

THE  
SIGHT READER

SUPPLEMENTAL READING FOR BEGINNERS

PREPARED BY

EXPERT PRIMARY TEACHERS



NEW YORK

SHELDON AND COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO BOSTON

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TYPOGRAPHY BY J. S. CUSHING & CO., NORWOOD, MASS.

## TO TEACHERS.

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As its title would suggest, this little book is to be read by pupils at sight, — that is, without formal study or preparation. Its vocabulary is confined strictly to the words that are used in the First Book of the Progressive Course in Reading. It is, therefore, a genuine and carefully graded *Supplemental* First Reader.

THIS SIGHT READER affords the teacher a convenient means of testing the pupil's ability to recognize the words of his First Reader in new relations; and its use will stimulate and encourage every member of the class, because its pages can be read *at sight*.

The excellent pictures which are found at the beginning of each Section are not intended to illustrate the text, — they are designed to afford material for oral or written language work, and for this purpose the ingenious teacher will find them of the highest utility.

In the use of the SIGHT READER, two plans are suggested: —

*First:* That it be taken up and read throughout by pupils who have completed any regular First Reader.

*Second:* That enough copies to supply a class be placed in charge of the teacher, who will direct the reading of the several sections from time to time as pupils advance in their regular First Reader.

Teachers who are following the latter plan and using the Progressive Course in Reading as a regular text, would do well to note these directions: —

Complete First Reader to page 30, then read Section I.						
“ “ “ “	40,	“	“	II.		
“ “ “ “	50,	“	“	III.		
“ “ “ “	60,	“	“	IV.		
“ “ “ “	70,	“	“	V.		
“ “ “ “	90,	“	“	VI.		
“ “ “ “	100,	“	“	VII.		
“ “ “ “	110,	“	“	VIII.		
“ “ “ “	120,	“	“	IX.		
Complete First Reader, then read				“	X.	



NOTE TO TEACHERS. — Require the pupils to tell in their own language the story of each picture. Before finishing the book they will be able to *write* short stories describing the pictures.

# THE SIGHT READER.



## SECTION I.

### YOU AND I.

Can you write?

Yes; I can write on my slate.

Can you read?

Yes; I can read in this book.

Can you run?

Yes; I can run and play.

Can you play ball?

O yes; I like to play ball.

Have you a ball?

Yes; I have one. This is it. Will you play with me?

Yes; I like to play ball with you.

## ACTION LESSON.

Find a ball.

Roll the ball to a boy.

Find a ripe apple.

Roll the apple to a girl.

Find a new book.

Read a line in it.

Find a slate and pencil.

Mark on the slate with a pencil.

Can you find an oak leaf?

Can you draw it on paper?

Can you draw a maple leaf?

Find a pretty red leaf.

Tell me its name.

Shall I throw the ball to you?

No; roll it to me.

TO TEACHERS. — In this and similar lessons, require the pupils to “suit the action to the word.” This exercise will test the pupil’s power of gathering thought from the printed page.

## FRED AND MAY.

Fred is a boy.

May is a girl.

Fred and May like to play.

Fred will play ball.

He plays with the boys.

May plays with the girls.

She has a pretty doll to play with.

Fred can throw a ball to May.

May can roll an apple to Fred.

Fred can write on a slate.

He can read in a book.

May has a new book.

She can read in it.

May can write on paper.

She will write a line, and Fred will read it.

Hear Fred read the line.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

See the boys. See the girls.

Boys and girls like to play.

Girls like to play with dolls.

Boys like to play ball.

One girl has a new doll.

She will play with her pretty new doll.

One boy has a ball. He will throw it to  
you. Can you throw a ball?

Boys and girls like to read and write.

One girl has a pencil. She will write  
with it.

The girl will write on a slate.

One boy has a book. He can read in it.

The boy has a lead pencil.

He can write on paper with it.

The paper is white. The pencil makes a  
black mark.



LEAVES.

I found a maple leaf.

It is a pretty red one.

I have a book. It has leaves in it.

The leaves in my book are white.

I found this oak leaf.

See me draw it. I will draw it with my  
lead pencil.

I will draw an oak leaf and write a  
name. Can you read it?

Oak leaves and maple leaves are pretty.

Can you find a pretty leaf?

Can you tell me its name?

Yes; I can tell its name, and I can write it.

See me write its name.

This is a maple leaf.

Shall I find you a pretty oak leaf?



## SECTION II.

### APPLES AND BALLS.

Can you get me an apple?

Yes; I can get one for you. Here it is.

Is it a good ripe one?

O yes. See! It is soft.

Are balls like apples?

Yes; balls and apples are round.

I can roll a ball, and I can roll an apple.

Have you a ball at home?

Yes; I have a good soft one.

Will you come to my home? We can play ball.

Will you come and play with me?

ACTION LESSON.

Run to the door. Close it.

Find two balls. Hold them up.

Throw one ball to a boy.

Roll one to a little girl.

Pick up the sticks. Be quick.

Lay two sticks on three sticks.

Three sticks and two sticks are five sticks.

Two and two are four.

Get a slate. Get a pencil.

Write a line on the slate.

Let some girl read it.

Find a knife. Is it sharp?

Tell what you can do with a knife.

Can you sharpen a pencil?

Find a ripe apple. Cut it.

Let me see the seeds.

Are the seeds in a ripe apple white?

THE OLD HEN.

We have a black hen at home. She has  
a nest.

When I go home, I shall go to the nest.  
I may find eggs in it.

What are eggs good for?

A hen has two feet. She has claws on  
her feet. What are the claws for?

The old hen says, "Cluck, cluck."

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A BIRD.

I see you, little bird.

Do you see me?

You have a pretty nest.

You made the nest.

I can not make one like it.

Have you eggs in the nest?

Let me see, little bird.

I will not get them.

## A CAT AND KITTEN.

See the cat and the kitten.

The old cat is fat.

The little kitten is pretty.

I like to play with them.

The old cat will let you pat her.

She will play with you.

It is good fun to see her and the little kitten play.

They roll a ball. They play with the leaves.

A cat has four feet.

Her feet are soft, and her claws are sharp.

Can you tell me why?

When the cat sees a rat, she runs at it.

Run, big rat, run!

The old cat has sharp claws, and she may get you.

MABEL.

Mabel is a little girl.  
She has a pretty doll.  
Have you seen Mabel and her doll?

The doll has a green dress.  
Mabel made it for her.  
She made a new hat for her doll.  
The hat is red.

Mabel says:  
Will you come home with me?  
We will see the bird and its nest.  
The nest has two eggs in it.

We can find some pretty leaves.  
You may get oak leaves.  
I will get some maple leaves.

Do you like to read?  
I have a new book at home.  
You and I can read in it.





### SECTION III.

#### FRED AND SPOT.

Did you see the boy and the dog?

The boy's name is Fred. The dog's name is Spot.

Fred is a good boy, and Spot is a good dog.

Fred has two feet. Spot has four feet.

Fred says he likes to play with Spot. I think Spot likes to play with Fred. They play ball.

Fred hits the ball with a bat, and Spot runs to get it.

It is good fun to see Spot catch a ball. How do you think he can do it?

Fred has a pole, and a hook and line. He likes to go to the pond to fish.

Can you tell what Fred puts on the hook?

Some fish are big and some are little.

Do you think Fred will catch a big fish?

Fish have fins; they swim with them. I like to see a goldfish swim, Goldfish are pretty.

One day Fred and Spot saw a big frog on an old log.

A frog has four feet; it can swim; it swims with its feet.

A frog can not run like a dog; it can hop and swim.

When Fred saw the frog, he said, "I see you, big frog. Will you let me catch you?"

"O no," said the frog; "I will not let you catch me. I will hop into the pond."

"Well," said Fred, "if you hop into the pond, Spot and I will go home. Good-by, big frog."

OUR COW.

We have a red cow at home. Her name is Fan.

Fan is a good cow. She gives us good sweet milk.

If I go up to Fan, she will not hook me; she will let me pat her.

We make butter from Fan's milk. I can tell you what butter is good for.

Butter is good to put on bread. You like bread and butter, do you not?

I will get some bread and butter when I go home. If you will come home with me, I will give you some.

Will you come with me? We shall see old Fan and my pets.

I have two pets. I have a little dog and a pretty kitten. It is good fun to play with them. We shall see Ned milk old Fan.

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

One day a fox found a hen on her nest.

“Little hen,” said the fox, “you are a pretty bird. Do you make your home in this box?”

“Yes; this big box is my home,” said the hen.

“Do you like your home?”

“O yes; this is a good home for me.”

“What have you in your nest, little hen?”

“I have ten white eggs in it. Some day I shall have some little chicks in it.”

“Will you let me see your eggs?”

“You may see them if you come into the box.”

“How can I get in, little hen?”

“Go and find the dog; he may let you in; old Spot is a good dog.”

“Have you a dog here?”

“O yes; and I think I hear old Spot now.”

“Little hen, my home is out in the woods. Will you come and see me some day?”

“No, no, old fox; I shall not go to see you. I shall let Spot go. He may find you some day.”

“Good day, little hen. I will not let Spot see me.”

So the old fox ran off to the woods.

One day Fred and Spot were out in the woods. They saw the fox. The fox ran, and Spot ran.

Do you think Spot got the fox?

No, he did not. The old fox is sly. When he saw them, he made off, and Spot did not catch him.

Do you think a fox is like a dog? If you think so, you may tell why.



SECTION IV.

AT THE OAK.

There is a tall oak in the field.

It has green leaves on it.

See this little cup. I found it.

Did it fall from the oak?

Yes; I think it did.

It is a pretty little cup!

Yes; but it is too small to drink from.

Did you look up in the oak?

What did you see there?

I saw a pretty bird.

What can a bird do?

It can sing and make a nest.

I can sing; but I can not sing like a  
bird.

MABEL'S TUB.

Is this your small tub, Mabel?

Yes; this is my little red tub.

Did your Grandpa give it to you?

Yes; he did. I like to play with it.

Will the tub hold water?

O yes; this is a good tub.

Let us put some water into it.

That will be fun, but you must not wet  
your dress.

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A SUNFLOWER.

There is a pretty sunflower out in the  
field.

It has green leaves and a round cup.

The cup has seeds in it. The seeds are  
small. The birds like to eat them.

Can you find a pretty sunflower?

Can you get one for me?



AT THE POND.

Is that Ned at the pond?

Yes; and our pup is there, too.

The pup's name is Spot.

That is a good name for him.

Can you tell why we call him Spot?

Ned has come down to see the ducks.

He likes to see them swim.

There are many ducks in the pond.

They all have webfeet.

That is why they can swim so well.

The pup can swim, too.

Should you like to see him jump into the water?

“Spot, Spot,” says Fred, “you must not run at the ducks. You must not drive them off.”

Ned fed the ducks. Can you tell what they like to eat?

A STICK OF CHALK.

I have a stick of chalk.

I can write or draw with it.

I can draw a straight line.

Some chalk is red; this is white.

I do not write on my slate with chalk;  
I use a pencil.

You write a line, and I will read it.

See how well you can write. You must  
write as well as you can.

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A CALF.

See this pretty calf. It has a white face.

A calf has four feet. It likes to run and  
jump and play.

I should like to have this calf for a  
pet. If I had it, I should give it some  
milk to drink.

I like to drink milk. Do you?

THREE BOYS.

Frank, Ned, and Joe are little boys.

They all like to go home with Grandpa. They have a good time there.

They look at the old hen and her chicks. They like to go to the barn and find the eggs.

They go to see the cows and the little calf down in the field.

Joe thinks he would like to have the little calf for a pet.

One day they saw some frogs down at the pond. Frogs can swim well. They can jump well, too.

A boy can not jump as well as a frog.

Frank and Ned play seesaw. You may tell me how to make a seesaw.

Joe says he would like some bread and milk. Would you like some, too?

JOE AND MABEL.

Joe has come to play with Mabel. He has a pretty, red box.

There are many things in his box. There is a knife, a top, a pencil, and a ball in it.

“See my knife,” says Joe. “Shall I sharpen your pencil, Mabel?”

“Yes,” says Mabel; “I would like to have you sharpen it.”

“Here is your pencil. It is good and sharp now.”

“Thank you,” says Mabel; “now I can write well.”

“See my new top, Mabel. Do you like to play with a top?”

“No; but I like to play ball.”

“Can you catch a ball?”

“Yes, I can. Throw the ball to me and see how well I can catch it.”

THE HEN AND CHICKS.

One day Grandpa let Fred and May go out to the old wall. They saw a white hen and her chicks there.

“Some of the chicks are white, and some are black,” said Fred.

“Yes,” said May; “I see one, two, three, four white chicks. How many chicks are there in all?”

“I see six black ones. Six chicks and four chicks are ten chicks. So there are ten chicks in all.”

“Can the old hen talk to her chicks?”

“Yes; when she finds a seed she says, ‘Cluck, cluck!’”

“What do the chicks do?”

“They run to the old hen. She means, ‘Come quick! Pick it up!’”

“What pretty little things chicks are! I would like to have some for pets.”



## SECTION V.

### AT SCHOOL.

I go to school. Our school is not in a town. It is not far from the woods.

The boys and girls all sit in one room. We have good times.

I go to school at nine. We read and write. We draw, and do many things.

At noon we eat our bread and butter and apples. What good fun we have!

Some of the big boys have sleds. When there is snow on the ground, they go up the hill.

You should see them go down! I think they fly.

As soon as school is out, all the boys and girls walk home.

WHAT BIRDS DO.

What can a lark do?

A lark can fly and sing.

Can all birds sing?

No; many birds can not sing.

What can a crow do?

He can not sing, but he can say,

“Caw, caw!” as he flies away.

What can a duck do?

A duck can fly and swim. A duck says,  
“Quack, quack!”

What can hens do?

Hens lay eggs. When an old hen has  
chicks, she says, “Cluck, cluck!”

Do the little chicks know what the old  
hen means?

I think they do. When they hear her  
say, “Cluck, cluck!” they run to her.



SOME MICE.

Some little mice live in a house. An old cat lives there, too.

The mice come out of their holes to look for bread or cheese. The cat will catch them if she can.

The old cat is sly. She has soft feet and sharp claws. She is very quick.

The mice can hear well, and they are sly, too.

If they hear the cat, they are off for their holes. How they run!

Their holes are small. The mice can run into them, and the cat can not get them there.

Little mice, you must look out for the cat. Do not let her catch you.

Some mice are white. Some boys keep white mice for pets. Do you think they would make nice pets?

WHAT ONE BOY SAW.

As I came to school, I saw many things.  
I will tell you of some of them.

I saw the sun. I said to the sun, "I  
am glad to see you, big sun.

"Your face is large and round. You  
look down on us all the day."

As I came by, I saw a brook. There  
were little fish in it. I saw them swim.

The water in the brook runs all day.  
Will it never all run away?

I saw a little squirrel. It was very pretty.  
How it did run! It ran into a hole in  
the ground.

I think its home is there. You know  
some squirrels live in the ground.

One day I found some nuts in a hole in  
a log. I think a squirrel put them there  
for winter.

IDA AND MARY.

Ida and Mary are two little girls. They go to school.

One day at noon Ida went home with Mary.

Mary said to her mamma, "May I get my hoop and play with Ida?"

Her mamma said, "Yes, you may."

So away went the girls with their hoops. They had good fun with their hoops. You should see how well they roll them.

They did not play too long. They were back in good time for school.

One day Mary went to see Ida. She took her new doll with her.

Ida said she was glad to see Mary, and glad to see her new doll.

When Mary was ready to go home, she said, "Good by, Ida. Come and see me soon."



## SECTION VI.

### JACK FROST.

Did you ever see Jack Frost?

He is a painter. He comes to see us in the fall and leaves in the spring.

In the fall he painted all the leaves in the woods. Sometimes in the winter he paints pictures on our windows.

I do not think he sleeps at night. In the morning you may see his work on the windows.

He thinks it a good joke to put the brook to sleep. He drives some of the birds away to the south.

One morning he bit my ears and then ran away. He thinks that was a good joke on me, but I do not.

Did Jack Frost ever play a joke on you?

DOLL DAY.

This is doll day. All the girls have their dolls at school.

May has a boy doll that she calls Ned. Mary has one that she calls Fred.

These girls are friends and dress their dolls alike.

May and Mary play they are the dolls' mamas. They have good fun.

Every girl in school has a doll, and some have two or three.

Do you think the boys would like to have dolls?

I think they would. They may hold ours if they like.

We are glad to have a doll day. It is a merry day for us.

Have you ever had a doll day at your school? Which girl do you think had the nicest doll?

MR. FROG.

Hop, Mr. Frog, hop and jump. Hop to me when I say three.

Are you ready? One, two, three. I can hop, too. See me.

I must hop to school. I like to go to school, and I like to play in the grass.

The grass is green, little frog, and so are you.

I go to school every day in that pretty house on the hill. Is your school in the pond?

Do you go to school in the winter, or do you stay in your hole in the ground and sleep?

Good-by, Mr. Frog; I must be off to school. Many little boys and girls go to my school.

Do little frogs go to school, too? Good-by, Mr. Frog, good-by.

IN THE SPRING.

The children are looking for spring.

They walk out every morning. By the brook and in the fields they find many things that tell them that spring is here.

The south wind and warm sun took the hoods off the buds. The little green leaves are seen now. The buds are getting larger every day.

The birds sing in the trees. They look for sticks and mud to make nests.

The ground has put on its bright green dress.

The merry brook sings and runs fast every minute from morning till night.

Grandpa has put his sleigh away in the barn, and Jack Frost has said good-by till next winter.

I am glad spring has come. Are you?



IN THE FALL.

Pretty tree, fall has come, and you must say good-bye to your leaves. The wind calls to the leaves, and tells them it is time to go.

I hear the wind calling them away. I hear it, but I can not see it.

Are you ready to have them go, pretty tree? You will have a good sleep when your children are gone.

When spring comes, new green leaves will make you glad.

The cold wind will drive some of the fine birds away, too.

It tells them to fly to the South where it will be warm all winter.

They will stay away all winter, and then come back to tell us that spring is here.

How do the birds know when to come back? Can you tell?



## SECTION VII.

### TWO GOOD FRIENDS.

“Where do you go so fast?” said a little white dog to a big black cat.

“I am going to the butcher’s to get some meat for my kitten,” said the cat.

“I should like some, too,” said the little dog. “I have had no food to-day.”

“Come with me then, and we will get some,” said the cat.

“Where do you live?” said the dog.

“I live in a large barn, where it is very warm and nice.”

“May I go home with you?” said the dog. “I have no home.”

“O yes,” said the cat, “and you shall see my kitten.”

So they ran away to the barn, and soon they were very good friends.

THE BIRDS' LITTLE FRIEND.

One day Mary said to her aunt, "May I throw out some bread for the birds?"

"Yes," said her aunt, "and cut the bread into little bits so that the birds can pick it up."

Mary did so. She had a happy time looking at the many little birds as they would find and eat the bread.

"May I give them something to make nests with, too?" she said to her aunt.

Her aunt said she might, and the little girl ran for some small bits of cloth.

The birds were glad to get the bits of cloth. Two of them made a nest in a tree not far from Mary's window.

Mary could sit at the window and look into the nest. By and by there were four little birds in the nest.

MRS. MOON.

How do you do, Mrs. Moon?

My name is Little May. My mamma's name is May, too; but I am not so big as she is.

I like to look at you, Mrs. Moon. Sometimes I talk with you when my mamma puts me to bed.

Some nights you are gone, and then I can not see you. Did you go to bed early last night?

Sometimes I see the little stars. Are they your children? They look very bright, I think.

If they are your children, you let them stay up very late.

Mrs. Moon, where do you go when it is day? Does Mr. Sun drive you away?

Good-by, dear Moon and little stars. I must go to sleep now.

## THE SCHOOL CLOCK.

Twelve hours lived on a clock in a bright, pretty schoolroom. Some were large and some were quite small.

One O'clock was the most timid and smallest of them all. What he said was said quickly.

When Twelve O'clock, the largest of them all, said his name, it took him quite a long time to say it.

The good children liked Nine O'clock the best of all the hours.

They thought he said, "Come, children, it is time to begin school. I am calling you! Calling you!"

Then Fred and Frank and Mabel and Mary and Ida and Lucy and Jack and all the others left their play, and came into the schoolroom.

“We’ll look at these dear little children,” said the hours, “and see what they do.”

So they saw them take their books and slates, and write their letters, and try their drawing.

By and by they would sing, and it was very sweet to hear them.

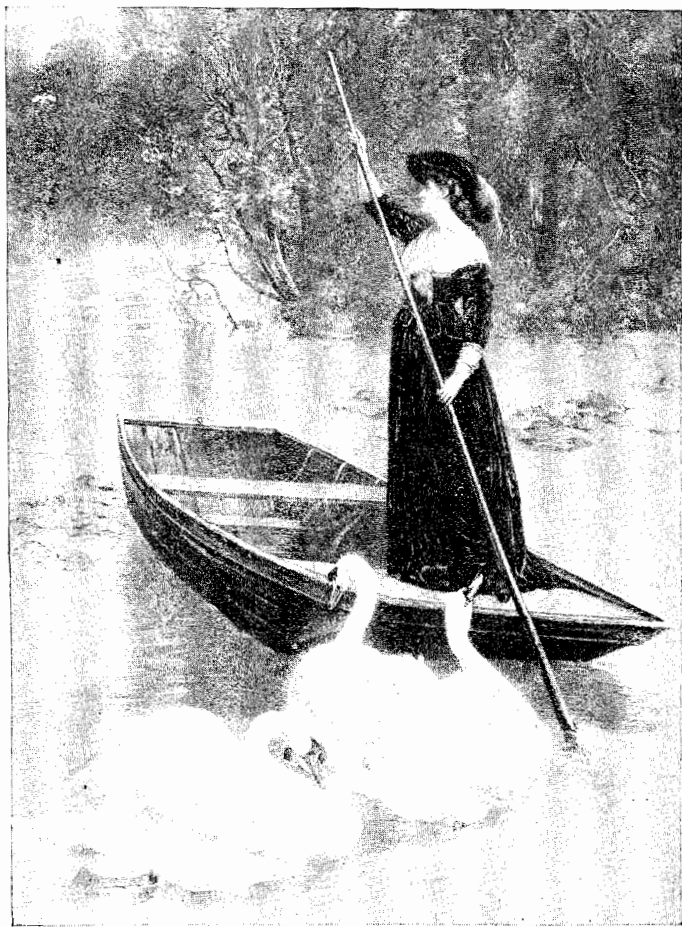
“I am going to say my name,” said Eleven O’clock.

“That will tell the children that it is time to take their balls and bats, and tops and dolls, and go out to play.”

So, when the teacher heard Eleven O’clock, she let them all out to play.

When the happy school day had gone, all the little children went to their homes.

But the clock went on saying, “Tick-tock, tick-tock” until another morning came. Nine O’clock called them to school again.





## SECTION VIII.

## WHAT MR. CROW SAYS.

Well, well, well! It makes me laugh.

Does that old farmer think I am afraid of that?

Why, I know what it is. It is just a stick with a hat and coat on it.

Yes, it does look like a man; but I do not feel afraid of it.

One arm points east and one points west, as if to tell me to fly off.

Some farmers think we crows have no rights at all. We do so many things for them, I should think they would be glad to give us all we can eat.

There comes the farmer now! He sees me, too. I think it is time for me to go.

Caw, caw, Mr. Farmer. I shall come again when you do not have your gun with you.

## BOYS AND OUR FLAG.

Do you see that group of boys out in the yard?

There are eight of them. See their paper caps!

Frank has a drum, Fred has a flag, and the others have toy guns.

They all love our flag. They can tell you how many stars it has.

They can tell how many red and white stripes it has.

They know why the stars are there. They know what the stripes mean. Do you know what the colors mean?

When they are ready, Fred will wave the flag, and they will all sing, "Red, White, and Blue."

Hear them shout for the flag!

There comes little Joe with his old dog Jack. They like to see the fun, too.

## MR. TREE FROG.

Shall I tell you my name? It is Tree Frog. I live in the trees.

When I am near a leaf or a branch, you will have to look very sharp to find me.

I can make my coat green like the leaf, or gray like the branch.

I am very spry when I am in a tree. I do not like to be on the ground. I can not walk well. If you will look at my foot, you will see why.

You know my cousins who live in the pond, do you not? I go there in the spring to lay my eggs in the water.

See that fly! I like to eat flies. I must catch that one.

Did you ever hear me cry? Some wet day you may hear me out among the trees in the yard.

## AT GRANDPA'S.

Frank and Ned are two little cousins.

Once when there was no school, they went to stay a week with their grandpa; he is a farmer.

Grandpa was glad to see them. He took them out to see the chicks.

Then they went to the field to look at the sheep and lambs.

“What fun the little lambs have on the grass,” said Frank.

“Yes; and how the old sheep loves her little lamb,” said Ned.

Grandpa told them how the wool is cut off the sheep's back, and made into clothing.

He told them that if they would work hard at school, and not be tardy once, he would give each of them a lamb for a pet.

Do you think they will get the lambs?

## FLYING SQUIRREL.

My cousin Gray Squirrel says I can not fly. I have no wings, so I can not fly like a bird.

But I think Flying Squirrel is a good name for me. You should see me jump.

Gray Squirrel thinks he can jump well, and he can; but he can not jump as far as I do.

See me run up to the top of that tree! When I get to the top, I give a spring. I put out my feet as far as I can, and away I go.

Gray Squirrel could not make a jump like that. If he thinks he can, just let him try it once.

I have many cousins. They are all very spry, but none of them can jump as far as I can.

## A STRANGE LAND.

Far away to the north is a very strange land.

The winters are long and cold. The snow is deep. The sea looks like a big field of ice.

The boys and girls must have a fine time on the ice and snow.

They are brave and do not care for the cold. They have warm clothing.

They live in houses which are made of snow and ice.

In this strange land they do not see the sun for many weeks at a time. The moon and the stars give them light in the winter.

How glad they must be to see the sun rise again!

When spring comes, they see the sun for a few minutes one day, then it is gone again.

The next day it stays a few minutes more. By and by it does not set at all. It is summer then.

But the summers are so short that the ice and snow do not all melt.

The wild birds come back and make their nests by the sea. The boys and girls are glad to see them come again.

In that far-away land, they have no horses and no cows, but they have many dogs.

Dogs can live where it is very cold. In some cold lands they draw the sleds just as horses draw sleds for us.

The children have toys, and they play games just as we do. They are very happy; but none of us would like to live in this strange land, I think.

Which way would you go to find a land where it never snows?





## SECTION IX.

## BIRDS IN THE SPRING.

Some of the birds went to the South in the fall. They have been there all winter. It is spring now, and they have all come back again.

We are glad to see them back, and I think they are glad to get back.

Why do I think they are glad? Well, I will tell you.

If the birds were not glad, I am quite sure they would not sing as they do.

When we hear the birds singing, we know that spring has come.

If we go out in the fields in the spring, we may see the farmers at work.

We may see the birds at work, too. Birds have work to do; they must make their nests.

Once I saw two robins making their nest in an old apple tree.

You should have seen them work! One would fly down by the brook to get some mud; the other would bring some bits of wood and bark.

It took the robins some days to make their nest. They put some soft wool in it, and then it was all ready.

By and by, what do you think I found in the cozy nest?

There were five of them. They were blue, with spots on them.

Did you ever find a bird's nest?

If you did, what can you tell about it?

## IN A SUGAR CAMP.

Did you read about Farmer Green and his maple trees? If you did, you know that maple sap is sweet.

In some woods there are many maple trees. So, in the spring, men and boys go into these woods and tap the trees.

They set pails to catch the sap. Then they carry the sap and put it into big kettles.

They make a hot fire under the kettles, and for days they keep the sap boiling.

By and by the kettle is full of thick sirup. Then is the time for the children.

They take a cup of snow or very cold water, and drop some of the hot, thick sirup into it,

As soon as the sirup is cold, it is maple candy. How good it is!

Just how sweet it is, you will never know until you taste some of it out in the woods.

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### SOME QUESTIONS.

What month is this? What day of the month is it?

How many days are there in this month? If you do not know, how can you find out how many there are?

Is your home on a farm or in a town?

How far do you live from school? How long does it take you to walk home?

How many boys are there in your school? How many girls?

What is the color of your eyes? What is the color of your hair?

Do you play games? What game do you like best?

## THE HEN AND THE DUCK.

One day in the spring a hen met a duck. The duck was going down to the pond.

“Good day, Madam Hen,” said the duck. “Where are you going this fine day?”

“I am going to the barn to sit on my nest,” said the hen.

“Do not do that. Come with me to the pond. We can have a fine swim in the pond.”

“But I can not swim well,” said the hen.

“You can not swim well! How can that be, Madam Hen?”

“Well, you should know that our family does not take to the water as the Ducks do.”

“And why is that, Madam Hen?”

“If you will but look at my feet, you will soon see why. My feet are not like yours.”

“Yes; I see that now. We Ducks are like the large geese and swans; we have webfeet.”

“Yes,” said the hen; “webfeet are all very well in the pond, but I do not need them on the land.

“You can swim fast with webfeet; I can run fast without them.”

“Well, Madam Hen, if you come to the pond, I will show you how to swim.”

“You are very kind,” said the hen. “If you will come with me to the barn, I will show you how to run.”

“No, thank you; I must be off to the pond.”

So with a “Cluck, cluck!” the hen ran to the barn, and the duck, with a “Quack, quack!” went on to the pond.

## SHORT SAYINGS.

As light as air.

As black as night.

As bright as the sun.

As white as snow.

As blue as the sky.

As green as grass.

As sweet as sugar.

Happy as the day is long.

Pretty is that pretty does.

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 SOMETHING TO DO.

Draw a square that is one inch on every side. Draw a square that is two inches on every side.

How many times is one square as large as the other?

Draw a square that is three inches on every side. Show that it is nine times as large as a one-inch square.





## SECTION X.

## THE WORK OF THE SPRING.

Winter is gone.

Winter is like the night. Then all the little buds and plants sleep.

Now the spring has come. The spring is like the morning.

The sun comes out bright and warm. He tells the little buds and plants that it is time to get up.

Then they all wake up. How glad they are to be out in the warm air.

The sun calls to the trees and grass. They wake up, too.

Then every one is very busy, as we are in the morning.

The trees must get food for the buds.  
The buds must grow into leaves.

The plants have baby buds to care for.  
These buds grow into blossoms.

And the grass must make a pretty, green  
dress for the ground. It will make the  
ground look very gay.

Do you not think that every thing is  
very busy in the spring?

Is it not like our morning?

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WHO ARE WE?

How do you do, little children?

We have come to tell you something.

Spring will be here soon. We are the  
first to tell you so.

We come very early. Do you know who  
we are?

We sleep all winter. We have not been  
cold; we had on little brown coats.

Not long ago we heard the wind calling to us. Then the warm sun said that it was time to wake up.

So we took off the brown coats. But it was not very warm.

We put on little gray dresses. How soft and warm they are!

We look like gray kittens.

What is our name?

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ONE MONTH.

I come in the spring. There is no snow when I am here.

I bring the south wind. I bring the pretty blossoms and leaves. I make the trees look very fine.

The boys and girls are glad to see me. They go into the woods and find the flowers I bring.

Some little girls have my name.

## THE FARMER'S WORK.

It is spring. The farmer is very busy.  
The farmer plants the seed in the spring.  
Some seed he plants in the fall.

Many things help the farmer. The sun shines on the ground, and makes it warm. The rain falls down, and gives food to the little seeds.

How fast the little seeds grow!

Can you think of any other things that help the seeds grow?

In the fall the grains and fruits are ripe. Then the farmer is busy again.

He must cut the oats. He must husk the corn. He must pick the apples and other fruits. He must carry all these things to town.

What is made from the oats?

What is made from the corn?

## A PLANT'S STORY.

I was once a little brown seed.

I was on a plant in the fall. Then the wind came by, and I flew with it far away from my home.

I flew out of the woods, and the wind left me on the ground in a field.

I lay on the ground all winter. At first I was cold and lonely.

By and by, down came a soft, white coat. It made me feel warm, so I went to sleep.

Then spring came. The sun was bright and warm. It took off the white snow coat.

One day a little girl found me. She took me home with her, and put me in the ground.

It was very dark down there. I could not see the sun, but I could feel the warm rain.

I must get out and look at the sun, I

thought. So I started a little white root down into the ground. It found food for me.

Then I started up two little green leaves. Pretty soon they came out of the ground.

How glad I was to see the sun. How nice the warm air was.

I am very busy now. I have a baby bud. I must take good care of it. Soon it will be a lovely blue flower.

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#### THE CHILDREN OF THE WIND.

Once there were four little boys.

They were the children of the Wind.

They were North Wind, South Wind, East Wind, and West Wind.

East Wind drove the night away, and made the morning come.

North Wind lived where it was very cold. He made the snow come down. He made the birds fly to the South, and made ice on the ponds.

South Wind was very fat. He did not like to work. He lived where it was very warm.

South Wind told the birds when it was time to fly away to the North. He made the apples and other fruits grow.

Once, as he was looking to the north, he thought that he saw a pretty little girl.

She was in a field with many of her sisters. She had a green dress, and her hair was like gold.

South Wind thought he would like to have her come and play with him. But he did not tell her so. She was too far away, he thought.

He did not want to go so far. He just sat down and waited for her to come to him. Every day he thought that she would surely come.

One morning he looked for the little girl. At first he could not find her. Then he saw that she was not a little girl now.

Her pretty golden hair had turned white. It looked like silver. Then, while he was looking, it all blew away.

Her green dress was all gone. The wind had carried off her silver hair, and now she looked old.

Poor South Wind felt very sad and lonely. He never saw the little girl again.

Do you think it was a little girl that South Wind saw?

Do you know what the little girl was? Her name is a long one.



## THE BEE AND THE MAPLE.

“Good morning, Mrs. Maple,” said a bee as he came flying past.

“Good morning, Friend Bee. Is your work all done?”

“Yes, thank you,” said the bee. “We have been very busy all summer. Now our hives are ready for the winter.

“What a fine feast you gave us last spring, Mrs. Maple. Your sap is sweet.”

“Yes; my baby buds and blossoms like good, sweet sap.”

“Have you been busy this fall?”

“Yes; I have been very busy. Each baby bud must have a soft, white dress. Then it must have a warm, brown coat. Now the buds are ready for the cold.”

“The wind is sharp to-day. I think Jack Frost will soon be here. Good-by; I must go home now.”

## PAPA ROBIN'S STORY.

Good news, little children. Spring will soon be here. I came to tell you so.

Do you know me? My name is Robin. Are you glad to see me? I have just got back from the South. I go there every winter. Can you tell why?

Mrs. Robin has not started. I feel very lonely; but she will be here in a few days.

I stopped in this cherry tree to look about. I thought I would come first and find a nice spot in which to make our nest.

I think Mrs. Robin will be pleased with this cherry tree. The leaves will make a nice shade.

What a fine dinner the cherries will make!

We robins like many kinds of fruit; but I think I like cherries best of all.

Would you like to have us live in your tree? We will help you take care of it. Can you tell how?

We will sing for you. You must rise early to hear our first song.

Do you know my cousins? You would like to hear them sing, I am sure. Try to find out their names.

Do I run or hop when I am on the ground? Look at me and see.

Yes; this old orchard is a lovely spot for a home.

When Mrs. Robin comes we shall be very busy. We must get our house ready just as soon as we can.

Will you come and see us some day? We shall be glad to see you.

Now I must go. Good-by, children. We shall be good friends, I am sure.

## A FAMILY OF ROBINS.

One lovely morning early in the spring, two robins came flying into our orchard.

They flew from one tree to another. After a time, they flew to an old cherry tree. They seemed to like that tree.

Then they flew away again. By and by they came back with some sticks. How busy and happy they seemed.

Very early one morning I heard a robin sing such a merry song.

There he was on the tip of a tall branch.

I got up into the tree, and what do you think I saw?

There were five little blue eggs in the nest. O no; I did not take them.

Now, mamma robin sits on the nest. Papa robin brings her lunch, and sings to her.

Soon there will be little baby robins in the nest. Then how busy the old birds will be. They will bring them food and keep them warm.

The little robins will grow quite fast. By and by the nest will be too small for all the family.

What will they do then?

The young robins will leave the nest and go to school. Did you ever hear of robins going to school?

The school which they go to is out in the trees. The old robins are the teachers.

What do you think they teach in that school?

They teach young birds how to fly. They show them how to get their dinners.

Then, too, robins must know how to sing. The old birds teach the young ones to sing.

## LITTLE WATER DROP.

Once there was a little Water Drop. Her home was in a brook.

She had many little sisters, and was very happy with them.

One bright, warm day Water Drop heard the Sun call to her. He said, "Little Water Drop, would you like to take a ride?"

Water Drop said, "I would like to go, but I can not."

"I will help you," said an air fairy.

So, when the sun had made Water Drop very warm, the air fairy took her up.

Water Drop said, "O dear, how light I feel!"

Far, far up she went. At last she came to a cloud. That was the train. The engine was not made of iron. It was the wind.

Water Drop met some of her sisters in the train. They all had on gray dresses. Water Drop put on a gray dress, too.

Then the train rolled along, and Water Drop thought that she would look about.

How far up they were! The ground seemed very far away.

Now they were flying over an orchard.

Water Drop heard one farmer call to another, "See that dark cloud. We shall have rain soon."

Just then the train stopped and other Water Drops came in.

Now there were so many that the train could not hold them. So down they all fell through the air.

They made the farmers run to the house. They made the sheep run under some trees. They drove a family of goslings to the barn.

Our little drop fell on an apple blossom. The apple blossom was pleased to see it.

Just then the sun came out and Water Drop said, "Thank you, kind Sun. I have had a very nice ride. I would like to go again some day."

So every day the sun is calling to the little drop of water. From the brooks and ponds, up into the sky they go.

When we see a cloud go by, we know that it carries very many little drops of water.

The wind may drive them far, far away, but at last the drops will fall to the ground.

By and by each little drop will find its way to some little brook or pond, and so be at home again.