

NEW CANADIAN
READERS

加拿大语文

西方家庭学校经典教材读本

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AUTHORIZED BY
THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

天津出版传媒集团
天津人民教育出版社

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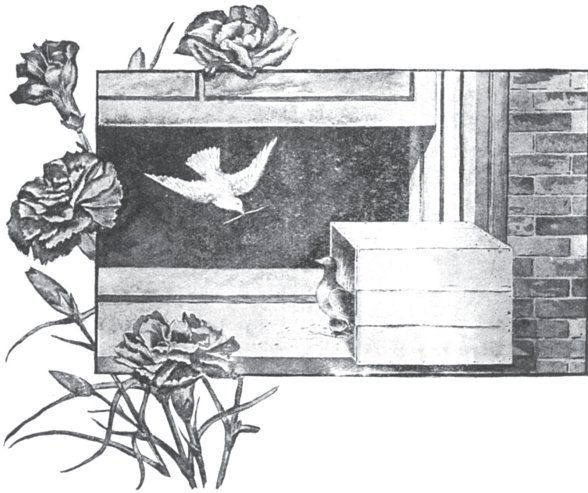
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❧ LESSON 1 ❧

DIAMONDS AND TOADS

LISTEN to a fairy story!

Once upon a time there lived a woman who had two daughters. The elder daughter was very like her mother. She was proud and unkind, and no one liked to be near her.

The younger daughter was very like her father. She was kind and sweet tempered, and everybody loved her.

You can hardly believe it, but the mother kept the elder daughter always by her side, while the younger was made to eat by herself and to work very hard.

Twice a day the poor little girl had to walk to a spring two miles away, to get a pitcher of water. On bright days and dull, in sunshine and in storm, her little feet trudged over the long path.

One day, as she stood by the spring, a poor old woman came to her.

“Pray, give me a drink, child,” she said.

“With all my heart,” replied the little girl.



Meyer von Bremen.

FIRST AT THE WELL.

She filled her pitcher with clear water, and held it to the old woman's lips. When she had drunk all the water, the woman said, "You are so kind, my dear, so good and so thoughtful, that I will give you a gift."

Now you must know that this was a fairy, who had taken the form of an old woman to see how she would be treated.

"I will give you this gift," said the fairy, "that at every word you speak jewels shall come out of your mouth."

The little girl ran home as fast as she could; but her mother scolded her for staying so long at the spring.

"I beg your pardon," said the child. "I did not mean to stay. What do you think—!" As she spoke, diamonds and pearls fell from her lips.



“What is this?” cried the mother. “Jewels coming from your mouth? How does this come about?”

The child told her mother all that had happened. As she spoke, more pearls and diamonds poured from her lips.

“Dear me!” cried the mother, “I must send *my* child. Come here!” she said to the older sister. “Take this pitcher, go to the spring, and bring me some water!”

“A fine thing for me to do!” said the selfish child. “Why do you not go yourself?”

The mother coaxed and pleaded, until at last the naughty girl lifted the pitcher and went, grumbling, toward the spring.

As she neared the fountain she met a lady, who said to her, “Ah! you are just in time. Will you please to give me a drink of water?”

“I did not come to serve you,” said the saucy girl. “You can get water from the spring as easily as I can.”

Of course you have guessed that this lady was the same fairy who had met the good little sister.



She looked the naughty girl in the face and said quietly: “You have an unkind spirit. I will give you a gift. Whenever you speak, snakes and toads shall pour from your mouth.”

The girl ran to her mother, and threw the pitcher at her feet.

“Did you meet the fairy?” cried the mother.

The daughter opened her mouth to speak. Toads and vipers leaped from her lips.

“What is this?” cried the mother. Her daughter tried to answer, but at every word the ugly creatures leaped from her mouth.

And so it was forever after. Pearls and diamonds rained from the lips of the kind sister, and ugly creatures leaped from the mouth of the selfish, saucy girl who thought of no one but herself.

— CHARLES PERRAULT



❧ LESSON 2 ❧

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple-barred,
We saw the sombre crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift,
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue jays!
What is it that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs,
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?"



Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
“Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak, —
“Come, black old crow, —come, poor blue jay,
Before your supper’s blown away.
Don’t be afraid, we all are good;
And I’m mamma’s Red Riding Hood!”

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



❧ LESSON 3 ❧

THE PEA BLOSSOM

THERE were once five peas in one pod. They were green, and the pod was green; so they thought the whole world was green.

The sun shone and warmed the pod. It was mild and pleasant in the daytime, and dark at night, of course.

The peas grew bigger and bigger. They thought a great deal, wondering what they should do by and by.

“Must we sit here forever?” asked one. “I think there must be something outside of our shell. I am sure of it.”

Weeks passed by. The peas became yellow, and the shell became yellow, too.

“All the world is turning yellow,” said they.

Perhaps they were right.

Suddenly something pulled the pod. It was torn off and held in human hands. Then it was dropped into a jacket pocket, with other pods.



“Now we shall soon be opened,” said one. “That is just what I want.”

“I should like to know which one of us will travel farthest,” said the smallest pea. “We shall soon see, now.”

“What is to happen will happen,” said the largest pea.

“Crack!” went the pod, as it burst. The five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child’s hand.

A little boy was holding them fast. He said they were fine peas for his pea shooter. So saying, he put one in, and shot it forth.

“Now I am flying out into the wide world,” said the pea. “Catch me if you can!” He was gone in a moment.

“I shall fly straight to the sun,” said the second pea. “That is a pod which will suit me exactly.” Away he went.

“We shall go farther than the others,” said the next two. And away they went.

“What is to happen will happen,” said the last of the five, as he was shot out of the pea shooter.



BOOK TWO

As he spoke, he flew up against an old board, under a garret window. He fell into a crack, which was almost filled with moss and soft earth. The moss closed over him. There he lay, a little captive. But God saw him.

“What is to happen will happen,” Said the pea to himself.

In the garret lived a poor woman. She went out every day to work for her living. She had one little daughter, who was very sick. All winter long the sick child lay in her bed, patient and quiet. She was alone all day, while her mother was away at work.

Spring came. One morning, early, the sun shone brightly through the little window. He threw his rays over the floor of the sick room. The mother was going to her work, when the child cried, —

“Oh, mother! look out of the window. What can that little green thing be? It is moving in the wind.”

The mother went to the window and opened it.

“Oh!” she said. “Here is a little pea growing up. It has really taken root, and is putting out its green leaves. How could it have found its