

西方学校原版阅读教材



澳大利亚学生 文学读本

AUSTRALIAN
LITERATURE READERS



Authorized by the Ministry
of Victorian Education

澳大利亚维多利亚教育部 / 编

天津出版传媒集团

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LESSON 1

THE FAIRY'S HOUSE

As I was coming homeward,
One early summer's day,
I met a little fairy
Tripping on her way;
Her bonnet was a bluebell,
A daisy was her gown,
Her wings were bits of sunshine
Trimmed with thistle-down.

I think she'd been to market
For, as she hurried by,
I peeped into her basket
To see what I could spy—
A pair of golden slippers,
A reel of silvery thread,
A tiny jar of honey,
And a weeny loaf of bread!

I hid amongst the tall grass,

As still as still could be;
The fairy gave a rat-tat
Upon a hollow tree.
And then, for just an instant,
I peeped into her house,
And, do you know? The front door
Was opened by a mouse.

About the Author.—The name of the author is not known.

About the Poem.—Describe the fairy's dress. What was she bringing from market? Tell about her house and her doorkeeper. Now continue the story, saying what she did when she got inside. Draw a picture to suit each verse. Write a little poem beginning "A fairy went a-marketing".

LESSON 2
CINDERELLA

Once upon a time, the wife of a rich man fell sick and died. She left behind her a dear little girl, who was good and kind to everything. She loved the flowers and the animals. Her name was Cinderella.

When Cinderella was about twelve years old, her father married again. Her new stepmother brought with her to the house two daughters, both of them older than Cinderella.

The step-sisters were very unkind to her. They took away all her nice dresses, and sent her into the kitchen to help the cook. She used to wash the dishes, sweep and scrub the floors, and mend her step-sisters' clothes. When she was not hard at work, she would sit alone by the fireside among the cinders. That is why she first came to be called Cinderella, which means "little cinder girl."

Years passed by, and still poor Cinderella had to work in the kitchen and sit among the ashes. Her only friends were the mice, which were caught in the mouse-

trap when cook thought to set it in the pantry. Oh, no! She had yet another friend. There was her godmother, who was a fairy, and who could come and go at any moment, as fairies do. Now the king of that country was going to give two great parties, because the prince, his eldest son, was coming of age. The step-sisters were asked to go, and they were very proud of it.



"What is the matter, my dear?"

The night of the first ball came, and Cinderella was told to brush her sisters' shoes, arrange their hair, and

fasten their gloves. As they went out, how the eyes of poor Cinderella followed them! She thought how nice it would be to have a pretty dress. How she would have liked to be dressed in robes like those of her sisters! She sighed, and then gave a sob, as she again sat on the floor by the fire.

“What is the matter, my dear? ” asked a soft voice. Cinderella gave a start. Then she bowed to the little lady who had spoken so kindly to her. This was no other than her fairy godmother.

“Would you like to go to the ball, too, my dear? ” asked the kind fairy. A glad look was the only answer. “Very well, you shall go. But first you must do as I tell you. Bring me a pumpkin—the biggest one you can find.”

Cinderella ran at once and brought a large pumpkin. The fairy godmother touched it with her wand, and, behold, it was at once changed into a beautiful, gilded coach !

“Now run and bring me the mouse-trap from the pantry.” Cinderella brought the mouse-trap, which had six mice in it. At one touch of the fairy’s wand the trap-door flew open, and out marched the six mice, one at a time. As they came out, each mouse was touched with the wand, and it became a noble white horse.

A rat, which happened at that moment to be peeping round the corner before settling down to his supper, was changed by the magic wand into a tall, gay coachman.



A Carriage for Cinderella.

Two lizards had been brought in with the wood, and were making themselves snug for the night when the fairy caught sight of them. In a moment her wand was at

work again, and out stepped two grand footmen.

“One thing more must be done, ” said the fairy, as she waved her wand over the head of Cinderella. “I always leave the best till the last. ”

Is this really Cinderella—this lovely princess? She wears a beautiful pink and white dress, which glitters with pearls and diamonds. Red roses are in her hair, and her slippers are of dainty glass.

As she stepped into the carriage, and the horses dashed off, her godmother called out :— “Remember to leave the palace before the clock strikes twelve, or the coach will become a pumpkin again, the horses mice, the coachman a rat, the footmen lizards, and you, the ragged girl you were. ” Then she waved her hand, and said good-bye; and off went the coach with Cinderella.

So Cinderella drove in great state to the ball. The prince himself came to help her out of the coach and lead her to the ball-room. He had never seen so beautiful a princess before. The wicked step-sisters wondered who the lady could be. The prince danced with her more than with anyone else.

Just before midnight Cinderella thought of the fairy’s warning, and left the palace in plenty of time to get home by twelve. She found the fairy waiting for her. In

a moment she was changed again into a little cinder-
maiden.

Next night the king gave the second ball, and Cinderella was again asked to help her sisters. Then she sat down once more among the ashes. Her fairy came as before, and worked just the same wonders with her wand.

Cinderella, looking even better than on the first night, again drove off in her gilded coach.

The prince danced only with her the whole evening, and she felt so happy that she forgot how the time was flying till she looked up at the clock. Suddenly leaving the prince's side, without saying good-bye, she ran out of the ball-room. The clock had begun to strike twelve!

Just as she reached the outside of the palace door, the last stroke of twelve sounded; and she was at once changed into a ragged girl.

As she ran out of the palace, one of her glass slippers flew off. She had no time to look for it, but ran on and on till she reached home.

When Cinderella left the prince in such a hurry, he thought he would follow her. Although he could not find her, he came across the glass slipper she had lost. He put it in his pocket.