

gold, and its petals were as white as fine silver.

12. The bird danced round her and kissed her with his beak, and then flew up to the sky. Oh how happy the little daisy was; no one can tell how happy. It was a long time before she could think properly. She felt almost afraid to look round at the tulips and peonies, for fear they should think her silly.

## 26. THE DAISY.—II.

1. The flowers in the garden were very angry because the lark had made such a fuss over a common-daisy, and had not even looked at their bright dresses. So they stuck their heads up higher than ever, and the daisy could see that they were in a bad-temper.

2. Just at this moment a girl came into the garden carrying a sharp pair of scissors which glittered in the sun. "Here are some fine tulips," she said, walking straight up to them. Snip, snip, went the scissors, until she had cut them all down. "Oh, oh," said

the daisy, holding her breath, "how terrible!"

3. When the girl had carried the tulips away the daisy gave a sigh. "How glad I am that I am a poor little flower growing in the grass!" she said. When night came the daisy folded her petals and went to sleep. All night long she dreamed of the gentle warm sun and the pretty bird.

4. Next morning when the daisy woke she heard the bird singing; but oh, how sad his voice sounded! Poor bird! no wonder he was sad. Some boys had laid a trap to catch him, and now they had put him in a cage with bars all round it.

5. They had hung the cage just outside the window, and here the poor lark was singing of the green fields in which he would never rest again, and the blue sky toward which he could no longer fly.

6. The little daisy was so sad to see him a prisoner that she forgot all about her golden breast and silver dress. She wished very much to comfort him; but then she was only a little flower, what could she do? The garden gate opened and two boys came

out. One of them took out his knife and walked up to where the daisy was standing trembling.

7. "Here is a jolly piece of turf," cried he; "let us cut it out and put it in the lark's cage."—"Cut out the daisy first," said the other boy.—"No, it looks pretty growing there; let it stay," said the first boy. So they cut a square piece of turf with the daisy growing in the middle, and put it in the lark's cage.

8. The poor lark was dashing his wings against the iron bars, and did not see the turf for a long time. The little daisy was very sorry for the poor bird. She wished to comfort him, but when she tried she could not say a word.

9. When the afternoon came, the poor lark was sitting in the bottom of the cage with his feathers all ruffled and his eyes dim. "They have left me to die of thirst," he cried. "My throat is parched and dry, and I feel as if a fire were burning inside of me. I must say good-bye to the blue sky where I used to sing, and to the green fields where I had my nest, and



*"Here is a jolly piece of turf."*

to everything which God has made in the world."

10. Then with a gasp he pushed his beak into the cool grass, and his eyes caught sight of the daisy. "Poor little flower," said the lark; "they have brought you here to die also. Alas, you put me in mind of all I have lost!"

11. "Oh, how I wish I could do something to comfort him!" thought the daisy, but she could not move. All that she could do was to send out a sweet scent; and the bird smelt it, and lifted his head to thank her.

12. Night came, and no one brought a drop of water to the poor bird. So he gave a sad little chirp, kissed the daisy once more, gave his wings a flutter, and died. The little daisy was so sad she could not close her eyes to sleep, but bent herself to the earth with grief.

13. When the boys came in the morning to see the lark, they found him dead on the bottom of the cage. They cried a great deal; and then they made a pretty box and put the bird into it, and buried it in the garden. When the bird was alive and able

to sing, they forgot all about him. Now that he was dead, they shed tears and gave him a grand funeral.

14. The square piece of turf, with the humble flower growing in it, was thrown out into the road. No one knew that the little daisy had done more for the lark than any one else, and that it had died of a broken heart because it could not save him.

*From HANS ANDERSEN'S Fairy Tales.*

## 27. A SWINGING SONG.

1. Merry it is on a summer day  
All through the meadows to take our way ;  
To watch the brooks glide fast or slow,  
And the fish that are darting about below.  
To hear the lark make the blue sky ring,  
Oh, sure enough, 'tis a merry thing ;  
But 'tis merrier far to swing—to swing !
  
2. Merry it is on a winter's night  
To listen to tale of old delight,  
Of caves and castles, and knights so bold,  
And ladies with hair that gleams like gold.  
'Tis merry to laugh, 'tis merry to sing  
And dance around in a fairy ring ;  
But 'tis merrier far to swing—to swing !

3. Merry it is to play on the shore,  
 And watch the waves roll in with a roar ;  
 Merry it is to help with the hay,  
 Or to fly a kite on a breezy day.  
 But oh ! I'll tell you a merrier thing—  
 To rise and to fall like a bird on the wing ;  
 That's how you feel when you swing—you swing !

## 28. THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

*(This Lesson continues the story told in Lessons  
 1, 3, 5, 6, 13, 15, 20, 21, 22, and 23.)*

1. One Sunday, as Tony came out of church, the village blacksmith spoke to him. "You haven't been to see my shop yet, Master Tony," he said. "If you look in at any time I shall be very glad to see you."

2. Tony thanked him, and said he would come next morning. As he went home to dinner he repeated to his grandmother some verses which he had learned at school:—

3. "Under a spreading chestnut tree  
 The village smithy stands ;  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands ;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands."

4. "Yes," said his grandmother, "that is quite a good picture of Mr. Griggs, our blacksmith. Strange to say, there is a chestnut tree beside his shop. You will find it at the cross-roads, about half a mile from our house."

5. Soon after breakfast next morning Tony hurried off to the blacksmith's shop. When Mr. Griggs saw him, he wiped his hand on his leather apron, and gripped Tony's hand like a vice. Tony winced, but bore it bravely, because Mr. Griggs meant to be very kind.

6. He was just in time to see a horse shod. He saw the blacksmith thrust the shoe into the fire, and he himself had a pull at the bellows. When the shoe was red hot, the blacksmith placed it on an anvil and hammered it with ringing blows.

7. Then he took the foot of the horse between his knees and clapped on the shoe, which sizzled and burnt into the animal's hoof. Next he cut away some of the hoof with a curved knife until the shoe fitted well. At last he drove in the nails, and a few minutes later the horse was *clop-clopping* away along the highroad.



8. What a busy man the blacksmith was ! He made iron tires for the wheels of carts and wagons ; he sharpened the shares of ploughs and the teeth of harrows, and mended all sorts of farm tools. Andrew Hislop, the carpenter, had, so far, been Tony's hero. Now he had to give place to Mr. Griggs.

9. About eleven o'clock the blacksmith wiped his brow, and, sitting down on the anvil, rested himself for a while.

"Where do you get your iron from, Mr. Griggs ?" asked Tony.

10. "I used to get it from the forest," said the blacksmith ; "but iron ore is not mined there now. In other parts of England there is plenty of it. Here is a piece of iron ore which I picked up in the forest. There is iron in it, but there are many other things as well.

11. "To get the iron the ore has to be 'smelted.' It is placed in tall iron furnaces, where it is so greatly heated that the iron melts and runs off as a white-hot liquid which becomes solid when it cools.



MR. GRIGGS AT WORK.

## 98      The Village Blacksmith.

12. "Some day you must visit a blast furnace and see with your own eyes how pig iron is made. This pig iron is melted again, and the iron is made purer and purer until it becomes wrought iron. It is wrought iron that I chiefly use."

## 29. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

1. Under a spreading chestnut tree  
    The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
    With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
    Are strong as iron bands.
2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
    His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;  
    He earns whate'er he can ;  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
    For he owes not any man.
3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
    You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
    With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
    When the evening sun is low.

4. And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.
5. He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach ;  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.
6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.
7. Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close ;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.
8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes may be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### 30. DANIEL BOONE: A FIGHTER OF INDIANS.—I.

1. About one hundred and fifty years ago most of the white men in America lived near the coast of the Atlantic Ocean. Some of them, who were very brave and daring, were even then pushing inland and discovering rich, fair lands on which they could settle down and make their homes.

2. In those days a man could travel for hundreds of miles without seeing a single house. Here and there he would come across the villages of Indians. These Redskins, as they were called, were hunters, and lived by killing wild animals. Round their villages they had small fields which their squaws tilled. By far the greater part of the country, however, was wild and deserted.

3. In the year 1735 a boy named Daniel Boone was born in a hamlet of log huts on the spot where a great city now stands. All around his home was the forest in which the Indians hunted and trapped wild animals.

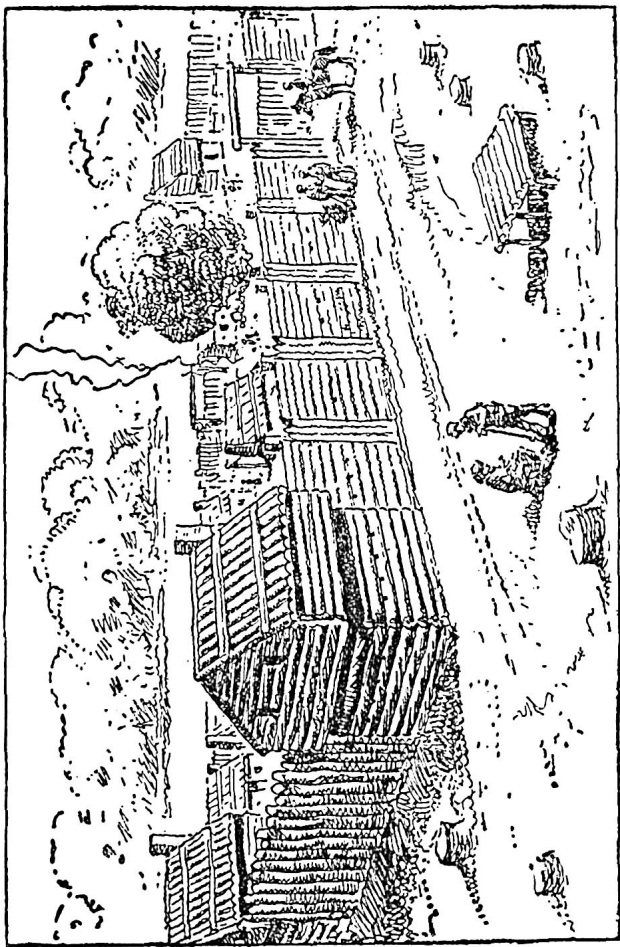
4. Even as a small boy Daniel loved the

woods, and wandered about in them watching the birds and the deer. He made himself a toy spear, and became so skilful in its use that before long he could easily kill small game.

5. When he was twelve years of age his father gave him a gun. You can imagine his pride as he walked about with his gun on his shoulder. Before long he was a deadly shot. He stalked deer in the forest, and sold their skins to his friends. With the money he bought a hunter's outfit—a long knife, flints, lead and powder for his gun.

6. There was no school for Daniel to attend, even if he had wished to do so. The forest was his school, and he learnt to read wondrous things in Nature's book. He could foretell storms and the coming of floods. He knew all the trees by sight, the habits of the wild animals, and the ways of the Indians. He also knew the stars, and could guide himself by them.

7. Still, he was not without some book learning. His mother taught him to read and write, and to work simple sums, and this knowledge he found very useful in later



A BACKWOODS FORT.

life. He did not, however, learn to spell. Once he carved on a tree : " D. Boon cilled a bar on this tree."

8. When he was nineteen he married, and settled down as a farmer. Soon, however, he gave up farming and became a fighter of Indians. Settlers were then flocking into the lands of the Redskins, who found themselves shut out of their hunting grounds. They grew angry, and began to make raids on the lonely settlers.

9. In almost every district a fort was built. Round about an oblong space a double row of logs was set up. The tops of the logs were made sharp, so that they could not be easily climbed. At the four corners there were blockhouses, three stories high. From the upper rooms of these blockhouses the settlers could fire down on their foes.

10. Inside the fort there were cabins, in which the settlers lived when the Indians drove them from their farms. The roofs of these cabins were flat, and on them the men took their stand when they were attacked. Heavy gates closed the entrances, and everywhere there were loopholes through which



a rifle could be fired. All round the fort a ditch was dug, and the earth was piled against the log walls to strengthen them.

11. From time to time the Indians went on the warpath, and scouts were told off to watch them and give the settlers warning. Sometimes one of these scouts would run at dead of night to each of the log cabins in the valley, and tap softly on the door or back window. The people inside bestirred themselves at once as soon as they heard the whisper, "Injins." Then they rushed off, with their wives and children and cattle, to the safety of the fort.

12. In one district Daniel Boone was the scout. The Indians in the neighbourhood were Cherokees. They were good fighters, and often made raids on the settlers. Sometimes they slew the white men and their families and drove off their cattle.

13. Daniel Boone did good work for a time in fighting Cherokees. When the district became quiet he left the valley, and crossed the mountains into what is now Kentucky. I shall tell you some of his adventures in the following lessons.