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6. Speak gently: 't is a little thing  
 Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
 The good, the joy, which it may bring,  
 Eternity shall tell.

*George Washington Langford.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Mār, *injure, hurt.* 2. Ae'cents, *language, tones.* 4. En dūre', *bear, suffer.* 5. Err'ing (ēr'-), *sinning.* 6. E tēr'ni ty, *the endless hereafter, the future.*

#### LESSON XLIV.

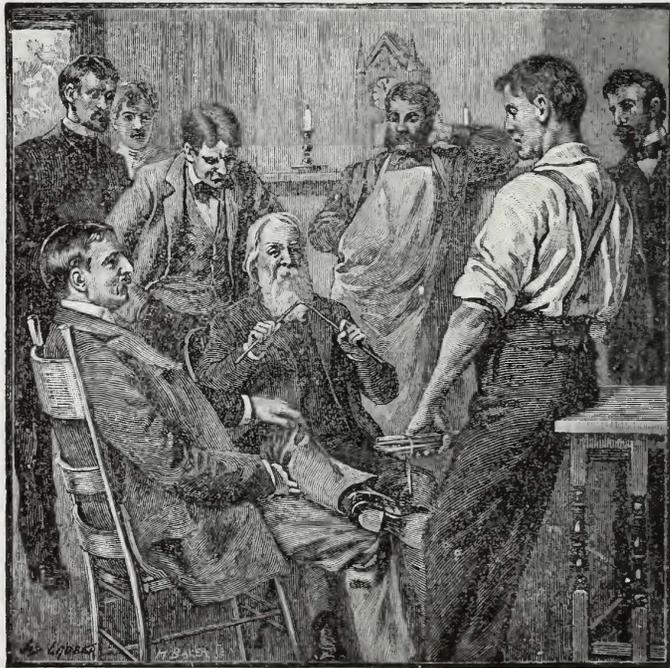
##### THE SEVEN STICKS.

1. A man had seven sons, who were always quarreling. They left their studies and work, to quarrel among themselves. Some bad men were looking forward to the death of their father, to cheat them out of their property by making them quarrel about it.

2. The good old man, one day, called his sons around him. He laid before them seven sticks, which were bound together. He said, "I will pay a hundred dollars to the one who can break this bundle."

3. Each one strained every nerve to break the bundle. After a long but vain trial, they all said that it could not be done.

4. "And yet, my boys," said the father, "nothing is easier to do." He then untied the bundle, and broke the sticks, one by one, with perfect ease.



5. "Ah!" said his sons. "it is easy enough to do it so; anybody could do it in that way."

6. Their father replied, "As it is with these sticks, so is it with you, my sons. So

long as you hold fast together and aid each other, you will prosper, and none can injure you.

7. "But if the bond of union be broken, it will happen to you just as it has to these sticks, which lie here broken on the ground."

Home, city, country, all are prosperous found,  
When by the powerful link of union bound.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Chēat, *deceive, wrong*. Prōp'erty, *that which one owns—whether land, goods, or money*. 2. Būn'dle, *a number of things bound together*. 3. Nērvē, *sinew, muscle*. 6. Prōs'per, *succeed, do well*. 7. Un'ion (ūn'yun), *the state of being joined or united*.

#### LESSON XLV.

##### THE MOUNTAIN SISTER.

1. The home of little Jeannette is far away, high up among the mountains. Let us call her our mountain sister.

2. There are many things you would like to hear about her, but I can only tell you now how she goes with her father and brother, in the autumn, to help gather nuts for the long winter.

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## T Final.

INCORRECT.		CORRECT.	INCORRECT.		CORRECT.
Eas	for	east.	wep	for	wept.
moce	"	most.	ob-jec	"	ob-ject.
los	"	lost.	per-fec	"	per-fect.
nes	"	nest.	dear-es	"	dear-est.
gues	"	guest.	high-es	"	high-est.

## TS Final.

INCORRECT.		CORRECT.	INCORRECT.		CORRECT.
Hoce	for	hosts.	sec's	for	sects.
tes	"	tests.	bus	"	busts.
lif's	"	lifts.	cense	"	cents.
tuff's	"	tufts.	ob-jec's	"	ob-jects.
ac's	"	acts.	re-spec's	"	re-spects.

## W for Wh.

INCORRECT.		CORRECT.	INCORRECT.		CORRECT.
Wale	for	Whale.	Wet	for	Whet.
Weal	"	Wheel.	Wine	"	Whine.
Wen	"	When.	Wip	"	Whip.

## SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE.

Sentences like the following may be read with great advantage, for the purpose of acquiring distinctness and precision in articulation.

This *act*, more than all other *acts*, laid the *ax* at the root of the evil. It is *false* to say he had no other *faults*.

The *hosts* still stand in *strangest* plight. That last still night. That *lasts* till night. On either side *an* ocean exists. On neither side *a* notion exists. Among the rugged rocks the restless ranger ran. I said *pop-u-lar*, not *pop'lar*. I said *pre-vail*, not *pr'vail*. I said *be-hold*, not *b'hold*.

*Think'st* thou so meanly of my *Phocion*? *Henceforth* look to your *hearths*. Canst thou *minister* to a *mind* diseased? A thousand *shrieks* for hopeless mercy call.

## ACCENT.

**Accent**, marked thus ('), is an increased force of voice upon some one syllable of a word; as,

Col'o-ny, bot'a-ny; re-mem'ber, im-por'tant; rec-ol-lect', re-p-re-sent'. In the words *col'o-ny* and *bot'a-ny*, the *first* syllable is accented. In the words *re-mem'ber* and *im-por'tant*, the *second* syllable is accented. In the words *rec-ol-lect'* and *rep-re-sent'*, the *third* syllable is accented.

## INFLECTION.

**Inflection** is an upward or downward slide of the voice.

The **Rising Inflection**, sometimes marked thus ('), is an *upward* slide of the voice.

## EXAMPLES.

Has he come'? To be read thus: . . . . . Has he come?  
 Has he gone'? . . . . . Has he gone?  
 Are you sick'? . . . . . Are you sick?  
 Will you go'? . . . . . Will you go?  
 Are they here'? . . . . . Are they here?

The **Falling Inflection**, marked thus ('), is a *downward* slide of the voice.

## EXAMPLES.

They are here'. To be read thus: . . . . . They are *here*.  
 He has gone'. . . . . He has *gone*.  
 He has come'. . . . . He has *come*.  
 I will go'. . . . . I will *go*.  
 I am well'. . . . . I am *well*.

Let the pupil practice these examples until he is perfectly familiar with the rising and falling inflections.

Are you sick, or well?

Will you go, or stay?

Did he ride, or walk?

Is it black, or white?

Is he rich, or poor?

Are they old, or young?

Did you say cap, or cat?

I said cat, not cap.

Did you say am, or ham?

I said ham, not am.

Is the dog white', or black'? The dog is black', not white'. Did you say and', or hand'? I said and', not hand'. Is the tree large', or small'? The tree is small', not large'. Are the apples sweet', or sour'? The apples are sour', not sweet'. Is the tide high', or low'? The tide is high', not low'. Did you say play', or pray'? I said pray', not play'.

of trial; and, to do him justice, he shoes extremely well.

39. *D.* But, if the poor creature has lost so much skin from off her back—

40. *S.* Poh, poh! That is just one of Tim's large stories. I do assure you it was not, at first, bigger than my thumb nail, and I am certain it has not grown any since.

41. *D.* At least, however, let her have something she will eat, since she refuses hay.

42. *S.* She did, indeed, refuse hay this morning; but the only reason was that she was crammed full of oats. You have nothing to fear, neighbor; the mare is in perfect trim; and she will skim you over the ground like a bird. I wish you a good journey and a profitable job.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ex-trême'ly, *very much*. 6. Whîm'si-cal, *full of whims*. 20. Cûr'ried, *cleaned*. Fôre'tôp, *hair on the forepart of the head*. 24. Bûn'gler, *a clumsy workman*. 26. Dis-pôsed', *inclined to*. Bäck'ward, *slow, unwilling*. 27. Că'pa-ble, *possessing ability*. Per-fôrm'ing, *accomplishing*. 29. Re-fûs'al, *choice of taking*. 42. Crămmed, *stuffed*.

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XXXIII. THE NOBLEST REVENGE.

1. "I WILL have revenge on him, that I will, and make him heartily repent it," said Philip to himself, with a countenance quite red with anger. His mind was so engaged that he did not see Stephen, who happened at that instant to meet him.

2. "Who is that," said Stephen, "on whom you intend to be revenged?" Philip, as if awakened from a

dream, stopped short, and looking at his friend, soon resumed a smile that was natural to his countenance. "Ah," said he, "you remember my bamboo, a very pretty cane which was given me by my father, do you not? Look! there it is in pieces. It was farmer Robinson's son who reduced it to this worthless state."

3. Stephen very coolly asked him what had induced young Robinson to break it. "I was walking peaceably along," replied he, "and was playing with my cane by twisting it round my body. By accident, one of the ends slipped out of my hand, when I was opposite the gate, just by the wooden bridge, where the ill-natured fellow had put down a pitcher of water, which he was taking home from the well.

4. "It so happened that my cane, in springing back, upset the pitcher, but did not break it. He came up close to me, and began to call me names, when I assured him that what I had done had happened by accident, and that I was sorry for it. Without regarding what I said, he instantly seized my cane, and twisted it, as you see; but I will make him repent of it."

5. "To be sure," said Stephen, "he is a very wicked boy, and is already very properly punished for being such, since nobody likes him or will have anything to do with him. He can scarcely find a companion to play with him; and is often at a loss for amusement, as he deserves to be. This, properly considered, I think will appear sufficient revenge for you."

6. "All this is true," replied Philip, "but he has broken my cane. It was a present from my father, and a very pretty cane it was. I offered to fill his

pitcher for him again, as I knocked it down by accident. I will be revenged."

7. "Now, Philip," said Stephen, "I think you will act better in not minding him, as your contempt will be the best punishment you can inflict upon him. Be assured, he will always be able to do more mischief to you than you choose to do to him. And, now I think of it, I will tell you what happened to him not long since.

8. "Very unluckily for him, he chanced to see a bee hovering about a flower which he caught, and was going to pull off its wings out of sport, when the animal stung him, and flew away in safety to the hive. The pain put him into a furious passion, and, like you, he vowed revenge. He accordingly procured a stick, and thrust it into the beehive.

9. "In an instant the whole swarm flew out, and alighting upon him stung him in a hundred different places. He uttered the most piercing cries, and rolled upon the ground in the excess of his agony. His father immediately ran to him, but could not put the bees to flight until they had stung him so severely that he was confined several days to his bed.

10. "Thus, you see, he was not very successful in his pursuit of revenge. I would advise you, therefore, to pass over his insult. He is a wicked boy, and much stronger than you; so that your ability to obtain this revenge may be doubtful."

11. "I must own," replied Philip, "that your advice seems very good. So come along with me, and I will tell my father the whole matter, and I think he will not be angry with me." They went, and Philip told his father what had happened. He thanked Stephen for the good advice he had given his son,

and promised Philip to give him another cane exactly like the first.

12. A few days afterward, Philip saw this ill-natured boy fall as he was carrying home a heavy log of wood, which he could not lift up again. Philip ran to him, and helped him to replace it on his shoulder. Young Robinson was quite ashamed at the thought of this unmerited kindness, and heartily repented of his behavior. Philip went home quite satisfied. "This," said he, "is the noblest vengeance I could take, in returning good for evil. It is impossible I should repent of it."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Re-vēnge', *return for an injury*. Re-pēnt', *to feel sorry for*. Coun'te-nance, *the face*. 2. Re-sūmed', *took again*. 3. In-dūced', *caused*. 4. As-sured', *declared positively*. Re-gārd'ing, *noticing*. 5. Con-sid'ered, *thought of carefully*. 7. Con-tēmt', *disdain*. In-flēt', *to impose, to put on*. 8. Hōv'-er-ing, *hanging over or about*. 9. Ag'o-ny, *very great pain*. 10. A-bīl'i-ty, *power*.

EXERCISES.—What is revenge? Is it right to take revenge on those who injure us? How should we treat such persons?

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XXXIV. EVENING HYMN.

1. COME to the sunset tree,  
The day is past and gone;  
The woodman's ax lies free,  
And the reaper's work is done;  
The twilight star to heaven,  
And the summer dew to flowers,  
And rest to us is given,  
By the soft evening hours.

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## XII. IT SNOWS.

**Sarah Josepha Hale** (b. 1788?, d. 1879) was born in Newport, N.H. Her maiden name was Buell. In 1814 she married David Hale, an eminent lawyer, who died in 1822. Left with five children to support, she turned her attention to literature. In 1828 she became editor of the "Ladies' Magazine." In 1837 this periodical was united with "Godey's Lady's Book," of which Mrs. Hale was literary editor for more than forty years.

1. "It snows!" cries the Schoolboy, "Hurrah!" and his shout  
Is ringing through parlor and hall,  
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,  
And his playmates have answered his call;  
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy;  
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,  
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy  
As he gathers his treasures of snow;  
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,  
While health and the riches of nature are theirs.
2. "It snows!" sighs the Imbecile, "Ah!" and his breath  
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;  
While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,  
He turns to the blaze of his grate;  
And nearer and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair  
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;  
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,  
Lest it wither his delicate frame;  
Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,  
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!
3. "It snows!" cries the Traveler, "Ho!" and the word  
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;  
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,  
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;  
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared,  
Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see:

There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,  
 And his wife with her babes at her knee;  
 Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,  
 That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

4. "It snows!" cries the Belle, "Dear, how lucky!" and turns  
 From her mirror to watch the flakes fall,  
 Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns,  
 While musing on sleigh ride and ball:  
 There are visions of conquests, of splendor, and mirth,  
 Floating over each drear winter's day;  
 But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,  
 Will melt like the snowflakes away.  
 Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;  
 That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

5. "It snows!" cries the Widow, "O God!" and her sighs  
 Have stifled the voice of her prayer;  
 Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,  
 On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.  
 'Tis night, and her fatherless ask her for bread,  
 But "He gives the young ravens their food,"  
 And she trusts till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,  
 And she lays on her last chip of wood.  
 Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows;  
 'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Trōw, to think, to believe. Trāp'pings, ornaments. 2. Im'be-çile, one who is feeble either in body or mind. 3. Inter-vēned', were situated between. 4. Mūg'ing, thinking in an absent-minded way. Cōn'quests, triumphs, successes. Tint'ings, slight colorings. 5. Stifled, choked, suppressed.

REMARK.—Avoid reading this piece in a monotonous style. Try to express the actual feeling of each quotation; and enter into the descriptions with spirit.

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Therefore, of all the pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
The one of the dim old forest  
Seemeth the best of all.

#### XI. THE MORNING ORATORIO.

**Wilson Flagg**, 1805-1884, was born in Beverly, Mass. He pursued his academical course in Andover, at Phillips Academy, and entered Harvard College, but did not graduate. His chief works are: "Studies in the Field and Forest," "The Woods and Byways of New England," and "The Birds and Seasons of New England."

NATURE, for the delight of waking eyes, has arrayed the morning heavens in the loveliest hues of beauty. Fearing to dazzle by an excess of delight, she first announces day by a faint and glimmering twilight, then sheds a purple tint over the brows of the rising morn, and infuses a transparent ruddiness throughout the atmosphere. As daylight widens, successive groups of mottled and rosy-bosomed clouds assemble on the gilded sphere, and, crowned with wreaths of fickle rainbows, spread a mirrored flush over hill, grove, and lake, and every village spire is burnished with their splendor.

At length, through crimsoned vapors, we behold the sun's broad disk, rising with a countenance so serene that every eye may view him ere he arrays himself in his meridian brightness. Not many people who live in towns are aware of the pleasure attending a ramble near the woods and orchards at daybreak in the early part of summer. The drowsiness we feel on rising from our beds is gradually dispelled by the clear and healthful breezes of early day, and we soon experience an unusual amount of vigor and elasticity.

During the night, the stillness of all things is the circumstance that most powerfully attracts our notice, rendering us peculiarly sensitive to every accidental sound that

meets the ear. In the morning, at this time of year, on the contrary, we are overpowered by the vocal and multitudinous chorus of the feathered tribe. If you would hear the commencement of this grand anthem of nature, you must rise at the very first appearance of dawn, before the twilight has formed a complete senicircle above the eastern porch of heaven.

The first note that proceeds from the little warbling host, is the shrill chirp of the hairbird,—occasionally vocal at all hours on a warm summer night. This strain, which is a continued trilling sound, is repeated with diminishing intervals, until it becomes almost incessant. But ere the hairbird has uttered many notes, a single robin begins to warble from a neighboring orchard, soon followed by others, increasing in numbers until, by the time the eastern sky is flushed with crimson, every male robin in the country round is singing with fervor.

It would be difficult to note the exact order in which the different birds successively begin their parts in this performance; but the bluebird, whose song is only a short, mellow warble, is heard nearly at the same time with the robin, and the song sparrow joins them soon after with his brief but finely modulated strain. The different species follow rapidly, one after another, in the chorus, until the whole welkin rings with their matin hymn of gladness.

I have often wondered that the almost simultaneous utterance of so many different notes should produce no discords, and that they should result in such complete harmony. In this multitudinous confusion of voices, no two notes are confounded, and none has sufficient duration to grate harshly with a dissimilar sound. Though each performer sings only a few strains and then makes a pause, the whole multitude succeed one another with such rapidity that we hear an uninterrupted flow of music until the broad light of day invites them to other employments.

When there is just light enough to distinguish the birds,

we may observe, here and there, a single swallow perched on the roof of a barn or shed, repeating two twittering notes incessantly, with a quick turn and a hop at every note he utters. It would seem to be the design of the bird to attract the attention of his mate, and this motion seems to be made to assist her in discovering his position. As soon as the light has tempted him to fly abroad, this twittering strain is uttered more like a continued song, as he flits rapidly through the air.

But at this later moment the purple martins have commenced their more melodious chattering, so loud as to attract for a while the most of our attention. There is not a sound in nature so cheering and animating as the song of the purple martin, and none so well calculated to drive away melancholy. Though not one of the earliest voices to be heard, the chorus is perceptibly more loud and effective when this bird has united with the choir.

When the flush of the morning has brightened into vermilion, and the place from which the sun is soon to emerge has attained a dazzling brilliancy, the robins are already less tuneful. They are now becoming busy in collecting food for their morning repast, and one by one they leave the trees, and may be seen hopping upon the tilled ground, in quest of the worms and insects that have crept out during the night from their subterranean retreats.

But as the robins grow silent, the bobolinks begin their vocal revelries; and to a fanciful mind it might seem that the robins had gradually resigned their part in the performance to the bobolinks, not one of which is heard until some of the former have concluded their songs. The little hairbird still continues his almost incessant chirping, the first to begin and the last to quit the performance. Though the voice of this bird is not very sweetly modulated, it blends harmoniously with the notes of other birds, and greatly increases the charming effect of the combination.

It would be tedious to name all the birds that take part

in this chorus; but we must not omit the pewee, with his melancholy ditty, occasionally heard like a short minor strain in an oratorio; nor the oriole, who is really one of the chief performers, and who, as his bright plumage flashes upon the sight, warbles forth a few notes so clear and mellow as to be heard above every other sound. Adding a pleasing variety to all this harmony, the lispings notes of the meadowlark, uttered in a shrill tone, and with a peculiar pensive modulation, are plainly audible, with short rests between each repetition.

There is a little brown sparrow, resembling the hairbird, save a general tint of russet in his plumage, that may be heard distinctly among the warbling host. He is rarely seen in cultivated grounds, but frequents the wild pastures, and is the bird that warbles so sweetly at midsummer, when the whortleberries are ripe, and the fields are beautifully spangled with red lilies.

There is no confusion in the notes of his song, which consists of one syllable rapidly repeated, but increasing in rapidity and rising to a higher key towards the conclusion. He sometimes prolongs his strain, when his notes are observed to rise and fall in succession. These plaintive and expressive notes are very loud and constantly uttered, during the hour that precedes the rising of the sun. A dozen warblers of this species, singing in concert, and distributed in different parts of the field, form, perhaps, the most delightful part of the woodland oratorio to which we have listened.

At sunrise hardly a robin can be heard in the whole neighborhood, and the character of the performance has completely changed during the last half hour. The first part was more melodious and tranquilizing, the last is more brilliant and animating. The grass finches, the vireos, the wrens, and the linnets have joined their voices to the chorus, and the bobolinks are loudest in their song. But the notes of the birds in general are not so incessant as

before sunrise. One by one they discontinue their lays, until at high noon the bobolink and the warbling fly-catcher are almost the only vocalists to be heard in the fields.

## XII. SHORT SELECTIONS IN POETRY.

### I. THE CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,  
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;  
 Long had I watched the glory moving on,  
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below:  
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,  
 E'en in its very motion there was rest,  
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,  
 Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west.  
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,  
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,  
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
 Right onward to the golden gate of heaven,  
 While to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,  
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

*John Wilson.*

### II. MY MIND.

My mind to me a kingdom is;  
 Such perfect joy therein I find,  
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss  
 That God or nature hath assigned;  
 Though much I want that most would have,  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

NOTE.—This is the first stanza of a poem by William Byrd (b. 1543, d. 1623), an English composer of music.