



THE
INDESTRUCTIBLE
READING
BOOK.

ILLUSTRATED
WITH TWELVE PICTURES.

LONDON:
ADDEY & Co., 21 OLD BOND STREET.



FRANK AND THE CHERRIES.

THE
INDESTRUCTIBLE
READING BOOK.

CHIEFLY IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

ILLUSTRATED
WITH FOURTEEN PICTURES.

TO THE TEACHER.

In describing the Pictures many words are necessarily used that are too difficult for young beginners. The Teacher, in such cases, is requested to help the Child by pointing to the object named, or by repeating the word two or three times.

FRANK AND THE CHERRIES.



I HAVE seen in a book, a tale of a child whose name was Frank. He was a good boy, and his Mam ma let him run in the garden by him self. Frank had a bar row, and a rake, and a water pot, and a broom, all his own; and on a fine day he was glad to help the man James to rake the beds, and to sweep the paths, and make him self quite a use ful man.

One day Frank saw some fine ripe cher ries just over his head. Frank stood on his toes, but then he could not reach them; so he bent down the bough, and broke it quite off. Can I tell you how sorry Frank was. He took the bough, with the cher ries on it, to his Mam ma, and told her what he had done, and asked her to for give him.



It is May day. How merry the boys and girls all are. The lad who sits on the bank plays lively tunes to them, and you see they dance with great glee. That nice girl with a smile on her face wants to teach the young child to dance, but I fear he is too young; but the dog can dance and run, and be as glad as any of them. We love to see young folks merry. We love to hear them sing and see them dance, but they must also learn to be wise and good.



Up they go, up, up, up, up, till they seem but small specks in the blue sky. When I was a boy, a big kite was the best toy to me in the world. Oh, how glad I was to see it rise with a nice wind, high, high up till all my string was out, and then to lie on my back on the grass, and watch it glide about. One kite is up so high that we can not see it in the picture, but the boys can see it, and the dog too I think.



Did you ever help to make hay. It is fine fun. You have to take a long fork, and toss the hay in the air, and when the sun has shone on it and made it quite dry, you must get a rake and rake it up, so as to make hay cocks; and if a boy will not work, you may throw him down on the hay, and throw the hay on him, and hide him up in it. Some of these boys have no clothes on. Boys do not go in to the fields without clothes, but artists like to draw them so in pictures, because the form of a child is so graceful. When you are older, you must learn to copy the pretty pictures in this book and paint them.



Hur rah, hur rah. This is our last load. Let us dance and sing, for we shall have no more work to day. The hay is all made, and the field is clear. We will top up the stack with this load, and then we will thatch it to keep out the wet. Do not pull so hard, old goat, or you will upset the cart, and we shall have more work to do. Quiet, sir, quiet, and when we get to the stack you shall have some hay for your supper; and then we will take you out of the cart, and you shall go to bed. And then we will all get our suppers and go to bed too.



How glad I am to see boys and girls at play in the green fields. It is June; the sun shines bright, and the lark sings high up in the blue sky. In some lands boys and girls have no shoes as you have, but they are just as happy. Look at them here; would not you like to pluck the sweet hedge rose, and the white May, and make a garland to wear on your head, like that which the dear girl has. See the little one how joyful he is.



It is the time of harvest. The corn is cut, but the sheaves still stand in the field. These girls have come to rake up the stray corn, which they may take home; and by and by they will thresh out the wheat from the straw, and will take it to the mill, and there it will be made into flour, and then they will make the flour into bread and eat it. They have been at work since the sun was up, and must rest now for half an hour, and then they will go to work again, and sing like larks.



It is a summer's eve. The moon shines on the calm lake, and the good little ones sing their evening hymn as they row home ward in their boat. I wish we could hear them sing. Look, one boy has been to catch fish; he has a rod in his hand, and a frail at his side. The rest have been at play in the fields and woods; all but the poor child who is ill. She sat by the side of the lake, and saw the fish caught; and when a young fish came, she took it in her hand, and put it back in the lake.



Let us go and see if an owl is in the garden. It is eve now, and the owls will come out. Owls do not fly by day, for they can not see in the sun shine; but when the moon is up, they love to fly out. Look on you wall. There is an owl. What does he say. Tu woo, tu woo. See how his eyes shine in the dark. Fly away, owl, and get some thing for your young ones to eat. You may get mice, and rats, for we do not want them, and you must have food; but do not kill young birds; that would not be good of you.



Have you seen a park, full of tall trees, and large green lawns, and smooth fish ponds: and have you seen the deer lie in the shade of the broad elms when the sun was hot: or have you seen them bound from a clump of trees on the lawn to the deep woods all round it: I love to see the deer, and I love to see the young fawns skip and frisk by their side. If you are kind to them and know them long, they will be quite tame, and will eat grass out of your hand. Would not you like to have a tame fawn to play with.



This old dame can tell tales for an hour long. Some times at eve, the boys and girls who live near will go to her cot tage and sit round her, and listen to her sto ries about knights and la dies, and gi ants and fai ries, and ships at sea, and of men who have been to strange lands, and seen great won ders. And they will sit there till it is dark, and the bats fly a bout a mong the trees, and listen to the end of the dame's last tale; and then they will run home and tell of all they have heard, and when they go to bed they will dream that they are by the good old dame, and that she is still telling them sto ries.

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