

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
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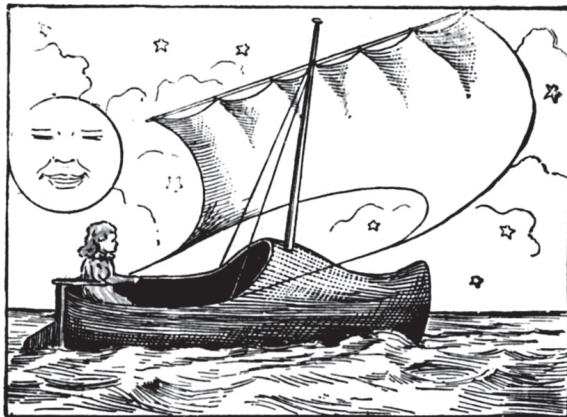
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BOOK THREE

❧ LESSON 1 ❧

THE LITTLE LAND

WHEN at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the little people are;
Where the clover-tops are trees,
And the rain-pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree
 Through the grasses
High o'erhead the Bumble Bee





Hums and passes.
In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass;
 And on high
See the greater swallows pass
 In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.
Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.



BOOK THREE

Some are clad in armor green—
(These have sure to battle been!)

Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone; —
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open, and see all things plain:
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time—
 O dear me,
 That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover-tree,
And just come back, a sleepy head,
Late at night to go to bed.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON





❧ LESSON 2 ❧

BLACK BEAUTY

I WAS sold to a corn dealer and baker whom Jerry knew, and with him he thought I should have good food and fair work. In the first he was quite right; and if my master had always been on the premises I do not think I should have been overloaded; but there was a foreman who was always hurrying and driving everyone, and frequently when I had quite a full load, he would order something else to be taken on. My carter, whose name was Jakes, often said it was more than I ought to take, but the other always overruled him: “ ’Twas no use going twice when once would do, and he chose to get business forward.”





BOOK THREE

Jakes, like the other carters, always had the bearing rein up, which prevented me from drawing easily, and by the time I had been there three or four months, I found the work telling very much on my strength. One day, I was loaded more than usual, and part of the road was a steep uphill; I used all my strength, but I could not get on and was obliged continually to stop. This did not please my driver, and he laid his whip on badly. “Get on, you lazy fellow,” he said, “or I’ll make you.”

Again I started the heavy load, and struggled on a few yards; again the whip came down, and again I struggled forward. The pain of that great cartwhip was sharp, but my mind was hurt quite as much as my poor sides. To be punished and abused when I was doing my very best was so hard it took the heart out of me. A third time he was flogging me cruelly, when a lady stepped quickly up to him and said in a sweet, earnest voice: “Oh! pray do not whip your good horse any more; I am sure he is doing all he can, and the road is very steep; I am sure he is doing his best.”

“If doing his best won’t get this load up, he must do something more than his best; that’s all I know, ma’am,” said Jakes.

“But is it not a very heavy load?” she said.

“Yes, yes, too heavy,” he said, “but that’s not my fault; the foreman came just as we were starting and



would have three hundredweight more put on to save him trouble, and I must get on with it as well as I can.”

He was raising the whip again when the lady said: “Pray, stop, I think I can help you if you will let me.”

The man laughed.

“You see,” she said, “you do not give him a fair chance; he cannot use all his power with his head held back as it is with that bearing rein; if you would take it off I am sure he would do better. Do try it,” she said persuasively; “I should be very glad if you would.”

“Well, well,” said Jakes with a short laugh, “anything to please a lady of course. How far would you wish it down, ma’am?”

“Quite down; give him his head altogether.”

The rein was taken off, and in a moment I put my head down to my very knees. What a comfort it was! Then I tossed it up and down several times to get the aching stiffness out of my neck.

“Poor fellow! that is what you wanted,” said she, patting and stroking me with her gentle hand, “and now if you will speak kindly to him and lead him on I believe he will be able to do better.”

Jakes took the rein, —“Come on, Blackie.” I put down my head and threw my whole weight against the collar; I spared no strength; the load moved on, and I pulled steadily up the hill and then stopped to take



breath. The lady had walked along the footpath and now came across into the road. She stroked and patted my neck as I had not been patted for many a long day.

“You see he was quite willing when you gave him the chance; I am sure he is a fine-tempered creature, and I dare say has known better days. You will not put that rein on again, will you?” for he was just going to hitch it up on the old plan.

“Well, ma’am, I can’t deny that having his head has helped him up the hill, and I’ll remember it another time, and thank you, ma’am; but if he went without a bearing rein I should be the laughing-stock of all the carters; it’s the fashion, you see.”

“Is it not better,” she said, “to lead a good fashion than to follow a bad one? A great many gentlemen do not use bearing reins now; our carriage horses have not worn them for fifteen years and they work with much less fatigue than those who have them; besides,” she added in a very serious voice, “we have no right to distress any of God’s creatures without a very good reason. We call them dumb animals, and so they are, for they cannot tell us how they feel, but they do not suffer less because they have no words. But I must not detain you now; I thank you for trying my plan with your good horse and I am sure you will find it far better than the whip. Good day,” and with another soft pat on



my neck she stepped lightly across the path, and I saw her no more.

“That was a real lady, I’ll be bound for it,” said Jakes to himself; “she spoke just as polite as if I was a gentleman, and I’ll try her plan, uphill at any rate;” and I must do him the justice to say that he let my rein out several holes, and going uphill after that he always gave me my head; but the heavy loads went on.

— ANNA SEWELL

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WE all might do good  
Where we often do ill—  
There is always the way  
If there is but the will;  
Though it be but a word  
Kindly breathed or suppressed,  
It may guard off some pain  
Or give peace to some breast.