

II. THE WONDERFUL PITCHER.

—IV.

1. When supper was over, Philemon showed his guests their sleeping-place. When they were left alone, the good old folks sat talking about the wonderful events of the day. Then they lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep. They had given up their bedroom to the strangers.

2. Next morning the old man and his wife rose early, and so did their guests. Philemon begged them to take a little breakfast before setting out; but they thanked him, and said that they must depart at once. They asked Philemon and Baucis to walk with them a little distance and show them the road which they were to take. So they all four set out.

3. "Ah me!" said Philemon, "if our neighbours only knew what a blessed thing it is to show kindness to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

4. "It is a sin and a shame for them to

behave so, that it is," cried good old Baucis. "And I mean to go this very day and tell some of them what naughty people they are."

5. "I fear," said Quicksilver, "that you will find none of them at home."

"By the way, where is the village? I do not see it."

Philemon and his wife turned toward the valley where the village had stood only the day before. Alas! there was no village to be seen. In its place they saw a great lake filling the whole valley.

6. "Woe is me!" cried Philemon. "What has become of our poor neighbours?"

"They have passed away," said the elder traveller in a grand, deep voice. "They were cruel and hard, and there was no use or beauty in their lives. It is better that the lake should spread itself as of old above their dwellings."

7. "As for you, my good friend, you have been so kind to homeless strangers that your milk and bread have become the drink and food of the gods. You have done well, my dear old friends. Tell me what you wish for most, and it shall be granted to you."

8. Philemon and Baucis looked at each other, and Philemon said, "Let us live together while we live, and leave the world at the same instant when we die; for we have always loved one another."

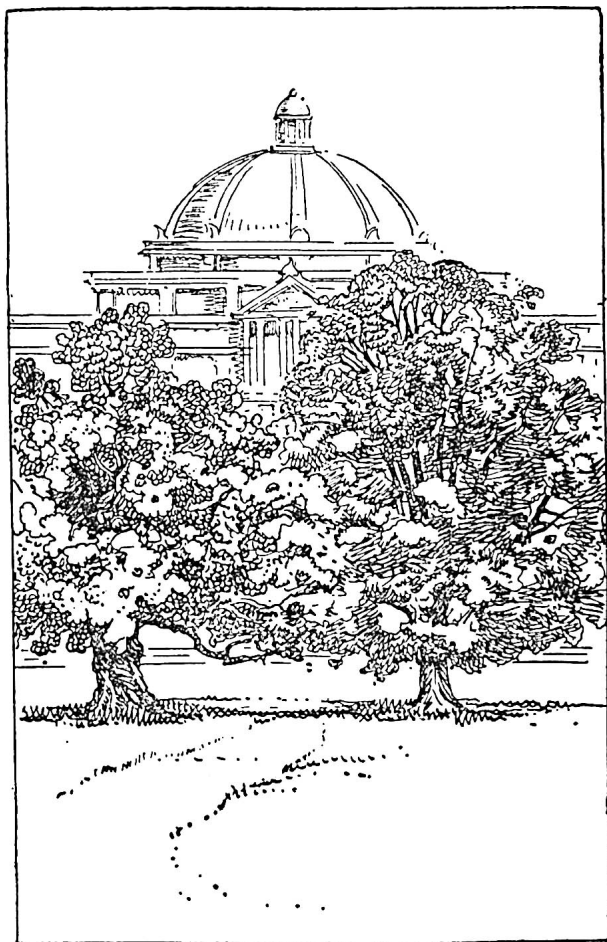
9. "Be it so," replied the stranger. "Now look towards your cottage." They did so. What was their surprise to see a palace of white marble standing on the spot where their humble abode had been!

10. "This is your home," said the stranger, with a sweet smile. "Live in this palace, and show kindness to all strangers who pass your door."

The old folks fell on their knees to thank him; but, behold, both he and Quicksilver had vanished!

11. Philemon and Baucis lived in the palace, and had great joy in giving good cheer to all travellers who passed that way. For many long and happy years they lived in their beautiful home; but one morning they were missing. Their guests searched everywhere, but could not find them.

12. At last they saw in front of the palace two very old trees which nobody could re-



"A palace of white marble."

member to have seen there the day before. One was an oak and the other was a linden tree. Their boughs were entwined in a strange and beautiful manner.

13. A breeze sprang up, and there was a murmur in the air, as if the two trees were speaking.

“*I am old Philemon,*” murmured the oak.

“*I am old Baucis,*” murmured the linden.

14. As the breeze grew stronger both trees spoke at once: “*Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!*” as if one were both and both were one. Whenever a wayfarer passed under the trees he seemed to hear them saying,—

“Welcome, welcome, dear traveller; welcome!”

12. THE WORLD'S MUSIC.

1. The world's a very happy place.

Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

2. I waken when the morning's come,

And feel the air and light alive
With strange, sweet music, like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

3. The linnets play among the leaves
At hide-and-peek, and chirp and sing ;
While flashing to and from the eaves
The swallows twitter on the wing.
4. And twigs that shake, and boughs that sway,
And tall old trees you could not climb,
And winds that come, but cannot stay,
Are singing gaily all the time.
5. From dawn to dark the old mill wheel
Makes music, going round and round ;
And dusty white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.
6. The brook that flows beside the mill,
As happy as a brook can be,
Goes singing its old song until
It learns the singing of the sea.
7. For every wave upon the sands
Sings songs you never tire to hear,
Of laden ships from sunny lands
Where it is summer all the year.
8. And if you listen to the rain
Where leaves and birds and bees are dumb,
You hear it pattering on the pane
Like Andrew beating on his drum.
9. The coals beneath the kettle croon,
And clap their hands and dance in glee ;
And even the kettle hums a tune
To tell you when it's time for tea.

The Carpenter's Yard.

10. The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all.

GABRIEL SETOUN.

13. THE CARPENTER'S YARD.

*(This Lesson continues the story told in
Lessons 1, 3, 5, and 6.)*

1. After the first few months at Gatcombe, Tony began to feel quite proud of himself. He had learnt many things which he did not know when he arrived in the village.

2. He knew, for example, how wheat was grown, though he had not yet seen the harvest reaped. He had, however, seen wheat ground into flour, and had watched Anne, the cook, baking it into bread. He knew how the sheep were fed and the cows were milked, and had spent some happy mornings in the farmhouse dairy watching Mrs. Lloyd making butter and cheese.

3. He had learnt not only how the people of the village fed themselves, but how they warmed their houses and cooked their food.

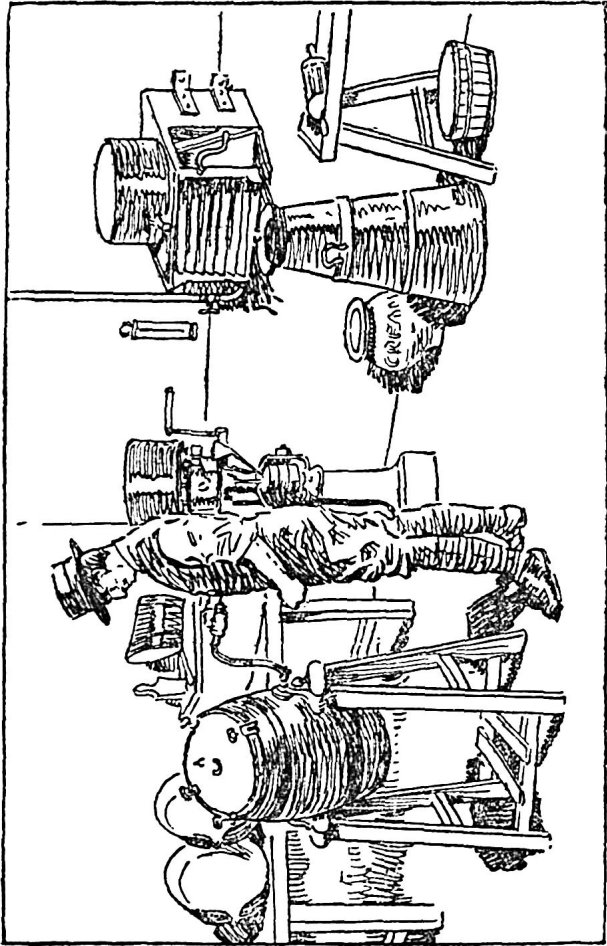
He had been taken to the nearest coal pit, and, what is more, had been down it. Far, far underground he had seen the miners hewing coal. He had stood at the pit mouth and watched the loaded trucks come up from below.

4. There was very little in the village that he had not seen. He loved to visit the yard of Andrew Hislop, carpenter and wheelwright. It was great fun to play hide-and-seek with the carpenter's son amidst the stacks of planks and timber in the yard, and to scramble down into the saw-pit. Often he watched the men at work with saw and chisel, plane and hammer.

5. He thought Andrew Hislop the cleverest man in Gatcombe. There seemed to be nothing that he could not make out of wood. Tony had seen him make a kitchen cupboard and a wheelbarrow. He was now busy on a new cart for Valley Farm.

6. "Does all your wood come from the forest?" Tony asked Andrew one day.

"I get oak from the forest," he replied, "but I have just bought a fine ash tree from Mr. Lloyd's landlord. There are few ash



IN THE FARMHOUSE DAIRY.

trees in the forest. I need ash wood for the shafts of the carts, and for the handles of such tools as hammers and chisels."

7. "Grandma has a chestnut tree," said Tony. "Do you use chestnut wood?"

"John Thomas over there is using chestnut now," was the reply. "He is making a ladder, as you see, and chestnut wood is very good for the rungs. It is so tough that it does not soon wear out, even with the constant tread of hobnailed boots."

8. "Why do you keep so much timber in your yard?" was Tony's next question.

"It is seasoning," said Andrew. "You don't know what that means? Well, I will tell you.

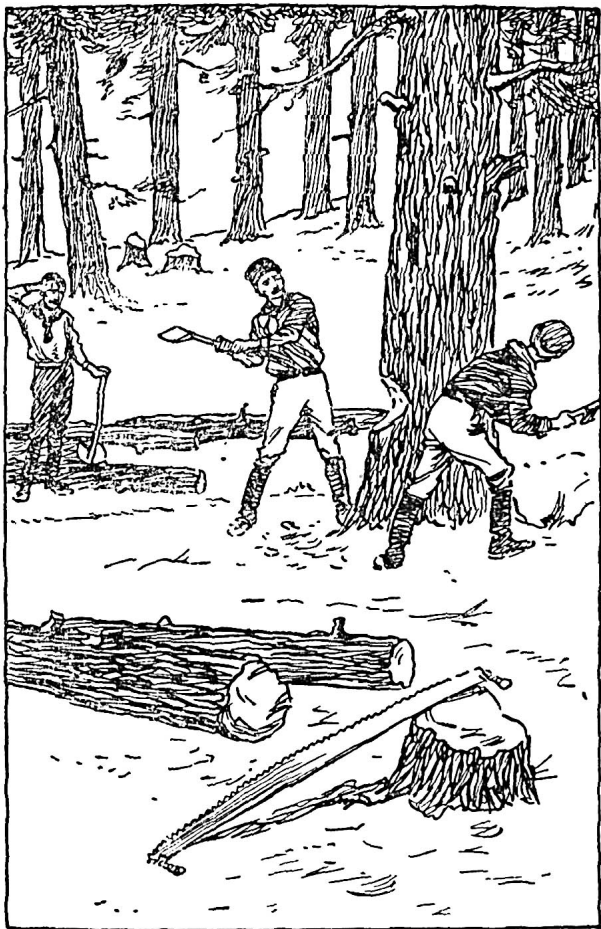
9. "It is always best to cut down trees in winter or in early spring, when the sap has ceased to flow and the wood is fairly dry. But even then there is much moisture in it. If I felled a tree and cut it into planks at once, and then used those planks for doors or carts, the wood would shrink.

10. "When wood is damp it swells, and when it dries it shrinks. If I made a door

of unseasoned wood it would grow loose in its frame, and then the wind would blow into the room and make a draught. Those stacks of planks are seasoning. The sun and the wind are slowly drying up the moisture which they contain.

11. "Some day I will take you to the forest and show you how we fell the trees. You will see one of my men cut a deep notch on one side of the trunk with his axe. Then you will see him and his mate kneel down, one on each side of the tree, and work away with a double-handed saw. At last you will see the tree fall.

12. "I have cut down many trees in my day, and I have used the timber to make many useful things; but I never like to see a tree topple over. It is the death of the tree, and I am always sad when I think that its long life has come to an end."



FELLING TREES IN THE FOREST.

14. A SONG OF TREES.

1. The silver birch is a dainty lady,
She wears a satin gown ;
The elm tree makes the old churchyard shady,
She will not live in town.
2. The English oak's a sturdy fellow,
He gets his green coat late ;
The willow is smart in a suit of yellow,
While brown the beech trees wait.
3. Such a gay green gown God gives to the larches—
As green as He is good !
The hazels hold up their arms for arches
When Spring rides through the wood.
4. The chestnut's proud, and the lilac's pretty,
The poplar's gentle and tall ;
But the plane tree's kind to the poor dull city—
I love him the best of all !

E. NESBIT.

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15. THE TANNER'S YARD.

1. Mr. Ward, the tanner, was standing at the door of his yard when Tony passed by. " You are the little stranger from London," said he. " Well, what do you think of our village.?"

Tony said that it was a wonderful place, and that he had seen more interesting sights in Gatcombe than he had seen in all London.

2. Mr. Ward smiled. "You haven't seen all the sights yet. Come along in and see my tannery."

Tony was delighted. Inside the yard he saw a stack of bark which had been stripped from the oak trees in the forest. He noticed that the bark on the ground was dry, and that it had broken up into a coarse dust.

3. "You will see by-and-by how the bark is used," said Mr. Ward. "First we will look at the skins."

He led Tony to a shed where half a dozen cow skins had just been thrown down. Mr. Ward had bought them from farmers in the neighbourhood.

4. "I suppose you will soon begin to tan those skins," said Tony.

"Not for some weeks," replied Mr. Ward. "They have to be cleaned first."

The tanner led Tony to several large square pits. Every pit was full of a whitish liquid which covered piles of skins.

5. "First of all," explained Mr. Ward,

“we soak the skins in clean water to remove all blood and dirt. Then we put them in these pits, and leave them there for several weeks. The water which you see here contains much lime.”

6. “What is the lime for?” asked Tony.

“It loosens the hair, so that we can easily remove it from the skins. Look at your boots. There is no cow hair on them. It was all taken away before the leather was made.

7. “Here are some skins which have just been taken out of the pits. Watch this man.” Tony saw that the man had a skin spread out before him on a sloping block of wood, and that he was scraping it with a two-handled knife.

8. First he scraped off all the hair from the outside of the skin. It came away quite easily, because it had been loosened by the lime in the water. Then he turned the skin over and scraped off all the flesh and fat.

9. “The skin is now ready for the tanning pits,” said Mr. Ward. “Come along and see them.”

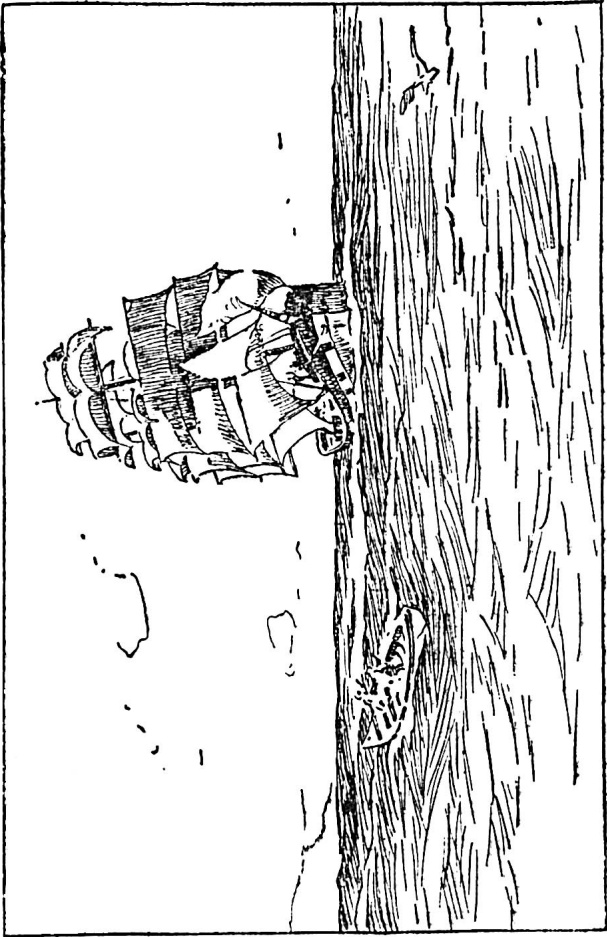
They went across the yard, and Tony saw more pits, filled with a dark brown liquid. Across the top of the pits there were many poles. From each of these poles a skin hung down into the liquid.

10. "This liquid," said Mr. Ward, "is what we call tanning liquor. It is a mixture of water and the broken bark which you saw as you came into the yard. Oak bark contains an acid which prevents the skins from rotting. The liquor is not very strong in this pit; it is stronger in the next, and still stronger in the third, and so on.

11. "For months the skins are changed from pit to pit, and are treated with stronger and stronger tanning liquor. In this way the liquor finds its way into every part of the skin, until the whole is properly preserved. I treat my skins with oak bark for a whole year before I am satisfied with them."

12. "And when you are satisfied, I suppose they are quite ready to be made into boots and shoes," said Tony.

"Well, they must first be dried in that large loft. Then they must be 'struck'



“Around the world that is so full of wonders.”

with a tool which shows the grain. Last of all, we roll them with the roller to make them smooth.

“Then they are ready to be made into the soles of boots and shoes. We make the ‘upper’ leathers in a somewhat different way.

13. “That is enough for one morning. Give my respects to your grandmother, and say that I hope that the shoes which Mr. Last has made for her out of my leather are wearing well.”

16. THE SHIPS.

1. For many a year I've watched the ships a-sailing
to and fro,
The mighty ships, the little ships, the speedy and
the slow ;
And many a time I've told myself that some day
I would go
Around the world that is so full of wonders.
2. The swift and stately liners, how they run without
a rest !
The great three-masters, they have touched the
East and told the West !