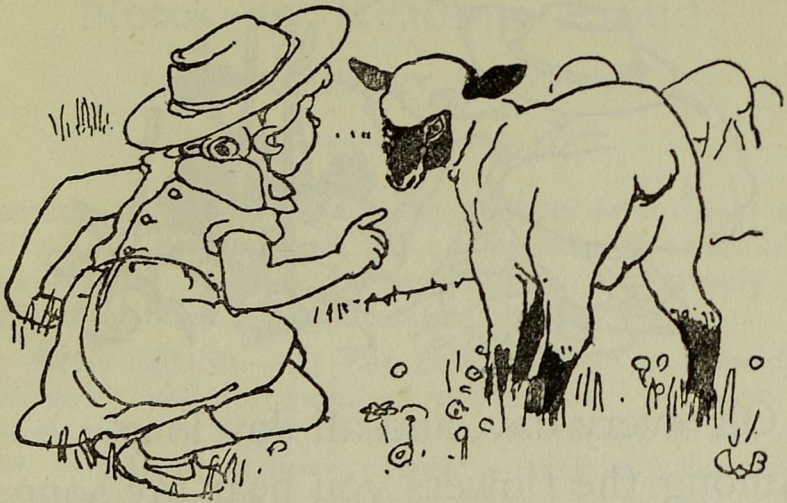




THE SPARROW'S NEST (page 110)



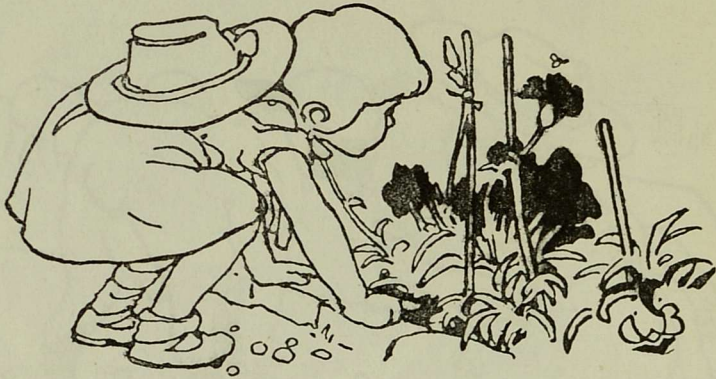
3. "Little lamb, come here and say  
What you're doing all the day."



4. "Long enough before you wake,  
Breakfast I am glad to take  
In the meadow, eating up  
Daisy, cowslip, buttercup;  
Then about the fields I play,  
Frisk and scamper all the day.  
When I'm thirsty, I can drink  
Water at the river's brink;  
When at night I go to sleep,  
By my mother I must keep:  
I am safe enough from cold  
At her side within the fold."



5. "Little bee, come here and say  
What you're doing all the day."



6. "Oh, every day, and all day long,  
Among the flowers you hear my song;  
I creep in every bud I see,  
And all the honey is for me.  
I take it to the hive with care,  
And give it to my brothers there,  
That when the winter-time comes on,  
And all the flowers are dead and gone,  
And the wild wind is cold and rough,  
The busy bees may have enough."
7. Sparrow, lamb, and bee, you see,  
All are busy as can be;  
Busy at their work or play,  
Busy all the livelong day.

# Notes on Reading Aloud

ILLUSTRATED BY PHONETICS

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Reading aloud, to be effective, depends on two main qualities: (1) distinctness and correctness of articulation, (2) expression. While these qualities are closely connected, they must be separately cultivated.

(1) **Articulation.**—(i) The first thing to be considered is the voice and its mode of production. A good and pleasant voice is a gift of nature; but many of the commoner defects of ordinary speech—thickness, harshness, nasal quality—may be remedied wholly or in part. They are due to improper or inadequate use of the vocal organs, in particular, to faulty breathing and voice production. The head should be held erect, so that the air from the lungs has free passage. The breath should be taken easily, and at sufficiently frequent intervals. Systematic exercise in breathing will be found useful. The children should close their mouths and inhale through the nostrils while the teacher counts a number of regular beats; and the breath thus taken should be exhaled steadily at the same rate until the lungs are emptied.

For softening and purifying the voice, singing exercises are valuable. Before using the songs provided in this book, it is suggested that the teacher should give the children a few minutes of vocal exercise. The most useful preliminary exercise is as follows. The mouth is opened sufficiently to allow the insertion of two fingers one above the other, the lips are rounded and slightly protruded, and the vowel sound of *oo* in *boon* is sung to the successive notes of the downward scale, beginning with D on the fourth line of the stave. Each note should be continued while the teacher counts from four to eight slow beats, breath being taken at first after each note, then only after



the fourth note of the scale, until the children are capable of singing the whole scale of eight notes with one breath. The diligent practice of this exercise will ensure a purity and resonance of tone which cannot otherwise be attained. The other vowel sounds may then be practised in turn. It will be found, by placing a finger in the mouth while the various vowel sounds are produced, that the space between the tongue and the roof of the mouth, the oral cavity, is modified. It is greatest with the vowel *a*, as in *father* (represented phonetically by *ɑ*), and is lessened and altered in shape as the voice goes through the gradations *o*, *e*, *i* (*ow* in *show*, *a* in *name*, *ee* in *meet*). The teacher is referred for full details to Scholle and Smith's *Elementary Phonetics*.

(ii) Much of the ineffectiveness of public reading and speaking is due to want of attention to the consonants both at the beginning and at the end of words. The consonants are not themselves *sounds*, but are modifications or "figures" of the vowel sounds produced by the action of the lips, tongue, &c. If these organs are not moved freely, and in the right way, blurred and indistinct utterance is bound to be the result. A full description of the consonants, the organs concerned in forming them, and their mode of formation, will be found in the book already cited; we have space here only for a few hints.

The consonants needing most attention in this respect are *p*, *b*, and *m*, in which the lips are suddenly parted, *d* and *t*, in which the tongue and the fore-gum are suddenly parted, and final *ng*, in which the back of the tongue and the soft palate are concerned.

A useful exercise is to place each of these consonants (except *ng*) in turn before the vowel *oo* (*poo*, *boo*, &c.), and to sing each syllable thus formed to the notes of the downward scale as before, repeating the syllable several times on each note with increasing rapidity. When each consonant has thus been practised separately, the couples *p* and *b*, *d* and *t*, may be practised in immediate succession, thus: *poo boo*, *poo boo*, &c.; *doo too*, *doo too*, &c. The lips and tongue will thus gain flexibility.

In reading, it is important that final consonants should be distinctly pronounced, especially before consonants of



the same class. For instance, "Shut *that door*" will become "shuthadoor" unless care is taken. The preliminary exercise already suggested will enable the children to exercise this care.

The difference between *n* and *ng* must be carefully observed. "Singing" should never be pronounced "singin".

(2) **Expression.**—Distinct articulation is of great importance, but good reading cannot be obtained without appropriate expression. Expression depends on the inflection of the voice and the stress placed upon the syllables; and these depend on the understanding of the reader, since he will inflect and accentuate in accordance with what he believes to be the exact meaning of what he is reading. Such expression as young pupils can give is largely a matter of imitation; their expression will be the teacher's expression. It is impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules on such a matter; but a few suggestions may be advanced.

English is a very rhythmical language, every word having, as a rule, one strongly marked accent. It is important that the word-accent should not interfere with what may be called the sense-accent, which is partly a matter of stress, partly of inflection. The sense-accent must be sought for, and made, so to speak, the pivot of the clause or sentence in which it occurs. In verse the sense-accent controls the metrical accent. To illustrate this point, take the first line of Tennyson's poem, "Little Birdie":

<sup>1</sup>        <sup>2</sup>        <sup>3</sup>    <sup>4</sup>    <sup>5</sup>        <sup>6</sup>    <sup>7</sup>  
 What does little birdie say?

The metrical accents fall on the first, third, fifth, and seventh syllables; the sense-accent might fall on any one of the first three, the fifth, or the seventh, according to the effect desired. Examine the following:—

- (1) *What* does little birdie say?
- (2) What *does* little birdie say?
- (3) What does *little* birdie say?
- (4) What does little *birdie* say?
- (5) What does little birdie *say*?



It is not intended that these five modes of accentuating the line are possible in reading the poem, but only to show that, taken by itself, the line, as indeed any phrase or sentence, may be variously accented according to the shade of meaning it is desired to convey.

It follows from this that comparatively insignificant words, such as prepositions and conjunctions, should not be accented except for special reasons. Nothing is more objectionable than to hear in school recitations every little "of" and "and" and "the" brought into unnatural prominence.

Inflection is the rise or fall in pitch of the voice. In natural speech the voice rises or falls in sympathy with the emotions of the speaker. A good reader endeavours to combine the inflections of natural speech with the more measured and dignified utterance which formal composition requires.

For instance, in asking a question, the voice naturally rises; in announcing a decision it falls. Compare "Is that all?" with "That is all". On the proper management of the rising and the falling inflections depends the effect produced by the reader. A reciter once gave the lines—

"I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour",

with so marked a falling inflection in the second line that he appeared to be expressing surprise that the hour was not striking the clocks.

It is almost impossible on paper to indicate the uses of the inflections. But an attempt has been made, by means of a transcription into the symbols of the International Phonetic Association, to show how a good reader would read the poem "Little Birdie". The principal accent in each line is represented by ", the secondary by '.

ʌət' dʌz lit'l bʌi'di se"  
 in həi nɛst' ət pip' əv de"?  
 lɛt mi flai", sɛz lit'l bʌi'di,  
 mʌ'ʒəɪ, lɛt mi flai' əwe".

bΔ'ɪdɪ, rɛst' ə lɪt'l ləŋ''gəɪ,  
 tɪl ʒə lɪt'l wɪŋz' ɑɪ strəŋ''gəɪ.  
 so ʃi rɛsts' ə lɪt'l ləŋ''gəɪ,  
 ʒɛn' ʃi flɑɪz' əwɛ''.

Δət' dɒz lɪt'l be''bɪ se'  
 ɪn hɛɪ bɛd' ət pɪp' əv de''?  
 be''bɪ sez, laɪk lɪt'l bΔ''dɪ,  
 lɛt mi raɪz' ənd flɑɪ' əwɛ''.

be''bɪ, slɪp' ə lɪt'l ləŋ''gəɪ,  
 tɪl ʒə lɪt'l lɪmz' ɑɪ strəŋ''gəɪ.  
 ɪf ʃi slɪpz' ə lɪt'l ləŋ''gəɪ,  
 be''bɪ tu'' ʃəl flɑɪ' əwɛ'.

## PHONETIC SYMBOLS

### CONSONANTS

Δ = *wh* in *what*; ʃ = *sh* in *shot*; ʒ = *si* in *vision*;  
 θ = *th* in *thin*; ʒ = *th* in *that*; ŋ = *ng* in *sing*;  
 ɹ = untrilled weak southern r.

*Note.*—j = *y* in *yes*; tʃ = *ch* in *chest*; dʒ = *j* in *just* or *g* in *gem*. For other consonantal sounds the ordinary letters are used.

### VOWELS

i = <i>ee</i> in <i>meet</i> ;	ɛɪ = <i>ea</i> in <i>bear</i> ;	əɪ = <i>aw</i> in <i>law</i> ;
ɛ = <i>e</i> in <i>pet</i> ;	ə = <i>o</i> in <i>got</i> ;	U = <i>u</i> in <i>pull</i> ;
ɑ = <i>a</i> in <i>father</i> ;	u = <i>oo</i> in <i>move</i> ;	ə = <i>e</i> in <i>father</i> ; so
o = <i>ow</i> in <i>show</i> ;	Δɪ = <i>u</i> in <i>fur</i> ;	called "neutral"
Δ = <i>u</i> in <i>but</i> ;	ɑU = <i>ow</i> in <i>now</i> ;	vowel, represent-
ɑɪ = <i>i</i> in <i>bite</i> ;	e = <i>a</i> in <i>name</i> ;	ing other vowels
I = <i>i</i> in <i>hit</i> ;	æ = <i>a</i> in <i>hat</i> ;	when unstressed.
	ɔɪ = <i>oy</i> in <i>cloy</i> .	



# Hay-Time

KEY C.

{ :d .m | s :s | m :d | r .d :r .m | r :d .m }



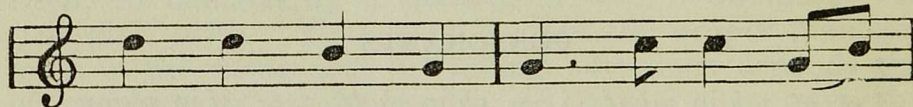
1. Come out, come out, With song and shout, And

{ | s :s | m :d | r :— | :s .t }



toss and turn the hay; And

{ | r' :r' | t :s | s :— .d' | d' :s .t }



make it sweet and good to eat, This

{ | r' :r' | t :s | d' :— | }



sun - ny, sum - mer day

2. The farmer's kind,  
 And will not mind,  
 However much we play;  
 So come along  
 With shout and song,  
 And help him make the hay!

# Swing Song

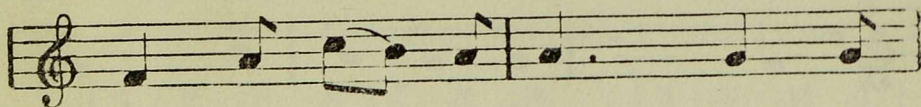
KEY C.

{ : s | s : - : m | d : - : m | s : - : m | d : - : d }



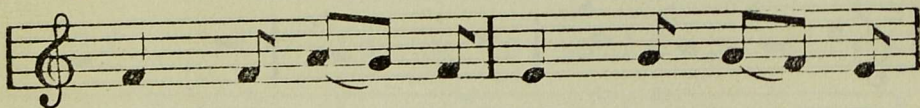
1. Swing high, swing low, And to and fro, While

{ | f : - : l | d' : t : l | l : - : - | s : - : s }



birds a - bove are sing - ing, And

{ | f : - : f | l : s : f | m : - : s | s : f : m }



peep be - tween The boughs of green, To

{ | r : - : f | f : m : r | r : - : - | d : - : }



see our ba - by swing - ing.

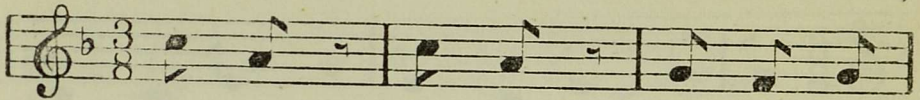
2. Away we go,  
 To laughter low,  
 Across the garden singing,  
 The children wait  
 Beside the gate,  
 To watch our baby swinging.



# Cuckoo

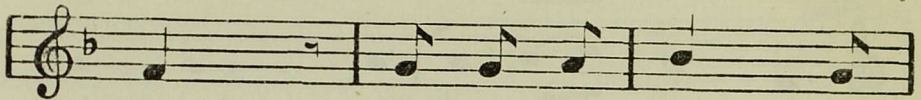
KEY F.

{ | s : m : | s : m : | r : d : r }



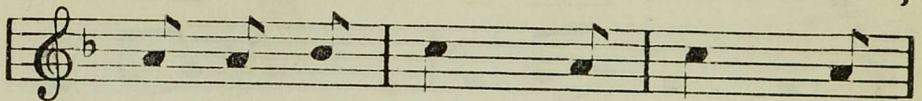
1. Cu - ckoo!      Cu - ckoo!      Lit - tle brown

{ | d :- : | r : r : m | f :- : r }



bird,                      Was that your sing - ing,

{ | m : m : f | s :- : m | s :- : m }



Through the wood ring - ing? Sweet - er

{ | s :- : m | f : m : r | d :- : }



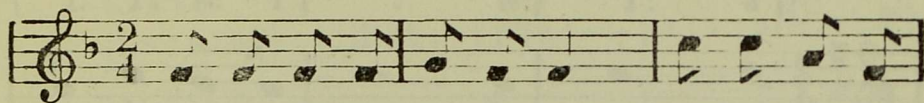
mu - sic nev - er was heard!

2. Cuckoo! Cuckoo!  
    Good news you bring;  
    Blossoms are waking,  
    Green leaves are breaking,  
    Come and tell us  
    It is the Spring!

# School-Time

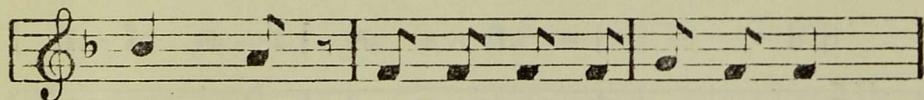
KEY F.

{| d .d :d .d | r .d :d | s .s :m .d }



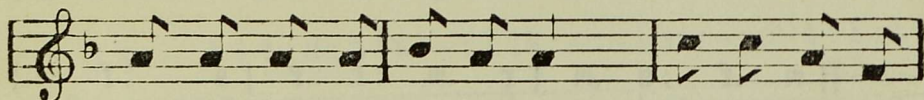
1. A. B. C. D. E. F. G., (School will soon be

{| f :m . | d .d :d .d | r .d :d }



o - ver!) One and one and one make three,

{| m .m :m .m | f .m :m | s .s :m .d }



We are bus - y as can be, (School will soon be

{| f :m . | s .m :s .m | d' .s :s }



o - ver!) "Dot your I, and cross your T!"

{| l .s :f .m | r :d . }



(School will soon be o - ver!)

2. Through the window shines the sun,

(School will soon be over!)

Rover's longing for a run—

Oh! this sum; it wont get done,

(School will soon be over!)

Hark! the clock is striking one—

Hurrah! school is over!



# The Bee

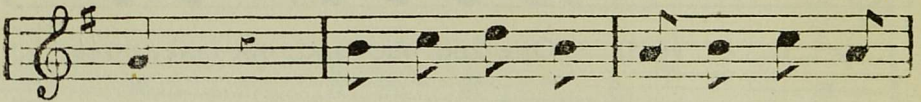
KEY G.

{ | s : f | m : | r . m : f . r }



1. Zoom, zoom, zoom, Sings the bu - sy

{ | d : | m . f : s . m | r . m : f . r }



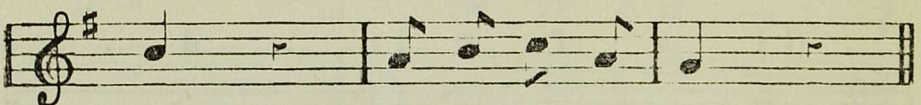
bee, In the gar - den bright and sun - ny,

{ | m . f : s . m | r . m : f . r | s : f }



Buzz - ing, sip - ping, mak - ing hon - ey, Zoom, zoom,

{ | m : | r . m : f . r | d : | }



zoom, Hard at work is he!

2. Zoom, zoom, zoom,

How he loves the light!

All day long he works in clover,

Then flies home when work is over,

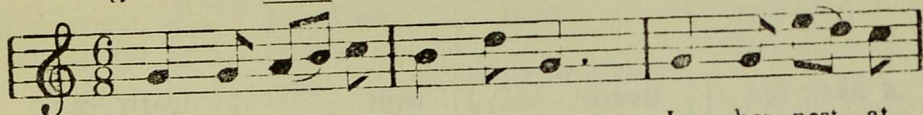
Zoom, zoom, zoom,

He is out of sight!

# What Does Little Birdie Say?

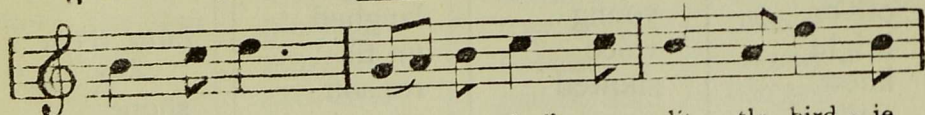
KEY C.

{ | s : - : s | l : t : d' | t : - : r' | s : - : - | s : - : s | m' : r' : d' }



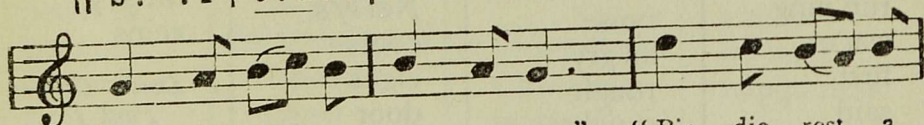
1. What does lit - tle bird - ie say, In her nest at

{ | t : - : d' | r' : - : - | s : l : t | d' : - : d' | t : - : l | r' : - : t }



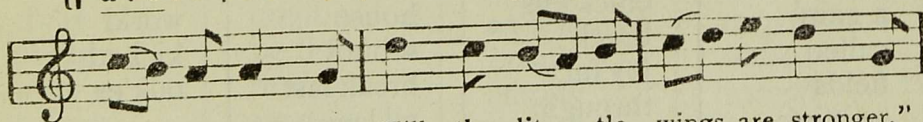
peep of day? "Let me fly," says lit - tle bird - ie,

{ | s : - : l | t : d' : t | t : - : l | s : - : - | r' : - : d' | t : l : t }



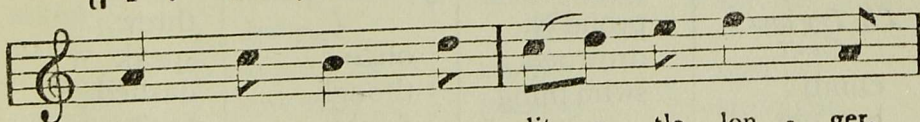
"Mo - ther, let me fly a - way." "Bir - die, rest a

{ | d' : t : l | l : - : s | r' : - : d' | t : l : t | d' : r' : m' | r' : - : s }



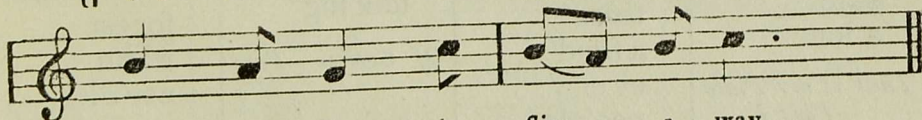
lit - tle lon - ger, Till the lit - tle wings are stronger."

{ | l : - : d' | t : - : r' | d' : r' : m' | f' : - : l }



So she rests a lit - tle lon - ger,

{ | t : - : l | s : - : d' | t : l : t | d' : - : - }



Then she flies, she flies a - way.

*The remaining verses will be found on page 69.*



## Difficult Words

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<p><i>A Short Cut</i></p> <p>one lit'tle eggs oth'er bright knew walk shoes quick'ly run'ning wat'er first said bridge crossed quite a gain' called fields wait'ing half-hour quick'est</p> <p><i>Try and I Can't</i></p> <p>climb bott'om does done sure a lone'</p> <p><i>That is my Place —Part I</i></p> <p>yew'-tree</p>	<p>lived built bough build young voice showed</p> <p><i>That is my Place —Part II</i></p> <p>flew noise an'gry rough caught</p> <p><i>The Hen and Her Family</i></p> <p>chick'ens break joy'ful through be neath' heads four proud'ly drowned swim'ming</p> <p><i>The Fox and the Hare</i></p> <p>walk'ing tease a fraid' ev'er y peo'ple dis'tance</p>	<p>wolf rushed gone thought laughed un til' rea'son</p> <p><i>Paper Nelly</i></p> <p>odd Nel'ly's course eight door know al'most eyes house school break'fast vil'lage slipped</p> <p><i>Of Course—Part I</i></p> <p>once though doubt rind fruit talk'ing</p> <p><i>Of Course—Part II</i></p> <p>owl sit'ting</p>	<p>feath'ers false leave chased</p> <p><i>Little White Lily</i></p> <p>shone cloth'ing crowned thirst'y veins</p> <p><i>I Don't Care— Part I</i></p> <p>road horse asked world kicked talk'er</p> <p><i>I Don't Care— Part II</i></p> <p>crowds threw speak dashed bro'ken</p> <p><i>The Little Pine Tree—Part I</i></p> <p>for'est warm nee'dles sun'light vexed</p>
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should	looked	ni'cer	blos'soms
some'thing	whis'pered	an'y one	cas'tle
would	meant	picked	great
pie'ces	worms	crutch'es	door'way
<i>The Little Pine Tree—Part II</i>	prom'ise	earn	cov'ered
goat	dew'y	<i>Hetty the Flower-Girl—Part II</i>	key'-flow er
thank'ful	fare	gro'cer's	<i>The Fairy Castle—Part II</i>
change	<i>The Flower-Fairies—Part I</i>	stopped	reached
al'ways	mead'ow	would'n't	mov'ing
<i>Jack's New Boat—Part I</i>	plucked	rose'-bush	placed
pret'ty	pop'pies	bought	turned
white	gath'ered	gen'tle men	hin'ges
buy	get'ting	hand'ful	ev'er y where
mon'ey	tired	reached	sin'gle
pen'nies	<i>The Flower Fairies—Part II</i>	earned	o bey'
bought	dressed	<i>A Christmas Gift</i>	a'pron
clapped	queen	Christ'mas	de light'
straight	good-bye'	in stead'	hap'pi ness
blew	fair'ies	queer	<i>The Baby Lark</i>
vexed	sur prise'	leath'er	dread'ful
washed	crept	heav'y	soar
dir'ty	be lieve'	an'y thing	to geth'er
ought	re'al ly	bread	wailed
heav'y	seemed	emp'ty	spread
a bove'	eve'ning	brought	catch'ing
<i>Jack's New Boat—Part II</i>	<i>The Snow-Flakes</i>	friend	put'ting
asked	led'ges	<i>Granny's Little Man</i>	<i>What Does Little Birdie Say?</i>
scoop	branch'es	chair	moth'er
e nough'	cov'ered	glass'es	stron'ger
dared	crumbs	thread	limbs
danced	<i>Hetty the Flower-Girl—Part I</i>	vil'lage	<i>The Caterpillar and the Butterfly—Part I</i>
be cause'	wash'ing	<i>The Fairy Castle—Part I</i>	cat'er pill'ar
beau'ti ful	bus'y	crim'son	in'sects
<i>The Wise Little Bird</i>	work	car'ried	sigh
bir'die	reached	bask'et	
pus'sy			



trod'den  
stalks  
tough  
drag'on-flies  
no'tice  
gai'ly  
dressed  
self'ish  
heard  
them selves'  
hon'ey  
taste

*The Caterpillar  
and the Butterfly  
—Part II*

changed  
spread  
passed  
flit'ting  
sip'ping  
ma'king  
stu'pid  
to-mor'row  
con'cert  
feast  
wasps  
po lice'men  
dressed  
washed  
dried  
waste

*Mr. Nobody*

qui'et  
mis'chief  
ev'er y body's  
a gree'  
squeak'ing  
mis laid'  
toss'es  
un closed'

cur'tains  
learnt  
fault

*What the Moon  
Saw*

hou'ses  
tow'ards  
sailed  
stepped  
light'ly  
giv'ing  
kissed

*Poor Beauty  
Doll*

beau'ty  
com'mon  
mis'tress  
grief  
ad mired'  
praised  
they've

*Appleseed John*

coun'try  
some'one  
stayed  
mer'ry  
sto'ries

*Baby-Seed Song*

broth'er  
cos'i ly  
ca ress'

*The Sun's Smile*

vis'it  
min'utes  
dai'sies  
hi'ding  
hot'ter

bright'er  
stub'born  
joy'ful ly

*Punch and Judy  
—Part I*

loved  
an'i mals  
long-nosed  
hunch'back  
stol'en

*Punch and Judy  
—Part II*

pushed  
watch'ful  
peo'ple  
cocked  
wag'ging  
pat'ted  
smiled  
bun'dled  
thief

*Going to the Sea-  
Shore*

peb'bles  
won'der  
dan'cing  
scratch  
Nur'sey  
shov'el  
would'n't  
cha'ses

*The Hungry  
Kittens*

mewed  
da'ring  
Pick'les  
squealed  
slipped

knock'ing  
sau'cer  
cru'et-stand  
naugh'ty

*My Good-for-  
Nothing*

an'swer  
ques'tion  
con tri'ving  
dri'ving  
frol'ic  
lov'ing

*The Fire-Brigade  
—Part I*

noi'sy  
tight'ly  
caus'ing  
driv'en  
fire-en gine  
match'es  
whole

*The Fire-Brigade  
—Part II*

for'ward  
mes'sage  
crouch'ing  
a gainst'  
climbed  
hur rah'

*What are they  
doing?*

spar'row  
hed'ges  
dit'ches  
breast  
lamb  
mead'ow  
rough











