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THE SCHOOL PAPER.

FOR GRADES V. AND VI. (1913).

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* IN THE DROVING DAYS.

1. At dawn of day, we would feel the breeze
That stirred the boughs of the sleeping trees,
And brought a breath of the fragrance rare
That comes and goes in that scented air;
For the trees and grass and the shrubs contain
A dry, sweet scent on the saltbush plain.



Photograph by Sutcliffe and Akers, Melbourne.]

A BUSH HOME.

For those that love it and understand,
The saltbush [1] plain is a wonderland,
A wondrous country, where Nature's ways
Were revealed to me in the droving days.

2. We saw the fleet, wild horses pass,
And the kangaroos through the Mitchell grass.[2]
The emu ran with her frightened brood
All unmolested and unpursued.
But there rose a shout and a wild hubbub
When the dingo[3] raced for his native scrub,
And he paid right dear for his stolen meals
With the drover's dogs at his wretched heels;
For we ran him down at a rattling pace,
While the packhorse joined in the stirring chase;
And a wild halloo at the kill we'd raise—
We were light of heart in the droving days.

* * *

3. When we kept our watch in the cold and damp,
If the cattle broke from the sleeping camp,
Over the flats and across the plain,
With my head bent down on his waving mane,
Through the boughs above and the stumps below,
On the darkest night, I could always go
At a racing speed; he would choose his course,
And my life was safe with the old grey horse.
In drought or plenty, in good or ill,
That same old steed was my comrade still;
The old grey horse with his honest ways
Was a mate to me in the droving days.

* * *

4. And now he's wandering, fat and sleek,
On the lucerne flats by the Homestead Creek;
I dare not ride him for fear he'd fall,
But he does a journey to beat them all,
For, though he scarcely a trot can raise,
He can take me back to the droving days.

—Abridged from a poem by A. B. Paterson, an Australian writer, born in New South Wales in 1864; author of *The Man from Snowy River and Other Verses, Rio Grande's Last Race and Other Verses*, &c. By permission of the publishers, Messrs. Angus and Robertson.

Fra'grance (the first "a" as in *ale*), sweet smell.
Scent'ed (the "c" silent), perfumed.
Won'drous, very strange; wonderful.
Re-vealed', made clear to the mind.
Un'mo-lest'ed, free from attack.
Un'pur-sued', not followed after.
Din'go, Australian wild dog
Drought, long period of dry weather.
Hon'est (the "h" silent), without trickery or deceit.
Lu'cerne, pasture plant with purple blossoms.

1. **Salt'bush**, wild herb or shrub, which grows on the interior plains of Australia, and on which horses and sheep feed. Some varieties are very rich in salt.

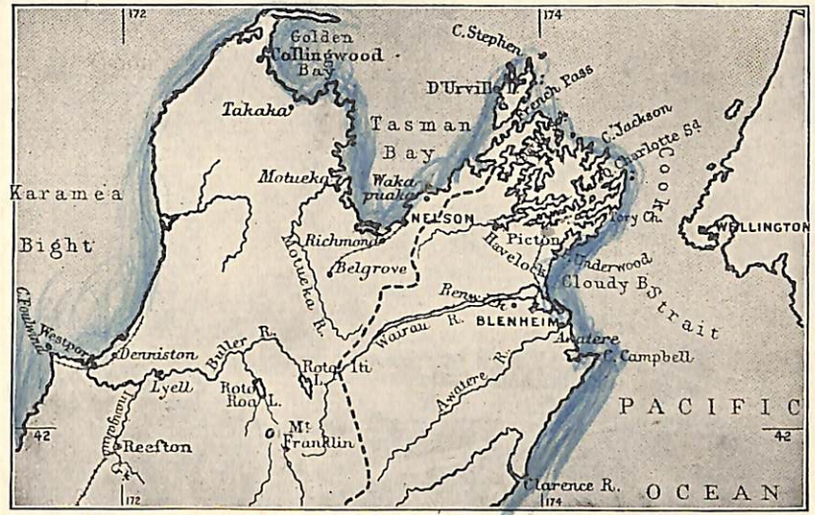
2. **Mit'chell grass**, a valuable pasture grass, which a very little rain causes to sprout at the stem-joints. There are several varieties—common, curly, wheat-eared, weeping, &c. It was, probably, named after the explorer.

3. **Din'go.** It is thought that this dog, which is not marsupial (provided with a pouch for its young, as the kangaroo and other Australian mammals are), was brought to Australia at a very early period. Packs of dingoes used to cause much destruction among flocks and herds. Some of the aborigines used to call the animal the "warrigal" (a word that is spelt variously).

THE FIRST VISIT OF EUROPEANS TO NEW ZEALAND

Un-for'tu-nate, attended with misfortune; not successful.
An'chored, fixed or fastened in a certain place.
Im-ag'ine, form a picture in the mind; conceive.
Ma'o-ri (*mah'or-ree*), one of the dark-skinned people who occupied New Zealand before the arrival of the white men.
In'ter-est-ed, having the attention engaged.
Ven'ture, undertake the risk of; chance.
In'stru-ment, contrivance by which musical sounds are produced.
Swamped, caused to sink by filling with water.
Ap-par'ent-ly, to all appearances; as far as could be seen.
Mas'sa-cre (*ker*), killing of a number of people with cruelty; murder.
Op'por-tu'ni-ty, good chance or opening for doing anything.
Char'ac-ter (first "a" as in *am*), qualities and peculiarities of a person.
Rec'ord, written account of some fact or proceeding.

1. At the time when the unfortunate Charles the First was King of Great Britain, the Dutch were, among the nations of the world, the chief traders by sea, a position that is now held by the British. They had



THE NORTHERN PORTION OF SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

trading posts in the East Indies,[1] and, wishing to increase their trade, they sent several of their sailors on voyages of discovery into the unknown seas to the south and east of them.

2. One of these sailors, named Tasman, sailed, in 1642, into the Southern Ocean with two or three ships, and just over one hundred men. He discovered Tasmania, and named it Van Diemen's Land[2] after the Governor of Batavia, the capital of Java and the port from which he had set out. Continuing his voyage, he sighted what is now called the South Island of New Zealand, and, a few days afterwards, anchored his ships in a bay to the north of it.

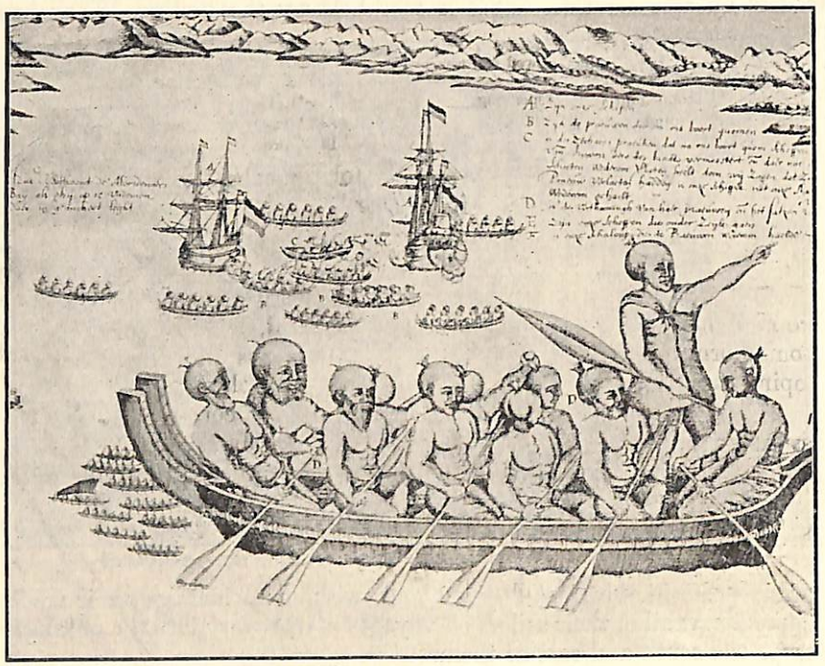
3. There, for the first time, he saw the natives of the country, and they, no doubt for the first time, saw white men. We can imagine how interested the Dutch would be in the Maoris, and also how much more interested the Maoris would be in the pale-faced beings who came in such

big canoes, which, with their great white wings, seemed to fly along the surface of the water.

4. The Maoris did not venture on board, but, from a distance, kept calling out and playing a few notes on rude instruments, to which Tasman replied by ordering his men to sound their trumpets.

5. Next day, however, happened one of those very sad incidents that, unfortunately, were not uncommon when white people visited, for the first time, the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

6. Quite a number of canoes lay near the two ships, and, as a boat containing seven men was being rowed from one vessel to the other, a big canoe dashed into it and nearly swamped it. The Maoris then



By the courtesy of the proprietors of *The Australasian.*]

"THE MAORIS THEN ATTACKED THE SAILORS."

(In the background, the attack on the boat's crew is shown; in the foreground, a Maori canoe on a larger scale than the rest. This quaint illustration is a reproduction of one in Tasman's report of the voyage.)

attacked the sailors with their paddles and clubs, killing three, and so injuring another that he died shortly afterwards. The three other men were rescued by a boat which had been quickly lowered.

7. Muskets and cannon were fired at the murderers, but they paddled rapidly away and reached the shore apparently uninjured. Tasman named the inlet Murderers' Bay. This name was, afterwards, changed to Massacre Bay, and, later, to Golden Bay.

8. Sailing up the west coast of the North Island as far as the most northerly point, which he named Cape Maria Van Diemen, Tasman left

New Zealand without even setting foot on shore, and without having an opportunity of finding out the true character of the inhabitants.

9. For a long time, New Zealand seems to have been forgotten, and not until over a hundred years after Tasman's departure, when Captain Cook paid his first visit, is there any record that Europeans touched its shores.

—Adapted from *The School Journal*, New Zealand.

1. East In'dies. The name has gone out of use. It comprised India, Further India, and the Malay (or Eastern) Archipelago. The Dutch East Indies include almost all the islands south of the Philippines, from those on the west of Sumatra to the Aru Islands near New Guinea, and also the western portion of New Guinea.

2. Van Die'men's Land. In 1856, the name was changed to Tasmania.

THE TREASURE IN THE GARDEN.

Dis'con-tent'ed, uneasy in mind; not satisfied.
Odd, strange; unusual.
Im-pa'tient-ly, in a way that showed she was unwilling to wait any longer.
Stam'mered, stopped often while speaking.
Gloom'y, sad in mind.
Cu'ri-ous, wishing to find out.
Sin'gu-lar, strange; peculiar.
Dis'ap-point'ed, with hopes cast down.
Sneers, looks or words of scorn.
Sooth'ing, pleasing by soft words.
Un'dis-turbed', left alone; not touched.
Sub'soil, earth which lies under the surface.
Til'lage, process of preparing ground for seed.

1. There was once a farmer named John Jacobs, who was very poor and discontented. He had often heard and read of treasures being discovered in all sorts of odd places; and he thought so much about this that, at last, nothing would serve but that he himself must find a treasure. So, instead of attending to his work and looking after the crops in his fields and the trees in his orchard, he went poking about, from morning till night, among all the old ruins in the neighborhood, hoping that, by good fortune, he might turn up a chest of gold coins.

2. This went on for a long time; and, of course, no gold was discovered. One day, however, when Farmer Jacobs came down to breakfast, he said to his wife, "It is all right, my dear. I have found the treasure at last!"

"Have you, indeed?" said his wife, in great surprise.

3. "Yes," he replied. "At any rate, it is as good as found. Last night, it was told to me in a dream that the treasure was hidden under one of the trees in our orchard. Wait until I have finished my breakfast, and I shall go and fetch it in."

4. The woman waited very impatiently until her husband had finished his meal; and then, taking a pick and a spade, they both went into the orchard.

5. "Now, John, which tree is it under?" cried his wife.

But the farmer only stared round helplessly, and began to scratch his head. "I—don't—know," he stammered at last.

"You don't know! Why, man, did you not take the trouble to notice?"

6. "Certainly, I did," he replied. "I saw plainly enough which tree it was in my dream; but, out here, there are so many of them, and they are all so much alike, that my mind is in a muddle."

For a time, they both stood staring at the trees in gloomy silence.

7. "Well," said the farmer at last, "there is only one thing to do: I must dig under each tree until I find the right one."

The wife lost heart at this, for there were eighty or a hundred trees in the orchard.

"Mind you don't cut the roots," she said with a sigh.

8. "Pooh!" said John, "what does it matter if I do? The trees are of no value—the whole of them do not bear me a hundredweight of fruit. They used to bear as much apiece in my father's time."



BUD AND BLOSSOM.

"Well, John," said his wife, "you know your father used to give them a great deal of attention."

"O, it isn't that," cried John, quickly; "the trees are getting old, like ourselves, and are fit only for firewood."

9. With that, he flung off his coat, and, taking up the spade, began to dig at the roots of the tree that stood nearest. He dug a pit three feet deep all round the tree, and then, finding nothing, set to work at the roots of another.

10. All that day, he toiled on, working harder than he had ever worked in his life before. By the time night fell, there were deep holes and heaps of earth under more than a dozen trees, but, so far, no treasure had come to light.

11. Wearied, and aching in every limb, the farmer went to bed; but, at dawn of day, he was abroad again, digging with might and main.

12. The people in the village soon became curious as to the farmer's doings. Some stopped to watch him as they passed by, and asked the meaning of his singular behavior. But, to all their questions, John remained dumb, and went on digging with all his might. Then they began to poke fun at him; but they soon grew tired of that, and left him in peace.

13. Day after day, the farmer toiled at his digging, until, at the end of several weeks, he had dug a hole at the roots of every tree in the orchard; but not a trace of the treasure did he find. So he went back to his usual ways again, a disappointed, miserable man. The neighbors jeered at him whenever they met him, and called the orchard "Jacob's Folly."

14. At last, the poor farmer felt that he could stand this treatment no longer. "Wife," said he one day, "you and I will have to find a new place to live in, for the sneers of the neighbors are more than I can bear."

15. Then the poor woman began to cry. "O, John, do not speak of going away. We have lived here so long—ever since we were married. I am sure I could not eat my food or sleep peacefully in any house but this."

16. "Well, well," said John, soothing her, "if you take it like that, we must stay. Perhaps the trouble will blow over."

"I am sure it will, like everything else," said she. "But, dear John, I wish you would fill in those holes under the trees; the young folk come from far and wide on Sundays to see them."

17. "Wife," said he, "I haven't the heart to do that. You see, while I was digging for the treasure, I was always thinking I was going to find it the next minute, and that kept my heart up; but to take a shovel now and fill in those holes is more than I can do."

18. So, for more than six months, the heaps of earth lay undisturbed through the heat of summer and the frosts of winter, until, at the end of June, the old man at last plucked up his spirits, and filled in the holes. Then the village people spoke no more of "Jacob's Folly," for it was out of sight.

19. September came, and the fruit-trees burst out in bloom. "Wife," cried the farmer one day, "our bloom is richer this year than I have ever seen it; it is richer than our neighbors'."

20. In the course of time, the blossoms faded and fell, leaving the trees laden with thousands of little, hard, green knobs. By Christmas Day, the branches were bowed down to the ground with the heavy weight of fruit they carried. So it was the next year, and the next, sometimes more and sometimes less, according to the season. The trees were old, and needed a change. By digging round their roots, letting in the air to them, and turning the subsoil up to the frost and the sun, the farmer had given them new life.

21. In this way, John Jacobs learned that tillage is the best means to get treasure from the earth. Men are ungrateful at times, but the

soil is never ungrateful; it always makes a return for the pains we bestow upon it.—CHARLES READE. (Adapted.) The author, a leading English novelist, was born in 1814, and died in 1884.

* A CLUSTER OF FLOWERS.

Pet'alled, having petals, or flower-leaves.
Fra'grance (the first "a" as in *ale*), sweet smell.
Or'chid (*or'kid*), plant with beautiful, showy flowers.
U-nique' (*u-neek'*), unlike anything else.
Dain'ty, fine; delicate.
Daf'fo-dil, kind of yellow lily.
Chal'ice, bowl; cup; goblet.

1. You ask me which of all God's flowers
I hold most dear.
'Neath dewdrop's tear,
The petalled rose
That softly blows,
And, while she lives,
Sweet fragrance gives
Through shine or showers,
I hold most dear.



A ROSE.

2. There is another flower sweet
Beyond compare,
The orchid rare—
A princess she
Of high degree.
Unique her form,
Her colors warm—
I would her greet,
For she is fair.

3. And I love, too, that dainty thing
The daffodil,



AN ORCHID.

So calm and still.
Watch her unfold
Her chalice gold,
To heaven lift up



A DAFFODIL.

Her bell-shaped cup.
She joy doth bring,
The daffodil.

—MARION DOWNES, a Melbourne writer.

OLAF SVENSON.

Va'ri-ous, different.
Ex-pert', having great skill; clever.
Ei'der (the "ei" like "i" in *ice*) **duck,** duck with very soft feathers, found in the northern parts of Europe and America.
Wharf, platform alongside which vessels can load or unload; quay.
Pleas'ure, delight; gratification.
E-nough' (*e-nuf'*), all that is needed.
Con'stant, steady; regular.
Ad-mired', thought highly of.
Du'ty, what one is bound to do; obligation.
Vir'tue, goodness or purity of life; uprightness

1. Some boys and girls have a great dislike to bathing of any kind, while there are others who are very fond of it. Even babies seem to regard it in various ways. Some cry and wail all the time they are having their morning bath, while others crow with delight as they splash the water about or suck the sponge, and cry when taken out.



TEAM OF SWIMMERS FROM BRIGHTON-ST. SCHOOL, RICHMOND.
Winners of Boys' Competitions in Life-saving, 1911–12 and 1912–13.

2. The natives of warm countries, as a rule, are expert swimmers, and they teach their children to swim when quite young. And, even in some cold countries, the children are taught to swim at an early age.

3. Olaf Svenson was a native of Iceland.[1] He used to help his father to catch fish and wild-fowl from the time he was nine years old until he left the island. He was a good swimmer, and could swim for a long distance. He often swam out for the eider ducks or other wild-fowl that his father shot from the shore.

4. He wanted to be a strong swimmer also, like his father, who had saved many people from drowning. Olaf wished to save someone also, but he got no chance of doing so until he came to Queensland.

5. His father settled in Townsville,[2] where he earned his living by working on a small coastal steamer running as far as Cairns.[3] He was thus away from home about a week at a time. Olaf went to school, but he spent most of his spare time fishing on the wharf in Ross River.

6. One day, while so engaged, he was startled by hearing a loud splash in the water, and a woman screaming, "Baby will drown. O, save her, save her!" Olaf quickly looked round and saw a child struggling in the water, while a woman dressed like a nurse stood on the edge of the wharf calling for help.

7. Olaf made up his mind in an instant. He knew there was no time to lose, as a few seconds' delay might result in the death of the child. He pulled off his coat and boots, and dived into the water with the rest of his clothes on. When he rose to the surface, the child had sunk. The bubbles showed him where she was, and, quickly diving, he brought her to the top. She was gasping and coughing, having swallowed a good deal of salt water.



SWIMMING TEAM FROM MORDIALLOC SCHOOL, VICTORIA.
Winners of Girls' Competition in Life-saving, 1912–13.

8. He took her to a boat that was tied to the wharf, and, getting in, rowed it to the shore. The nurse, almost beside herself with joy at her charge being saved, caught the little girl up in her arms and hurried off home, calling to the lad to follow her to get a reward.

9. Olaf smiled, and said to two lads who stood near, "I don't want a reward. My father would say it is pleasure enough to know that a life has been saved, and we should not want payment for doing our duty."

Then he went home to change his wet clothes, taking his boots and lines with him.

10. Next day, the father of the little girl whom Olaf had saved called on Mrs. Svenson. He told her she had reason to be proud of her brave, manly son. He also thanked Olaf warmly for his brave conduct, and asked what he could do for him. Olaf said he did not want anything for doing his duty; and his mother said they were not in want, as her husband was in constant work and got good wages.

11. The grateful father said he admired them both for their refusal to take payment for what they thought was merely an act of duty. He said that, in their case, virtue must be its own reward; but he hoped, if they were ever in need of help, they would call on him and let him assist them. He then shook hands heartily with each of them and departed.

12. We should try to do good to others, because it is right to do so, and not with the hope of getting payment for the good we do.

—Queensland School Paper.

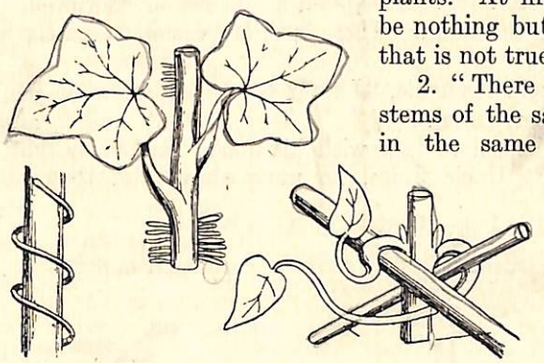
1. **Ice-land,** large island north-west of Europe. belongs to Denmark.
2. **Towns-ville,** the chief seaport of North Queensland.
3. **Cairns,** seaport in North Queensland.

CLIMBERS.

Climb-ing, going up; ascending; scaling.
In-ter-est-ing, engaging the attention.
Op-po-site, contrary.
Ten-dril, long, slender shoot of a plant by which it clings to a support.
Sur-prise', something unexpected or the feeling caused by it; astonishment.
Dif-fer-ent, not the same; unlike.
Touch-es, comes against.
Pro-duce', yield; originate.

1. "Uncle, have you ever noticed climbing plants?" asked Fred, one day after he had learned many interesting things about plants in his visits to the gardener.

"I think there is something very wonderful about the twining of these plants. At first, one imagines them to be nothing but a tangle of stems. But that is not true.



TENDRILS.

Twining stem of Hop. Branch of Ivy, showing spreading roots. Stem of Clematis.

2. "There is a regular twist, for the stems of the same kind of plant all coil in the same direction. They never forget and turn backward, though the coil of some plants is from right to left, whereas the coil of others is in the opposite direction—from left to right.

3. "But this is not the only strange thing about climbing plants. Some of the buds of these plants produce long, thread-like stems having neither leaves nor flowers. These the gardener calls tendrils, or leafless branches.

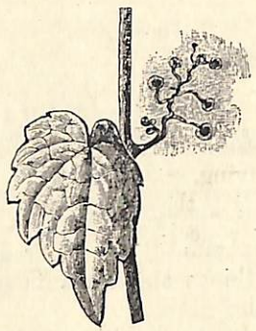
"Imagine my surprise, uncle, when I learned this fact, for I thought a bud always produced either a leafy branch or a blossom.

4. "But the buds of some climbing plants produce tendrils, which seem like long, clasping arms, coiling tightly round everything they touch. No person, uncle, could twist and tie these tendrils into such knots as they tie themselves.

5. "Besides this, some of the leaf-stalks are so long that they serve as tendrils, twisting themselves once round the support, and thus securely fastening the plant in its place."

"Do all climbing plants twist or coil round objects?" asked Uncle John.

6. "O, uncle, why do you ask such a question? You surely don't think I am so dull as not to have noticed how wonderfully the Virginia creeper climbs a wall? This plant sends out tendrils composed of many branches. The end of each branch swells into a sticky or gum-like pad. These gum-like pads cling to any surface that is somewhat uneven.



VIRGINIA CREEPER.

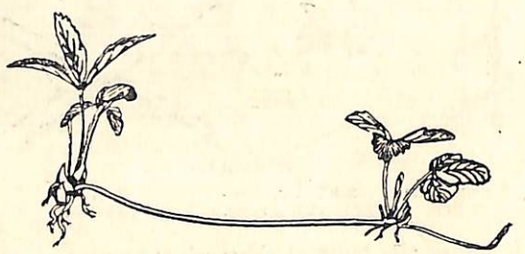
7. "The stem continues to grow, sending out tendrils with thickened ends, which fasten the plant as it climbs upward.

"If the little, sucker-like pads fail to fasten themselves to some surface, they remain small, and finally wither away.

8. "The ivy has still a different method of climbing. This plant sends out short, root-like parts from the joints of the stem. These rootlets fasten themselves to rough surfaces."

"To-morrow, Fred," said his uncle, "I want you to tell me what you have learned about strawberry stems."

9. Fred was always pleased to talk with his uncle. He knew that, if he wished to interest Uncle John, he must show him that he had used his eyes for a purpose. This is what he said in his next talk with his uncle:—



STRAWBERRY PLANT.

10. "The strawberry stem, uncle, never climbs. It never coils around an object or helps itself along by tendrils. It is a vine, creeping or running on the ground. The strawberry sends out something that looks like a long, slender stem having a bud at the end. This slender, leafless branch is a runner.

11. "As soon as the bud at the end of the runner touches the soil, it sends roots into the ground and leaves and runners above. Each runner may produce a new plant, whereas a tendril never can.

12. "A few strawberry plants will cover a large surface in a short time. During the winter, the runners die, leaving the young plants free."

—Adapted from *The Commonwealth School Paper*.

* SCYTHE SONG.

Blithe, cheery.
Me-thinks' (old word), it seems to me.
O'-ver-word, word said over and over; refrain.
Scythe (the "th" as in *then*), large, curved blade, fastened to a long handle, for cutting grass, corn, &c.
Lul'-la-by, song that lulls to sleep.

1. Mowers, weary and brown and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless overword that the scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?

2. Scythes that sing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?

3. "Hush, ah hush!" the scythes are saying,
"Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush," they say to the grasses swaying,
"Hush," they sing to the clover deep.

4. "Hush!"—'tis the lullaby Time is singing,—
"Hush, and heed not, for all things pass;
Hush, ah hush!" and the scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass.

—Andrew Lang (1844–1912), a British poet, story-writer, and essayist.

* THE HOUSE OF PEGGOTTY.

[David Copperfield makes a holiday trip to Yarmouth (a seaside town on the east coast of England) with his nurse Peggotty, in order to pay a short visit to her brother and his household. They are taken to Yarmouth by the carrier. "The carrier's horse was the laziest horse in the world, and shuffled along with his head down, as if he liked to keep people waiting to whom the packages were directed." David suspects him of chuckling over this reflection, but the carrier says it is only a cough. At last, they arrive in Yarmouth, and smell the fish, and pitch, and oakum, and tar, and see the sailors walking about, and the carts jingling up and down over the stones. Peggotty's nephew, Ham, "a huge, strong fellow six feet high, broad in proportion, and round shouldered, but with a simpering boy's face and curly light hair," comes to meet them.]

1. Ham said, "Yon's our house, Mas'r Davy!"

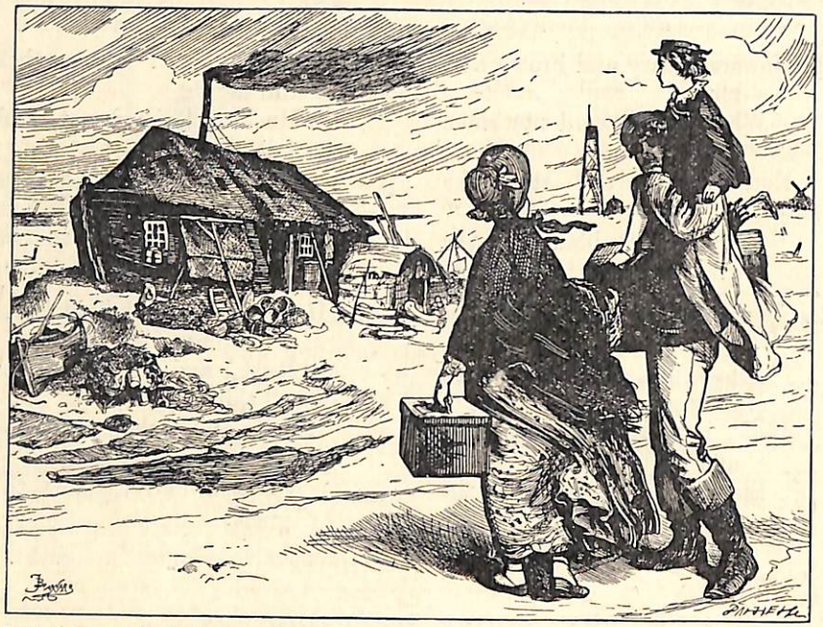
I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away at the river, but no house could *I* make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of boat, not far off,

high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney, and smoking very cosily; but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to *me*.

2. "That's not it?" said I. "That ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Mas'r Davy," said Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all,[1] I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was that it was a real boat, which had, no doubt, been upon the waters hundreds of times, and



From a drawing by Fred. Barnard.]

"YON'S OUR HOUSE."

which had never been intended to be lived in on dry land. That was the captivation of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in, I might have thought it small, or inconvenient, or lonely; but, never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode.

3. It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There were a table and a Dutch clock,[2] and a chest of drawers, and, on the chest of drawers, there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down by a Bible; and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a teapot that were grouped around the book. There were

some books in the beams of the ceiling, the use of which I did not then understand, and some lockers and boxes, which served for seats and eked out the chairs.

4. Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen—in the stern of the vessel; with a little window where the rudder used to go through; a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster-shells; a little bed, which there was just room enough to get into; and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patchwork counterpane made my eyes quite ache with its brightness.

5. One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house was the smell of fish, which was so searching that, when I took out my pocket-handkerchief, I found it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster.

6. We were welcomed by a very civil woman in a white apron, and by a most beautiful little girl (or I thought so) with a necklace of blue beads on. When we had dined, a hairy man with a very good-natured face came home, and he was introduced to me as Mr. Peggotty, my nurse's brother.

7. "Glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Peggotty. "You'll find us rough, sir, but you'll find us ready. If you can make out here, for a fortnight along with her," nodding at his sister, "and Ham, and little Em'ly, we shall be proud of your company."

8. After tea, when the door was shut and all was made snug (the nights being cold and misty now), it seemed to me the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive. To hear the wind getting up out at sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a boat, was like enchantment.

—From *David Copperfield*, by CHARLES DICKENS (1812–1870), a famous English novelist.

Wil'der-ness, lonely or waste place.
Barge, boat for carrying loads.
Hab'i-ta'tion, dwelling-place.
Vis'i-ble, able to be seen.
Pal'ace, grand mansion.
Ro-man'tic, wild and fanciful.
Cap'ti-va'tion, charm; that which brings one under a power or influence.
In'con-ven'ient (*in'kon-veen'yent*), not fit; uncomfortable.
De-signed', planned; intended.
Par'a-sol, sunshade.
Mil'i-ta-ry, soldier-like.
Ceil'ing, overhead lining; inmost roof.
Eked, here, added to.
Par-tic'u-lar-ly, most of all; especially.
Hand'ker-chief, piece of cloth carried in the pocket and used for wiping the nose or the face.
In'tro-duced', made one person known to another.
De-li'cious, causing delight to the senses or to the mind.
Im-ag'i-na'tion (the "g" as *j*), power of forming pictures in the mind.
Con-ceive', form a thought in the mind.
Des'o-late, unpeopled; forsaken.
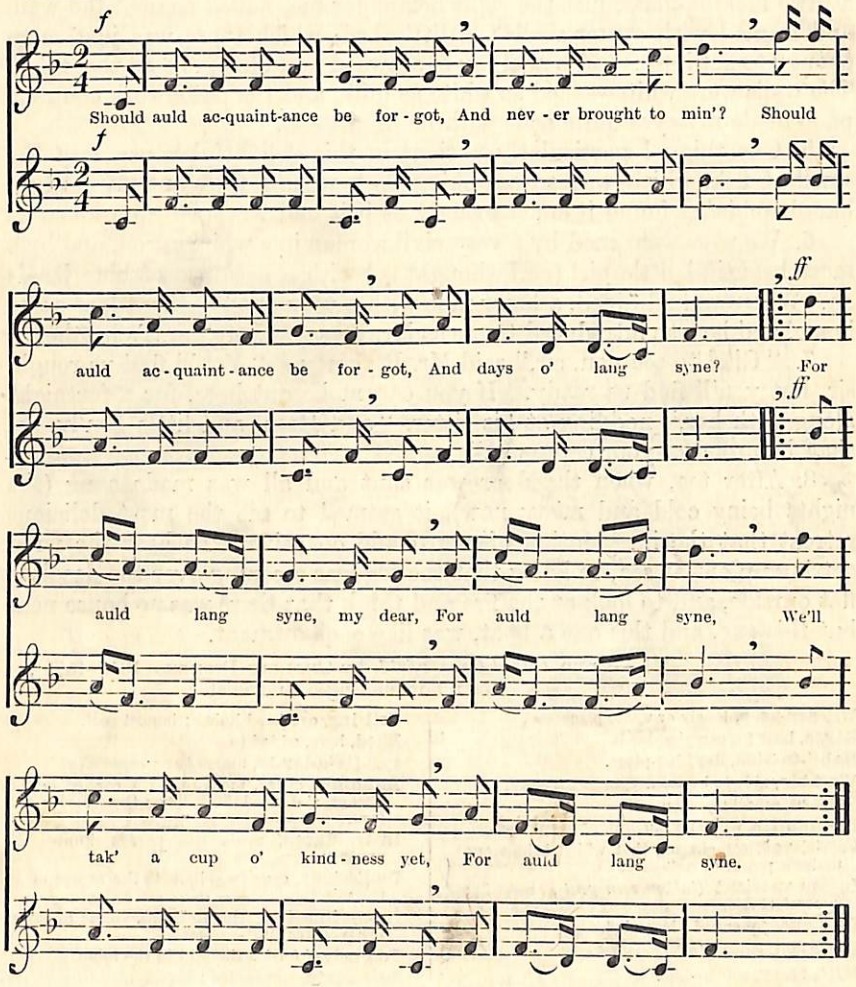
1. **A-lad'din's pal'ace, roc's egg and all.** Aladdin was the youth in the *Arabian Nights* who came to own a magic lamp and a magic ring, which put at his service two powerful genii. One of them built him, in a single night, a magnificent palace, among the ornaments of which was a roc's egg. The roc was a fabled bird which was said to carry off elephants to feed its young.

2. **Dutch clock.** Dutch or wooden clocks were introduced into Britain about 1650. Though made on the same principle as ordinary clocks, their arrangements are much simplified, and their principal parts are of wood and wire, only the actual wheels being brass. They are very cheap. They are made in the Black Forest in Germany, and not in Holland as the name would imply. However, the German word for "German" is *deutsch*, pronounced *doytsh*.

AULD LANG SYNE.

[NOTE.—Moderately fast, with strong accents throughout. The song may be sung through first by a few select voices, the whole class joining in at the chorus.]

BURNS. *Scotch Tune.*



2. We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd many a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

3. And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

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