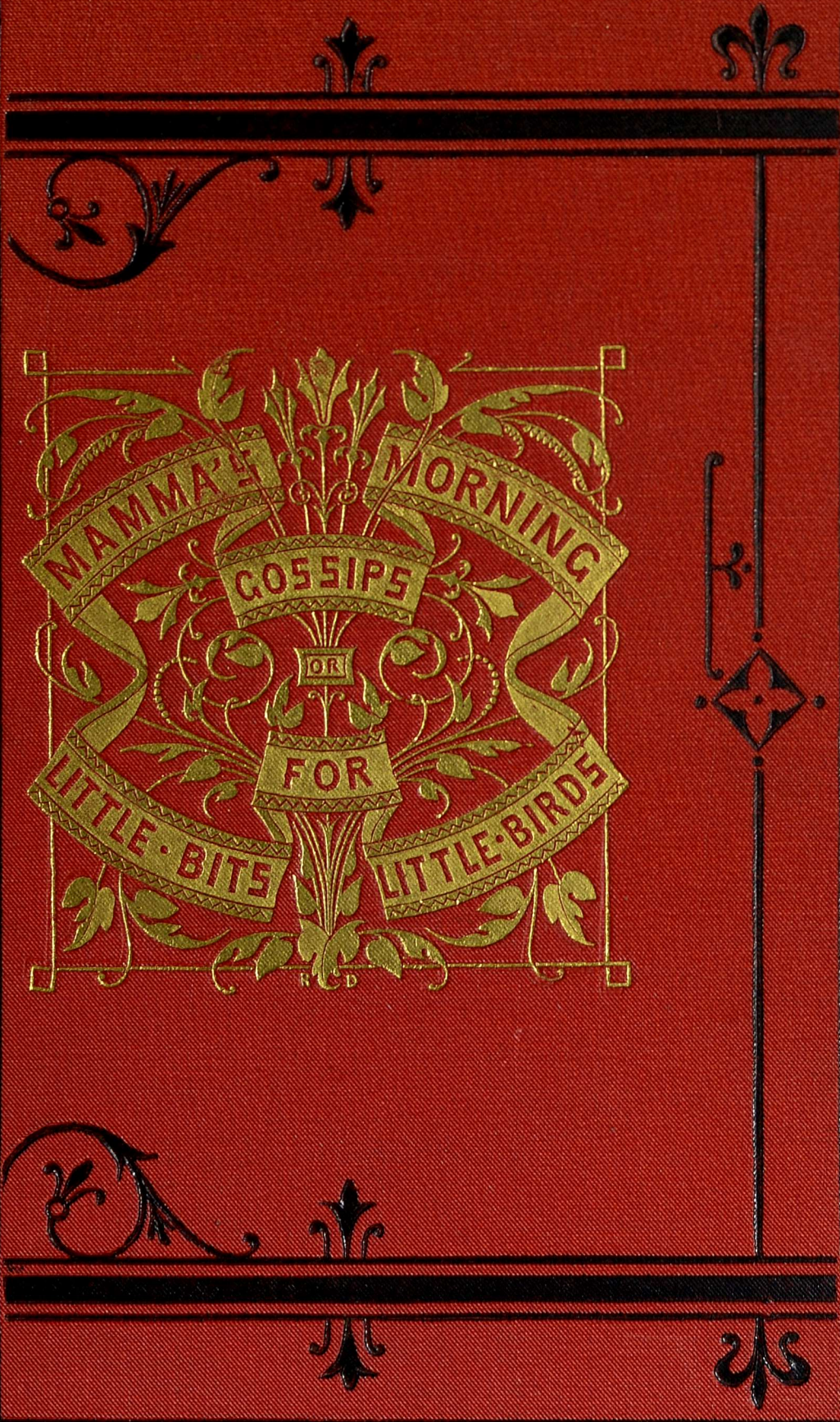
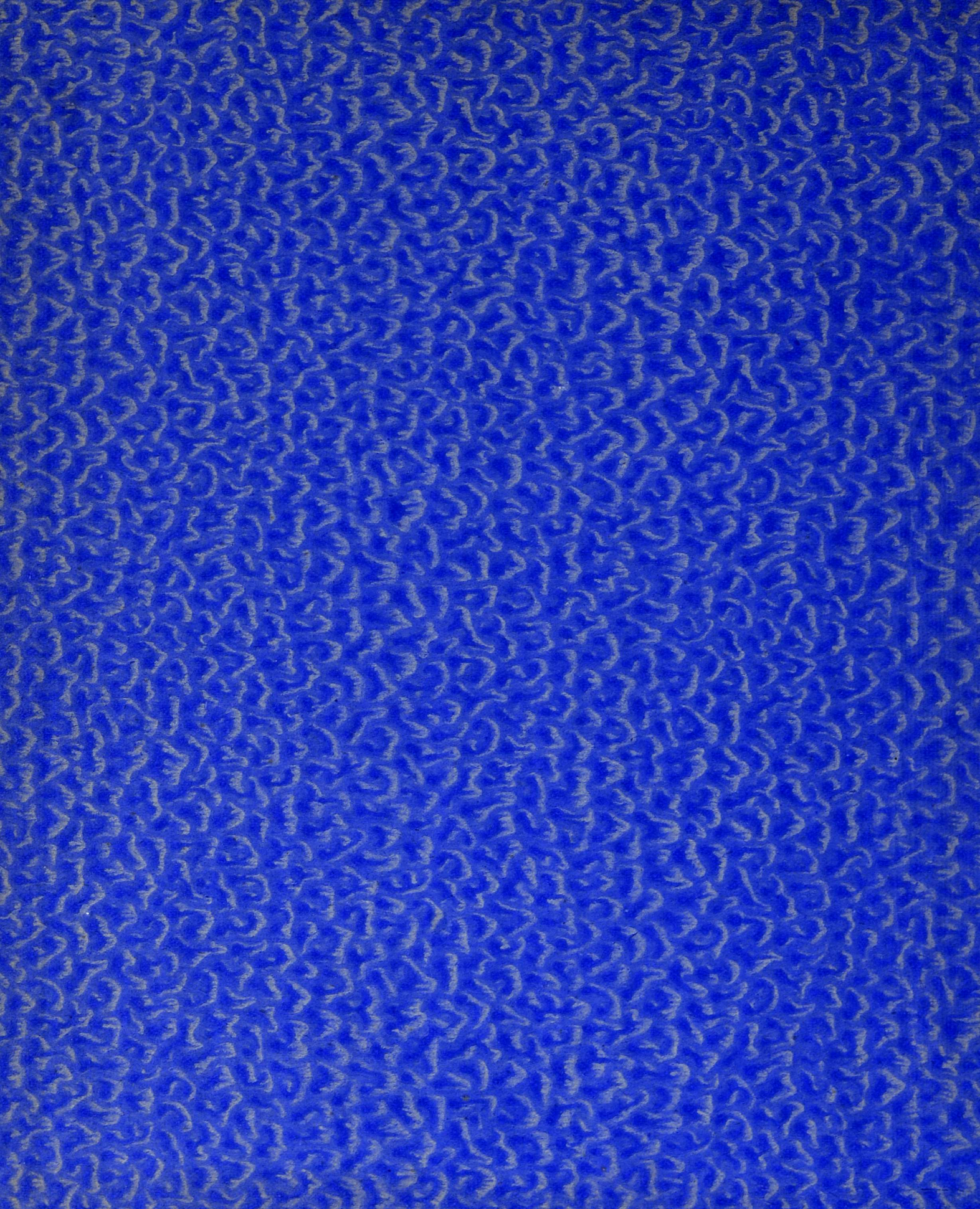


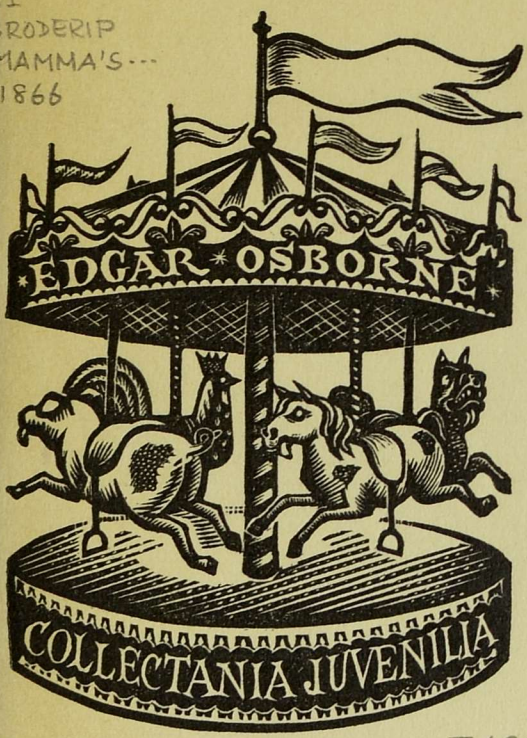
MAMMA'S MORNING
COFFEES
OR
FOR
LITTLE-BITS LITTLE-BIRDS







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BRODERIP
MAMMA'S...
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MAMMA'S MORNING GOSSIPS;

OR,

LITTLE BITS FOR LITTLE BIRDS.

BEING

EASY LESSONS FOR A MONTH,
IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE, FOR VERY YOUNG CHILDREN,
AND A STORY TO READ FOR EACH WEEK.

BY

FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP,

AUTHOR OF "FUNNY FABLES," "CROSSPATCH, THE CRICKET, AND THE COUNTERPANE,"
"MY GRANDMOTHER'S BUDGET," ETC.

*ILLUSTRATED BY HER BROTHER,
THOMAS HOOD.*

SECOND EDITION.

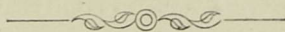
LONDON:

GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,
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CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

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*R. Clay, Son, and Taylor, Printers,
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P R E F A C E.



THIS little book has been arranged with a view to meeting a want which the writer has often felt in teaching her own little ones. In fact, it was one of her children who suggested the plan to her, by complaining that the easy reading books for very little children were often so meaningless, and so little suited to interest a child. The following lessons have been written in the hope of engaging the little learner's attention, and so wiling it along the steep path of education, by awakening as much interest as possible in the lesson,—so that it may be read, in short, for its own sake.

As an additional allurements, a short story is added at the end of each week, the reading of which should be held out as the reward for learning the lessons thoroughly.

The simple spelling and counting lessons can be repeated by the teacher, so as to fix them in the child's memory. By

giving them a conversational character, they may be rendered easy and pleasant.

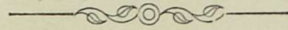
For the brevity of the lessons contained in this work, no excuse need be offered. The most experienced of our instructors of youth are of opinion that, in the case of the very young, a little, well-taught and thoroughly understood, is in the end the best and speediest method of education.

Finally, the writer trusts that these pages will supply many with a hint and model, by adopting which, and varying the lessons to suit the several capacities of their little pupils, they will be enabled to lighten the labours of learning for both the teachers and the taught.

COSSINGTON RECTORY, BRIDGEWATER.

September, 1865.

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FIRST WEEK.

MONDAY.

Reading Lesson. Boys and Girls.

Mam-ma has four small folks of her own. Tom and Joe are the names of the boys, and Rose and May are the names of the two girls. They are good some times, and some times they are not, and they will not say their tasks, or do as nurse tells them; and then poor mam-ma is sad, for she knows her boys and girls will not, and can not, be glad when they are not good too. So when they are good she likes to tell them a tale, or sing them a song, or play with them. She tells them how nice it is to be good, and how glad it makes all who love them, as well as it does each one of them.

Spelling Lesson.

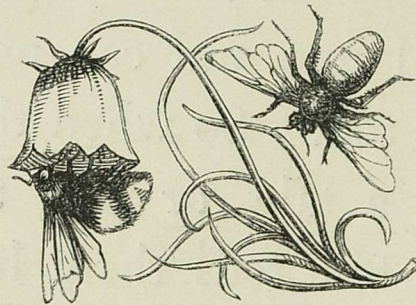
Tom. Joe. Rose. May. Boy. Girl. Good.
Love.

Counting Lesson.

One and one make two,—two and two make
four,—two boys and two girls make four.

Little Verse.

Little bees are busy
With the honied flowers ;
They work their best each sunny day,
And do not pause for idle play,
Or waste the golden hours.





TUESDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Farm Yard.

I am to go to the farm yard to day; will Joe and Tom and Rose and May like to go with me? Yes, I am sure they will, for it is such a nice fine day. So go and put on your hats and capes, and come to me in the hall. Now off we all go, and here we are at the gate of the farm yard. See, here is the cow, with her nice large eyes and her soft skin. What is her name, John? Spot, do you say? I dare say that is for the brown spots on her sleek coat. She is a nice cow, she gives us milk for our tea, and to soak our bread in. See how she bends her head and bows her wide horns to look at us with her large mild eyes. She seems to say, "I will not hurt you, my dears!"

Spelling Lesson.

Farm. Yard. Milk. Cow. Horn. Spot.
Skin. Eye.

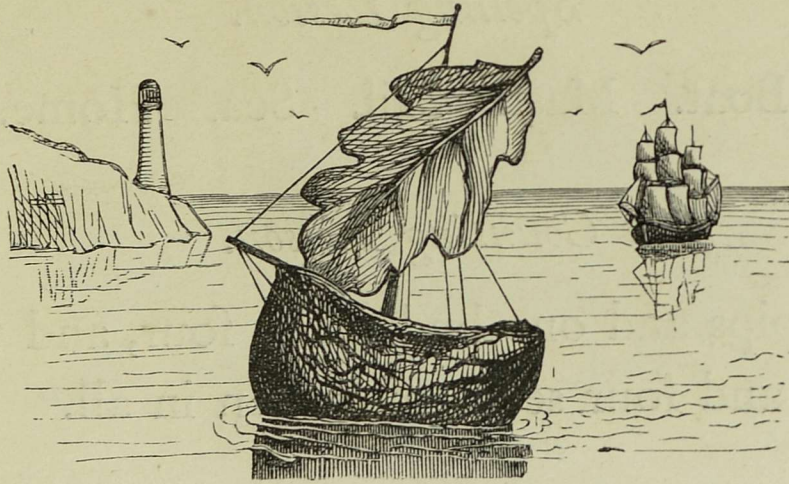
Counting Lesson.

One, two, three, four, five. The cow has one head, two eyes, three white marks, four legs, and five brown spots.

Little Verse.

Dear old cow! you stand so meek,
And look upon us as we pass;
How we wish that you could speak,
And tell us how you like the grass;
The fresh green grass, so juicy sweet,
That is put for you to eat,
And the pleasant shady pool
Where you drink the water cool!





WEDNESDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Ship sails.

I have a small ship, and I shall send her out to sea. What shall we put in her? She is made out of a large deep shell, and her mast is a stick, while her ropes are made of grass, and roots, and her sails are cut out from an oak leaf. Now, what shall we put in her? Tom, what will you give me to send in my ship? Three small pips—Yes, that will do. And now, Joe, what will you send out? Two nuts. Put them in here, and Rose will send four seeds, and May sends a rose bud. All these will fill my ship full, and I hope she will come safe home to me once more, and her small boat with her.

Spelling Lesson.

Ship. Boat. Mast. Sail. Sea. Home. Rope.
Send.

Counting Lesson.

Three pips and one bud make four, and two nuts
make six, and four seeds make ten in all.

Little Verse.

Blow, wind blow, that the ship may go
Far away over the sea!

One red rose bud May sent,
Three small pips from Tom went,
Two round nuts from Joe,
Rose sent four seeds to sow.

So, blow wind, blow, that the ship may go!
All these went in my ship to sea,
What will she bring back to me?





THURSDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Nosegay.

My boys and girls have made me a sweet nose-gay to day, for it is my birth day. So they went out soon to their plots to see what they could find to pick for me. Rose has found a bunch of white pinks that smell so sweet, and May has got a nice rose or two. Tom got a tuft of wild hare-bells and a fern leaf, and Joe has some pink rose buds. I like the sweet nose-gay so much that I have put it in my best glass, and then I mean to keep it, and shut it in a book to dry. So when I look at it I shall think of my dear boys and girls, who like to get me a sweet nose-gay on my birth day.

Spelling Lesson.

Rose. Pink. Leaf. Book. Fern. Bud.
Glass. Sweet.

Counting Lesson.

Two roses and one pink make three, two roses and two pinks make four, one leaf and three buds make four.

Little Verse.

Make haste, little buds,
In these sunshiny hours,
In the midst of your green leaves,
To grow into flowers.
For the gentle rains feed you,
The dew kisses soft,
The sun with his warm smile
Looks down on you oft:
And whereso'er our seeds we set,
Spring pink, and stock, and mignonette.





FRIDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Snail.

Tom, do not hurt that poor snail, for he will not do you any harm. See what a droll thing he is, and how he pokes his two horns out of his shell. You see he has his stout house on his back, and when he is in fear of harm he can draw back and shut himself up quite safe in his shell. He feeds on the green leaf and young buds, and so we must kill him some times, but you must not hurt him in play. When he eats the young peas and beans as they grow up, John must kill him, or we shall lose them, but till then you must let him live, for it is wrong to kill a poor snail just for fun. You know you cannot put his life in him once more.

Spelling Lesson.

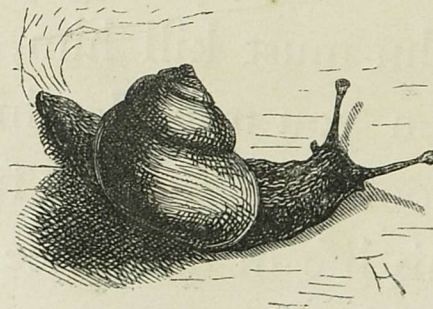
Snail. Shell. Pea. Bean. Horn. Back.
Harm.

Counting Lesson.

One bean and one pea, one and one make two,
two beans and two peas, two and two make four.

Little Verse.

Poke out your horns,
Little snail, if you please!
For Tom will not hurt you,
Or frighten and tease.
He knows it is cruel
To harm or destroy,
For the mere wanton sport
Of a great idle boy,
Any creature that lives,
Nor would cause it one pain,—
For 'tis not in *his* power
To restore it again.





SATURDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Hen's Nest.

Joe, come with me, and let us look and see if we can find out where the old black hen has laid her eggs. Do you know that some hens are fond of a sly place to hide their nests in? Some like to go to the long grass in the field, and some go in the hedge and make a nest, and some like an old shed. Let us go to the wood house and see if we can find out where she is. Ah, yes! see, there she goes, for she sees us. And now we will go in and look. See, here is her nest in this old box; one, two, three nice white eggs. Poor old hen, I dare say she did not know we could find them. We will leave one egg for her, and take the rest in.

Spelling Lesson.

Hedge. Grass. Nest. Field. Hen. Egg.
White.

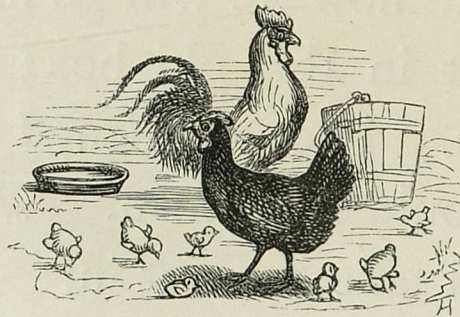
Counting Lesson.

Here are three eggs, if I take two of them in,
how many shall I leave for the hen?

Little Verse.

Poor little hen, you made your nest,
Where you thought t'would be hidden best;
For fear that any one should see
Your pretty white eggs, one, two, and three.

But I heard you "cluck" as we passed by,
So we found your treasure speedily:
Dear old hen we've taken but two,
One pretty white egg we've left for you!



The Lost Dog.

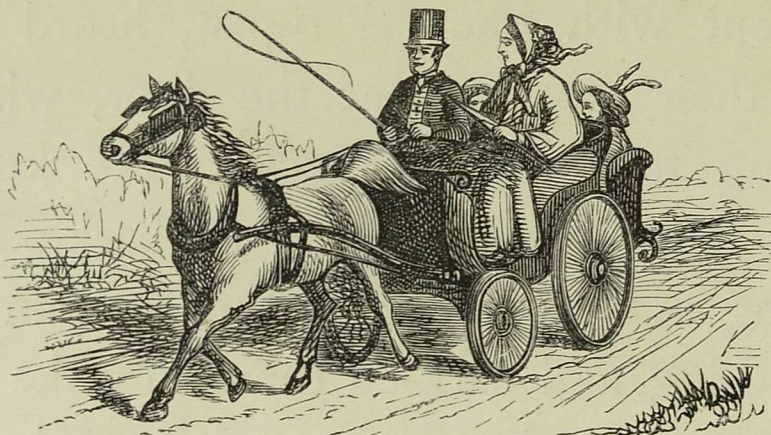
“What have you got there, Pa-pa?” asked Tom when his fa-ther came home one night, and was ra-ther long at the door, be-fore he came in. Pa-pa did not speak for a mo-ment, but some one else did, for Tom heard a lit-tle low whine. “Is it a dog, Pa-pa?” cried he, “oh! is it your dog, and will you give it to me for my ve-ry own?” “Wait a while, my dear,” said his Pa-pa, “and let me give the poor thing some food, for he is half starv-ed.” So Tom wait-ed till his Pa-pa could at-tend to him, like a good boy as he was; and then Mr. Erle told him that the dog had fol-low-ed him home through the rain, and whined so sad-ly he had no heart to turn it a-way. It was a pret-ty lit-tle black dog, with sharp ears and a short tail. When it had eat-en the nice food that was giv-en it, and it seem-ed ve-ry hun-gry, it came and put its cold black nose in-to Mr. Erle’s hand, and wag-ged its tail, as if to thank him. Tom was ve-ry pleas-ed

with the new dog, and they had many a game of play. Tom had begged so hard to keep it, that his Pa-pa told him he should have it if they could not find its own mas-ter. To Tom's great joy days and weeks went by, and no one came to ask for the dog, though Mr. Erle had made it well known, where and how he found it. So at the end of two months it was giv-en to Tom for his ve-ry own. By this time the lit-tle boy and the dog had be-come ve-ry good friends, for Tom was al-ways ve-ry kind to it. He ne-ver teas-ed it, or hurt it, and took care to see that it had plen-ty of food, and he ne-ver trod on it, or hunt-ed it a-way from the fire-side when it was a-sleep. He had nam-ed it "Trus-ty," and the lit-tle dog al-ways ran up when it heard that name call-ed out.

It was a most faith-ful house-dog as well, and one day, af-ter Tom had kept it for his own for more than a year, it show-ed how well it watch-ed for its mas-ter, and how grate-ful it was for the kind home it had met with. For while Mr. Erle was a-way from home for some time, some thieves tried to break in and rob the house. But Trus-ty, who

al-ways slept with one ear o-pen, heard the first sound of their foot-steps at the door, where they were go-ing to force the lock. He knew they ought not to be there, and so he bark-ed as loud and as long as he could, and then he ran up stairs to the land-ing and bark-ed there to wake them all up. Then down he flew a-gain to the pan-try win-dow, and be-gan bark-ing as loud-ly as he could. So the ser-vants were all rous-ed up, and the thieves went off in a great fright, with-out get-ting any plate or mon-ey, for they were on-ly too glad to get safe off them-selves.

When Mr. Erle came home, and he was told all a-bout it, he was ve-ry pleas-ed in-deed with Trus-ty, and said he had well earn-ed his name. "I am so ve-ry glad, Pa-pa," said Tom, "that Trus-ty chanc-ed to fol-low you home that wet night, for we should have been rob-bed if it had not been for him!" "So am I," re-plied Pa-pa; "and you see, Tom, kind-ness is ne-ver thrown a-way, e-ven upon a poor lit-tle stray dog!"



SECOND WEEK.

MONDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Drive to Town.

Mam-ma wants to go to town, and so she can take two of you with her; if Rose and May go this time, Tom and Joe can go with her next time. So Rose and May get in, and they all drive to town. Oh, look at the shops, how grand they are. Here is one where there are smart hats and caps, and such a fine cloak! And here is the toy shop, which is the best of all. Oh Mam-ma, look at that doll with a hat on, and nice blue eyes, and such a red mouth! There is a doll's house, with a grate in it, and a green door; look at the small red chair where the doll sits! There is a top that will do for Joe, and a drum for Tom. How I wish they were here to see this fine toy shop!

Spelling Lesson.

Drum. Drive. Town. Shop. Grate. Chair.

Counting Lesson.

One doll for May. Two tops for Tom and Joe.
Two and one are three. One hat for Rose. Three
and one are four.

Little Verse.

Dapple grey, or Chesnut brown,
Take us to the market town!
Trot, trot, trot, then, speed away,
We have so much to see to day;
Baskets and pockets full will be
Of wondrous things, as you will see,
When Chesnut brown, or Dapple grey,
Trots along the homeward way.





TUESDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Ship comes back.

My boat is come home. Joe and Tom, Rose and May, come and see what she has for you in her hold. A gift for each one from the lands where she has been. May sent a rose bud, and so my ship has a palm leaf for her; Tom sent three small pips, and my ship has two round balls for him made of stone. Rose sent four seeds, and she has got a flat shell; while Joe sent two nuts, and has got four green reeds. So you see my ship has got some small thing for each of you! She had a nice sail on the sea too, the wind blew her fast and the waves came round her, but she has come safe home at last you see!

Spelling Lesson.

Wave. Wind. Reed. Nut. Shell. Stone.

Counting Lesson.

One leaf and two round balls. Two and one are three. And four green reeds. Three and four are seven.

Little Verse.

Two round balls for Tom will be,
May has a leaf from a lofty tree,
Joe has four green reeds from the lea,
Rose a flat shell from the sea.
All these things were brought to me,
In my little ship sailing fresh and free!





WEDNESDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Rose Tree.

May come and look at the rose tree. See, there are one, two, three, four, five, six buds on it. And this rose is full blown, how sweet it is; and see what a deep pink the heart of the rose is, while each leaf outside is quite pale, and some are white. I am so fond of the rose, there are buds of all sorts of hues, but none are so sweet and fair as the rose. Let us pick a rose or two and some buds, for they will blow in the glass. We will put them in that nice tall glass that is on the shelf in the hall, and they will make all the house smell quite sweet if we leave them there, and they will look nice too!

Spelling Lesson.

Tree. Rose. Pink. Sweet. Pale. Smell.

Counting Lesson.

Two pinks and two roses. Two and two make four. But if I take away one pink, there will be only two roses and one pink. Two and one make three.

Little Verse.

The primrose is pale,
And the violet sweet,
And the dear little daisy
Grows under our feet.
But of all the fair flowers
The hedges disclose,
For beauty and sweetness,
Oh give me the rose!





THURSDAY.

Reading Lesson. The nice Pear.

Rose, here is a nice pear for you. It is quite ripe, for I have just come from the tree where the pears grow, and I am glad to see how fast they all get ripe. A ripe pear is such a nice fruit to eat. It will not make you ill, so do not fear. I would not give it to you if it made you ill, my dear. Ripe fruit is good to eat when it is quite fresh, and it will not hurt you, but you must not eat it when it is green, or it will make you ill. That is why I tell you not to eat fruit that I do not give you, for I know best when it is fit for you. I am fond of a ripe pear too, they are very good, and we all like them. I have got one for May, and now I will go and pick one for Tom and Joe, one for each of them.

Spelling Lesson.

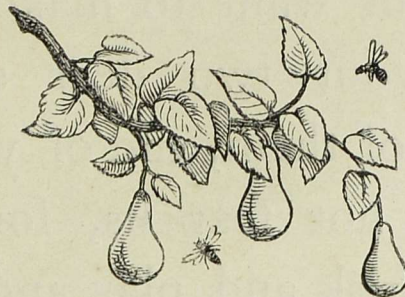
Pear. Ripe. Plum. Pick. Fruit. Green.

Counting Lesson.

One pear for Rose, one pear for May. One and one make two. Two pears more for Tom and Joe. Two and two make four.

Little Verse.

Bow, pear tree, bow!
We are coming to visit you now;
We like to see you in early spring,
And think you a very pretty thing,
In green leaves and white flow'rs drest;
But in the autumn we like you best;
When the ripe pears hang as thick as now,
All the way up to the top-most bough!





FRIDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Young Lambs.

Dear Tom, will you go with me to the fields? It is a fine day, and I think we can have a nice walk. How green the grass is, and the sky is so blue and so clear; I can not see one small cloud. See, there is the old sheep with her twin lambs. They keep close to her side, for they know they are safe there, and free from fear or harm. The proud old sheep looks at us, Tom, as if she saw we did wish to steal one of her young lambs. Poor old thing! we do not want to make you fear us, we will not hurt your two dear soft lambs. No, we will take care of them, and of you too if you will let us. So do not fear us, for we like to see your two lambs frisk and play and run in the field. We will come and see you once more.

Spelling Lesson.

Play. Twin. Lamb. Sheep. Frisk. Grass.

Counting Lesson.

Two lit-tle lambs, and two old sheep. Two and two make four, add one more lit-tle lamb. Four and one make five.

Little Verse.

Papa will often say I am
Dear Mamma's own little lamb;
Good and gentle I must be,
Minding what is said to me.
Never peevish, rough, or wild,
But loving, teachable, and mild;
Then every one will say I am
Indeed Mamma's good little lamb.





SATURDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Doll.

May has got such a fine doll! It is a gift from her aunt in town, and it came down in a large box made of wood. It has pink cheeks and red lips, two blue eyes, and brown hair in nice smart curls round her head. Oh, what a dear doll she is! She has a green silk frock on with small white spots on it, a black cloth cloak with fringe round it, lace cuffs, neat kid gloves, white socks, and a hat on her head with a red rose in the front of it. And she has a fine pink sash on too. But the best of all is that she can shut her eyes! When May wants her to go to sleep in her bed, she pulls a long wire, and then the doll's eyes shut, and she goes to sleep. Then May says to her, Good night, my dear Doll.

Spelling Lesson.

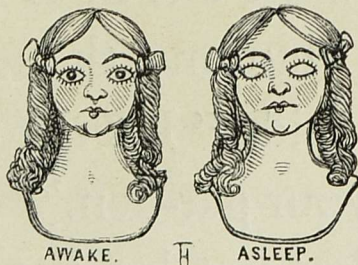
Doll. Sash. Wire. Cuffs. Frock. Fringe.

Counting Lesson.

I have three dolls; take one away. How many will there be? take away one more, how many will there be then left?

Little Verse.

What is the name of my doll to be?
 I'm sure it's a very great puzzle to me,
 For she is so pretty
 It would be a pity
 If her's were an ugly name, you see;
 I think on Alice my choice will fall;
 Mamma's own name, my doll I'll call,
 For that must be,
 As you plainly see,
 The very prettiest name of all!



Kate's Garden.

Ka-tie's Mam-ma had giv-en her a bit of ground for a gar-den, and old John had dug it up for her, and made it all clear and free from weeds. But Ka-tie's Pa-pa fell ve-ry ill, and the doc-tors said he must go up to Lon-don for some time ; so poor Ka-tie was for-ced to be con-tent with the noi-sy streets and dull squares of Lon-don, in-stead of her own nice green gar-den. When the Spring came, Ka-tie used to look out of win-dow at the cabs and carts, and long for her own dear coun-try home. At last the hap-py day came, and her Pa-pa was so much bet-ter that he could go back home, and poor Ka-tie was so glad, she felt al-most rea-dy to cry with joy.

When she got home, her Mam-ma made her rest a lit-tle, and take her tea in the cool school-room, be-fore she went out in-to the gar-den. And at last when her Mam-ma thought she had rest-ed long enough she said, "Ka-tie dear, you may go now, and look at your gar-den." And so Ka-tie put on her shawl and her gar-den hat and went out in-to

the gar-den. The breeze was so cool and fresh it was quite nice af-ter the warm air Kat-ie had been used to in town, and the trees and shrubs look-ed green and nice, af-ter the burnt up grass and trees she had seen in Lon-don. Ka-tie found old John wait-ing for her, and he took her to look at her gar-den.

But what a change it was! For old John had ta-ken care of it for her, and now in-stead of the bare turn-ed plot of earth she had left be-hind, she found a trim lit-tle garden. John had set some seeds and roots for her; and sweet peas and can-dy-tuft were show-ing their green seed-leaves. The pinks and roses al-so were full of buds.

“Now Miss Ka-tie,” said John, “I have left a lit-tle space here for you to sow your name in.” John told her how to do it, and gave her a point-ed stick to write it on the fresh earth. So she wrote K. A. T. E. as if she had been wri-ting in her co-py book, and then John gave her a pa-per of seeds, which he show-ed her how to scat-ter a-long the marks of the let-ters she had made, and af-ter this he rak-ed all the mould o-ver it. Some

days af-ter this John sent a mes-sage in that he wan-ted to speak to her in the gar-den, and when she went to him, she found him stand-ing by her lit-tle plot of ground, where her name was now to be seen, mark-ed out in pret-ty lit-tle green seed-lings.

How pleas-ed Ka-tie was to be sure! she clap-ped her hands and danced a-bout and spelt the green words twen-ty times o-ver. "Why John!" she said, "I was here on-ly the o-ther day, and I did not see a-ny signs of the seeds!" "No Miss," re-plied John, "but it rain-ed all the night af-ter you were here, and then the bright sun-shine soon drew up the young green seeds. And now, Miss, you will soon be a-ble to cut some nice young mus-tard and cress for your Papa's din-ner."

Oh, how pleased Ka-tie was when she came in one day at din-ner time when Pa-pa was at home and she brought in a plate of sa-lad grown in her own gar-den, with a nose-gay for Mam-ma of roses and pinks! I do not know who was most pleas-ed, Pa-pa and Mam-ma, or Ka-tie!



THIRD WEEK.

MONDAY.

Reading Lesson. Moon and Stars.

It is night now, and very dark. Rose, come and look out from the door, for it is quite fine and warm. I want you to look at all the stars in the sky. There is the pale moon, she is at full now: at times we see but half of her, and she looks as if she were bent like a bow. She is very bright to night and the sky is quite clear though it is dark. The stars do not show out in the light of the sun, but when the calm night comes and throws her dark shade on the earth, then the small stars peep out with their bright eyes, and seem to say to us. "It is time to go to sleep, we will keep watch till morn, so good night to you all!"

Spelling Lesson.

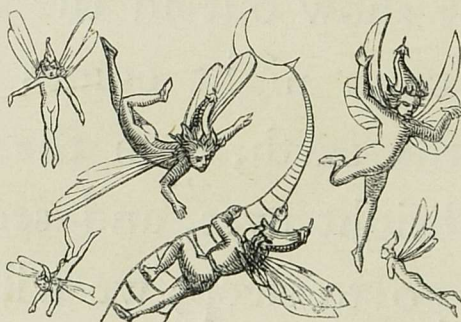
Moon. Dark. Skies. Stars. Night. Light.

Counting Lesson.

Four stars are in the sky, and there are two more behind the tower; four and two make six. There is one more by the tree; six and one make seven.

Little Verse.

Pretty stars, I see you peep
In the chamber where I sleep;
I close my eyes when night is nigh,
But yours are looking from the sky:
While the moon climbs up to see
If the waves asleep can be;
And rears her silver ladder high,
For fairy folk to travel by!





TUESDAY.

Reading Lesson. May and Joe's Walk.

Mam-ma, Joe and I have been for a walk, and we saw so much on our way. We went down the green lane by the mill, and we found these harebells for you, and this soft moss. We heard the larks sing, and we tried to look up so high in the air, but we could not see them. The corn is so high and green, and we saw a small mouse run to her hole in the bank. We found a nest, but there were no eggs or birds in it, so Joe said we might bring it home to you. We saw a great fly, and some wasps, and the bees were in the fox-glove bells as if they were gone to sleep. We have had such a nice walk.

Spelling Lesson.

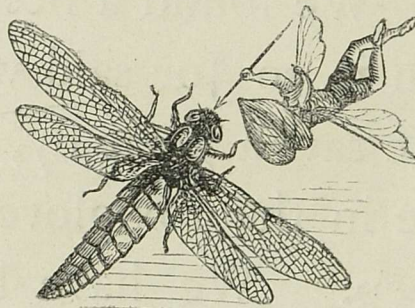
Lark. Wasp. Bird. Walk. Bells. Great.

Counting Lesson.

Two bees, three wasps, and two flies. Two and three make five, and two more make se-ven.

Little Verse.

We saw a shining dragon-fly,
And butterflies and bees
Flit in and out, and fly about
Among the sunny trees.
We saw a little birdie
Go soaring up so high
We thought a cloud had taken her
Quite up into the sky.





WEDNESDAY.

Reading Lesson. Old Dog Gruff.

Poor Gruff! he is old now, and can-not play and run as he once did when he was young. But he is a good old dog, and takes such care of the house, he will not let strange men or boys come near the door. He barks in such a deep loud voice that they fear to come too near. We call him Gruff; but he is a dear dog and will not bite us. He is not cross at all, it is but his way; if he could talk he would say, "You must not come in! I will not hurt you, but do not come in with-out leave, for that is rude. I am but a dog, but I do not go with-in doors with-out leave. I do as I am bid, and so must you!"

Spelling Lesson.

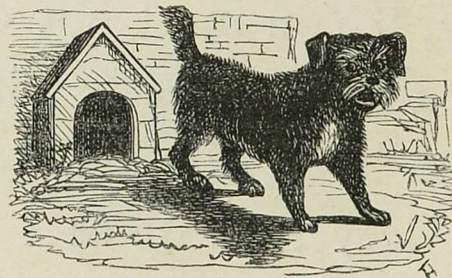
Strange. Bark. House. Near. Rude. Door.

Counting Lesson.

Gruff has nine brown spots. Two over his eyes, one on his tail, three on his legs, two on his ears, and one on his back. Two and one are three; three and three are six; six and two are eight; eight and one are nine.

Little Verse.

You may talk to Gruff as long as you please,
And think to get into the house by degrees;
But unless he knows you, you won't get in,—
Gruff would not care one single pin
For the Queen herself, if she came here, now,
He'd answer as usual—"bow, wow, wow!"





THURSDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Swing.

Tom, Mam-ma says we may go and swing in the field, if we do not swing too high. Now, Rose, get in, we will swing you first, for you are a girl; and May shall go next, for boys should let girls go first, as Pa-pa says. Hold fast, Rose, and sit firm, and we will send you up to the low branch of the old beech tree. That is as high as we may go. One! two! three! and off she goes! Is it not great sport, Rose? The air seems to blow so cool in your face. I like to have a good swing so much. Now, May, it is your turn, but, as you are not so old as Rose, we will not swing you quite so high. We will not send you more than as high as the top of the nut bush on this side.

Spelling Lesson.

Sport. Beech. Bush. Field. Swing. Branch.

Counting Lesson.

Now we will count how many swings you have had. One, two, three, four, five, six, se-ven, eight, nine, ten, e-le-ven, twelve, thir-teen, four-teen.

Little Verse.

Heigh ho! and up we fly,
 Away from the ground and up to the sky.
 Just as if the birds had lent us
 Some of their wings, and off had sent us,
 To see how awkward we should be,
 If we travelled in air, or lived in a tree!
 So heigh ho! and up we go,
 To the topmost bough, with one, two, three!





FRIDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Cat.

Well, Puss! and so you have come in to tea to-night. You look so sleek, and proud of your soft dark coat, and your neat ears, and white paws. You purr, and seem quite grave and good. But you know, Puss, that Anne says you are a sad, sly, bad cat! You ran off with the gold fish last night from the small pond, which was a sad thing to do. May cried so much when she found her poor gold fish was dead. You should catch mice, and let the poor fish stay in the pond; they are not for you. You need not look up at my bird; he is safe in his new large cage, and you will not have him, I can tell you, Miss Puss!

Spelling Lesson.

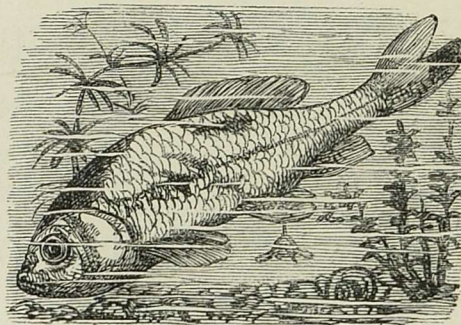
Cage. Gold. Fish. Catch. Sleek. Proud.

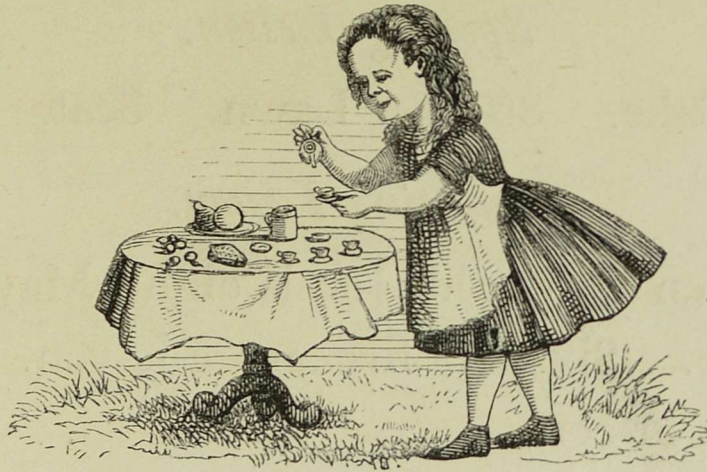
Counting Lesson.

The cat caught se-ven mice this week: two on Mon-day and three on Thurs-day. Two and three make five; and two more on Fri-day. Five and two make se-ven.

Little Verse.

I've two little kittens, one black and one grey,
 Laid softly and safe in a basket of hay—
 Prettier kitties you never will see.
 Purr! little mistress, come gently with me.
 They are round little balls, as glossy as silk,
 I'm sure you won't grudge me a saucer of milk
 When you see them: remember I favour you too
 Very highly by showing my kitties! mew, mew!





SATURDAY.

Reading Lesson. May's Tea Party.

Rose, to-day is my birth-day. Mam-ma says I may ask you all to tea. We may have tea with my doll's tea-things, and have it laid out on the lawn, by the great fir tree. Joe and Tom, I hope you will both come too. So here we all are; pray sit down. Here is a nice chair for you, Rose, a stool for Joe, for he is so tall, and a seat for Tom, who is short. Shall I give you one more cup of tea? Will you have some of my cake? My doll is here too! I have put her on a chair, for she is to have some tea too. Rose, let me help you to some more cake. Joe, will you give Tom some jam, and help yourself to a pear. How nice it is to have tea on the lawn!

Spelling Lesson.

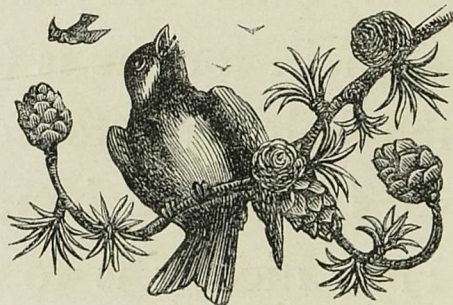
Jam. Cake. Stool. Lawn. Seat. Birth.

Counting Lesson.

Rose is ten years old; Joe is eight, May is six, and Tom is five. Six and five are e-le-ven. Ten and eight are eight-een.

Little Verse.

We've spread the feast on the lawn, you see,
All underneath the tall fir tree;
The table is loaded with fruit and cake,
While the birds our merry music make;
The boughs for a roof, and a carpet of green,
A pleasanter place was never seen
Than our sheltered bower by the old fir tree,
So, girls and boys, pray come to tea!



Harry's Long Day.

“Now, Har-ry,” said Mam-ma, “I am go-ing out to spend the day with your Aunt Ma-ry, and as Pa-pa is a-way too, I hope you will be more good and stead-y e-ven than when we are at home. I want to be a-ble to de-pend up-on my lit-tle boy, so don't pro-mise dear, if you don't think you will *try* at least to be good.” “I *will* try, Mam-ma,” said Har-ry; “do not you fear, you shall not com-plain of me when you come home, I am sure.” So Har-ry's Mam-ma went a-way, and Har-ry thought he would be sure to be good, and she should not have a-ny fault to find when she came home. So he set to work, first of all, and learn-ed all his les-sons, and one o-ver be-sides; then he wrote two care-ful co-pies, and prac-tis-ed his mu-sic les-son for an hour.

It was then time for din-ner, when he found Mam-ma had left a ve-ry good din-ner for him as a treat. There was nice roast mut-ton, and cur-rant dump-lings; and Su-san told him there was al-so some plum jam left out for his tea. Har-ry

lik-ed his din-ner ve-ry much, and af-ter he had done, he went in-to the gar-den. He fed the gui-nea pigs, and chirp-ed to the doves, and amus-ed him-self ve-ry well for a lit-tle while; but as the day pass-ed on, the time seem-ed to go ve-ry slow-ly.

As he was walk-ing a-bout he pass-ed the cher-ry tree. "Ah, ha!" said Har-ry to him-self, "I won-der if there are a-ny ripe cher-ries yet. I know Mam-ma is ve-ry fond of them, and I have seen the white blos-soms out for some time past." So he peep-ed un-der the green leaves on the wall, and hunt-ed a-bout till in a sun-ny place he found some ripe red cher-ries. Har-ry long-ed to taste them, and his mouth wa-ter-ed at the sight of them.

His fin-gers clos-ed on one ripe cher-ry, and he was just go-ing to pick it when Mam-ma's words came to his mind, "I want to be a-ble to de-pend up-on my lit-tle boy!" and then Har-ry thought to him-self how a-sham-ed he should be to look in Mam-ma's kind face if he had sto-len her first cher-ries, and how hard he would feel it to an-swer

her cheer-ful words, "Well, Har-ry, dear, I hope you *have* been a good boy!" So he threw a-way the one cher-ry he had pick-ed, and came a-way from the wall that he might not be tempt-ed to eat a-ny of them.

When Har-ry's Mam-ma came home, her first words were, "Well, Har-ry, what have you been do-ing all day? Have you kept your word and been a good boy?" How glad Har-ry was then that he had not ea-ten the cher-ries, though he told his Mam-ma frank-ly, and with great shame, how near-ly he was do-ing so.

And his Mam-ma said, "Har-ry, dear, I am ve-ry pleas-ed with you in-deed, for you have tried to do your best; and, what is best of all, I find my lit-tle boy is not a-fraid to own his faults. I am ve-ry glad you did not take the cher-ries with-out leave, but I am still more glad that you have told me the whole truth. And now, Har-ry, I have dou-ble plea-sure in giv-ing you what your Aunt sent you. Here is a nice top, a bat and ball as well, so you will be a-ble to en-joy your cou-sin's vi-sit next week!"



FOURTH WEEK.

MONDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Young Soldiers.

Look, Rose, Joe and Tom are on the lawn, with the drum and fife. Joe has got his sword on, how grand he looks! He has got a fine flag, too, in his hand. Tom has the drum, which he beats quite loud, and he has a gun as well. Hark! Joe gives the word "March," and off they go round the lawn. They keep step well, and march like men. Joe has a red scarf round his waist, and the flag has a blue cross on it. Now Joe takes the fife, and plays a tune, as if to call his men up, and then Tom beats the charge on his drum. Why, Rose, they are quite grand! Now the sun shines on them, on Tom's gun and Joe's sword, they look quite bright and fine!

Spelling Lesson.

Flag. Drum. Fife. Scarf. Sword. March.

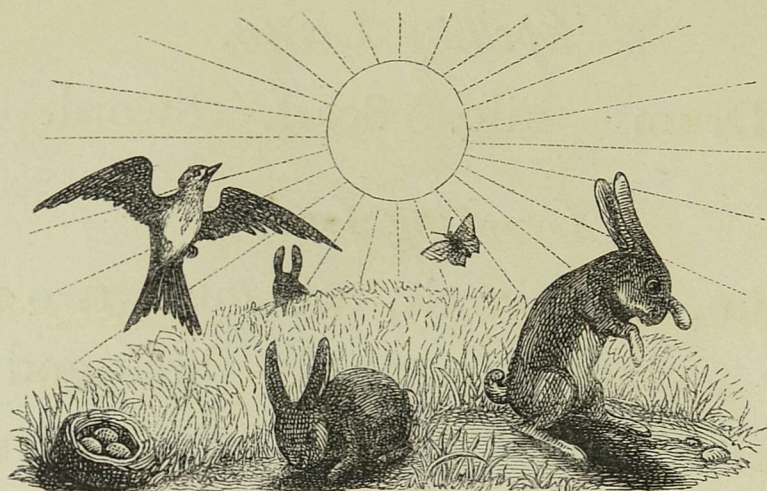
Counting Lesson.

One drum, two swords, two guns, two flags, one fife. One and two are three, three and two are five; five and two are se-ven, se-ven and one make eight.

Little Verse.

Rub-a-dub, dub,—here we come,
Soldiers, with trumpet and with drum;
Sword in hand, and flag overhead,
March! keep step, and onward tread.
Down with the gates, and over the wall,
There is not a coward among us all!
Braver soldiers were never seen
Ready to fight for country and queen!





TUESDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Sun rises.

May, it is time to get up. The sun is quite high in the sky, and it shines so bright. It is such a fine day. There is but one small white cloud in the whole sky, so we shall have no rain to-day. The leaves look fresh and green, with all the dew still on them, and the air smells sweet;—it is quite nice to be out. I like to get up soon, it is the best part of the whole day, when the sun comes to us from his way round the world. The bees seem to be hard at work, and the birds are all in the fields, for their young ones want their food now the long night is past. Make haste, May, or the dew drops will be dried by the sun from the blades of grass.

Spelling Lesson.

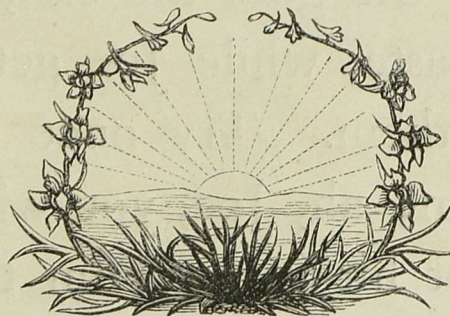
Rain. Drops. Shine. Cloud. Leaves. Blades.

Counting Lesson.

I have four dai-sies, two ro-ses, three pinks, and five tu-lips. Which are the e-ven num-bers? Four and two are e-ven. Three and five are odd.

Little Verse.

Get up, get up, it is time to rise,
The sun is high in the bright blue skies,
The flowers have long been awake, you know,
The bees were busy hours ago,
The lark has dropped again on her nest,
With morning dews on her downy breast.
Open your sleepy eyes, and see
How busy all creatures seem to be!





WEDNESDAY.

Reading Lesson. Trap, Bat, and Ball.

Come, Joe, out on the lawn, and let us have a good game at trap, bat, and ball. Set the shoe down here, and place the mark there. Have you the bat? All right: now put the ball in the shoe. Now then, look out, Joe! That ball went all the wrong way, and fell in the row of beans by the wall. Throw this way, Tom, or the ball will fall on the bed and break the plants. There, that was a good throw! Off goes the ball, and Tom runs for it in great haste, while Joe gets a run or two, and marks for them. Try once more. That is more like it, Tom; ah, Joe, you will miss the ball; there, he did not hit it, so Tom throws, and puts him out.

Spelling Lesson.

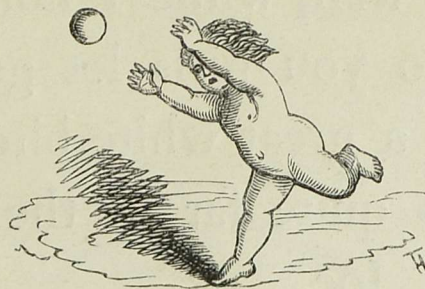
Ball. Shoe. Game. Throw. Mark. Plant.

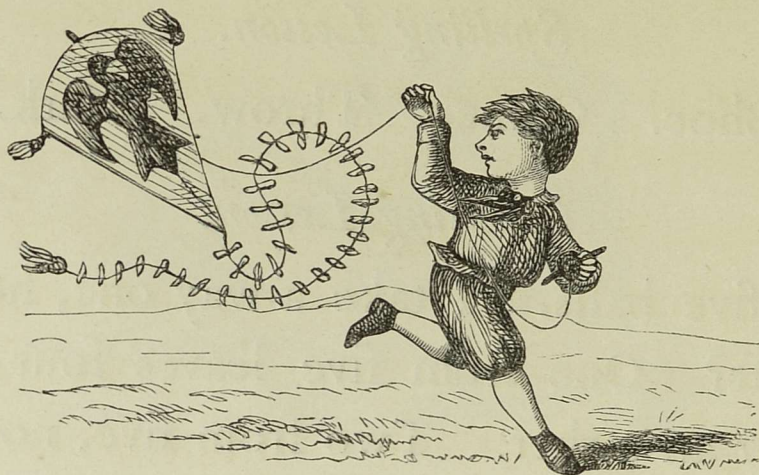
Counting Lesson.

I have five balls. I take a-way one, how many have I left? One from five leaves four balls. I take a-way an-o-ther. Two from five, now I have on-ly three balls left.

Little Verse.

Run, Tom, run, that lucky ball
Flew like a bird to the orchard wall;
One, two, three, four runs you'll gain,
Ere Joe brings it back again.
Fly, ball, fly, up far and high!
A steady hand, and a careful eye,
Will win in the end by many a run,
As you will see when the game is done.





THURSDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Kite.

Now, Tom, we have made our kite, and I think it looks ve-ry nice. The paste is quite dry now, and it will look ve-ry well. Rose and May made the tail, and it is such a fine long one; they cut such a smart pink tip for it. Come, Rose and May, we will all go and fly our kite, for it is just the day for it. Here we are in the field. Now, Rose, you hold the top of the kite fast, for you are tall, and May shall hold out the tail. Now then, Tom, toss it up well, while I hold the string and run, and then do you girls let go. That's right. Up she goes like a great white bird; the wind is so high she will go quite far in the sky. Keep the string quite tight, Joe.

Spelling Lesson.

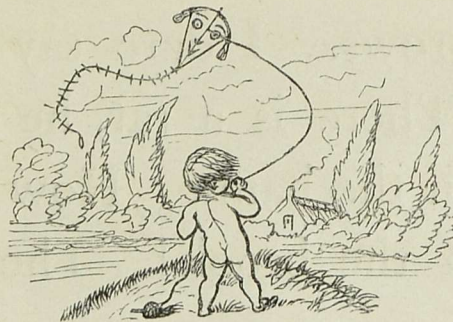
Kite. Tail. White. Smart. Paste. String.

Counting Lesson.

My kite has twelve knots in its tail, and one tas-sel. Three pink knots, five blue, and four green. Three and five are eight, eight and four are twelve.

Little Verse.

Up, up, up, the kite shall fly,
Soaring far in the sunny sky,
Now it drops;—the string held fast,
To the bough of the elm as it glided past:
But the wind blows fresh, and again, set free,
It rises and soars up steadily.
Till it shows but a speck on the sky so blue,
'Tis as fleet as the lark, and as merry too!





FRIDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Brook.

Rose, come and walk by the side of the brook. Is it not a clear stream? I can see the small round stones and green moss. Here is a long green rush. Look, there is a small frog. He means to jump in the brook, I think, to have a nice bath. Yes, there he goes with a loud splash; and, see, how well he can swim. There is a nice red fish, but it is so ve-ry small; it darts to and fro, in and out, where that tall rush grows. I dare say it has a home near its roots. There is a rat, he has just run to that large hole in the bank. How green the grass is by the edge of the brook! The stream keeps it fresh and bright.

Spelling Lesson.

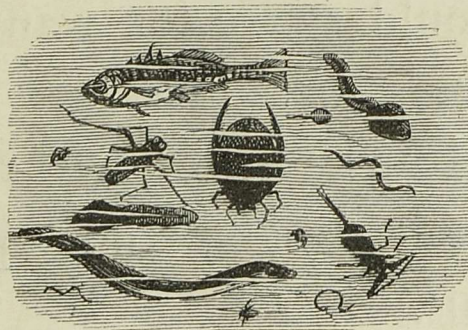
Frog. Rush. Bath. Brook. Stream. Bridge.

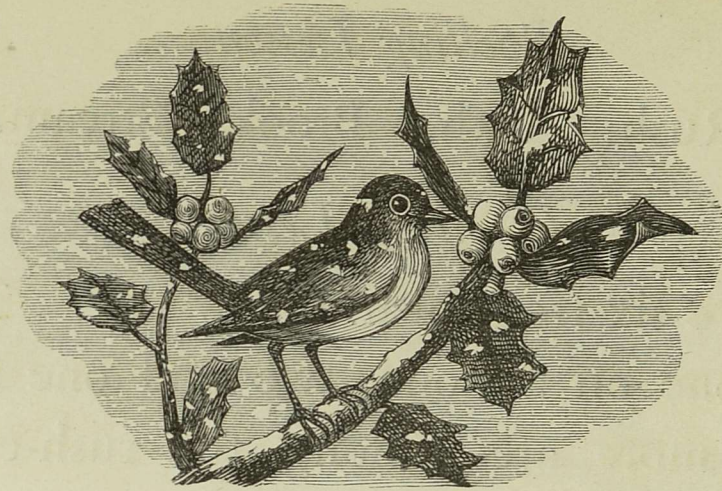
Counting Lesson.

There are six frogs near the wa-ter. Two on a leaf, and one on a stone, two and one are three; and three more are a-mong the rush-es. Three and three make six.

Little Verse.

The little brook runs onward,
And sings a merry song,
And makes a green and pleasant track
Where'er it glides along.
'Tis thus a happy temper
Brings evermore a grace
On all beneath its influence,
Whatever be its place.





SATURDAY.

Reading Lesson. The Bird in the Snow.

The snow lies quite deep on the ground, and the air is quite raw and cold. Here is a poor bird on the ledge; he looks so bad. I dare say he would like some thing to eat. I have some crumbs of bread left from my break-fast, shall we feed him? Let us clear the snow off the ledge, and then we can strew the crumbs there. Do not go too near, for he fears to come and eat while we are there. Poor thing, the chill wind must make him feel so cold, and he would starve for want of food if we did not give him some. See how glad he is, and how he eats it all up! And now he hops off on the bare spray of the bush, and trims up his wings, and chirps to thank us.

Spelling Lesson.

Snow. Cold. Bread. Starve. Spray. Chirp.

Counting Lesson.

Here are se-ven birds on the sill. Two thrush-es and one ro-bin; two and one make three. Two lin-nets; three and two are five. Two tom-tits; five and two make se-ven.

Little Verse.

The summer skies are blue no more,
The leaves have left the bough,
The bitter wind blows cold and chill,
And all seems cheerless now.
Then ope the window, little child,
And give poor Bob some bread,
And he will sing his grateful thanks
When dreary winter's fled.



Amy's Bird's Nest.

Lit-tle A-my was a good girl, and all who knew her lov-ed her ve-ry much. She was so gen-tle and qui-et that all the birds and beasts lik-ed her too, and were not a-fraid of her. She used to go out in the morn-ing to feed her chick-ens, and as she ne-ver hunt-ed or scar-ed them, they came out quite glad-ly at the sound of her voice. They would e-ven sit on her hand and eat out of her mouth.

Her dog went af-ter her where e-ver she went, and lov-ed his lit-tle mis-tress ve-ry dear-ly, so much in-deed that he would some-times growl when a-ny stran-ger look-ed at her.

Now A-my was ve-ry fond of all birds, so one day John, the man who work-ed in the gar-den, told her he would show her a bird's nest. So he took her down the sha-dy walk where the li-lac bush-es grew, and where the elm and ches-nut trees were so tall and high. "This is the place, lit-tle Miss," said John, and he part-ed the boughs of the li-lacs for her to pass through, and then he lift-ed her up to see the nest. It was fix-ed in a nice small hole

in the wall, where an old brick had fall-en out, and the i-vy stems grew round it close, while a large leaf hung down like a door. When A-my push-ed a-way the leaf to peep in-to the nest, she saw the pret-ty lit-tle nest with three white eggs in it. The old birds had brought all they could that was soft and nice to line it with. It was made with ve-ry small twigs and soft green moss, which were wo-ven in and out quite firm-ly; and then the in-side, which was shap-ed like a cup, was lin-ed with soft wool that the old birds had pick-ed up in the hed-ges.

A-my lik-ed the pret-ty nest ve-ry much, and John said he would take her to see it each day, for he knew A-my was so gen-tle that e-ven the ti-mid mo-ther bird would not be a-fraid of her.

Day af-ter day did A-my vi-sit the hole in the wall, and she saw the young birds soon af-ter they were hatch-ed, when they look-ed like lit-tle bunch-es of yel-low silk. But they had great ga-ping beaks, which seem-ed al-ways o-pen for the food the fond fa-ther and mo-ther brought them. They grew so fast that A-my be-gan to think they knew her, for they would chirp and flut-ter their lit-tle wings

when she peep-ed in-to the nest and spoke to them, and look up with their round black eyes at her.

At last one day when she went, she heard a great noise in the nest, and so she stood a short way off to watch them. Then she saw the care-ful mo-ther was teach-ing them to fly. She would perch on the edge of the nest, and then slow-ly spread her wings and fly off to a branch close by. The young birds were ve-ry awk-ward at first, and had more than one tum-ble; but at last they learn-ed how to use their wings, and began to fly as well as their pa-rents.

The next time A-my went to the nest, the birds were all gone, and the nest was emp-ty. She was ve-ry sor-ry to lose her lit-tle bird friends, but she looks for-ward now to the win-ter, when it is cold, and food is scarce. Then she will spread some crumbs on the win-dow sill, and she hopes to see the young birds once more.

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