

Lesson 8

1. Read story 17.
2. What is the lesson of this poem? (Answers)
3. What form is this poem in? (For instance the limerick was in the form: AABBA) (Answers)

STORY XVII WHAT THE MINUTES SAY

1. We are but minutes--little things!
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.
2. We are but minutes; use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes, has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

Lesson 9

1. Write **distress** and **hesitation**.
2. Read story 18.
3. How much does the woman ask for? (Answers)
4. How much does the man give her at first? (Answers)
5. Why does the man give her \$500? (Answers)
6. What is the moral of the story? (Answers)
7. What do you think the day's vocabulary words mean?
8. Write their correct definitions. (Answers)

STORY XVIII THE WIDOW AND THE MERCHANT

1. A merchant, who was very fond of music, was asked by a poor widow to give her some assistance. Her husband, who was a musician, had died, and left her very poor indeed.
2. The merchant saw that the widow and her daughter, who was with her, were in great distress. He looked with pity into their pale faces, and was convinced by their conduct that their sad story was true.
3. "How much do you want, my good woman?" said the merchant.
4. "Five dollars will save us," said the poor widow, with some hesitation.
5. The merchant sat down at his desk, took a piece of paper, wrote a few lines on it, and gave it to the widow with the words, "Take it to the bank you see on the other side of the street."
6. The grateful widow and her daughter, without stopping to read the note, hastened to the bank. The banker at once counted out fifty dollars instead of five, and passed them to the widow.
7. She was amazed when she saw so much money. "Sir, there is a mistake here," she said. "You have given me fifty dollars, and I asked for only five."
8. The banker looked at the note once more, and said, "The check calls for fifty dollars."
9. "It is a mistake--indeed it is," said the widow.

10. The banker then asked her to wait a few minutes, while he went to see the merchant who gave her the note.

11. "Yes." said the merchant, when he had heard the banker's story, "I did make a mistake. I wrote fifty instead of five hundred. Give the poor widow five hundred dollars, for such honesty is poorly rewarded with even that sum."

Lesson 10

1. Write **adorn** (story 21) and **dispute** (story 22).
2. Read stories 19 – 23.
3. Look at the word “downy” in paragraph 1 of story 20. What does downy mean? It tells us by partnering it with what word? Soft. Often when we don't know a word, if we read the rest of the sentence or the next sentence, it will explain it to us.
4. What is the moral, or lesson, of the poem in story 20? (Answers)
5. What is the form of the poem in story 23? (Answers)
6. Guess what you think the vocabulary words mean.
7. Look them up and write the correct definition. (Answers)

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Lesson 75

1. Read the second part of chapter two of *The Railway Children*.
2. What does mother say they are too poor to afford? (Answers)
3. Tell someone about the chapter.

Never before had any of them been at a station, except for the purpose of catching trains--or perhaps waiting for them--and always with grown-ups in attendance, grown-ups who were not themselves interested in stations, except as places from which they wished to get away.

Never before had they passed close enough to a signal-box to be able to notice the wires, and to hear the mysterious 'ping, ping,' followed by the strong, firm clicking of machinery.

The very sleepers on which the rails lay were a delightful path to travel by--just far enough apart to serve as the stepping-stones in a game of foaming torrents hastily organised by Bobbie.

Then to arrive at the station, not through the booking office, but in a freebooting sort of way by the sloping end of the platform. This in itself was joy.

Joy, too, it was to peep into the porters' room, where the lamps are, and the Railway almanac on the wall, and one porter half asleep behind a paper.

There were a great many crossing lines at the station; some of them just ran into a yard and stopped short, as though they were tired of business and meant to retire for good. Trucks stood on the rails here, and on one side was a great heap of coal--not a loose heap, such as you see in your coal cellar, but a sort of solid building of coals with large square blocks of coal outside used just as though

they were bricks, and built up till the heap looked like the picture of the Cities of the Plain in 'Bible Stories for Infants.' There was a line of whitewash near the top of the coaly wall.

When presently the Porter lounged out of his room at the twice-repeated tingling thrill of a gong over the station door, Peter said, "How do you do?" in his best manner, and hastened to ask what the white mark was on the coal for.

"To mark how much coal there be," said the Porter, "so as we'll know if anyone nicks it. So don't you go off with none in your pockets, young gentleman!"

This seemed, at the time but a merry jest, and Peter felt at once that the Porter was a friendly sort with no nonsense about him. But later the words came back to Peter with a new meaning.

Have you ever gone into a farmhouse kitchen on a baking day, and seen the great crock of dough set by the fire to rise? If you have, and if you were at that time still young enough to be interested in everything you saw, you will remember that you found yourself quite unable to resist the temptation to poke your finger into the soft round of dough that curved inside the pan like a giant mushroom. And you will remember that your finger made a dent in the dough, and that slowly, but quite surely, the dent disappeared, and the dough looked quite the same as it did before you touched it. Unless, of course, your hand was extra dirty, in which case, naturally, there would be a little black mark.

Well, it was just like that with the sorrow the children had felt at Father's going away, and at Mother's being so unhappy. It made a deep impression, but the impression did not last long.

They soon got used to being without Father, though they did not forget him; and they got used to not going to school, and to seeing very little of Mother, who was now almost all

[THE WHOLE CHAPTER THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO READ IS INCLUDED. ALL READINGS ARE FULLY INCLUDED.]