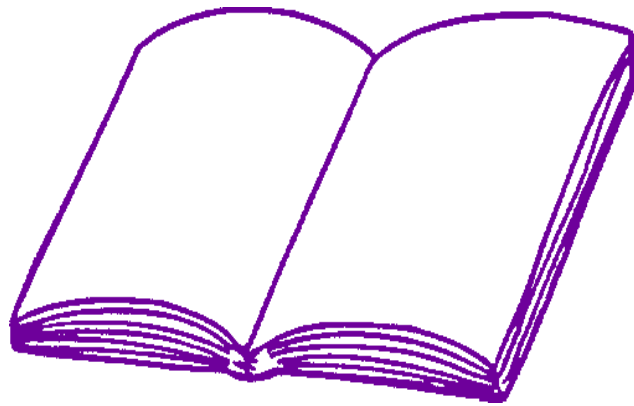


Designing Your  
Own School Program

6

# Books Full Of Words



A "True Education" Language Series

“Holy men of God spake  
as they were moved  
by the Holy Ghost.”

II Peter 1:21



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# Teacher Section





# INSTRUCTIONS

## For the Teacher

### Step 1

Study the Bible Lesson and begin to memorize the Memory Verses. Familiarize Yourself With the Character Quality. The student can answer the Bible Review Questions. See page 6. Use the steps in Bible Study.

#### Bible Lesson

“We Have Seen His Star” –  
Matthew 2

#### Memory Verses

Numbers 24:17; Jeremiah 29:11-14;  
Micah 5:2; Isaiah 49:6; Matthew  
2:23

#### Character Quality

**Integrity** – complete honesty and sincerity; wholeness; entireness; unbroken state; moral soundness or purity; incorruptness; uprightness; honesty

Antonyms – duplicity; deceit; dissimulation; guile; dishonesty; deceitfulness; mendacity; perversity

#### Character Quality Verse

Proverbs 11:3 “*The **integrity** of the upright shall guide them: but the perverseness of transgressors shall destroy them.*”

### Step 2

#### Understand How To/And

A. Do the Spelling Cards so the student can begin to build his own spiritual dictionary.

B. Mark Your Bible.

C. Evaluate Your Student’s Character in relation to the character quality of **integrity**.

D. Familiarize Yourself With “Books Full of Words.” Notice the Projects.

E. Review the Scripture References for “Libraries.”

F. Notice the Answer Key.

## A. Spelling Cards

### Spelling Lists

#### Language Words

##### Place I - II - III

author  
card  
catalog  
decimal  
library  
service  
subject  
system  
title

##### Place II - III

archeologist  
communion  
records  
research  
writers

#### Bible Words

comfort  
demanded  
departed  
destroy

#### Bible Words continued

dream  
Egypt  
flee  
frankincense  
gold  
governor  
**integrity**  
joy  
Judea  
lamentation  
mock  
myrrh  
Nazarene  
Rachel  
search  
star  
treasure  
troubled  
weeping  
wise men  
worshiped  
wroth

See the book *Spelling from the Scriptures* for instructions about how to make the Spelling Cards.

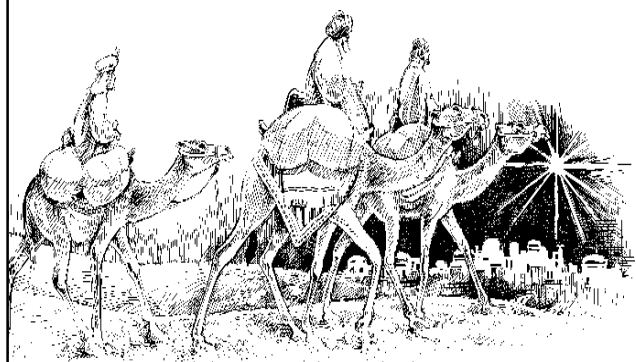
## B. How to Mark the Bible

1. Copy the list of Bible texts in the back of the Bible on an empty page as a guide.

2. Go to the first text in the Bible and copy the next text beside it. Go to the next one and repeat the process until they are all chain referenced.

3. Have the student present the study to family and/or friends.

4. In each student lesson there is one or more sections that have a Mark Your Bible or Bible Search on the subject studied. (See the student's section, page 23.)



Place I = Grades 2-3-4  
Place II = Grades 4-5-6  
Place III = Grades 6-7-8

## C. Evaluate Your Student's Character

This section is for the purpose of helping the teacher know how to encourage the students in **integrity**.

See page 8.

## D. Familiarize Yourself With "Books Full of Words" – Notice the Projects

### Projects

1. Visit a public library (keep your child under careful supervision), and learn how libraries are arranged. Make sure he understands the cataloging system used. Find the section on religious books, and show your child the Bibles (sometimes the library has old Bibles or has them on display). Read Matthew 2 quietly in the library. Remind your child about the Bible lesson and what the word **integrity** means.

2. Help your child set up a library system with the books in your home—even if you only have a few books.

Read and study the Dewey decimal system in a resource book before doing this project.

Remind your student of the Bible lesson, and explain how much easier it is to study when books are organized. As a family, discuss this.

3. Discuss with your child these questions:

What books of the Bible might the magi have read?

Why were they considered men of **integrity**.

Find a Bible verses about **integrity** (other than Proverbs 11:3).



## E. Review the Scripture References for “Libraries”

Teacher, read through this section before working on the lesson with the student.

See pages 9-10.

## F. Notice the Answer Key

The answer key for the student book is found on page 11.

### Step 3

**Read the Lesson Aim.**

### Lesson Aim

This lesson is to inform the child of the importance of resource materials in study. He will learn how to use a library (use careful supervision).

Like the magi of old he can learn important information from resource books. He can follow the example of the magi, and have **integrity** and wisdom, especially in the study of the Scriptures.

The magi were men of **integrity** and wisdom, and we are told: “The light of God is ever shining amid the darkness of heathenism. As these magi studied the starry heavens, and sought to fathom the mystery hidden in their bright paths, they behold the glory of the Creator. Seeking clearer knowledge, they turned to the Hebrew Scriptures. In their own land were treasured prophetic writings that predicted the coming of a divine Teacher. Balaam belonged to the magicians, though at one time a prophet of God; by the Holy Spirit he had foretold the prosperity of Israel and the appearing of the Messiah; and his prophecies had been handed down by tradition from century to century. But in the Old Testament the Saviour’s advent was more clearly revealed. The magi learned with joy that His coming was near, and that the whole world was to be filled with a knowledge of the glory of the Lord.”\*

The magi, men of **integrity**, sought the writings of their day (maybe

*\*The Desire of Ages 59-60*

kept in libraries), to find out more information about the Saviour's first advent.

Today, we can also use some of the resource materials that are available in the libraries. We will need to be very careful what we use. We can study books that point to the Second Coming of Christ.

## Step 4

**Prepare to begin the Language Lesson.**

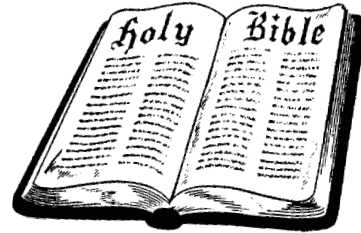
### To Begin the Language Lesson

Discuss with your student this question: "If you could have only one book which one would it be?"

## Step 5

**Begin the Language Lesson. Cover only what can be understood by your student. Make the lessons a family project by all being involved in part or all of the lesson. These lessons are designed for the whole family.**

## Steps in Bible Study



1. Prayer
2. Read the verses/meditate/memorize.
3. Look up key words in *Strong's Concordance* and find their meaning in the Hebrew or Greek dictionary in the back of that book.
4. Cross reference (marginal reference) with other Bible texts. An excellent study tool is *The Treasury of Scripture Knowledge*.
5. Use Bible custom books for more information on the times.
6. Write a summary of what you have learned from those verses.
7. Mark key thoughts in the margin of your Bible.
8. Share your study with others to reinforce the lessons you have learned.



## Bible Review Questions

1. Where was Jesus born, and who was king at this time? (Matthew 2:1)
2. Who came to see Jesus? From what direction? (Matthew 2:1)
3. For whom did they ask? What had they seen? (Matthew 2:2)
4. For what reason had the wise men come to see Jesus? (Matthew 2:2)
5. Who was troubled by the question of these men? (Matthew 2:3)
6. Whom did he gather together? (Matthew 2:4)
7. What did he demand of them? (Matthew 2:4)
8. Where did they say Jesus was to be born? (Matthew 2:5-6)
9. How did they know? Quote where they got their information from. (Micah 5:2)
10. What did Herod inquire of the wise men? (Matthew 2:7)
11. To what place did he send them? (Matthew 2:8)
12. What did he tell them to do? (Matthew 2:8)
13. How did they find Jesus? (Matthew 2:9)
14. How did they respond when they saw the star again? (Matthew 2:10)
15. Whom did they worship? (Matthew 2:11)
16. Name the gifts that they presented. (Matthew 2:11)
17. How were the plans of Herod defeated? (Matthew 2:12-15)
18. When did Joseph start for Egypt? (Matthew 2:13-14)
19. How long did he remain in Egypt? (Matthew 2:15, 20)
20. How was Herod's death made know to Joseph? (Matthew 2:19)
21. Where did Joseph and his family dwell after they left Egypt? (Matthew 2:23)
22. Why was he afraid to go into Judea? (Matthew 2:21-22)

22. How was the prophecy, “*He shall be called a Nazarene,*” fulfilled? (Matthew 2:23)

### Thought Questions

1. How many wise men were there? (It is not stated in the Scriptures.)

2. What does the Bible say in regard to the type of building Jesus was in at the time of the visit of the wise men? (Greek “house” – *Strong’s Concordance* number 3614 = residence, an abode, a family [especially a domestic home])

3. What was the star that guided the wise men to the place of Jesus’ birth? (It is not stated in Scripture, but some say it was the angels that appeared to the shepherds on the night of Jesus’ birth.)

4. What Bible reference proves that it was a part of God’s plan for Jesus’ parents to take Him to Egypt? (Hosea 11:1; Jeremiah 31:15; Matthew 2:16-18)



Wise Men

# Evaluating Your Child's Character

Check the appropriate box for your student's level of development, or your own, as the case may be.

Maturing Nicely (MN), Needs Improvement (NI), Poorly Developed (PD), Absent (A)

## Integrity

1. Does the child keep his word, even when it hurts to do so?

MN NI PD A

2. Are the child's heroes people of integrity?

Yes No

3. Is the child able to stand alone on the side of right even when it means unpopular treatment?

MN NI PD A

4. Is the child completely honest and sincere in speech and actions?

MN NI PD A

5. When any work is assigned to the child, does he go forward as steadily and industriously when he is not watched as when he is?

Yes No

## Notes





# References

## “Libraries”



### Counsel on Libraries

*Fundamentals of Christian Education* 172-173 – “Let believers in the truth for this time, turn away from authors that teach infidelity. Let not the works of skeptics appear on your library shelves, where your children can have access to them. Let those who have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, no longer deem it an essential feature of a good education to have a knowledge of the writings of those who deny the existence of God and pour contempt upon His Holy Word. Give no place to the agents of Satan, since there is nothing which to vindicate their doings; a clean thing cannot come out of an unclean.”

*The Ministry of Healing* 441 – “...As I see libraries filled with ponderous volumes of historical and theological lore, I think, ‘Why spend money for that which is not bread?...”

*Evangelism* 538 – “Publications containing the precious truths of the gospel should be in the rooms of the patients, or where they can have easy access to them. There

should be a library in every sanitarium, and it should be supplied with books containing the light of the gospel. Judicious plans should be laid that the patients may have constant access to reading matter that contains the light of present truth...”

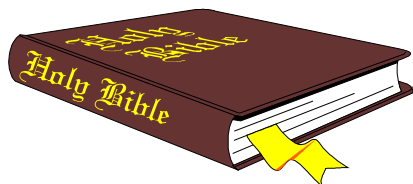
*Counsels to Writers and Editors* 134 – “...Let books that are useful, instructive, and elevating, be placed in your libraries and upon your tables...”

*4 Testimonies* 390 – “The volumes of *Spirit of Prophecy*, and also the *Testimonies*, should be introduced into every Sabbath-keeping family, and the brethren should know their value and be urged to read them.... They should be in the library of every family and read again and again. Let them be kept where they can be read by many, and let them be worn out in being read by all the neighbors.”

*The Adventist Home* 416 – “Let publications upon moral and religious subjects be found on your

tables and in your libraries, that your children may cultivate a taste for elevated reading.”

## Notes



## Nature - A Library

*Fundamentals of Christian Education* 442-443 – “And day by day He [Jesus] gained knowledge from the great library of animate and inanimate nature. He who had created all things, was now a child of humanity, and He studied the lessons which His own hand had written in earth and sea and sky. The parables by which, during His ministry, He loved to teach His lessons of truth, show how open His spirit was to the influences of nature, and how, in His youth, He had delighted to gather the spiritual teaching from the surroundings of His daily life. To Jesus the significance of the word and the works of God unfolded gradually, as He was seeking to understand the reason of things, as any youth may seek to understand. The culture of holy thoughts and communings was His. All the windows of His soul were open toward the sun; and in the light of heaven His spiritual nature waxed strong, and His life made manifest the wisdom and grace of God.”

*The Desire of Ages* 70 – “And spread out before Him [Jesus] was the great library of God’s created works. He who had made all things studied the lessons which His own hand had written in earth and sea and sky.”

# Answer Key

## Page 8

1. Face to face or open communion
2. Sin
3. 2,500 years
4. "Those who had been taught of God, communicated their knowledge to others, and it was handed down from father to son, through successive generations."
5. Sixteen hundred years
6. Moses, John

## Page 9

7. See pages 2-5.

## Page 19

1. Wise men
2. Bone, clay, metal, wax, wood, papyrus, silk, leather, and parchment
3. Abram (Abraham), Sara, wise men, etc.
4. Clay tablets

## Page 19 continued

5. Papyrus
6. In chests
7. Thin layers of animal skin are sewn into pages (signatures)
8. China (in A.D. 105)
9. See pages 10-18.

## Page 21

1. Teacher, check.

## Page 23

1. Isaiah 7:14
2. Isaiah 40:3
3. Malachi 3:1
4. Isaiah 9:2
5. Isaiah 42:67 or 11:10
6. Micah 5:2
7. Numbers 24:17; Isaiah 60:3
8. Psalm 72:10-11
9. Jeremiah 31:15
10. Isaiah 56:7

# Reading From Nature's Writing

It has been great fun in the country during the holidays, but they were almost gone. Outside the snow had been falling all the afternoon, but the big, open, cheerful fireplace made the room light and bright. It was growing dusky, and a boy and girl were reading close to the crackling blaze. Suddenly the boy closed his book with a bang which made the girl start and exclaim: "Jack, why did you frighten me so? What makes you so noisy?"

"Oh! I had to do something to make it lively: the snow comes down so soft and the wind has died down until I want to do something. I sometimes wish I were an Indian or something else that is wild and exciting. I've been reading a book about a little Indian. He must have had a splendid time."

Jack yawned as he got up and walked to the window, where he stood watching the snow as it swirled about the corner of the house and then drifted off to the fence to form a high bank of pure white. The only sign of life in the great white outside world was a scattering line of crows flying low against the west.

"My!" exclaimed the boy again, "I'm tired of reading, reading, reading."

As he finished speaking his uncle came in from the barn and remarked: "Didn't I hear someone say that he was tired of reading? Why, I should think that was impossible, if you read in the right way, and changed your style of reading often enough."

"Why Uncle, what do you mean by changing your style of reading?" asked Nellie, as she brushed the snow from his heavy overcoat with a small hearth broom.

As her uncle warmed his hands before the fire, he continued: "Of course you can get tired of reading in plain everyday books; but I am not talking especially of that kind of reading."

Their uncle walked to the window for a moment, and stood looking out at the snow which came floating down from the low-hanging clouds.

“I gave you that last book, Jack, full of stories of Indian life to teach you that there is a reading which is older than all the books, a reading of the page which is written each day in nature.” He pointed out the window to where there was a small space of ruddy light in the west, and continued, “tomorrow I think it will be clear, and you and Nellie can go out and learn what has happened during the night.”

“But how?” questioned the little girl.

Her uncle smiled at her as he explained: “isn’t all the out of doors being covered with a great white unwritten sheet this afternoon? It will stop snowing before bedtime, and when the moon comes out, all the creatures of the out of doors that move about and live their odd lives when we are snug in bed, will be out, and everywhere they go they will leave tell-tale footprints which can be read, for they are all as different as they can be. So tomorrow morning leave these books you have been reading and see what you can do with the printed page of nature.”

When Jack glanced at Nellie, his eyes were sparkling with interest, and he said hurriedly, “Suppose we try it in the morning, Nell? I believe we can read something. At

any rate, we’ll get some fun out of it, I know.”

For a long time the two sat at one corner of the big fireplace and discussed their plans for the next day; and just before bedtime Nellie said, “Come, suppose we go out to the front of the house for a moment, Jack. Uncle said it would be clear about bedtime.” Then glancing at the clock in the corner, she exclaimed, “Look at the clock! How the time has gone while we were planning! It’s almost eight o’clock now.”

As they left the wide veranda, the new snow made a low crackling noise under their feet. The trees cracked and groaned with the cold as they swung to and fro in the wind. Even the moon, which was floating in an odd choppy little sea of clouds, looked frosty to the new observers.

“Yes, Uncle was right about the weather being clear and cold for tomorrow,” shivered Jack as he turned up his coat collar and watched his breath circle about his head in a wreath of mist.

Nellie’s voice was shaky with the cold as she said, “I’m going back to the fire.” But, as they turned she paused with her hand to her ear and asked her brother, “Did you



hear that odd, low sound from down in or near the woods?”

“No, I didn’t hear a sound except the gritty noise our feet make in the snow.”

“Wait a moment,” whispered Nellie as she placed her hand on his sleeve, “there, you heard it that time didn’t you?”

Jack laughed and exclaimed, “That was nothing but an owl hooting down in the woods. I heard lots of them last summer when I was camping.

When they were on the porch and almost ready to turn the knob on the front door, they paused again, for from afar over the wide white waste of snow came the sharp metallic bark of a red fox.

When they were toasting themselves before the fire in the sitting room again, Jack remarked, “I wonder what the owl and that fox were doing tonight. I hope we can find out in the morning.”

“So do I,” yawned Nellie. “I’m sleepy, suppose we go to bed and get up early and learn what we can.”

The next day when the children, well wrapped in mufflers and heavy coats, started from the house,

the sun slipped from behind the few clouds that still lingered in the sky, and turned the snow-covered fields and woods into a dazzling mass of splinters of blue and red.

Nellie put her hands before her eyes, exclaiming, “Isn’t it beautiful? But it hurts your eyes, too, until you get accustomed to it.” She looked at the snow again and continued, “Did you notice, Jack, that when the sun shone on the snow the low spots were not black as we made them at school when we were painting those thank you cards? Now look at those places where my cat, Old Tom, has been walking in the snow; see they are more blue than black.”

“Hurrah!” said Jack, “we’ve begun to find out things already, and we haven’t left the front gate yet. Come on, let’s hurry.”

They crossed the road, all level and white without a hoof track showing anywhere, and went through the gate which led into the corn field on the ridge. Reaching the crest of a slight rise and looking down the length of the corn field with its rows of shocks, Jack exclaimed, “We could almost make ourselves believe we were Indians today for the shocks of fodder all covered with the snow look exactly like wigwams.”

Nellie had hardly heard him for she was bending over intent upon something she had found in the snow. "Look here, Jack, something has been busy along here eating the seeds off the ragweed where it sticks above the snow; what do you suppose it can be? Sparrows?"

"Yes, that's what it must be," then as Jack studied the tracks more carefully, he continued, "No, I believe it must be some other kind of bird. Suppose we run back to the barn for a moment, there are always any number of English sparrows feeding there. We can see their tracks, and then we shall know. Isn't this fine, this kind of reading out of doors?"

Their Uncle was at the barn feeding the cattle, and when he saw them coming he called, "Have you gotten tired of the book I gave you to read so early in the morning?"

"No, indeed," exclaimed Nellie, "we had to come back to get a chance to see some of the letters about the barn to be certain of some we found down in the corn field on the ridge."

In a moment both of them were on their knees examining the sparrow tracks which were wher-

ever any feed had been dropped, and Jack smiled as he said, "I was right after all; those tracks in the field are not made by any English sparrows. These by the barn have both feet together, showing the bird hopped along the ground, while those in the field are one at a time, walking, of course. Now look here too, Nell, these have no long hind toe, either, like the track in the field. Come, suppose we run back, follow the track and try to find the bird and have a good look at it."

As they were pushing the lot gate open through the high piled snow, their uncle called after them, "If the little bird you find looks very flat in the snow and if there are several of them together and they make an odd light twittering noise as they fly swiftly out over the open field and not in the woods, I can tell you what it is when you come back."

When they again reached the tracks near the ragweed, Jack began planning the way they should find the birds, "Nell, you keep your eyes on the tracks in the snow and follow them carefully; I'm taller than you, and will hold onto your cape and follow behind, watching the snow ahead. As soon as I catch sight of the birds, we will stop and you can watch them, too."

“All right,” answered the girl, and at once began following the faint tracks in the snow, while Jack, intent upon the ground in front of them, was led by holding tight to her cape. In a short time they had to rest that Nellie might shut her eyes and rest them from the intense glare of the sunlight. When they were ready to start, Jack remarked, “That’s the oddest thing I think I ever saw. Nell, you see those three small clods of dirt out there in the field beyond us?”

“Yes, I see them, what about them?”

“But Nellie, look at them carefully a moment.”

“Well, I have, aren’t they just plain dirt or stone?”

“But don’t you see that everything else about them has a covering of snow, and they haven’t any snow at all on them? Do you suppose they could have gotten warm enough in the sun yesterday morning to melt all the snow as fast as it came down in the afternoon?”

“I don’t know about that, Jack, but my eyes are perfectly rested now, so we will walk ahead again, and when we reach the stones, we will take a good look at them.”

They had taken only a few steps when Jack burst into peals of laughter and said, “Look, look, Nell! There go our three pieces of dirt flying through the air.”

“Oh don’t be silly, Jack, come on, the tracks are getting plainer and plainer every minute.”

“But Nell, I mean exactly what I say, those three dark objects were the very birds we were following. Don’t you remember how we read about a cottontail rabbit that learned to freeze the very first thing in life; well, those little birds were freezing. But I saw where they dropped in the snow far down in the edge of the field by the woods; I believe if we were to go around through the timber, we could get close enough to have a good look at them.”

On the way to the timber, Jack caught his sister’s sleeve and said, “Wait a moment.”

He put his finger in his mouth and held it over his head a short time, nodding his head and continued, “That’s all right, I think we can go that way without being noticed at all.”

Nellie stood looking at him in blank amazement for some time

before she asked, “What has wetting your finger got to do with our going through the woods, I should like to know, Jack?”

“Why, the Indians and all the old trappers did that way when they followed game. If you wet your finger, Nell, you—just wet your own finger and hold it up a moment.”

She did as she was told, and, after waiting a moment, said, “I don’t learn a thing by it except that one side is getting ever so much colder than the other.”

“That’s it exactly,” laughed Jack, “It’s the coldest on that side because the wind is on that side. Of course, Indians and trappers were always careful to get the wind blowing from the game to themselves so the animals wouldn’t smell them or hear them. You see, the wind is exactly right for us to go through the woods. If we are careful not to step on anything that will crack, I think we shall be close enough to have a good look at them.”

Jack was right, for when they reached the edge of the woods and peered out, they discovered three small dark bodies in the white snow; one of them was pulling the seed from a spray of ragweed that

stood above the snow, while the others crouched low as if they loved the very touch of the soft snow.

“Goodie,” whispered Nellie, “they are small, and look flat as Uncle described them. He can tell us what they are when we get to the house again.”

The wood was strangely silent and deserted, with each limb sagging low under its load of clinging snow. Every brier and thistle and weed in the corners of the old fence which bound the timber was outlined in white. Walking along the fence, Nellie stopped and looked intently at a dark oval spot in the undergrowth. Pointing it out to Jack, she asked, “what made that Jack? Don’t you see the snow is all about it, but the leaves and dry sticks seem to have had no snow at all on them either yesterday or last night.”

Jack strove to wriggle his way into the briars, but they were too full of thorns, so they walked around to the far side of the clump, and the mystery was explained. There in plain sight were the sharp-pointed tracks of Molly Cottontail leading away from the oval spot.

“Evidently Molly cottontail didn’t leave her warm place in the

underbrush until it stopped snowing. I wonder where she went when she started out for supper?"

"Supper, Jack, it must have been breakfast for her, as she had been sitting here while it snowed."

"Well, it doesn't make much difference what we call it, if we find out what she had for the meal. Wait a moment before we start. Look, here are several sorts of tracks in the snow. Oh! now I understand these very long tracks are where she sat up, and the small pointed ones appear to be where she was moving around. Don't you remember how our pet rabbits used to sit up and sniff the air? Well, I can shut my eyes and see Molly now sitting up in the moonlight wriggling her little nose to learn if she can smell any danger. Come on, now, we'll follow her tracks down this way into the hollow and see if we can find what she ate for her breakfast last night."

Molly had evidently been in no hurry, for the tracks were well marked and close together. Now and then her heel tracks, were long and slender in the snow, where she sat up to be sure of no danger from any direction. They led directly to a gnarled old seedling apple tree which stood on the bank of a small stream. When the children had

reached the tree, Nellie laughed as she said—

"Molly has good taste, hasn't she Jack? Don't you remember we used to eat the bark off the apple switches which sometimes grew around the bottoms of the trees? And that's exactly what she has done. See where the switches have been peeled as high as she could reach. But suppose we follow on. I see her tracks go up on the other side of the brook, and we may learn some of the other things she did while we were sound asleep."

"Yes," answered Jack, "there they go as plain as can be, and all we have to do is to follow them." He hesitated a moment and glanced ahead. "What's the matter? These tracks are getting wider and wider apart; as if she were hurrying about something."

They followed the impressions in the snow a little farther; then Jack again got upon his knees to examine them quite closely.

"What is it, Jack?" asked his sister, unable to restrain her curiosity longer.

"I hardly know," Jack answered in a puzzled manner. "You come and look at this with me and see what you can read out of it."

Look, right here behind these two long tracks in the snow is this funny little indistinct mark, what is it?"

Nellie took a careful look, and said slowly, "I hardly know what that can be, it looks very much as if I had taken that new powder puff of mine and pressed it gently into the snow."

Jack rolled over on his back in the snow and kicked his heels in the air as he laughed, while Nellie stood looking at him in bewilderment.

"Well, Jack, I don't see anything at all funny in what I said, do you?"

"Why, I, yes"—but he could get no farther as he laughed until he had to wipe the tears from his eyes.

"Why don't you see, Nell, it's only her—her —"

"Yes, I do now, Jack, it's the print of her little cottontail. No wonder you laughed at me."

Then both of them laughed as they again started after the trail up the slope. The tracks were now very wide apart showing them that Molly was hurrying as fast as she could.

"Nell, I can see from the width of these jumps that she is making, and the way she has sat up in a hurry and left the powder puff marks along the way, that Molly was worried about something. Here, look, I've found it; see those tracks coming over this way from the woods, from here they look like little round blue holes don't they? Well, you remember we heard a fox bark, and Uncle said it was the bark he always gives when he is on the trail. No wonder Molly was in a hurry with the fox on her track."

"I wonder," said Nellie, "what place she was hurrying for. Come on, we'll follow it up and see for ourselves."

"There it is, Nell, see that hole showing black in the snow just off in the open from the edge of the woods? It looks as if it might be a hollow log covered over with snow."

"I believe you are right, Jack, but look down again at these tracks of hers, and see how tired she was getting. She could hardly lift her toes clear of the snow, and several times she has dropped flat on her stomach. Oh, I do hope she made it all right after such a splendid race!"

Both of them were almost as excited as if they were witnessing the race itself, and they hurried

along through the loose snow toward the old log. Just before they reach it, Jack stopped, and pointing to the snow, exclaimed: "Hurrah, she beat him to the log, all right. See, the snow is all plowed up where she slid. I only hope there isn't any place for him to get her out after she made it all right."

"Here," called Nellie, "he didn't give up his meal very easily; see where he has tried to dig under to where she was in the log."

"Yes," answered Jack from the far side of the log, "but jump over here and see what happened. Notice where he has pushed his head far down in the soft snow, and tried to smell where she was hiding."

Nellie looked, and then said, "Yes, I see very plainly where he put his head in the snow, but why are you so positive that he was trying to smell where she was in the log. It seems to me you have gotten so thoroughly interested in the race that you have gone to making up part of it."

"Look away down where the end of his pointed little nose shows in the snow, and what do you see, young lady?"

"You are right," she acknowledged as her head came up from a

close survey of the print, "there are the two little holes in the snow where his hot breath melted it, so he must have sniffed quite hard, after all."

"I'm certain he never got the rabbit now," announced Jack.

"Yes," answered Nellie, "because there from the other end of the log go his tracks clear over into the woods again. Isn't it fine? I almost feel as if I had seen her get away. Come on, let's see something more of this new reading before we go back."

"All right," exclaimed Jack, "only you've made one mistake."

"What's that, Jack?"

"You called it a new reading just now."

"Well, isn't it?"

"No, it is the oldest of all reading, of course, only we have just begun to pay attention to it. Musn't the Indians have seen ever so much that we simply pass by?"

"Yes, I suppose they did. But then they missed what we get in books, so it isn't so bad after all; only I suppose it would be best if we

read both ways, and got double pleasure out of it.”

The day had thus far been a silent one save for a heavy sudden noise that the soft snow made as it fell from some overburdened limb; but as the sun grew brighter, there were faint twitterings here and there in the undergrowth. The sun mounting higher, touched the snow-covered woods, and fence rows into masses of jewelry, and a mocking bird flew to the top of a small tree close to the children, and whistled softly.

They stopped to listen, and as the bird poured out his marvelous flood of melody which vibrated in the cool crisp air, Nellie whispered, “Jack, doesn’t it sound as if he was going over his song under his breath, so he wouldn’t forget it before next spring comes?”

Jack, intent upon catching every note, only nodded his head. When the mocking bird left the bough on which it swung, he said, rather quietly, “Do you know, Nell, it always seems to me when I listen to a ‘mocker,’ it’s almost as if some person were singing to me?”

“I don’t know, but it makes me feel the same way, Jack; but I am getting cold. Come, let’s run for the house and warm up.”

As they raced down the hill, Jack caught her by the arms and pulled her almost flat in the snow while he pointed into the hollow ahead of them.

Nellie laughed as they both dropped into the soft snow.

“Hush, Nell, don’t you see those little dark bodies bobbing along in the briars at the foot of the slope? The snow is so bright at this time of day that I can’t make out what they are. They are birds of some sort, and rather large ones too.”

“Wait, listen,” whispered Nellie, “did you hear that funny little low call just then from over the hill somewhere?”

“I thought I did. Wait and keep still. Yes, there it goes, almost as if it were lost. It’s so far away, I wish I knew what that was.”

Sitting, waiting for the whistling call to come over the hills, Jack exclaimed under his breath, “Nell, we aren’t the only ones listening for that to come again. Look, every one of those dark little bodies that was slipping along under the snow-covered bushes has stopped. Do you suppose they are listening, too?”



Before Nellie could say a word in answer to Jack's question, one of the little dark bodies raised its head high, and said; "Whuu—lee, whuu—lee—whuu—lee chee," or at least that was the way Jack said it whistled.

The answer came again across the fields, and was answered at once; and as the children strained their eyes, three dark, plump bodies on wings that whistled in the frosty air came over the brow of the hill and dropped among the others in the snow. Then the whole party went down the little hollow, saying odd soft things to one another, all the while bobbing their heads up and down. When they crossed an open spot, the sun slipped under some hazy clouds, and Jack saw their beautifully mottled suits of gray, brown, and black, and at once laughed and exclaimed, "Nell, that is a whole covey of bobwhites."

"Yes, but how do you know they are? I am certain they never said 'bobwhite' once while we were here."

"Oh, I got a good look at them just now, and I am certain!"

Discussing the covey and the call notes of the birds, they came to the bottom of the little hollow and crossed the small stream that

wound in and out among the grasses and briers and trees. Instead of being clear and dancing as they had seen it in the summer time when they came to wade and catch crayfish, it was silent save for a gurgling noise as it slipped about the mossy roots of an old elm tree and beyond it lost itself in a line of black among a tangle of willows and underbrush.

"It seems to me," announced Jack suddenly, "that Uncle told me once that in very cold weather bobwhites were apt to stay all together out in the middle of some field, and not get scattered at all."

"What made you speak of it, Jack?"

"Don't you see, Nell, the bobwhite of this covey were calling one another to get together again; and I'm wondering how they got separated this early on a cold morning."

"Well, what makes you wonder, Jack, when there is no way at all to find out about it?"

Jack did not answer at once, for the snow was very heavy where it had drifted against the old rail fence which separated the overgrown hollow from the corn field. After they were over the fence and beyond the drifts, Jack stopped to

catch his breath, and said, pointing out toward the middle of the field, "Do you suppose those marks out there are more of those little birds, Nell?"

"They can't be, Jack, because they are different sizes aren't they?"

"That's the way it looked to me. The only way to find out is to go and see for ourselves. If they are birds, I hope they won't fly as far as the others did, for my toes are beginning to get cold, and I want to keep going toward the fire."

The spots on the snow did not fly away, and when they were over them, they found only scattered feathers of some bobwhites and a dull brownish-red stain of his blood.

"What do you suppose did this, Jack?"

"I don't know. Wait until I walk around in a circle, so I can see if there are any tracks."

When he came back to the same point, he shook his head.

"I don't see a track of anything at all, but over here at one side there is an odd little circle of hard tramped snow, but there is nothing at all to catch a bird."

Again he circled about, but his sister got down in the snow and examined the place where the bird had been killed. "Here, Jack, here it is. It's all written plain here." And when he was bending over with her she continued, "See this big claw track, what is it?"

"That's the track of an owl or hawk." He stood up and looked toward the house, and as soon as he got the exact direction, he exclaimed, "It was the owl we heard hooting last night. Don't you remember it was from just about this direction?"

At the dinner table they began to ply their Uncle with questions so fast that he laughed and said, "Let Nellie ask one, and then you try one, Jack. We shall be able to get along better. This way I can't do a thing. Now, Nell, what's your first question?"

"We found a place where an owl caught a bobwhite, and a short distance away we found a place where the snow was packed down in a little hard circle. What made it?"

"That's good reading. It is so good that I can tell you the whole story as it happened last night. Do you want it?"

“Yes,” they both exclaimed at once.

“Well, it was this way. Yesterday afternoon after the whole family party of bobwhites had finished eating, and it was time to think of going to bed, it wouldn’t do to walk onto the field and cuddle up close.”

“Why?” interrupted Nellie.

“Because,” continued her Uncle as he smiled at her eagerness, “some skunk or fox or coon, walking out later would have followed their trail and found them and eaten them. So, as I was going to say just now, they all jumped from the ground and flew out to the place where you found that little hard packed circle and dropped to the ground. Then they arranged themselves for the night; tails in, heads out, so that no matter from which direction danger came, some bird’s head was that way. And, if danger came too close and they had to fly, each one of the family would go in a different direction and not all of them would be caught.”

As her Uncle paused to get a mouthful of something to eat, Nellie exclaimed, “Isn’t this the best reading, though?”

“I think so,” continued the Uncle, “and I believe if you had hunted about and kept your ears open, you might have seen the family party come together again, they—”

“Yes, Uncle,” interrupted Jack, “when they want to find one another, they don’t say ‘bobwhite,’ do they? They just say under their breath something like ‘Whuu—lee, whuu—lee, chee.’”

“Good for you Jack, that was it exactly. They were calling to get together again. And you two saw that this morning, did you? That was interesting, but you have forgotten all about your dinner and it will soon be cold. I’ll finish it all after dinner.”

“Just one more, Uncle, before we eat. What was the name of the little bird in the snow that looked flat and whistled that fine thin note and had a long back toe mark?”

“Yes, I did promise you that name, didn’t I? That was the little prairie horned lark. Now eat your dinners, and always remember that when you are tired of reading in man-made books, there is the great book of the out-of-doors full to overflowing with stories.”

# Gardening Sheet

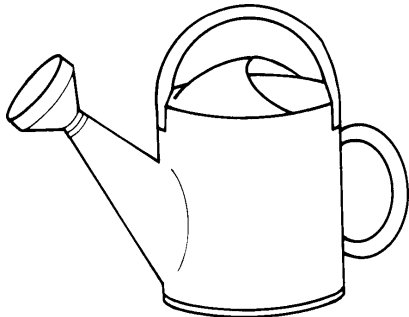
Lesson Six Subject Language

Title "Books Full of Words"

## In Season



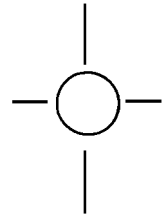
Check at a public library or on line for information about natural fertilizers. Think how **integrity** is a fertile character quality. When watering the plants in your garden, think how water refreshes the plant and helps them grow as the Word can help you grow!



## Out of Season

As a family, study more about compost and using it to enrich the soil in your garden.

When watering house plants do not over-water but allow time for the plants to use the moisture. So we need time to meditate on the fertile Word and let it soak in to our minds. The wise men had time as they made their long journey following the star.



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Mark 4:29