TRUE EDUCATION READER

SILENT, ORAL, MEMORY

FIFTH GRADE

BY
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"So they read in the Book
In the law of God
Distinctly,
And gave the sense, and
Caused them to understand
The reading."
—*Bible (Nehemiah 8:8).*

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INTRODUCTION

Basic Principles of Reading

Reading is the key that unlocks the door to knowledge. Until children can get thought accurately and quickly from the printed page, they are handicapped in their progress in arithmetic, in language, and in every content subject.

But reading is more than the key to *knowledge*. It is a key to *character*. Nothing is more vitally important than the molding of the pupil's taste for that which is good and pure and true and noble. And in accomplishing this, reading is one of the most potent factors. To create in the child's own heart a distaste for the cheap, the trifling, the untrue, in language and thought, so that he voluntarily rejects all these and *chooses* that which is uplifting—this is the great goal of the teacher of reading. This is real character building.

To the boy or girl in training to be a missionary for God, reading is also a key to *soul winning*, for through reading he may open before others eternal truth. If the truth of God is presented in language that is distinct and clear, people will listen with pleasure. If it is given in tones that convey the depth of beautiful meaning, whether it be warning, sympathy, appeal, or love, the intelligence will be convinced, and the soul may be won to obedience.

This is the way Jesus read. When He stood up in the synagogue on the Sabbath day to read, He reached the very soul of His hearers. He read with such fullness of meaning in His voice that when He sat down "the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on Him." They "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth." Such reading will prepare our boys and girls to be witnesses for Him.

In an endeavor to aid the teacher in placing these keys in the hands of our boys and girls, and also to give the children a balanced reading diet, the lessons in this book cover a wide range. A list of the reading projects is found under "Contents

by Projects" on pages xii and xiii. In this list are found the Bible, the great source book of all that makes reading worth while; nature, God's other book; experiences from the lives of men and women who have made God's word the guide of their actions; the noble deeds of missionaries who have followed their Lord in consecrating their best and their all to helping their needy brothers; the inspiration of those who through toil and perseverance have given up ease and personal pleasure in order to bequeath to the world their best in literature, in art, in music, in invention, in discovery—these are some of the sources that have been appealed to in the preparation of these lessons in reading for our growing boys and girls, the boys and girls who "if rightly trained" are to take an active part in finishing God's work in the earth in this generation.

In revising this series of school readers it has not been found necessary to draw from the unreal and purely imaginative. The books are therefore entirely free from myths, fairy tales, and all that tends to undermine faith in the Sacred Word, and to unfit the pupil for the highest service. Many conscientious educators and parents recognize the constantly increasing tendency in the world to-day toward a lack of faith in God and His word, which is but the natural result of much of the teaching of the present age. Many school readers abound with that which is false and fanciful, and this cannot but do much to unfit the mind to meet the realities of life and to appreciate sober truth. To help stem this tide toward the artificial and the skeptical, the subject matter in these readers is drawn entirely from the true and the beautiful in life, in nature, and in revelation. The author believes that "truth is stranger than fiction," fact more wonderful than fancy; and that the imagination of the child can therefore be best aroused, interested, and developed in the realm of truth and fact.

Such thoughts nourishing the minds of the young day after day and year after year will mold their lives and do much in winning them for "the joy of service in this world, and for the higher joy of wider service in the world to come."

S. E. P.

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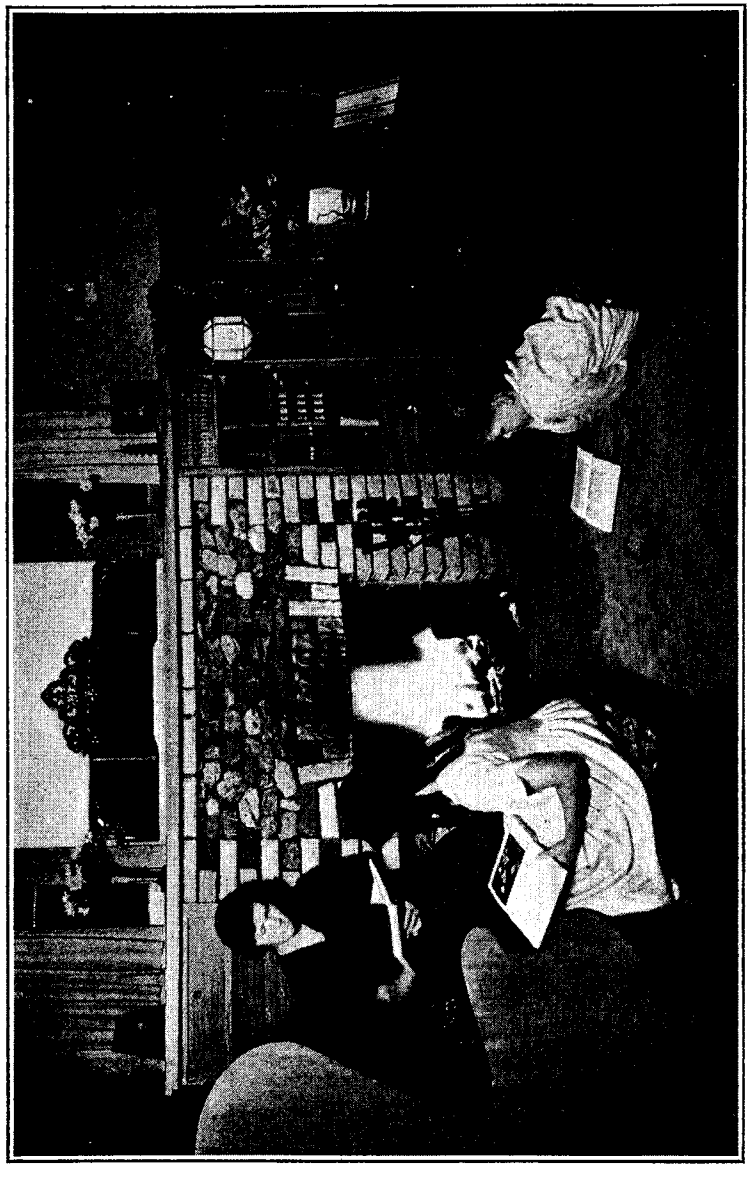


Thought Reading at Home

FIFTH GRADE—FIRST PERIOD

Thought Reading[1]

To the Boys and Girls in the Fifth Grade:

You are now beginning another year in school. You are no longer in the primary grades; you are entering the higher grades. In your former readers you have for the most part been *learning* to *read.* You still have some things to learn about reading. But this year, more than before, you should *read* to *learn.*

This year you will learn many interesting and useful things by reading, for each day you will have longer lessons to read than you had in the fourth grade. As you advance to the higher grades, you will have still longer lessons to read. But you can do this work easily if each year you gain in ability to do your silent reading with speed and understanding, and train your mind to remember the important parts of what you read. Your fifth reader will help you toward accomplishing these things.

Never allow yourself to read without *thinking* about what you are reading. If a story is not worth *thinking* about, it is not worth *reading.* Your new fifth reader is full of interesting stories, and every

[1] To the Teacher: Before teaching the lessons in this book, read and become thoroughly familiar with what is said in the Teachers' Edition for the third grade reader on pages v-xxix. Read also in "Reading Tests and Scores for Fifth Grade" how to find and record the silent reading rate and comprehension of each pupil. "Thought Reading" is for a short class discussion after the pupil has read it silently in the study period. The first real reading lesson is "Test No. 1" in the pupils' "Reading Tests and Scores for Fifth Grade."

one of them contains something really worth thinking about.

In your third and fourth grade readers you have enjoyed the stories about other children who have had temptations and have won victories. You have enjoyed reading about men and women who have unselfishly worked for the good of others, and because of their faithful labors we and many others are benefited. You have enjoyed reading some of the beautiful poems that poets who love children have written for them. You have enjoyed the nature stories—stories about dogs, and squirrels, and birds, and flowers, and other living things. And you have been thrilled with the wonderful workings of God out in the great mission fields. In your fifth reader you will read more stories along all these lines.

When you were in the fourth grade, you learned to read about 140 words a minute. Fifth-grade pupils should learn to read at least 160 words a minute before the end of the year. Some fifth-grade pupils can read 200 words a minute, and tell what they read, too. Sometimes boys and girls hurry over their reading so rapidly that they do not fully understand what they read. They think they are reading, but this is not true reading. It is only skimming over words. True reading will give you new and interesting ideas that are worth thinking about and remembering.

If you have not read very much during your long summer vacation, perhaps you will not be able to read more than 130 words a minute to begin with; but by practicing faithfully and reading good books you will

improve each period. Your test of advancement in silent reading is how much you improve in *quickly getting the important ideas* from your reader and other books.

Your first lesson in reading this year will show you how much you can really *read* in a minute at the very beginning of school. This lesson is Test No. 1 in your "Reading Tests and Scores Pad" for the fifth grade. You will have two similar tests for each period of school.

When you have read silently for three minutes, the teacher will say, "Mark!" As soon as she speaks, make a light pencil dot after the word you are then reading, and go right on reading until you finish the story.

When you have finished reading, turn the sheet over and write your "Comprehension Test." After that, your teacher will tell you how to find your *reading rate.* Your score in speed, or rate, and comprehension will then be marked on your "Reading Tests and Scores" blank which is in your pad. *You* may keep track of it on the first graph in the back of your reader. After each test mark your rate on this graph. You will find it very interesting to watch your improvement from one test to another.

What are you to do when your teacher says, "Mark"? What are you to do after you make the mark?

Ready! Point with your pencil to the first word in the test story. Then all eyes on the teacher!

Read!

Nancy and Harriet (S)

This story tells about two girls who went to one of the first schools in the United States long, long ago. As you read, try to see a clear picture of the schoolhouse and its surroundings, so that you can draw a plan of it after you have read the story.

Pronounce these words, taking care to give the right accent: Feb'ru-a-ry; mis'sion-a-ry; dic'tion-a-ry.

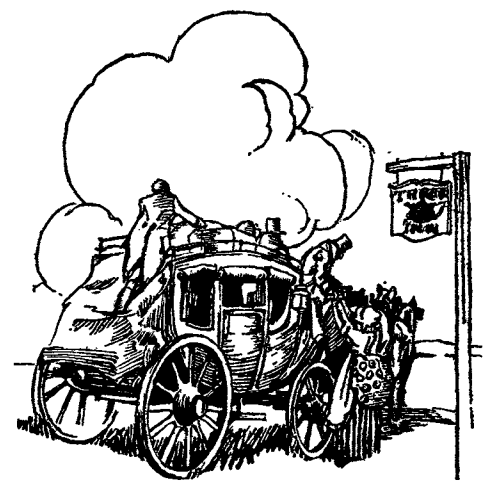
A small red schoolhouse stood across the way from the meetinghouse, down near the frog pond and the alder* swamp. It was in a little village in Massachusetts.* A rollicking, happy set of boys and girls it was who attended this school. That was in the long, long ago, in the days of George Washington, when the United States was just becoming a nation. At that time, there were no laws as there are now to say that children must attend school eight or ten months every year. So this little red schoolhouse was open only one or two months at a time.

Nancy

Ann Hasseltine,* generally called Nancy, was one of the girls who attended this school. Nancy's rosy cheeks, her laughing brown eyes, and her curly hair made her very attractive. Her even temper, her good-natured disposition, her kindness to every one, made her a general favorite both at school and at home. It was her joy to make others happy.

The boys and girls who went to this school grew fast, as boys and girls do. Soon they would be young

men and women. The parents wanted to give their children a good education, so they decided to build an academy.* In three months, these active New Englanders completed the building. On the outside it looked like a small country schoolhouse such as we sometimes see to-day far away from cities. Inside were two classrooms, one for the boys and another for the girls. Between them was a narrow hall which projected* a little in front. In a tower over the front of this hall hung the large school bell.



An old-fashioned stagecoach

About eighty boys and girls attended the little unpainted academy the first year. They came not only from Massachusetts but from other New England States. Some even came from far-away South Carolina. There were no railroads in those days. It was twenty-five years before George Stephenson built the first successful locomotive. So those who came from a distance traveled to the school in stagecoaches. It took four days by stagecoach to go from Philadelphia to New York, as long as it now takes to travel halfway across the continent. These boys and girls boarded at the various farmhouses near the school, for there was no school dormitory.*

Harriet Atwood, from a near-by town, was one of the girls who left home to come to the academy. She was a slender, flowerlike girl, with large, earnest eyes and a rather sober disposition for one of twelve years. Harriet and Nancy soon became great friends, although Nancy was four years older than Harriet.

Some thought it strange that the merry-making Nancy should choose as a friend such a sober little girl as Harriet. But beneath Nancy's laughing eyes was a heart that often had very serious thoughts. Almost any time she could be found tucked away in the cozy corner by the fireplace reading a good book.

Many a summer afternoon during the school term, Nancy and Harriet, with others of their schoolmates, strolled down the grassy path that led from the academy into the deep woods. Red berries, trailing vines, and sweet-scented ferns grew in the shade of the forest trees. Upon a grassy bank they sat and talked of the years to come, and of the wonderful things they would do when they grew up. With her brown eyes sparkling, Nancy eagerly spoke of service and heroism. Little Harriet was thinking of sacrifice.

The next winter some very interesting services were held in the meetinghouse down near the little red schoolhouse. Nancy was troubled. She really wanted to go to the meetings, but she did not want her schoolmates to know how she felt. The Spirit of the Lord was gently pleading with her young heart. There was a growing unrest in her soul. One night, she crept into a back seat at the meeting, and suddenly she found her face wet with tears.

In an attempt to hide the real feelings of her soul, Nancy was sometimes almost recklessly* frivolous.* Her mother's heart was filled with hopes and fears for her youngest daughter. She tried to find opportunity to speak to her about "the one thing needful."

One evening, she drew Nancy into the quiet kitchen to help her prepare the evening meal. The sunlight and firelight mingled their gleam upon the low rafters.* The teakettle swung on the crane,* humming its steamy song, for that was before the days of cook stoves such as we use now. The roasting potatoes snapped in the ashes on the hearth of the fireplace. The smell of things baking came from the deep brick oven outside. Nancy cheerfully helped her mother, but she said nothing about the deeper thoughts in her restless heart.

At last, she became too unhappy to pretend gayety any longer. If only she understood the Bible, she thought that might help. Often she shut herself in her room alone to read the books the kind principal of the academy had given her, and to try to pray. Gradually, Jesus became very real to her. He understood her, and she was sure that He loved her. Then her heart went out to Him in devotion and loyalty. The burden on her soul was gone.

Nancy and Harriet, with others of their school friends, gave their hearts to God and joined the little village church. This was a happy day in the academy. It was a happy day in Nancy's home. It was a happy day among the angels in heaven.

The kind Father above had won the hearts of two

girls who were soon to do a great work for Him. Little did they think that a few years later they would be in a far-away heathen land, facing difficulties and dangers of almost every kind, in an effort to bring to those who had never heard of the true God the rich blessing that they had received! But this was even so.

About five years later, Nancy became the wife of Adoniram* Judson. From the night of her marriage, the beautiful, happy, clever* girl Nancy became the earnest, heroic woman, who in after life was known in three continents* as Ann Hasseltine Judson, the heroine* of Ava. Soon after this, Harriet was married to Samuel Newell, another young man whose heart was set on the mission field.

Adoniram Judson

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," was Harriet's prayer when she was called to leave her home for a foreign land. Only three years before this she had lost her father, and from that time her love for her widowed mother seemed deeper than ever. How *could* she leave her? "Perhaps my dear mother will say, 'Harriet shall never go,' she thought. "Then my duty will be plain." But Harriet's mother was a God-fearing woman. When Harriet talked with her about it, she answered with tears in her eyes, " I cannot, I dare not, speak against it, daughter: I trust the decision to your own conscience."

And so it came about that one day in February, 1812, a little after sunrise, Adoniram and Ann Judson and Samuel and Harriet Newell sailed away from

the shores of their native* land, their faces turned to the Far East. They were the first foreign missionaries who ever left the shores of America. Together these noble young Christians gave the rest of their lives to carry the good news of salvation to the millions of heathen in India.

Comprehension Test

1. How was Nancy different from Harriet? How like her?
2. How was their school different from yours?
3. In what three ways was the cooking in Nancy's home done differently than in yours?
4. How did traveling in those days differ from now?
5. Read Luke 10:42 to learn what "the one thing needful" is. If this verse does not make it plain, read Psalm 27:4.
6. What shows that Nancy's mother was a Christian?
7. What shows that Harriet's mother trusted God?
8. Why was it hard for Harriet to leave home?
9. Point on the globe to the country where these girls went as missionaries. How far around the earth was it from their home? How many years ago was this?
10. Do you know any missionary who has gone to this country since these first missionaries went?

You may now make two diagrams which will show whether you have a *clear picture* of this school, as follows:

1. Draw a small square to represent the little red schoolhouse. Draw a double line showing where the road was. Draw an oblong where the meetinghouse stood. Draw a circle where you saw the frog pond and alder swamp. Draw a single line for the grassy path or trail that these children often walked over. Put a cross for the woods where they liked to go.

2. Draw a plan of the new academy. In your plan show the two classrooms and the hall. Put a cross where the bell tower was. Make both these diagrams after you have read the story *only once.*

How to Read Rapidly

In the third and fourth grades, you learned that one way to read rapidly is to see several words at a glance. In fact, sometimes you can see quite long groups of words with one sweep of the eye. Every year you should practice seeing longer and longer groups of words. The only way to learn to do this is to *keep on trying.*

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try again."

These groups of words, called phrases, really express some part of the thought of the sentence. If it is not too long, you can sometimes catch a whole sentence at one glance.

By seeing quite long phrases in this way, you can not only read more rapidly in your silent reading, but you can often look away from your book while reading to others, and thus hold the attention of your audience. When people listen to you read, they like to have you look at them frequently, for it seems more as if you were talking to them. Besides, the more rapidly you learn to read and get the thought in your reading lessons, the more quickly you can get all your other lessons.

The first paragraph of the next lesson is divided into phrases. They vary from three to ten words in length. See if you can read the paragraph by phrases. In the other paragraphs watch for phrases that you can read at a glance, and then *practice* reading them.

How an African Boy Succeeded (S)

As you read this story, find out who this African boy was, and what he did that made him a great man. Find also one good lesson that you get from it. How long does it take you to read this story and answer correctly all the questions in the "Comprehension Test"?

Every child knows
that when the Tower of Babel was built,
the *language* of the inhabitants of the world
was so confused
that they could not understand one another.
But the Bible does not tell us
when the people were divided
into *races* of different *colors.*
It must have been away back
in the early days of the world
that the white, black, brown, yellow,
and red races began.
However this may have been,
we know now
that Africa is the home of the black race;
and we know that all the black people now living
are the children of that race
whose first home was in Africa.

More than three hundred years ago, some cruel men sailed to Africa and forced some of these poor black people on to their ships. Then they sailed away with them far across the broad Atlantic to the United States. Here they sold them as slaves to work on the plantations.

How terrible to be dragged away from home and friends, and taken to a land so distant that they could never, *never* return! Year after year, shiploads of these people were brought to this country and sold as slaves. There are now said to be more than eleven millions of this race in the United States.

For many years, these people were slaves. Most of them worked in the great cotton fields and on sugar plantations in the southern part of the United States. In pictures of these fields you will usually see some black people at work.

One of these little black slave boys was named Booker. How he came to have such a queer name no one seems to know; but it was the only name he knew anything about. Booker lived with his mother in Virginia. It was about this time that many of the white people of the United States said it was not right to buy and sell men and women and children and make them slaves. Finally, a great war between the North and the South broke out over this question. In history this war is called the Civil War.

One morning during the war, Booker was awakened to find his mother kneeling on the earth floor of their little cabin, praying that Lincoln and the Northern armies might be successful, and that she and her children might be free. A few years after this, the war ended, and all the black people in the United States were freed. Then Booker went with his mother to West Virginia.

This little black boy did not know how to read or write, but he had a strong desire to learn. He could

not go to school during the daytime, because, although he was only six years of age, he had to work. But every evening, instead of spending time in play or in idleness, he spent it in study. Little by little he learned the alphabet, and after much patient effort he learned to read.

Booker's first lesson at Hampton School

In the town where Booker lived there was no good school. So, at the age of thirteen years, he decided to go away from home to the Hampton School. He had but little money, and it was about five hundred miles to Hampton.

At last, after a number of days, by walking and by begging rides in railway trains and in wagons, he reached a large city eighty-two miles from Hampton. He was tired and hungry and without money, and he felt strange in such a large city.

Not knowing what else to do, he walked the streets till after midnight. Then he found a place in the street where the board sidewalk was elevated, and he crept under the sidewalk and lay down on the cold ground to sleep. Do you think he was discouraged? No, not he! It takes *courage* to make *great* men, and this little black boy was one day to be a great man.

At last, he reached the school, and as he looked at the building, how happy he was! This boy's first

lesson was sweeping one of the schoolrooms. And he did it *well.* He was not satisfied with giving it *one* sweeping. *Three times* he swept the room, and *four times* he dusted it. But when he had finished, not a particle of dust was to be found.

He learned his lessons with the same care and thoroughness with which he had swept the room, and it was this care and thoroughness in every little thing that helped to make him the great man he afterwards became.

When this boy became a man, he established a school in Tuskegee,* Alabama.* At first, the schoolhouse consisted of an old kitchen, a stable, and an old henhouse. But even this did not discourage him. He said that he would some day have a school such as the President of the United States would be glad to visit. And he succeeded.

Booker T. Washington

And what Booker T. Washington has done, why cannot others do? There are thousands of other black boys in the South to-day who long for an education. They want to be more useful. The same God who prepared Booker T. Washington to do so much good will help any boy who will earnestly, and faithfully, and perseveringly do his *very best* every day.

Comprehension Test

1. What great war gave the slaves of the South their freedom?
2. Name the five races of men according to color.
3. When were these races formed?
4. How long ago were slaves brought to the United States?
5. How did Booker T. Washington learn to read?
6. How did he get to the Hampton School?
7. What was his first lesson in this school?
8. What did he afterwards do?
9. What shows that he had courage? that he was industrious? that he was thorough?
10. Trace on the map the journeys of Booker T. Washington as told in this story, and name the states in which he lived.

"Up From Slavery" is a book written by Booker T. Washington. You would enjoy reading it.

The Praying Engineer (O)

As you read this story, decide whether you would like to have this engineer for a friend, and why.

One winter, several years ago, there was a good deal of religious interest in a certain Midwestern town, and among those who joined the church was a little fellow twelve years of age, named Allen. His mother was a widow. Four years before, she had moved from their home in Vermont to this town in Wisconsin.

On the Sabbath evening of the day when he joined the church, Allen was sitting in the twilight with his mother.

"Allen, tell me what led you to want to be a Chris-

tian. Was it your home teaching, your lessons in the Sabbath school, the regular preaching of the pastor, or has it all come through the influence of the revival* meetings?"

Allen looked up into his mother's face.

"Mamma, it was none of these. Do you remember when we were coming from Vermont to live here four years ago, that I wanted to go on the engine and ride with the engineer? You were afraid to let me, till the conductor, whom you knew well, told you that the engineer was a remarkable man, and that I would be just as safe on the engine with him as in the parlor car with you."

"I remember that very well," said his mother.

"Then," continued Allen, "you allowed me to ride on the engine, where I was to stay till you or the conductor came for me. When we were about ready to start from the station where I first got on the engine, the engineer knelt down for just a little bit, and then got up and started his locomotive. I asked him many questions about its different parts and about the places and things which we passed by, and he was very patient in answering. Soon we stopped at another station, and just before we started he knelt down again. As he did this often, I tried to see what he was doing. Finally, after we had passed several stations, I made up my mind to ask him.

" 'My little lad, do you ever pray?' he asked me very earnestly.

" 'Oh yes, sir! I pray every morning and evening,' I replied.

" 'Well, my dear boy,' said he, 'when I kneel down, I pray. God has allowed me to hold a very responsible place here. There are, perhaps, two hundred lives now on this train intrusted to my care. A little mistake on my part, a little failure to do all my duty, a little neglect, a little inattention to signals, might send all or many of these two hundred souls into eternity. So at every station I kneel for just a moment, and ask the Master to help me, and to keep the many lives He has put into my hands from all harm till we get to the next station. All the years that I have been on this engine, He has helped me, and not a single human being of the thousands that have ridden on my train has been harmed. I have never had an accident.'

"I have never before mentioned what he did or said, but almost daily I have thought about him, and resolved that I would be a Christian too."

—Author Unknown.

Whittier and His Pets (S)

Time yourself on reading this story *once*, then test your comprehension with the test at its close.

John Greenleaf Whittier was a sincere and noble soul who hated everything that was evil. Like many other great and good men, he spent his childhood in the country. The farm on which his father raised such fine corn was rocky and swampy. The boys had to work hard to get enough from the stubborn soil to feed themselves. Greenleaf had to work too hard for

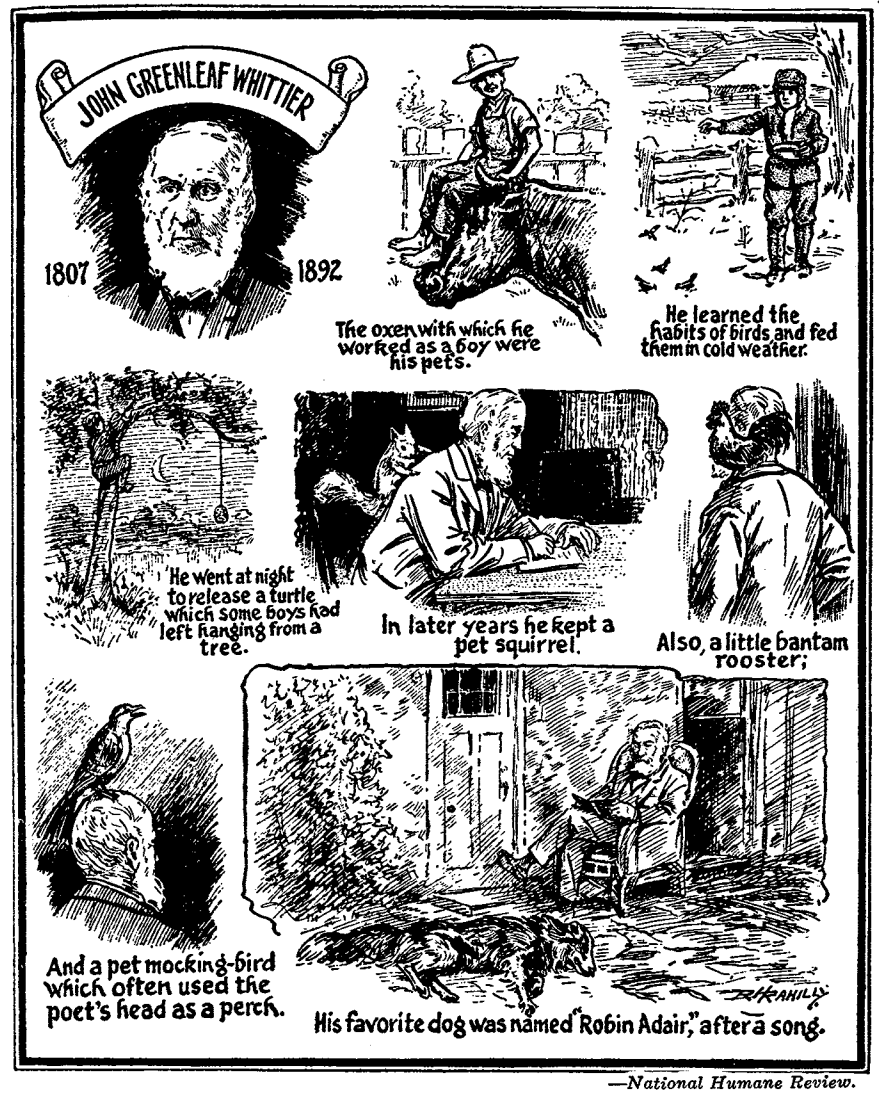
his delicate health. The winters in Massachusetts were very severe, and to Greenleaf underclothing was almost unknown. He suffered all his life from these privations and from attempting work that was beyond his strength.

Greenleaf made a pet of every living creature on the farm. He had a little bantam rooster that liked to perch on his master's shoulder. He also had a parrot named Charlie. He had a mocking bird named David, that used to call to him in the sweetest tones, "Whitti-er'! Whitti-er'!" This bird would fly on to the young poet's head to receive a big fat grasshopper that Greenleaf always had for him. The little pet squirrel, Friday, enjoyed gnawing the buttons off his master's coat.

Greenleaf could not bear to see any animal suffer. Once some cruel boys hung a poor, harmless turtle from the branch of a tree, and left it there. Greenleaf waited till the boys had all gone home, and then he went at night and released the turtle.

Greenleaf did not have so many dogs as Sir Walter Scott had, but he was very fond of his big shepherd dog, which he called Robin Adair.* Jackanapes was the name of his frisky little dog. Then there were the two oxen, Buck and Butler. Greenleaf and his brother often sat upon the heads of these fine old oxen while they lay at rest under the trees at the top of the hill back of the house. Surely this was a great throne for two boys!

But the best of all his pets was little seven-year-old Phoebe, for whom he made a playhouse of rocks,



—*National Humane Review.*

What does this picture tell that is not told in the story? What does the story tell that is not told in the picture?

From the picture find out how old Whittier was when he died. How long ago was he born? How long ago did he die?

and there they used to have fun playing school together. Little Phoebe was the teacher, and when Mr. Whittier spelled dog, "d-o-r-g," she would threaten to whip him. Then he would run into the house laughing, "Phoebe is seventy, I am seven, and we both act like sixty."

When he was a little boy, he wrote verses on the beam of his mother's weaving loom, and he filled his slate with rimes.* One day, his teacher lent him a book of poems. After reading this book he wrote:

"I saw through all familiar things
The romance* underlying,
The joys and griefs that plume the wings
Of Fancy, skyward flying."

This proved to be the real beginning of his work as a poet.

When Greenleaf was eighteen, he wrote some verses which his sister Mary thought good enough to be printed in the newspaper. Without saying anything to her brother, she copied them neatly and sent them to the editor. One day later, a neighbor who had brought the mail, tossed the newspaper to Greenleaf as he was working in the field. The boy opened the paper, and there to his surprise in "The Poets' Corner" he saw his own verses in print.

The editor's name was William Lloyd Garrison, a man with whom Greenleaf afterwards worked against slavery. He was only a few years older than Greenleaf. He was so interested in the young poet that he drove out to the Whittier home to urge

Greenleaf's father to send him to college. He found the bashful lad crawling out from under the barn where he had gone to get the eggs of a hen that had stolen away her nest.

Two years later, Greenleaf studied at the academy in Haverhill, Massachusetts. He paid his expenses by working at the shoemaker's trade. He is one of America's finest poets.

Comprehension Test

1. What kind of work did Whittier do when he was a boy?
2. Give the names of seven of his pets, and tell one thing about each.
3. What did the book of poems his teacher lent him help him to see in familiar things? What was it that "plumed the wings of Fancy"? What did he mean by "the wings of Fancy"?
4. Who published Whittier's first verses? What did this lead to?
5. How did he pay his expenses while he was away from home at school?

The Corn Song (142)

1. Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

* * * * *

2. Through vales of grass and meads* of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

3. We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

4. All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

5. And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves
And bear the treasure home.

* * * * *

6. But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Appreciation Study

Who wrote this poem? This poem proves that Whittier "saw through all familiar things the romance underlying."

The "romance" of corn he has shown us in such expressions as "wintry hoard" and "golden" corn, in stanza 1. What does he mean by these expressions?

What beauty or "romance" does he find while plowing? Why are the crows called "robbers"? What picture or "romance" does he find in the growing corn? What is its "soft and yellow hair"?

Whom does he thank for the harvest? Why?

Memory Reading

Silent reading is very important, for in this way you learn many things you want to know. But if all your reading were silent, how much of the joy and helpfulness of life would be lost! Silent reading is a wonderful help to one's self, but through oral and memory reading we can help others as well as ourselves.

There are many beautiful poems that have been written especially for children. They contain beautiful word pictures that give us pleasure every time we think of them. A real poet helps us to see beauty in flowers and trees, in birds and butterflies, in brooks and hills, and in all the wonderful things around us. When we learn to love good poetry, we shall see more beauty and find more joy in life, and we can give others more joy, too.

Some one who is sick, or some old person, would love to have you visit him and recite a beautiful poem. Your father and mother would enjoy a good poem now and then. In fact, in this way you could give pleasure to almost anyone.

For your memory reading this year you may choose from your reader the poems you like best. The names of the poems are followed with a number which tells how many words there are in the poem.

If your memory reading during any period totals at least 300 words, your grade will be 100. If it totals 250 words, your grade will be 95. If 200 words, it will be 90. If 160 words, it will be 85. If 140 words,

it will be 80. And 120 words gives you a passing grade of 75. To go below 120 words would be a failure. If you keep your grade in memory reading 90 or above each period during the year, and if at the end of the year you can recite all these poems well, your teacher will sign your memory reading award card which is in your Reading Pad.

The next lesson is a fine little poem showing us the beauty in the rising and setting of the sun. Study it with your teacher. Listen while she reads it to you. After that, see if you can read it as well as she did.

The Sun (87)

1. I'll tell you how the sun arose,—
   A ribbon at a time:
   The steeples swam in amethyst,*
   The dews like squirrels ran,
   The hills untied their bonnets,
   The bobolinks begun;
   Then said I softly to myself,
   "That must have been the sun!"

2. But how he set, I know not;
   There seemed a purple stile,*
   Which little yellow boys and girls
   Were climbing all the while,
   Till, when they reached the other side,
   A dominie* in gray
   Put gently up the evening bars,
   And led the flock away.

—Emily Dickinson.

Appreciation Study

This little poem is full of charming pictures. The first picture is in the first two lines. Did you ever see the sun rise "a ribbon at a time"? What were these "ribbons"? What was the "amethyst" around the steeples?

What made the dews run "like squirrels"?

What happened when the hills "untied their bonnets"? What *are* the "bonnets" which cover the hills at night?

What are the "little yellow boys and girls" that climb up and down at sunset? What is the "purple stile" on which they climb?

What is the "dominie in gray"? What are the "evening bars" that he puts up?

Read the stanza that describes the rising sun. See how much you can look away from your book as you read. See if you can memorize this stanza in three minutes.

Out in the Fields With God (87)

This is another beautiful poem, and so short that you can memorize it in just a little while. Listen while your teacher reads it to you and see if you can tell what it is about.

---

1. The little cares that fretted me,
   I lost them yesterday,
   Among the fields above the sea,
   Among the winds at play;
   Among the lowing of the herds,
   The rustling of the trees,
   Among the singing of the birds,
   The humming of the bees.

2. The foolish fears of what might pass,
   I cast them all away

Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

—*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

Appreciation Study

Did you ever lose *your* cares among the fields? How? Where else does the poet say we may lose our cares?

Where may we cast away our foolish fears? Why are the poppies said to be "drowsy"? What changes come to our thoughts when we are "out in the fields with God"?

Is there any line in this poem you cannot read at one glance?

How to Use the Dictionary

When you were in grades three and four, you learned to use "The Little Dictionary Teacher" in the back of your reader. You learned how to find out from this "Teacher" how new words are pronounced and what they mean. You also learned to turn quickly to a word no matter under what letter of the alphabet it was found, because all words in the dictionary are given in alphabetical order.

Fifth-grade boys and girls should begin to use a real dictionary, so this year you are to learn something more about how words are arranged in a dictionary. Turn to your "Fifth-Grade Dictionary" in the back of your reader. Find the words under *A*. Notice that the *second* letters in all these words are

in alphabetical order. Next look at all their *third* letters. Are they also in alphabetical order? Look at the *fourth* letters of these words. Then look at the *fifth* letters. From this you will learn that words are arranged alphabetically not only as to their *first* letters, but as to their *second* and their *third* letters, and so on to the end of the word. All this is to help you find any word just as quickly as possible. Will *alarm* come before or after *abides?* Why?

Arrange the following words in dictionary order so far as their *first* and *second* letters are concerned:

annoy about air able Arab accept
arch alcohol arm after air ape

Arrange the following words in dictionary order so far as their *first three* letters are concerned:

anchor argue accept animal absent apostle
alarm award across arctic asleep azure

Arrange the following words fully in dictionary order:

kraal ascend mink dials glen expend
cape oaken earl aye damsel landlord

Apron Strings (O)

How many will be needed to read this story as a dialogue? What is the lesson it teaches?

"I promised my mother that I would be home by six o'clock," said Henry to his friend Leonard.

"But what harm would an hour more do?" questioned Leonard.

"It would cause my mother to worry, and I should break my word," replied Henry.

"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron strings!" exclaimed Leonard with a sneer.

"My mother doesn't wear aprons," said Henry, with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes; and I don't think I ever noticed any *strings*."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I *could* stay, but I *will not*. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to *keep* it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just behind the two boys. They turned and saw an old man, poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man," the stranger continued, "to drop the acquaintance of every person who talked slightingly of his mother's apron strings; and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace; for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did, and, when they made fun of mother, I laughed too—God forgive me! There came a time when it was too late (and now there were tears in the old man's eyes), when I would gladly have been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron strings, in a dark room, with bread and water for my fare.

"Always keep your engagement with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it; and

when advised to cut loose from her apron strings, cut the adviser, and take a tighter clutch at the apron strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will insure you a noble future; for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

Both boys listened attentively, and both said "Thank you" at the end of the stranger's remarks, and they left the grounds, silent and thoughtful.

Comprehension and Thought Questions

1. What is meant by being "tied to a woman's apron strings"?
2. Who was Abraham Lincoln? Do you think the advice he once gave a young man was good advice? Why?
3. What advice did the old man in the story give the boys?
4. Which boy do you most admire, Leonard or Henry?
5. Were Henry's reasons for refusing Leonard good? Why?

Who Shall Dwell With God? (O)

In this selection one pupil might ask the question, and each other one in turn give one of the answers.

---

1. Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle?
   Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?
2. He that walketh uprightly,
   And worketh righteousness,
   And speaketh the truth in his heart.
   He that backbiteth* not with his tongue,
   Nor doeth evil to his neighbor,
   Nor taketh up a reproach* against his neighbor.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned;*
But he honoreth them that fear the Lord.
He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. . . .
He that doeth these things shall never be moved.
—*Psalm 15.*

Comprehension Test. How many answers are there to the question in the first verse? Which of these answers should *you* think about most?

A Narrow Escape (S)

This story happened in South Africa. Find this country on the map.

Time yourself on reading the story silently. Read it only once, but read it thoughtfully. After you have read it through, write nine questions on it, one for each paragraph.

---

1. In 1843, Livingstone, the celebrated traveler, settled as a missionary in a beautiful valley in South Africa. Here he met with an experience that nearly ended his life.

2. The natives had long been troubled by lions, which came into their cattle pens by night, and even attacked the herds during the day. All their attempts to drive away the animals were feeble and faint-hearted, and therefore unsuccessful.

3. It is well known that a troop of lions will not remain long in any place where one of their number has been killed. So the next time the cattle were attacked, Livingstone went out with the natives to encourage them to destroy one of the lions and thus free

themselves from the whole drove. They found the lions on a small hill covered with trees. The hunters placed themselves in a circle round the hill, and began to ascend,* coming gradually closer to one another as they neared the summit.*

4. Livingstone remained with a native teacher on the plain below to watch the party. His companion, seeing one of the lions sitting on a rock within the circle of hunters, took aim and fired; but the ball struck only the stones at the animal's feet. With a roar of rage the fierce brute bounded away, broke through the ring, and escaped unhurt, the natives not having courage to stand close and spear him as he passed.

5. The hunters again closed in and continued their march up the hill. There were still two lions in the woods, and it was hoped that a second attempt would destroy one of them. Suddenly, a terrific roar echoed from the hill. The timid hunters trembled with fear. First, one of the lions and then the other, with streaming manes and glaring eyes, rushed down past the hunters and bounded away.

6. As the party were returning home, bewailing* their want of success, Livingstone saw one of the lions about thirty yards in front, sitting on a rock behind a bush. He raised his gun, took steady aim, and discharged both barrels into the thicket.

"He is shot! He is shot!" was the joyful cry.

Some of the men were about to rush in and kill the wounded beast with their spears. But Livingstone, seeing the lion's tail lifted in anger, warned

them to keep back until he had fired a second time. He was just reloading his gun, when he heard a shout of terror. He looked around and saw the lion preparing to spring. It was too late to run. With a savage growl the angry animal seized him by the shoulder, and shook him as a terrier* shakes a rat. The first shock of pain was followed by a sort of drowsiness, in which he had no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though he knew all that was happening.

7. The lion's paw was resting on the back of his head, and as he turned to remove it, he saw the creature's fiery eyes directed toward the native teacher, who at a distance of ten or fifteen yards was making ready to shoot. The gun missed fire in both barrels, and the lion sprang at his new enemy, biting him in the thigh. Another man also, who was standing near, was severely bitten in the shoulder. At this moment, the bullets took effect and the huge beast fell back dead.

8. All this occurred in a few moments. The deathblow had been given before the animal sprang upon anyone. Livingstone's arm was wounded in eleven places, and the bone crushed to splinters. The injuries might have proved fatal* but for his heavy jacket which wiped the poison from the lion's teeth before they entered the flesh.

9. It was a long time before the wounds healed, and all through life the brave missionary bore the marks of this dreadful struggle with the lion. Thirty years afterwards, when his noble and useful life had ended among the swamps of Central Africa and his

remains were taken to England to be buried in Westminster Abbey,* the crushed and mangled arm was one of the marks which enabled his sorrowing friends in that country to identify* the body as that of David Livingstone.

Comprehension Test

The pupil who reads this story in the shortest time may stand before the class. The other pupils in turn may ask him the questions they have written. When he fails on any question, the pupil who read in the next shortest time may try. The pupil who read the story in the shortest time and can correctly answer the most questions has the highest score in reading. What score did you get?

Dictionary Study

Arrange in dictionary order the seven starred words in this story, then see how long it takes you to find them in the "Dictionary." First try to think out the meaning of each word, then ask the dictionary if you are right. Read the meaning into the sentence in place of the word for which the meaning is given.

You can learn to tell the meaning of some words without a dictionary. The suffix *ful* means *full of*. What does successful mean? dreadful? useful? The suffix *ly* means *like*. What does suddenly mean? severely? gradually?

Second Silent Reading Test

This lesson is your second silent reading test for the fifth grade. It is Test No. 2 in your "Reading Tests and Scores Pad." Mark your rate on the graph in the back of your reader. It will show you how much you have improved in silent reading rate and comprehension since school began this year.

"Can" and "Could" (O)

Read this story through once, just for its interest. After that read it again, and write a list of all the things "Can" did. Opposite them write a list of the things "Could" did.

What was the difference between these two boys? What was the difference when they grew to manhood? Which will *you* be, "Can" or "Could"?

---

1. "It will be moonlight to-night," said a schoolboy; "won't you join our skating party?"

"No, thank you," replied Can; "you know there wasn't a boy in my class that had his arithmetic lesson to-day, and the teacher gave it to us again. I *can* master it, and I *will*. That lesson must not beat me twice. I mean to make sure of it, so you'll have to excuse me from joining your party."

2. "Shall I not help you?" asked his elder sister.

"Let me try it first," replied Can. "I feel like going at it with a will, for I have heard that 'where there's a will, there's a way.' "

Can did not stop till every example was worked out.

3. "If I only could learn this horrid lesson!" exclaimed his classmate, Could, as he made a few careless figures on his slate, and then began to draw dogs' heads.

"Is that the way you study your lesson?" asked his mother.

"If I only could get it," replied the boy fretfully, "I should be glad to work at it with all my might. But it's too hard and dry for anybody."

"Surely you could learn *some* of it, if you would only *try*," said his mother.

Could looked at his book again. But the next moment he jumped from his chair, and ran to the window. "Oh, this splendid moonlight!" he exclaimed. "It's really too bad to lose that skating. I think I'll go."

"But your lessons are not prepared," said his mother.

"I know that," answered Could; "but when I come back, there will be time enough for them."

Off he went, and the next day, in the class, he drawled: "I would have learned the lesson if I could."

4. Can and Could both had to drive cows to pasture and to hoe in the garden. Can's cows were regularly cropping the grass on the hillside long before Could was out of bed. Can easily kept ahead of weeds by hoeing before they got much start. Could waited until there was "some real need of hoeing to keep the weeds down." By that time the weeds had such a start that they soon got ahead of him, and ahead of the crops too. Could's crops were hardly worth gathering. Can's garden yielded bountifully.

"If I could have such a garden as that," said Could, I should be glad to hoe up every weed. But my garden was so poor that it didn't make much difference whether I hoed or not."

5. Can and Could grew to manhood.

"If I could only be a Howard, how much I would do to reform men!" exclaimed Could. "Sometime I mean to do something on a large scale in this world!"

Can was never heard to express such lofty ideas. But he attended diligently to business. He prospered and was happy. Could, by indolence and neglect, became discontented and unhappy.

—*Author Unknown.*

More About the Dictionary

Your "Fifth-Grade Dictionary" tells all that your Third- and Fourth-Grade Dictionaries told, and more too. Turn to pages 379 and 380. Notice the markings of the letters at the foot of these pages. This is a key that tells how to pronounce any word in this dictionary. You have learned all these markings before, but if you have forgotten any of them, this key will remind you. Does your large school dictionary have a key similar to this one? Look and see.

Now notice the word at the top of each column in your dictionary. The one at the top of the *left* column tells what is the *first* word on the page; the one at the top of the *right* column tells the *last* word on the page. These are the key words to the page. By looking at these two words you can always tell whether the word you want is on the page, without hunting all through the other words on the page. You will also know at once whether the word you want is *before* this page or *after* it. This helps you find words very quickly.

To illustrate: Suppose you are looking for the word *consul.* You will, of course, turn first to the *C* words. The first *C* key word is *compass.* Since this is at the top of the *right* column, you know that it is the *last*

word on that page. Does *consul* come alphabetically before or after *compass? After*, because *con* comes after *com.* On the next page there are a number of words beginning *con:*—con-c, con-f, con-g, con-s. You find cons-ul just *after cons-tellation,* because *cons-u* comes after *cons-t* alphabetically.

By looking at the key words, see how quickly you can find these words: crest; foliage; maize; mock; prefix; spruce; veteran; wampum; zone. Practice using the key words whenever you are looking up a word in the dictionary. In this way before you complete the fifth grade, you should be able to find words in any dictionary very quickly. Practice finding these same words in the large school dictionary.

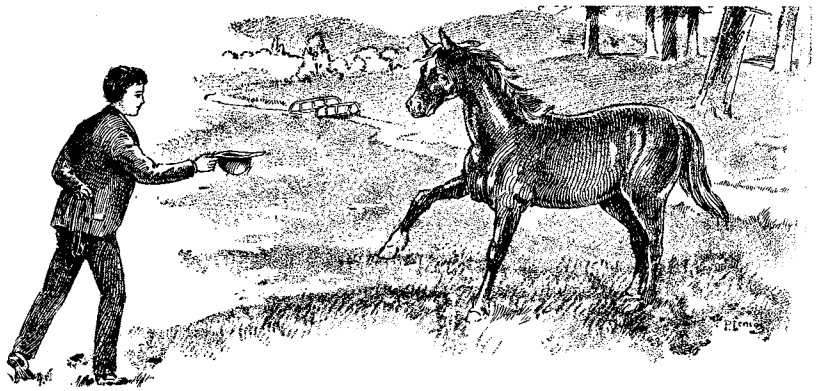
Catching the Colt (291)

Find the lesson this poem teaches. What does it show about the intelligence of a horse?

1. With forehead star, and silver tail,
   And three white feet to match,
   The gay, half-broken sorrel* colt
   Which one of us could catch?

2. "I can!" said Dick, "I'm good for that;"
   He slowly shook his empty hat;
   "She'll think 'tis full of corn," said he;
   "Stand back, and she will come to me."

3. Her head the shy, proud creature raised,
   As 'mid the daisy flowers she grazed;
   Then down the hill, across the brook,



Delaying oft, her way she took;
Then changed her pace, and, moving quick,
She hurried on and came to Dick.
"Ha! ha!" he cried, "I've caught you, Beck;"
And put the halter round her neck.

4. But soon there came another day,
And, eager for a ride,
"I'll go and catch the colt again,
I can," said Dick, with pride.

5. So up the stony pasture lane,
And up the hill he trudged again;
And when he saw the colt, as slow
He shook his old hat to and fro,
"She'll think 'tis full of corn," he thought,
"And I shall have her quickly caught."

6. "*Beck! Beck!*" he called; and at the sound,
The restless beauty looked around;
Then made a quick, impatient turn,
And galloped off among the fern.

7. And when beneath a tree she stopped
And leisurely some clover cropped,
Dick followed after, but in vain;
His hand was just upon her mane,
When off she flew, as flies the wind,
And, panting, he pressed on behind.

8. Down through the brake, the brook across,
O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss,
Round and around the place they passed,
Till, breathless, Dick sat down at last;
Threw by, provoked, his empty hat,—
"The colt," he said, "remembers that!
There's *always* trouble from *deceit*,
I'll *never* try again to cheat."

—*Marian Douglass.*

Word Study. The suffix *less* means *without;* the prefix *im* means *not.* From the prefix or suffix tell the meaning of: slowly, quickly, restless, impatient, leisurely, breathless. When you have learned a few *suffixes** and *preffixes,** and know the meaning of a few *roots* of words, you can tell the meanings of a good many words without the trouble of finding them in the dictionary.

The Health Makers' Party (S)

Time yourself on reading this story. Find out the names of all who came to the health makers' party, and what each one does for our health.

To-day, Dorothy and Don are going to have a party. They have invited all the health makers that

live near them. These health makers are the best kind of friends. They never spoil a single play. They never keep you from having a good time. They never do a thing to displease you. They add joy to any sport. They help to make all work easier. They bring good cheer wherever they go. They make every one feel comfortable and happy. What a delightful party it will be!

Do you know the health makers? No? That is too bad. You do not know what you are missing. Let me introduce them to you as they arrive.

The first one to come is Willie Water. "Water and plenty of it, inside and out" is his health motto. He brings us a glass of pure cold water about half an hour before each meal, and one about two hours after each meal. Just before each meal, he brings us warm water and soap for our hands. Every morning when we get up, he is ready with enough cool water for a brisk shower or pour or sponge for the whole body. At least once a week he fills the tub with nice hot water for a real all-over scrub. Willie Water is one of our very best health friends.

Here comes Tommie Toothbrush. He is a timid little fellow. He never puts himself forward. Perhaps that is why he is so often slighted. But he is a loyal friend, one who can be a great help. He has a standing appointment with every friend of his twice a day—once after breakfast and again after supper. If you fail to meet his appointments with you, you will be the one to suffer.

The next to arrive are the twins, Harry Wholewheat and Bessie Puremilk. They claim a place beside you at every meal. And they deserve this honor, for they will help every part of your body to do its best work. Never push Harry Wholewheat aside for Clarence Cake, with his starched vest and stiff white collar. And it would be a great mistake to let those destructive twins, Tea and Coffee, take the place of Bessie Puremilk. They are among your worst enemies.

Here comes Rosie Apple. How do you do, Rosie? You are a true friend. I know your motto. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." I want all the boys and girls to know you. You help to kill the disease germ enemies that sometimes attack us.

I declare! The Vegetable Family is going to be well represented at our party. But we need plenty of them at a health party. Susie Spinach, with her ruffled green silk dress, is always on hand to help us. She is a famous health maker. Our party would be almost a failure without her. I heard once that she makes little girls' hair curly. But that isn't true. She does something much more valuable than that. She keeps the blood red and healthy. And she helps to keep the teeth strong and white.

How pretty Caroline Carrot looks in her bright orange suit! We are so glad you came, Caroline. I want every girl and boy here to know how useful you are. You help to keep the blood pure and strong.

Patrick Potato belongs to the Vegetable Family, too. Patrick is a real stand-by, and so well known that he hardly needs an introduction. He is a jolly

little fellow, and does much to keep our bodies round and plump.

Here comes Betty Beans all by herself.

"Where is your little brother, Lennie Lentils, and your sister, Patty Peas?"

"Mother said it wasn't best for more than one of the Legume* Family to come to your party."

"She is right. But though there is but one of your family here, and though you are not so large in bulk as the children of the Vegetable Family, our health party would be sadly lacking without you. 'Valuable things are often done up in small parcels,' did you say? How true that is! A small amount of legumes at one time is enough. Although you are small, you have great strength to give us. We heartily welcome you to our party. Be sure you make a good impression on all the boys and girls, for they need the strength you can give them."

See these two trim little chaps! Boys and girls, meet my friends, Walter Walnut and Alfred Almond. Don't they look dignified? And no wonder. They have serious work to do, and they feel its importance. They help to keep the body plump. They help to make the muscles hard and strong. Did you know that the Nut Family are cousins of the Legumes?

Another friend I have invited to our health party is Ernest Exercise. Sometimes he goes by the name of Honest Labor. He always finds many interesting things for us to do out in the healthful sunshine. He especially delights to be with us in the garden. He has a little sister named Polly Play. When they visit

us, our blood cells fairly run races to see which can take the round trip through our bodies the fastest. They bound on their way as happy as birds.

Ernest Exercise breaks down the old worn-out tissues in the muscles, and shovels them out of the body. Then he builds up fresh new muscle tissue. He brings in a large supply of oxygen to light the bonfires he starts in the body. How warm he makes us! Then he opens the windows of the skin, and with the perspiration he washes out more dirt. He seems to be having a regular spring house cleaning inside our bodies! If we will spend an hour a day with this good health friend, he will keep our blood and muscles clean and strong, and we shall feel as good as new.

The last health maker to arrive at our party is Luther Longsleep. Longsleep always insists on bringing Frederick Freshair with him—says he can't half do his work without Freshair. They make me think of the Siamese twins, and they are the most soothing, comfortable friends we have. They will come regularly if we let them. If we sit up late at night or refuse to let them come at the right time and stay at least ten hours, they get quite cross with us. Then we are likely to get cross too, and everything seems to go wrong. Sometimes they go right away when we do not welcome them. Even our other health friends punish us if we mistreat Longsleep and Freshair.

Now, boys and girls, the only way for you to have these health makers for your friends, is to invite them to your home and *treat* them as friends. Health

is ready to live with you and be your friend if you will let it. But no one can *tell* you what a wonderful friend it is. If you never ate a certain thing, you cannot know *how* it tastes. No one *else* can taste it *for* you. You must taste it *yourself*. So it is with health. To know how fine it will make you feel, you must *have it for yourself*.

Health Friends Score. Using the scale of 100, score your treatment of these health friends by taking off 10 for every one you are mistreating.

1. *Willie Water.* For inside cleanliness, I drink a glass of water before each meal, and one about two hours after.

2. *Willie Water.* For outside cleanliness, I wash my hands before each meal. I take a cool bath or shower before I dress in the morning, and a hot water scrub at least once a week.

3. *Tommie Toothbrush.* I brush my teeth twice a day, before breakfast and after supper.

4. *Harry Wholewheat.* I eat whole-wheat bread twice a day.

5. *Bessie Puremilk.* I drink pure milk every day, and I never drink tea or coffee.

6. *Rosie Apple.* I eat fresh fruit every day.

7. *The Vegetable Family.* I eat some raw vegetable every day as well as some cooked ones.

8. *The Legume Family.* I eat beans, peas, or lentils, or some other legume every day.

9. *Ernest Exercise* and *Polly Play.* I work or play outdoors every day.

10. *Luther Longsleep* and *Frederick Freshair.* At night I sleep nine or ten hours with my windows wide open.

A Mother Bat and Her Babies (S)

Have you ever seen a bat close enough to observe its face? Do you know what it eats? Do you know how it cares for its young? Read this story, and see if it agrees with your observations. The lady who wrote this story was a great lover of nature. "Molly Cotton" is her little daughter.

Bob had brought me a little reddish-brown mother bat, weighted with four babies clinging to her body. I was to photograph them that day, then before night put them back where they had been.

Molly Cotton thought the bat should be fed also. She argued that if the bat had been free the night before, her mate would have fed her, and with those four babies to care for she must be almost famished.* So I was called upon, in all confidence, to tell what bats ate.

I told her we could not get for a bat, in daytime, what it found on wing at night. But I thought it could do no possible hurt, so I suggested fresh, warm milk. Molly Cotton took a nickel from her purse and sped to a neighbor's for milk, while I whittled out a tiny wooden paddle. We dipped this into the milk and held it to the bat's nose. She instantly seized it between her sharp teeth, sucking and gnawing at it. She would

Bats sleep during the daytime. They hang, head downward, by their feet and "hooks."

not let go, so we dropped milk a drop at a time on the paddle. That bat turned up her head and drank and drank like a famished creature.

We had a splendid chance to study her face. It was shaped like a young pig's, only flatter. She had a small, round, flat nose like a pig's, a face very similar, and ears round like a mouse's, instead of pointed. Her fur was silken fine and of beautiful color.

Each of the four babies was a miniature* of the mother. When she was quite satisfied, she let go of the paddle and went to sleep. Until her picture was taken and she was returned to freedom, Molly Cotton fed her milk, which she took eagerly at every offering.

—Gene Stratton Porter, in "Friends in Feathers."

Barbara's Camel (O)

As you read this story, decide whether you think Barbara's plan would be worth trying in *your* home. How do you think it would work out? Would "the camel" be likely to get in?

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1. The Bennet family were at the supper table. There was tall, thin Mr. Bennet. There was plump little Mrs. Bennet. There was rosy, black-eyed Barbara Bennet.

"I need some money," said Barbara.

"That's nothing new, is it?" said her father.

"What do you want it for?" asked her mother. "Of course you may have it if you *need* it."

"Oh, I want it on general principles, and I have

a plan whereby I can earn it all myself," replied Barbara.

"So long as it doesn't come out of me, you may have all the money you want," said Mr. Bennet, in mock* relief.

2. "Listen," said Barbara, holding up her hand. "This is my plan. I'm going to take a boarder."

"A boarder, Barbara!" cried Mrs. Bennet. "What could we do with a boarder?"

"Now don't get excited, mother. You see, you're 'it.' It's this way. Mother has been talking for a long time of hunting up some nice quiet hotel or farmhouse where she could go for a rest from dusting and scrubbing and cooking. Now, she'll find no summer hotel that has a cooler, shadier veranda or pleasanter rooms than we have. So I propose that mother shall board with us for a week, and longer if she likes it, and I will be the landlady,* cook, and chambermaid combined. You've said yourself, mother, that I'm a very good cook. You may sit on the veranda all day long and sew and read, and you may take walks, and go to see all the people you'd like to see, but never have time to, you may go for a ride on pleasant days; in fact, you may do whatever you like."

3. "What pay do you expect?" asked Mr. Bennet.

"Well, it seems to me, mother, that you will get much better service here than you would at an ordinary hotel. But because I am entirely too modest, I shall charge you only ten dollars a week for your room and board, with automobile service thrown in. I hope you will plan to stay three weeks."

"So it does come out of me, after all," said her father.

"Well, at least it is keeping it in the family. What do you think, mother?"

4. "I'd like it; but what could I do all the time?"

"What would you do in any *other* place? Read, walk, crochet,* sew, sleep, visit—why, there are *endless* things to do! Do you agree? Very well," said Barbara, "I hope the family is on its good behavior. The boarder arrives next Sunday evening."

5. Barbara laid her plans carefully. She made her menus* for each day, and systematically* planned each day of work. Sunday evening she prepared a dainty supper. Then she went out on the veranda where her mother was reading.

"I've come to welcome the boarder," she said, as she very formally* shook hands with her mother. "How do you do, Mrs. Bennet? I hope you are going to find your stay with us in every way delightful. You will find a list of the rules of the house posted under the clock shelf in the dining room. Your breakfast will be served at seven, dinner at twelve, and supper at six. I have only one request to make of you. Our cook will stand no meddling with her work. So you will please keep out of the kitchen."

"Your boarder will be working in the kitchen inside of two days," said Mr. Bennet.

"Well, she'd better not, or the cook will leave," said Barbara. "Supper is served, Mrs. Bennet."

6. On Monday, Barbara's plans worked out very smoothly. It was a pleasant, sunny day, and Mrs.

Bennet sat on the veranda all day and mended and mended, much to Barbara's disgust.

"If *that's* the way you *want* to spend your vacation, all right," she said.

"Why, Barbara, I have just been *aching* to get at these things this long time," said her mother; "and this is such a *good* chance."

7. "Now, mother, to-morrow while Mrs. Jones is here washing, I think it would be pleasant for you to spend the day with Mrs. Baker. She has wanted you to come for a long time, and father can drive you out early in the morning. I'll speak to her now." And Barbara started toward the telephone.

"No, I'll telephone her myself," said her mother. But she forgot to do it, and the next morning it was raining so hard that a trip to the country was out of the question.

8. Barbara, coming from the basement, where she had been helping Mrs. Jones, found her mother sweeping the kitchen.

"Now, mother," said Barbara, taking the broom from her mother's hand, "you're not playing fair! The boarder hasn't any business in the kitchen, to say nothing of sweeping it."

"I guess if I were in some other woman's home, and I found she had more than she could do, I'd help her a little," said Mrs. Bennet somewhat guiltily. "Here it is nine o'clock, and the kitchen not swept and the dishes not washed."

"That's because I spent so much time on that fussy dessert. I'm just ready to do them. Now, *shoo-oo-o!*"

And Barbara pushed her mother in by the crackling fire that was doing its very best to brighten the gloomy day.

9. Mrs. Bennet submitted for a time, but the next morning she was again guilty, as Barbara said, of conduct unbecoming a boarder. Barbara told her trials to Aunt Mary, who lived next door.

"Mother is absolutely unmanageable," she said. "This morning she insisted upon dusting the living room; and before I caught her, she had pared all the potatoes for dinner. Of course the weather is against me—rainy yesterday and so cold to-day that no one wants to be outside. She's tired of reading and sewing and she doesn't feel like doing fancywork."

10. "You tell your mother she reminds me of the camel in the story," said Aunt Mary.

"How is that?"

"It is an Arabian story. A man had a camel, and at night it slept outside his tent. One night the camel said, 'It's cold out here. Let *me* come into the tent too.' 'Oh no,' said the man. 'There would be no room for me then.' 'I'll just put my head in. You mus'n't be selfish,' said the camel. And the master consented. The next night the camel wanted to put its forelegs in too, and after some argument the man let it do *that*. The next night it wanted to put its back inside; and before long the camel was entirely inside the tent, and the man had been crowded out."

"Well," said Barbara, as she rose to go, "*my* camel has its head in already. But I shall endeavor to nip this movement right in the bud."

11. Still Barbara met difficulties. The pleasant, warm days that she said she had wanted for her boarder turned out to be cold, rainy, and disagreeable. Mrs. Bennet was an active little woman, and she found it hard to be an idle visitor in her own home.

"Somehow," she said to Mr. Bennet, "the things I think I want to do when I can't, I don't want to do when I can."

"You must give Barbara a chance, mother," said Mr. Bennet.

"Oh, I am! I think I've kept out of things pretty well."

"Maybe *you* think so, but *I* don't," said Barbara. "You did all the dusting, besides putting away all the clothes that Mrs. Jones ironed. The camel is halfway into the tent to-day."

12. Then the crisis* came. After a week of rain and cold weather, the day was warm and sunny. Some of Barbara's friends had planned to take advantage of it by having a picnic on the creek. One of the girls telephoned to Barbara.

"Oh, but I can't go. I have a boarder, and I have to get her supper," said Barbara.

"Now, Barbara," protested her mother, "you *go*. I'll get supper. I'd really like to do it for a change."

"All right; I might as well. The boarder is gone, anyway. This is where the camel gets all the way into the tent." And Barbara turned to the telephone.

13. On Sunday morning, Barbara found by her plate an envelope containing ten dollars, and marked, "Mrs. Bennet's board money."

"I ought not to take this," she said. "I didn't earn it. Mother was only a really and truly boarder about two days."

"You earned it," replied her father. "Your plan was a good one. The only trouble with it was that you did not take your mother into account. You are not to blame for that. Through years of experience I have found that there is no accounting for mother."

—Helen H. Harrington (adapted).

Speed Test. The following topics are names of the thirteen paragraphs in this story. After reading the story through *only once,* see how *quickly* you can match the topic with its paragraph. First, write in a column the paragraph numbers, 1 to 13. Then, begin to read the story, one paragraph at a time, find its topic, and write the topic *letter* just *after* the paragraph *number.* Thus: 1.—e. How long did it take you to do this?

a. How mother could spend her vacation
b. The boarder's weekly expense
c. The first day of vacation
d. Barbara's plan
e. The Bennet family at supper
f. Plans for wash day
g. Mrs. Bennet "helping a little"
h. The pay envelope
i. Telling Aunt Mary
j. Welcoming the boarder
k. The camel story
l. The camel all the way in
m. The camel halfway in

"Lady Rebecca" (S)

This story contains 845 words. How long does it take you to read it and find out who "Lady Rebecca" was, how she got her name, what her *real* name was, and what she did that has made her name remembered? Some people think this story is a myth,* but the Standard Encyclopedia* says these incidents are "historical facts."

Pocahontas* was the daughter of a mighty Indian chief. The chief's name was Powhatan.* Powhatan and his tribe of Indians lived in Virginia many years ago. It was when the people from England first began to come to America to live. At this time, there were no other English people living in the whole United States. Wild Indians roamed through the woods and over the fields, up the mountains and down into the valleys.

Although Pocahontas was a little Indian girl, she was very beautiful. She was also kind and gentle. The Indians of her tribe all loved her. She was the idol of her proud father, King Powhatan. He loved her so much that he could not refuse her anything she asked for.

One day, when Pocahontas was about twelve years old, some of Powhatan's Indians saw a white man in the woods with a gun. They thought he was their enemy. So they caught him and were going to kill him. This man's name was Captain John Smith. He was the leader of the few white men who had come from England to live in America.

The Indians took him to the little Indian village

Find Pocahontas in the picture; also Captain John Smith.

where their chief, Powhatan, and his daughter, Pocahontas, lived. The captain pretended not to be frightened. He interested the Indians by telling them many wonderful stories. He told them about the great ocean and the people who lived beyond it. He told them about the great things his people across the ocean could do. Pocahontas listened eagerly to his stories. She thought he must be a very great man. When the Indians saw that he did not wish to harm them, they let him go.

After this, he was caught again by the Indians. They were afraid to trust him, and they decided that he must die. They brought him before their chief Powhatan. Powhatan was a tall, sour-looking old man. He sat before the fire in his wigwam.* He was dressed in a robe made of the skins of animals. Around him sat the squaws.* His Indian warriors

stood by. Their faces, arms, and necks were painted red. They had feathers in their hair, and chains of shell around their necks.

Two big stones were brought and placed on the ground in front of Powhatan. The captive was led in. They made him lie down and put his head upon the stones. They tied his hands and feet with strong cords.

"Kill him!" commanded Powhatan.

Two tall Indians raised their clubs to give the deathblow. Pocahontas saw what they were going to do. She remembered the wonderful stories he had told her. She did not want him to be killed. Quick as a flash, she rushed into the wigwam. She threw herself between the captive and the uplifted clubs of the Indians. She laid her own head upon his.

"Oh, father," she cried, "do not kill this man! He has done us no harm. We ought to be his friends."

The Indians could not strike, for they did not want to hurt Pocahontas. The old chief could not refuse his beautiful daughter. He listened to her cries to spare the captive's life. He told the warriors to untie the cords from his hands and feet, and let the white man go. The next day, the chief sent Captain John Smith to his home in Jamestown. He sent several Indians with him to keep him from harm.

After that, Pocahontas was the friend of the white man as long as she lived. Whenever they were in danger from the Indians, she would secretly let them know about it. When their food gave out, she would find a way to send them some. She was loved by both

the Indians and the white men. She helped to keep peace and friendship between them.

When Pocahontas grew to womanhood, she became a Christian. She was baptized and given the Christian name of Rebecca. She was afterwards married to a young Englishman, named John Rolfe. She was married in the little church at Jamestown, which was

In the picture find Pocahontas, John Rolfe, and the minister who is performing the marriage ceremony.

almost as rough as an Indian's wigwam. Indians and white men were both at the wedding.

Two or three years later, the Indian princess went with her husband to England. She was the first Indian to take such a voyage. Her gentle manners won the hearts of every one. She was introduced to King James, who called her Lady Rebecca, for she was a true princess, the daughter of a king. While in England, she met her old friend, Captain John Smith, who had returned to his native land.

About the time she was to sail back to America, she was taken ill and died. She left a little baby boy,

who returned to Virginia with his father. The child grew to be a fine man, and some of the best families in Virginia are proud to say that they are the descendants of the gentle Princess Pocahontas.

There is now at Jamestown a beautiful monument to the "dear and blessed Pocahontas."

Comprehension Test. Read these sentences, putting the right word where the blank is:

1. _____ was the daughter of King Powhatan.
2. _____ was caught by the Indians.
3. This was when people first came from _____ to live in _____.
4. Pocahontas saved the life of _____.
5. King James called Pocahontas _____.
6. Pocahontas married _____.
7. She died in _____.
8. There is a monument to Pocahontas in _____.

Reading Tests and Scores for the First Period

You have now completed your reading lessons for the first period of school. You are ready for your first period tests,—tests No. 3 in your "Reading Tests and Scores Pad." These tests will show you what your progress in reading has been during the past six weeks. Do your very best in these interesting tests.

In your *silent reading test,* remember that rate without comprehension is worthless. Read as quickly as you can, but be sure you understand what you read. Your rate for this period should be at least 140 words a minute. Mark your rate on the graph in the back of your reader. Your *silent reading memory test* will show how much you remember of what you have read this period.

At this time, you will also have an *oral reading test.* For this test you may choose any story you have had this period. Study it beforehand as much as you please. Practice reading it at home if you like. When your test is given, your score should show your very best effort. Give good expression, pronounce your words correctly and distinctly, read smoothly and much more *slowly* than in your silent reading.

Your score, or grade, in *memory reading* will depend on the amount of memory reading you have prepared well enough to recite in public in an interesting way without any help from anyone. You can find out what your grade will be by reading about it again on pages 37, 38.

SECOND PERIOD

Life on Pitcairn Island (S)

As you read this story, find the part which shows that the people on Pitcairn Island are clever; that they are hospitable; that they appreciate kindness; that they are religious; that they are patriotic; that they are industrious.

I. In the Early Days

Suppose this world were about two miles long, one mile wide, and five miles around it! Suppose there were only one or two hundred people living here, and they all lived in one small village! Suppose there were only forty children in all the world, and just one church school! How would you like to be one of the children to attend this school? It wouldn't be very hard to master geography, would it? You could walk all the way around the world in one day, and soon learn all the capes* and bays* on the coast.

Pitcairn Island is really just such a little world. What do the people do? The men cultivate the ground. They raise oranges, breadfruit,* yams,* and other things to eat. They also build canoes and go fishing. When two young people are married, the men of the village build a little house for them to live in.

In the first school on Pitcairn Island the children were taught "the three R's"—"reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic." They were not allowed to be absent from school. When school was out, they were taught to

help in the duties of the home, and to help their parents in the field work.

One of the favorite sports of the children was hunting birds' eggs. Sometimes they would find the nests on high, rocky cliffs. One time, a boy named Johnny was trying to get the eggs in one of these dangerous places. His foot slipped, and he fell on the rocks below. He was so badly injured that before he could be taken home, the poor boy died.

The women often help their husbands, fathers, and brothers in their outdoor work. They also do the cooking and other housework, and take care of the children. Years ago in the colder months of the year they made "native cloth."

The native cloth was not called linen, or gingham, or silk. It was called "tappa." It is made from the bark of a plant that grows on the island. This plant is called the paper mulberry. The bark is first soaked in water for some time. Then with a tool something like a mallet it is beaten and beaten until it becomes quite thin. The work of making this cloth is very slow and tiresome. Yet it was necessary to be done, because all the clothing for men, women, and children was made from it.

Did you ever see a lady wearing a silk dress that was very stiff and that rattled with every move she made? In some ways tappa cloth was something like this, for it was very stiff and noisy. After it had been washed a number of times and dried in the sun, it was not so stiff and noisy. This cloth kept out the air, so in cold weather it was quite warm. Sometimes it

was dyed a bright reddish brown. The dye was made from the sap of the candlenut tree which grows on the island. It is obtained by steeping the bark of the tree in water.

In the early days of Pitcairn Island, a woman's everyday dress was made of two pieces of tappa cloth. One piece about two yards long and one yard wide was fastened around the waist by crossing the two ends and turning them in at the waist to hold them. Another yard was thrown across the shoulders and tucked in at the waist. So you see, needles and thread were not needed.

Each woman and girl had a special frock for Sunday. The cloth for this dress was gathered in around the neck and fell loosely from the shoulders to just below the knee. Underneath the dress was a petticoat made about the same as the dress. On week days, the men and boys wore what they called their "waist cloth." On Sundays they wore their breeches, which did not reach to the knee.

Not only the people's clothing, but the bedclothes were made of tappa cloth. And *such* a *rustle* as the bedding made even from the slightest move! The noise would surely keep *you* awake if you were not used to it. But after a while it is not noticed, and this cloth really makes a very comfortable covering. Do you not think the islanders who discovered this way of making cloth were very clever?* How do you think you would make clothing for yourself if there were no store where you could buy cloth?

I once saw a native wedding dress made of tappa.

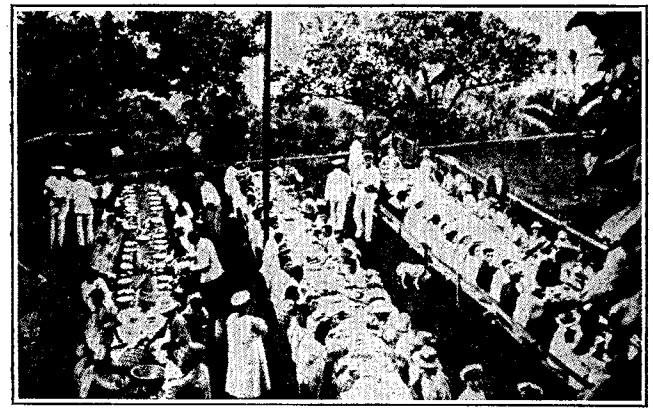
It was very fine and snowy white, and the ends of the cloth were cut into a deep fringe. I also once saw an American bride whose wedding veil was made of tappa. The bark had been so skillfully beaten that it was almost transparent.* It must have taken hours and hours to make such a beautiful piece of tappa.

II. Under the British Flag

Scarcely anything happened to disturb the quiet life of the people on Pitcairn Island except the arrival of some passing ship. In the early days it would sometimes be six or seven years or even longer between boats. But as the years came and went, and the world learned that people lived on this little speck of land, a change came.

In the year 1838, the English Queen Victoria sent the ship "Fly" on a visit to the island. The captain hoisted the flag of England on the island. Then he said, "You are now under the protection of the English flag." How happy the people were to feel that they were not alone in the world! After that, the good queen sent a ship once a year to visit the people and find out what they needed.

The London Missionary Society sent out the first missionary vessel that ever called at the island. While there, the good captain preached a sermon from that beautiful text, "My son, give Me thine heart." Before he left, he gave each family a Bible. When he returned to England, he sent the islanders a box of books, slates, and pencils, for their school. How happy the children were to receive these gifts!



This is a picnic on Pitcairn Island.

John Adams, one of the islanders, seemed like a father to the people of Pitcairn. When he first taught them to attend church, a bugle horn was used to sound the hour for the services. For years, this was used. When that wore out, one shot of a gun was fired to let the people know that it was time to go to church. Many years later, the people on board one of the ships that visited the island, gave the islanders a large bell.

Never had the beautiful, deep-toned bell rung so merrily or so long as when for the first time it lent its aid to celebrate the queen's birthday. This was on May 24, 1848. On this occasion, the women and girls decided to surprise their husbands, fathers, and brothers, so everything about the celebration was kept a secret.

They planned to dress in white. One old grandmother said that a knot of white ribbon should be worn on the left shoulder. As ribbons were not to be

had, strips of white cloth were made to do duty. They prepared food for a big dinner for the occasion. The older women agreed to take care of the babies and little children, and get the dinner. All regular work was to be laid aside, and the day was to be a real holiday.

At last, the day arrived, cloudless and beautiful. It was greeted with loud and loyal cheers from all. The men and boys enjoyed the surprise that had been planned for them. They entered heartily into the merry-making.

At that time, no one on the island knew England's national song, "God Save the Queen." But one of the men—the school-teacher—made up a song for the occasion. The last stanza was:

> "We'll fire the gun, the 'Bounty's' gun,
> And set the bell a-ringing,
> And give three cheers for England's queen,
> And three for Pitcairn Island."

This was sung heartily to a tune they all knew. It was followed by ringing cheers, repeated again and again until the hills echoed with the sound.

III. A Shipwrecked Crew

We must not think that, because the island people were so far away from the rest of the world, they thought only of themselves and their own needs. They were ever ready to share what they had with those in trouble. Many a time, a shipwrecked crew received hospitality and kindness on Pitcairn Island.

One time, a ship was wrecked while on its way home from San Francisco to Liverpool. The crew found a warm welcome on Pitcairn Island. All the people went to the beach to meet them. Every home in the little village opened its doors to help in every way it could. Soon the shipwrecked people seemed like members of the families where they sojourned.* They helped in the daily work and joined in the family worship. It was fifty-one days before they could go on their way. Then a ship going to San Francisco took them away. The crew seemed as sad to leave their island friends as the islanders were to have their guests depart.

What do you suppose these grateful men did in return for the hospitality that had been shown them? They told the people of San Francisco how kindly they had been treated. They told them how generously they had shared the small supply of their island friends. Then they asked for gifts to be sent to the island.

The generous people of San Francisco began to give. All kinds of articles poured in from every direction,—cooking dishes, tinware, cups, spoons, tin pails and wooden pails, clothing made and unmade, buttons, pins, needles, and almost every useful thing that could be thought of. The school was remembered with slates and a large supply of schoolbooks. The one island copy of an old geography was replaced by a number of others, which opened to the children a world before undreamed of. That which was a real luxury to the islanders was a good supply of flour.

And to crown all, the Mason and Hamlin Organ Company sent a beautifully toned organ.

The precious organ was lifted on the shoulders of strong men, and carried up the steep path to the little village. Nor was the heavy burden set down until they reached the little thatch-roofed church, where it was placed beside the reading table. All the people, old and young, gathered around while the good captain played, "Shall We Gather at the River?" Every voice joined in the song, and tears were in many eyes as they listened for the first time to the tones of a well-tuned instrument.

One of the ships that brought the gifts brought also many letters of gratitude from the shipwrecked men who had lately been their guests. You cannot imagine the feelings of the islanders to be so highly favored and so generously remembered. To them it had been a real pleasure to help a few of their fellow men in need. They felt that they had done only that which it was their duty to do. Shall we not pray from our hearts, "God bless and save the people on Pitcairn Island"?

Comprehension Test. Complete the following sentences:

1. Pitcairn Island is ____ miles long, ____ miles wide, and ____ miles around it.
2. It is located in the _____ Ocean.
3. _____, _____, and _____ grow on the island.
4. The native cloth is called ____. It is made from ____.
5. Once a year, _____ sent a ship to visit the island.
6. The first missionary that visited the island preached from the text, "_____."

7. Tell the story of the first celebration of Queen Victoria's birthday.
8. Tell the story of the shipwrecked crew.

The book "Pitcairn Island" is full of interesting stories. Have you ever read it?

Oral Reading

One of the most useful things to learn in school is to read in a pleasing way, so that others will enjoy listening to you. If you can read smoothly and without hesitating over your words, if you can pronounce your words clearly and correctly and without running them together, if you can read so that others can get the meaning of what you read, you can do much good.

We are told that for anyone who is to become a teacher, a minister, a Bible worker, a canvasser, or a missionary of any kind, it is necessary to learn to speak plainly and distinctly, in full, round tones.

We are also told that students "should learn to speak, not in a nervous, hurried manner, but with *slow*, *distinct*, *clear* utterance, preserving the music of the voice."

This was the way Jesus read, when He stood up to read in the synagogue. The music and power of His voice were so attractive that when He closed the book and sat down, "the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on Him."

If you speak or read in a mumbling tone, stumbling over your words, people will think you are ig-

norant, or uncultured, or else too lazy to make the effort to speak well, and they will not care to listen to you. On the other hand, nothing will more quickly recommend you and the work you are doing than speaking distinctly, and correctly, and in a calm, earnest tone. Almost anyone will enjoy listening to one who can speak or read in this way.

There are those about you to whom you could be a real blessing just by *good reading*. Think of some one living near you who is sick, or aged, or blind, and when you have learned to read some good story in a pleasing manner, visit that one and read it to him. It will make him very happy—see if it doesn't. Why not form a "Reading Club" and practice outside of school; then several go together to visit the sick? But be *sure* you can read *well* before you go.

Let us review the five things you are to remember in oral reading. They are:

1. Read in the same *tone* as you would *talk*, for this helps much to give the meaning.
2. Pronounce your words *correctly* and *distinctly*.
3. Read the words *as they are* and *without stumbling* over them.
4. Read easily and *smoothly* by seeing groups of words at one glance.
5. Read *slowly* so that those who listen can have time to think about what you are reading, and so that you can often look away from your book to your audience, and thus hold their attention.

The name of the next story is "A Boy's Hat." It is a talk between a boy named Bob and his Aunt Margery. It is a fine story for oral reading, and could be used as a dialogue. Read what Bob says as you think a boy would talk, and read what his aunt says in a sober, serious tone.

See how well you can put in practice what you have just learned about oral reading. As you read, count the things that a well-bred, courteous boy will form the *habit* of doing.

A Boy's Hat (O)

"I hunted all over the house for my hat, and where do you suppose it was all the time?—*On—my—head!*" And Bob threw himself on the rug at my feet, and laughed merrily at his absence of mind. "Why don't *you* laugh, Aunt Margery?"

"Your hair is so thick and curly, Bob dear," was my reply, after a moment's gaze into the bright eyes, "and your hat is such a light affair, that I am not surprised at your not *feeling* it on your head. But the reason I did not laugh is this: I was *shocked* at your keeping your hat on your head in the *house*—at your *habit* of doing this. A man's hat, Bob, should come off the *minute* he sets his foot inside the door."

"Don't you think, auntie," said the boy roguishly,* "that you attach a good deal of importance to trifles?"

"Maybe so," I said, "but you must remember that many things *seem* trifling that are *not* so. The uncovering of the head when indoors is a sign of deference to the mistress of the house—a sign that a boy respects his mother and sisters.

"Mother is very much mortified,"* said Bob, "if I keep my hat on in the parlor when she has company. But a fellow forgets once in a while, Aunt Margery."

"A fellow *never* forgets if he is in the *habit* of *always* doing the right thing. Once establish the *habit*, Bob, and you could no more lounge into the parlor with your hat on than you could keep your hat on in the schoolroom after the teacher had called the classes to order."

Bob gave a low, amused whistle.

"I think I see myself doing *that!*" he chuckled. "Aunt Margery, to whom should a boy lift his hat in the street?"

"To his father, of course, and to all gentlemen older than himself; and to his mother, and to all ladies of his acquaintance; to a lady, even a stranger, if she asks him to tell her the way, or if he performs any service for her."

"It's an awful bother!" remarked Bob.

"One should hardly speak of a 'bother' as being filled with awe or profound* reverence, Bob; for that is the real meaning of that much abused word, 'awful.' I suppose you meant to say that it was a *very great* bother. But, even there, you are mistaken, my dear. It is no bother, but, in fact, is done so naturally by a gentleman or a gentlemanly boy that he never thinks of the thing as a trouble. He lifts his hat automatically."*

"Au-to-mat'i-cal-ly? Isn't that a tremendous* word! I beg your pardon, auntie; I should have said, 'a very long word.' But, really, what does it mean?"

"It means this: When one does a thing one's self, so well and so easily that one has not to think about it in the doing, it is said to be done automatically."

"I see," said Bob.

"While we are talking on the subject, let me remind you of something else. A gentleman (and a boy, if well-bred, is as much a gentleman at ten as at twenty) always rises when a lady comes into the room, and waits until she has taken her seat before he resumes* his own. He gives his mother the most comfortable chair, and is at pains to place a hassock* for her feet, and to set the lamp where its light will fall pleasantly on her book. A boy who thinks of these little things is a favorite wherever he goes."

—*Harper's Young People.*

Something to Do. Write a list of all the acts of courtesy you found in the story.

Evening at the Farm (282)

Have you ever lived in the country where you could go after the cows toward evening and call them home? If you have, you will know just how to read the words of the farm boy in the last part of the first stanza of this poem, as he cheerily calls "Co', boss! co', boss! co', co', boss!" When he gets farther over the hill, his call comes *faintly* back. See if you can make your voice sound far away when you read his call.

The milkmaid says, "So, boss! so, boss! so, so, boss!" in a soothing, coaxing tone. The last stanza tells about the farm boy hearing these calls in his sleep. Make them sound *dreamy* as you read them. Try to make each line a single reading phrase. After you have learned to read it well orally, you will almost have it memorized.

1. Over the hill the farm boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand.
In the poplar tree above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing,
The early dews are falling.
Into the stone heap darts the mink,*
The swallows skim the river's brink,
And home to the woodland fly the crows
When over the hill the farm boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! Co', boss! Co', co', boss!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! Co', boss! Co', boss!"

This picture was painted by Douglass. He named it "A Jersey Family."

2. Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
The cattle come crowding through the gate.
Lowing, pushing, little and great.
About the trough, by the farmyard pump,
The frolicsome* yearlings* frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling.
The new milch heifer* is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil* eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,
"So, boss! So, boss! So, so, boss!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool
Saying, "So! so, boss! So, boss!"

3. To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long,
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock,
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock,
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm boy goes,
Singing, calling,
"Co', boss! Co', boss! Co', co', boss!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So! so, boss!"

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

Appreciation Study

Stanza 1. What made the staff and hand of the farm boy look like a giant's?

Stanza 2. Picture this stanza in your mind. Watch the cows come home. See the young cows and the old one. See the milkmaid too.

Stanza 3. Read carefully, then close your eyes and tell what you see in the picture.

Make a list of all the trees, birds, insects, and animals named in this poem, and see how many of them you know.

This will be a fine recitation for your "Reading Club."

"The Prince of Portrait Painters" (S)

As you read this story silently, find out what a portrait painter is, and the name of "The Prince of Portrait Painters." Find out also what some of his mottoes were that made him great, and what honor the king gave him.

Sir Joshua Reynolds* was a great English painter. He did not paint pictures of *animals* as Rosa Bonheur and Edwin Landseer did. He painted pictures of *people*. These pictures are called portraits.* The pictures he made were so lifelike that he has been called "The Prince of Portrait Painters." One time, he painted a portrait of a boy who was away from home. The boy sent the picture to his father. The father said, "When I first saw your picture, I almost believed it was you standing before me."

When Joshua Reynolds was a boy, he was bright and thoughtful. Whatever he did, he wanted to do well. His parents hoped that he would one day be a great man. At first, they wanted him to be a minister. Then they planned to make a doctor of him. But the thing that Joshua really loved most to do was to draw. The pictures he made when he was a little fellow were so funny that his older brothers and sisters always laughed at them. They called Joshua the clown. But he did not care. He kept on trying. At last, when he was only seven years old, he drew a picture that every one praised.

When Joshua was twelve, he began to draw portraits. He did so well, that when he was seventeen his father sent him to London to study drawing. After he began his work in London, he wrote a letter to his father.

"Father," he said, "I am the happiest creature alive." His father expected him to study in London four years. But when two years were gone, he could paint as well as his teacher, who was the best portrait painter in London. So Joshua went home.

After that, Joshua Reynolds painted portraits of some of the greatest people in England. He was kept very busy. He dearly loved children. In his studio he kept pets and playthings for them. He made them so happy that they always wanted to come to see him. Every time he drew a new picture, he said to himself, "This picture must be better than any other I have ever painted before." One of his loveliest paintings of children is one which he named "The Infant Samuel."

One time, he coaxed a little child to come in to have his picture painted. After a while, the child became tired and went to sleep. Reynolds took a

fresh canvas and drew a picture of the sleeping child. When the child moved, he drew the picture in another position. When he finished the painting, he named it "Babes in the Woods."

Joshua Reynolds would never allow anyone to excuse a failure he made by saying the *subject* was a poor one. He said there was always enough beauty in nature to make a good picture if the *artist* did his *best.* Here are some of the things he said to his students:

"Draw until you can draw as easily as you can write."
"Learn to *see* nature."
"Work morning, noon, and night."
"Excellence is the reward of labor."
"Above all things, paint from nature."

Long before Joshua Reynolds lived, if a man did a brave deed, the king would send for him. The hero would kneel before the king, who was seated on his throne of gold. The king would praise him for his bravery. Then he would give him a beautiful sword, and say, "Rise, Sir Knight."

In later years, if a man painted a wonderful picture or wrote a wonderful poem, the king would make him a knight.* This was the greatest earthly honor that could be given to a man. Joshua Reynolds was made a knight by King George III of England. Then he was called *Sir* Joshua Reynolds. When Sir Joshua Reynolds died, it was said that he had painted three thousand portraits.

Comprehension Test

1. Who is called "The Prince of Portrait Painters"?
2. How are the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds different from those of Rosa Bonheur and Edwin Landseer?
3. How do people have portraits taken now?
4. Name two of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait paintings.
5. What do you think was the secret of Sir Joshua Reynolds' success?
6. Repeat his five mottoes.
7. Why and how and by whom was a person made a knight?
8. Sir Joshua Reynolds was born in 1723 and died in 1792. How long ago did he die?

The Story of the United States Mail (S)

Read this story silently, and decide which part seems to you the most astonishing.

About a century ago, when Abraham Lincoln was a young man, he was the postmaster at his home village in Illinois. The duties of a postmaster in those days were not very great, for people did not write many letters, there were few newspapers to carry, and there was no such thing as parcel post. Besides, there were no railroads or airplanes to carry the mail.

Indeed, the mail was so small that Postmaster Lincoln often carried the post office in his hat. He would go on a trip and take the post office along with him. When anyone asked for mail, he would take off his hat and sort over what was there. He always read the newspapers before their owners asked for them. After a while, the village melted away, as Western

towns did in those days, and with it went the post office.

At one time, the "Pony Express" carried the mail to the states in the Far West. The route for these ponies and their riders began at St. Joseph, Missouri, and ended at Sacramento, California. This long distance was divided into sections. Each rider rode to certain stations and then returned to his starting point. "Buffalo Bill" was one of these "Pony Express" riders. At one time, over five hundred horses and eighty-three riders were used by the "Pony Express." We can now send a letter weighing a whole ounce for three cents; but at first it cost five dollars for each *half*-ounce of mail that the "Pony Express" carried. No wonder people in those days did not write many letters!

This is "Buffalo Bill." His real name was Colonel William Frederick Cody.

When Benjamin Franklin first thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia, many of his friends advised against it, because there was a paper published in Boston! Some of them doubted that the United States would be able to support *two* newspapers. This shows why there were but few newspapers for the mails to carry in those days.

To-day, the United States Postal System is the

biggest business in the world. One and a half million letters on an average are dropped into letter boxes every hour, day and night, throughout the year. A letter weighs only about two ounces, but every year Uncle Sam carries tens of thousands of tons of letters. Stamps and envelopes came into use only just before the Civil War. How many stamps do you suppose are now required for the letters and other things that go through the mails?—Fifteen and a half billion!—enough to reach ten times around the earth.

When Benjamin Franklin was a boy, it took six weeks to carry mail from Boston to Philadelphia. By air mail this distance is now covered in three hours and thirty-four minutes, and this includes a stop of twenty-five minutes in New York. In those days, the mail carrier ventured out only once in thirty days. Benjamin Franklin was the father of the United States Post Office. When he was Postmaster General, he arranged for *weekly* trips. Now, this trip is made every day by air and several times a day by rail.

When the first railroad tracks were laid, there was a request for night trains, that mail might be carried more quickly. Railroad men were horrified at the thought of running their trains in the *dark!* They said it would not be safe. But "fast mail trains" at night soon came into use, with as much safety as day trains.

Now almost every kind of conveyance is used to carry the mail—railroads, steamboats, automobiles, airplanes, motor cycles, and in the arctic region the sled drawn by dogs.

Up in Alaska an old railroad runs to a mining camp. The mail man hitches his dogs to a hand car and scoots up the side of the mountain to this camp with the mail. This is called a "dog car."

In the year 1918, the first air mail was carried. Five years later, mail was first carried by air across the continent from New York to San Francisco, a distance of three thousand miles. Air mail now leaves New York City just before noon and arrives in Chicago at sundown. From Chicago another pilot* takes the mail, travels all night, and reaches Cheyenne,* Wyoming, at dawn. From Cheyenne another plane and another pilot carry the mail on the wings of the wind over the Rockies and down to the Golden Gate before the sun again reaches the horizon. It takes twenty-eight hours to make the trip, and millions of letters are now carried in this way.

To keep this immense business going, hundreds of thousands of men and women are employed. Besides people, this vast business requires supplies. Three hundred tons of writing paper are used every year by the United States Postal System. To write on this paper and to fill the thirsty ink bottles require millions of pens and lead pencils, and seventy thousand quarts of ink.

Comprehension Test

1. What were Postmaster Lincoln's duties?
2. What was the "Pony Express"? Who was one of the first "Pony Express" riders? What else do you know about him?
3. Why was the postal business small in those early days?

4. How does this business to-day compare with its beginning?
5. How did trainmen feel about running night trains?
6. Name the different ways of carrying mail.
7. Where is a "dog car" used? What is it like?
8. When did mail begin to be carried by airplane?
9. How long does it take "the wings of the wind" to carry mail from New York to San Francisco?
10. How much material is used every year in writing letters? Write in figures the number that tells how many stamps are used.

Pronunciation Drill, No. 1[1]

The Bible says: "So they read in the book of the law of God *distinctly,* and gave the *sense,* and caused them to *understand* the reading." Nehemiah 8:8.

This is the right way to read to others. If we do not read "distinctly," we shall often fail to give "the sense," and people who listen will not "understand the reading." Here are a few sentences that show how the "sense" may be destroyed by indistinct reading. Practice reading them until you can give "the sense." Be careful to read "Did you" distinctly. Do not run words together.

1. Did you say "an ice house" or "a nice house"?
2. Did you say "ice cream" or "I scream"?
3. Did you say "some ice cream" or "some mice scream"?
4. Did you say "I see some ice" or "I see some mice"?
5. Did you say "let all men sing" or "let tall men sing"?
6. Did you say "he was killed in war" or "he was skilled in war"?

[1] TO THE TEACHER: This is the first of a series of pronunciation drills. To make them worth while, they should be sharp and clear. Repeat any one or all of them as frequently as needed during the year to *get results.* Grades five to eight may take them together, or pupils may be divided into divisions according to their individual needs.

7. Did you say "will he attempt to conceal his acts" or "will he attempt to conceal his ax"?

8. Did you say "the man had oars to row her over" or "the man had doors to roar over"?

9. Did you say "the battle lasts till night" or "the battle last still night"?

10. Did you say "can there be an aim more lofty?" or "can there be a name more lofty?"

11. Did you say "the judges ought to arrest the culprits" or "the judges sought to arrest the culprits"?

12. Did you say "I cannot see at all" or "I cannot see a tall"?

13. Did you say "he can debate on neither" or "he can debate on either"?

14. Did you say "whoever saw such an ocean?" or "whoever saw such a notion?"

15. Did you say "he can pain nobody" or "he can pay nobody"?

16. Did you say "the goods are not at all satisfactory" or "the goods are not a tall satisfactory"?

17. Did you say "the spirit sigh" or "the spirit's eye" or "the spirits sigh"? I said "the spirit's eye," not "the spirit sigh" nor "the spirits sigh."

My Mother's Hands (136)

1. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
   They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
   That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue*
   A *sculptor's** *dream* might be;
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
   Most beautiful to me!

2. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
   Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on
   That children might be clad.*
I often weep, as, looking back
   To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
   When mine were at their play.

3. But, oh, beyond the shadow lands,
   Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
   Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams, through endless years,
   Flow over golden sands,
And where the old are young again,
   I'll clasp my mother's hands.

—*Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates*

Appreciation Study

1. What part of this poem do you like best? Why?
2. What should these stanzas teach us?
3. What picture does the last stanza give you?

The Boy Who Was Called (0)

"John! *John!*"

It was a pleasant voice that called, but it did not make John *feel* pleasant. He was standing, bat in hand, ready for Jimmy Butler to throw the ball. Jimmy dropped his arm.

"Your mother is calling you, John," he said.

John was pretending not to hear. Jimmy threw the ball. John struck wildly and missed.

"John! O *John!*" called the pleasant voice again.

"You better go," suggested Jimmy.

John threw the bat down as hard as he could throw it, and started up the hill, not very fast, I am sorry to say. He kicked viciously* every stick and stone he passed. It was not at all a nice way to act.

His mother was still standing on the back veranda when John reached the house. He knew she was there, though he did not look straight at her.

"Well," he demanded in a very disagreeable tone, "what do you want?"

All John could think of that his mother might want him for was to weed the garden, or help with the dishes, or go on some far-off errand—and on this hot afternoon! Somehow, while he was playing, he had not realized how hot it was.

Mother did not answer. She looked at John. And pretty soon John *had* to look at *her*. There was a strange light in her eyes which puzzled John.

"You know the bicycle you have been saving up for so long?" she said.

"Yes," John answered, his voice wavering between annoyance and interest.

"How much more will you need?"

"Two dollars and a half," he answered, his tone changing still more. He wondered just where these questions were leading.

"Well, your father unexpectedly received five dollars this morning, and he gave it to me. I wanted to

divide with you, John. I thought maybe it would make enough to buy the bicycle; and I couldn't wait to tell you. I just *had* to call you."

John was so ashamed of the way he had acted that he did not know how to thank his mother. It made him feel so small and mean that if he could have found a little angleworm hole somewhere, he thought it would be plenty large enough for him to crawl into. And he certainly *felt* like hiding himself.

John is a grown man now, but he never forgets how he tried to make himself think he did not hear his mother's voice calling him. He says he has learned to hear better since those days. Many times a voice, not his mother's, calls him, not from the back veranda, but from deep down in his heart, "John!" And sometimes when that voice calls, he is "playing" and does not want to answer, or sometimes he is working and does not want to stop. Then he thinks how ashamed he was when he did not answer his mother cheerfully, and he answers God's voice at once and gladly. He has learned that when a boy answers his mother and God promptly when they call, he always finds happier things than he could have found, or even thought, for himself.

—*Southern Cross (adapted).*

Thought Questions

1. What is there about John that you like? that you do not like? Did you ever know a boy anything like John?
2. How does God's voice speak to us?
3. Can you think of any reason why we should obey our parents other than because of the fifth commandment?

How God Chose Israel's First King (S)

Read this story and the next one after you have studied in your Bible lessons the lesson entitled "Saul, the First King."

"To-morrow about this time I will send thee a man out of the land of Benjamin, and thou shalt anoint him to be captain over My people Israel."

These were the words that God whispered one day in the ear of Samuel.

The people of Israel had demanded that Samuel give them a king. God had told Samuel to grant their request. But Samuel did not know where to get a king. Now God promises to send to him at that same hour on the following day the very one whom he is to anoint king.

Samuel hastened to prepare for this great occasion. He made a special feast which was to be held in Ramah. To the feast he invited about thirty of the chief men of the place. He saved the seat of honor for the one whom God had promised to send to be the anointed king. He told the cook to set aside the shoulder of the sacrifice for the distinguished guest whom he was expecting.

Finally, the hour came for the feast. Samuel went to meet his expected guest. But Samuel had never seen Saul. And Saul had never seen Samuel. How would Samuel recognize his guest? Samuel did not know. But God knew. On he went. But he saw no stranger. Did he begin to disbelieve God and turn back? Oh, no! for God had promised, "To-morrow

about this time I will send thee a man." So Samuel went on.

At last, just as he reached the outskirts of the city, he saw two strangers coming. One of them was a tall, handsome young man. Samuel had never before seen such a noble-looking youth in all Israel.

"Behold the man whom I spake to thee of!" the Lord whispered to Samuel. "This same shall reign over My people."

Saul came near to Samuel in the gate.

"Tell me, I pray thee, where the seer's* house is," he said.

"I am the seer," Samuel answered. "Go up before me into the high place; for ye shall eat with me to-day, and to-morrow I will let thee go, and will tell thee all that is in thine heart. . . . And on whom is all the desire of Israel? Is it not on thee, and on all thy father's house?"

Saul was amazed. He knew not what to say. He could not understand why *he* should be chosen king.

"Am not I a Benjamite, of the smallest of the tribes of Israel? and my family the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin?" he asked. "Wherefore then speakest thou so to me?"

Samuel answered by taking Saul and his servant to the parlor where the feast was spread. The other guests had already arrived. He gave Saul the seat of honor.

"Bring the portion which I gave thee, of which I said unto thee, 'Set it by thee,' " Samuel said to the cook.

The cook brought the shoulder, and set it before Saul. This was the same as saying, "God has called you to put your shoulder to the wheel and lift the load that a king must carry." All the other guests understood.

"Behold that which has been kept for thee, and eat," said Samuel to Saul, "for unto this time hath it been kept for thee since I said, I have invited the people."

So Saul did eat with Samuel that day.

After the feast was over, Saul went home with Samuel. They spent the evening talking together upon the flat roof of the house where they could be alone. Doubtless Samuel told the young man all that God had told him about the duties and burdens of a king.

At daybreak the next morning, Samuel went with Saul and his servant to the gate of the city. There he sent the servant on ahead. In the quiet of the early morning, just as the sun was rising above the hills, with no eye but God's to behold, Samuel took a vial* of oil, and poured it upon the head of the first king of Israel. Then that noble prophet kissed the new ruler, and Saul departed.

—1 Samuel 9:15-27; 10:1.

Thought Questions

1. What three things show Samuel's faith in God's word?
2. How did the people understand that Saul was to be their king?
3. What shows Saul's humility?
4. What shows Samuel's noble character?

How King Saul Conquered His First Enemies (S)

When Saul was made king of Israel, there were a large number who were not satisfied with the Lord's choice. These were called children of Belial, which really means children of Satan. They were displeased because a king was chosen from the very smallest of the tribes. They thought a king should come from one of the larger and more powerful tribes, such as Judah or Ephraim.

"How shall *this* man save us?" they sneered.

In those days, it was the custom for people to bring presents to their king. In this way they showed their loyalty. It was their way of saying, "You can depend on us to be your faithful subjects." These children of Belial despised Saul, and refused to bring him presents.

Saul noticed the insult which they had shown him. But the Spirit of God was in his heart, and he paid no attention to it. The Bible says he was as though he had been deaf. He knew that he belonged to the smallest tribe. He knew that his family was the least in all the tribe of Benjamin. He did not want to compel anyone to give him the honor due a king. So he went quietly back to his home in Gibeah, and took up his duties on the farm. He left the whole matter with the Lord. And the Lord gave him the hearts of the people in a most wonderful way.

Very unexpectedly one day, the Ammonites made war against Jabesh, the chief city of Gilead, east of

the Jordan River. The tribes of Gad, and Reuben, and the half tribe of Manasseh lived in this country. When the Ammonites came against the chief city, Jabesh, it was about the same as making war against these three tribes of Israel. The men of Jabesh were terrified. They knew not what to do.

"Make a covenant with us, and we will serve thee," they said at last to Nahash, the leader of the Ammonites.

"On this condition will I make a covenant with you," Nahash roughly answered, "that I may thrust out all your right eyes." In this way Nahash intended to make it impossible for Israel ever to give trouble to the Ammonites.

"Give us seven days' respite,* that we may send messengers unto all the coasts of Israel: and then, if there be no man to save us, we will come out to thee," answered Jabesh.

Immediately, the men of Jabesh sent messengers to Saul in Gibeah. They told the people what the Ammonites were planning to do. The people who heard the message were terrified. Every one wept.

At night, when Saul came in from his work in the field, he heard the wail of the people.

"What aileth the people that they weep?" he asked.

When the messenger told Saul how the Ammonites had reproached all Israel, the Spirit of the Lord came upon him as it did upon David when Goliath reproached Israel. He killed a yoke of oxen, cut them in pieces, and sent the pieces throughout Israel.

"Whosoever cometh not forth after Saul and after

Samuel, so shall it be done unto *his* oxen," was the message he sent to the tribes.

Three hundred thirty thousand men answered this call to war. They gathered together on the plain of Bezek, about a day's march from Jabesh.

Anxiously Jabesh watched the days of respite as one by one they passed and the messengers did not return. Would no help come? Must they sacrifice their eyes to the heathen Ammonites? The sixth day came, and with it came the messengers.

"To-morrow, by that time the sun be hot, ye shall have help," they said.

"To-morrow" was the last of the seven days' respite that Nahash had given Jabesh. When the people of Jabesh heard that help was coming, they rejoiced greatly. But they said nothing to Nahash about the help that was coming.

"To-morrow," they said to Nahash, "we will come out unto you, and ye shall do with us all that seemeth good unto you."

Nahash and his army took this as the word of surrender.* They felt sure of victory. On the morrow they would put out every right eye in Jabesh, and thus forever prevent Israel from attacking them. When night drew on, they lay down to sleep without a feeling of fear or anxiety.

Quickly Saul organized his large army. No one thought of sleep. They started at once for Jabesh. All night they marched. They crossed the Jordan. Then Saul divided his men into three companies. "In the morning watch," between three and six o'clock,

they surrounded and surprised the sleeping Ammonites. The battle lasted until the sun was hot. Many of the Ammonites were slain. The rest were so scattered that two of them were not left together. It was a complete victory for Israel, and the men of Jabesh were safe. The people were so grateful that Saul had saved them that everywhere they greeted him as their king.

"Who is he that said, 'Shall Saul reign over us?' " they asked. "Bring the men, that we may put them to death."

But Saul had no desire for revenge.* He had only a spirit of love and forgiveness toward those who had been his enemies. He knew that it was the Lord, and not his own skill, that had saved Israel.

"There shall not a man be put to death this day," he said, "for to-day the Lord hath wrought salvation in Israel."

The good prophet Samuel now saw a chance to bring peace and union into the kingdom.

"Come, and let us go to Gilgal," he said to the people, "and renew the kingdom there."

So all the people went to Gilgal, and made Saul king. And there Saul and all the men of Israel rejoiced greatly. The children of Belial had been completely won.

Forty years after this event, Saul and his sons were slain on the field of battle, and their bodies were left to be devoured by birds of prey. Although in his later years Saul had departed from God, yet when the men of Jabesh heard of his death, they were

stricken with grief. With grateful hearts they remembered how he had marched all night to save *them* from a fearful fate. They felt that they owed him a debt of love and gratitude. They set out for the now deserted field of battle. All night they traveled. They found the bodies of their benefactor* and his sons, and brought them to Jabesh. Here with tender, pitying hands they gave them an honorable burial under a beautiful tree. Then with becoming respect they fasted seven days.

—1 Samuel 10:26, 27; 11:1-15; 31:11-13.

Thought Questions

1. How did Saul obey the command in Romans 12:21?

2. Could Saul have *compelled* the men of Belial to serve him as their king? What proves that God's way was best?

3. How did Saul show his faith in God's power to work things out for him?

4. Was it right for Jabesh to show respect for Saul, a king whom God had rejected? Find out by reading the last paragraph in chapter 66 of "Patriarchs and Prophets."

Pronunciation Drill No. 2

We should be careful not to omit a sound or a syllable from a word. Practice pronouncing the following words correctly:

interesting (not int'resting)
history (not hist'ry)
every (not ev'ry)
suppose (not s'pose)
perhaps (not p'raps)
arithmetic (not 'rithmetic)
company (not comp'ny)
believe (not b'lieve)
geography (not g'og'aphy)