

THE ECLECTIC READERS 美国语文读本

3

上海三联书店

美国原版经典语文课本



THE ECLECTIC READERS

美国语文读本

3

WILLIAM H. MCGUFFEY



上海三联书店

美国语文读本

(THIRD ECLECTIC READER)





LESSON 1	THE SHEPHERD BOY	1
LESSON 2	JOHNNY'S FIRST SNOWSTORM	4
LESSON 3	LET IT RAIN	6
LESSON 4	CASTLE-BUILDING	8
LESSON 5	CASTLE-BUILDING	10
LESSON 6	LEND A HAND	13
LESSON 7	THE TRUANT	15
LESSON 8	THE WHITE KITTEN	18
LESSON 9	THE BEAVER	20
LESSON 10	THE YOUNG TEACHER	23
LESSON 11	THE BLACKSMITH	26
LESSON 12	A WALK IN THE GARDEN	28
LESSON 13	THE WOLF	30
LESSON 14	THE LITTLE BIRD'S SONG	32
LESSON 15	HARRY AND ANNIE	34
LESSON 16	BIRD FRIENDS	36
LESSON 17	WHAT THE MINUTES SAY	39

LESSON 18	THE WIDOW AND THE MERCHANT	40
LESSON 19	THE BIRDS SET FREE	42
LESSON 20	A MOMENT TOO LATE	44
LESSON 21	HUMMING BIRDS	46
LESSON 22	THE WIND AND THE SUN	48
LESSON 23	SUNSET	50
LESSON 24	BEAUTIFUL HANDS	52
LESSON 25	THINGS TO REMEMBER	54
LESSON 26	THREE LITTLE MICE	56
LESSON 27	THE NEW YEAR	59
LESSON 28	THE CLOCK AND THE SUNDIAL	62
LESSON 29	REMEMBER	64
LESSON 30	COURAGE AND COWARDICE	66
LESSON 31	WEIGHING AN ELEPHANT	68
LESSON 32	THE SOLDIER	72
LESSON 33	THE ECHO.....	74
LESSON 34	GEORGE'S FEAST	77
LESSON 35	THE LORD'S PRAYER	80
LESSON 36	FINDING THE OWNER	83
LESSON 37	BATS	86
LESSON 38	A SUMMER DAY	89
LESSON 39	I WILL THINK OF IT	92
LESSON 40	CHARLIE AND ROB	95
LESSON 41	RAY AND HIS KITE	98
LESSON 42	BEWARE OF THE FIRST DRINK	101

LESSON 43	SPEAK GENTLY	104
LESSON 44	THE SEVEN STICKS	106
LESSON 45	THE MOUNTAIN SISTER	108
LESSON 46	HARRY AND THE GUIDEPOST	111
LESSON 47	THE MONEY AMY DID NOT EARN	114
LESSON 48	WHO MADE THE STARS?	117
LESSON 49	DEEDS OF KINDNESS.....	119
LESSON 50	THE ALARM CLOCK	122
LESSON 51	SPRING	124
LESSON 52	TRUE COURAGE	126
LESSON 53	THE OLD CLOCK.....	129
LESSON 54	THE WAVES	131
LESSON 55	DON'T KILL THE BIRDS	135
LESSON 56	WHEN TO SAY NO	137
LESSON 57	WHICH LOVED BEST?	139
LESSON 58	JOHN CARPENTER	141
LESSON 59	PERSEVERE	144
LESSON 60	THE CONTENTED BOY	145
LESSON 61	LITTLE GUSTAVA	150
LESSON 62	THE INSOLENT BOY	153
LESSON 63	WE ARE SEVEN	157
LESSON 64	MARY'S DIME.....	161
LESSON 65	MARY DOW	164
LESSON 66	THE LITTLE LOAF	167
LESSON 67	SUSIE AND ROVER.....	169

LESSON 68	THE VIOLET	173
LESSON 69	NO CROWN FOR ME	175
LESSON 70	YOUNG SOLDIERS	179
LESSON 71	HOW WILLIE GOT OUT OF THE SHAFT	183
LESSON 72	THE PERT CHICKEN	186
LESSON 73	INDIAN CORN	189
LESSON 74	THE SNOWBIRD'S SONG	193
LESSON 75	MOUNTAINS.....	196
LESSON 76	A CHILD'S HYMN	199
LESSON 77	HOLDING THE FORT	200
LESSON 78	THE LITTLE PEOPLE	203
LESSON 79	GOOD NIGHT	205

LESSON 1

THE SHEPHERD BOY

either trickle fancied murmur reflected
glossy entered shepherd chestnuts command



1. Little Roy led his sheep down to pasture,
And his cows, by the side of the brook;
But his cows never drank any water,
And his sheep never needed a crook.
2. For the pasture was gay as a garden,

And it glowed with a flowery red;
But the meadows had never a grass blade,
And the brooklet—it slept in its bed:

3. And it lay without sparkle or murmur,
Nor reflected the blue of the skies;
But the music was made by the shepherd,
And the sparkle was all in his eyes.

4. Oh, he sang like a bird in the summer!
And, if sometimes you fancied a bleat,
That, too, was the voice of the shepherd,
And not of the lambs at his feet.

5. And the glossy brown cows were so gentle
That they moved at the touch of his hand
O'er the wonderful, rosy-red meadow,
And they stood at the word of command.

6. So he led all his sheep to the pasture,
And his cows, by the side of the brook;
Though it rained, yet the rain never pattered
O'er the beautiful way that they took.

7. And it wasn't in Fairyland either,
But a house in the midst of the town,
Where Roy, as he looked from the window,

Saw the silvery drops trickle down.

8. For his pasture was only a table,
With its cover so flowery fair,
And his brooklet was just a green ribbon,
That his sister had lost from her hair.

9. And his cows were but glossy horse-chestnuts,
That had grown on his grandfather's tree;
And his sheep only snowy-white pebbles,
He had brought from the shore of the sea.

10. And at length when the shepherd was weary,
And had taken his milk and his bread,
And his mother had kissed him and tucked him,
And had bid him "good night" in his bed;

11. Then there entered his big brother Walter,
While the shepherd was soundly asleep,
And he cut up the cows into baskets,
And to jackstones turned all of the sheep.

(Emily S. Oakey)

LESSON 2

JOHNNY'S FIRST SNOWSTORM

country groves losing sugar freezes

1. Johnny Reed was a little boy who never had seen a snowstorm till he was six years old. Before this, he had lived in a warm country, where the sun shines down on beautiful orange groves, and fields always sweet with flowers.

2. But now he had come to visit his grandmother, who lived where the snow falls in winter. Johnny was standing at the window when the snow came down.



3. “O mamma!” he cried, joyfully, “do come quick, and see these little white birds flying down from heaven.”

4. “They are not birds, Johnny,” said mamma, smiling.

5. “Then maybe the little angels are losing their feathers! Oh! do tell me what it is; is it sugar? Let me taste it,” said Johnny. But when he tasted it, he gave a little jump—it was so cold.

6. “That is only snow, Johnny,” said his mother.

7. “What is snow, mother?”

8. “The snowflakes, Johnny, are little drops of water that fall from the clouds. But the air through which they pass is so cold it freezes them, and they come down turned into snow.”

9. As she said this, she brought out an old black hat from the closet. “See, Johnny! I have caught a snowflake on this hat. Look quick through this glass, and you will see how beautiful it is.”

10. Johnny looked through the glass. There lay the pure, feathery snowflake like a lovely little star.

11. “Twinkle, twinkle, little star!” he cried in delight. “Oh! please show me more snow-flakes, mother.”

12. So his mother caught several more, and they were all beautiful.

13. The next day Johnny had a fine play in the snow, and when he came in, he said, “I love snow; and I think snowballs are a great deal prettier than oranges.”

LESSON 3

LET IT RAIN

daughter quench wreaths butter thirsty

1. *Rose.* See how it rains! Oh dear, dear, dear! how dull it is! Must I stay in doors all day?

2. *Father.* Why, Rose, are you sorry that you had any bread and butter for breakfast, this morning?

3. *Rose.* Why, father, what a question! I should be sorry, indeed, if I could not get any.

4. *Father.* Are you sorry, my daughter, when you see the flowers and the trees growing in the garden?

5. *Rose.* Sorry? No, indeed. Just now, I wished very much to go out and see them,—they look so pretty.

6. *Father.* Well, are you sorry when you see the horses, cows, or sheep drinking at the brook to quench their thirst?

7. *Rose.* Why, father, you must think I am a cruel girl, to wish that the poor horses that work so hard, the beautiful cows that give so much nice milk, and the pretty lambs should always be thirsty.

8. *Father.* Do you not think they would die, if they had no water to drink?

9. *Rose.* Yes, sir, I am sure they would. How shocking to think

of such a thing!

10. *Father*. I thought little Rose was sorry it rained. Do you think the trees and flowers would grow, if they never had any water on them?

11. *Rose*. No, indeed, father, they would be dried up by the sun. Then we should not have any pretty flowers to look at, and to make wreaths of for mother.

12. *Father*. I thought you were sorry it rained. Rose, what is our bread made of?

13. *Rose*. It is made of flour, and the flour is made from wheat, which is ground in the mill.

14. *Father*. Yes, Rose, and it was rain that helped to make the wheat grow, and it was water that turned the mill to grind the wheat. I thought little Rose was sorry it rained.

15. *Rose*. I did not think of all these things, father. I am truly very glad to see the rain falling.

LESSON 4

CASTLE-BUILDING

<i>anger</i>	<i>castle</i>	<i>foundation</i>	<i>rattling</i>	<i>tower</i>
<i>dismay</i>	<i>sofa</i>	<i>interested</i>	<i>passion</i>	<i>pile</i>
<i>mimic</i>	<i>nodded</i>	<i>exclaimed</i>	<i>already</i>	<i>spilled</i>



1. "O pussy!" cried Herbert, in a voice of anger and dismay, as the blockhouse he was building fell in sudden ruin. The playful cat had rubbed against his mimic castle, and tower and wall went rattling down upon the floor.

2. Herbert took up one of the blocks and threw it fiercely at pussy. Happily, it passed over her and did no harm. His hand was reaching for another block, when his little sister Hetty sprang toward the cat, and caught her up.

3. “No, no, no!” said she, “you sha’n’t hurt pussy! She didn’t mean to do it!”

4. Herbert’s passion was over quickly, and, sitting down upon the floor, he covered his face with his hands, and began to cry.

5. “What a baby!” said Joe, his elder brother, who was reading on the sofa. “Crying over spilled milk does no good. Build it up again.”

6. “No, I won’t,” said Herbert, and he went on crying.

7. “What’s all the trouble here?” exclaimed papa, as he opened the door and came in.

8. “Pussy just rubbed against Herbert’s castle, and it fell down,” answered Hetty. “But she didn’t mean to do it; she didn’t know it would fall, did she, papa?”

9. “Why, no! And is that all the trouble?”

10. “Herbert!” his papa called, and held out his hands. “Come.” The little boy got up from the floor, and came slowly, his eyes full of tears, and stood by his father.

11. “There is a better way than this, my boy,” said papa. “If you had taken that way, your heart would have been light already. I should have heard you singing over your blocks instead of crying. Shall I show you that way?”

12. Herbert nodded his head, and papa sat down on the floor by the pile of blocks, with his little son by his side, and began to lay the foundation for a new castle.

LESSON 5

CASTLE-BUILDING

(CONCLUDED)

<i>string</i>	<i>paper</i>	<i>eagerly</i>	<i>dashed</i>	<i>case</i>
<i>crash</i>	<i>dishes</i>	<i>retorted</i>	<i>sentence</i>	<i>tray</i>

1. Soon, Herbert was as much interested in castle-building as he had been a little while before. He began to sing over his work. All his trouble was gone.

2. "This is a great deal better than crying, isn't it?" said papa.

3. "Crying for what?" asked Herbert, forgetting his grief of a few minutes before.

4. "Because pussy knocked your castle over."

5. "Oh!" A shadow flitted across his face, but was gone in a moment, and he went on building as eagerly as ever.

6. "I told him not to cry over spilled milk," said Joe, looking down from his place on the sofa.

7. "I wonder if you didn't cry when your kite string broke," retorted Herbert.

8. "Losing a kite is quite another thing," answered Joe, a little dashed. "The kite was gone forever; but your blocks were as good as before, and you had only to build again."

9. "I don't see," said papa, "that crying was of any more use in your case than in Herbert's. Sticks and paper are easily found, and you had only to go to work and make another kite." Joe looked down at his book, and went on reading. By this time the castle was finished.

10. "It is ever so much nicer than the one pussy knocked down," said Hetty. And so thought Herbert, as he looked at it proudly from all sides.

11. "If pussy knocks that down, I'll—"

12. "Build it up again," said papa, finishing the sentence for his little boy.

13. "But, papa, pussy must not knock my castles down. I can't have it," spoke out Herbert, knitting his forehead.



14. "You must watch her, then. Little boys, as well as grown up people, have to be often on their guard. If you go into the street, you have to look out for the carriages, so as not to be run over, and you have to keep out of people's way.

15. "In the house, if you go about heedlessly, you will be very apt to run against some one. I have seen a careless child dash suddenly into a room just as a servant was leaving it with a tray of dishes in her hands. A crash followed."

16. "It was I, wasn't it?" said Hetty.