

7. Toward night we see the land before us rising higher and higher, so that if one above should loosen a stone, it would roll all the way down to us. Our horses begin to go slowly, for it is hard drawing the carriage up this road. Do you know what it is to which we have come? Of course you do. It is a *hill*, and we call it so because it is higher than the rest of the land. We first come to the *foot* of the hill; then we go up the *slope*, and finally we are at the *top*, and we shall soon begin to go down the other side.

II.—UPON THE HILLTOP.

ho-ri'-zon.
pal-met'-to.

At-lan'-tic.
A-mer'-i-ca.

o'-cean [-shun].
Pa-cif'-ic.

1. LET us try what we can see from this hilltop. First look behind. There is the country through which we have been driving all the morning. There are many *farms* and *farmhouses*; many little *villages* scattered here and there, *roads* leading from one place to another in all directions, and *railroads* crossing the country in long, straight lines. There are also scattering *groves* that look very fresh and pleasant among the *gardens* and yellow *grainfields*, and *brooks* that shine in the sunlight like silver.

2. We can now see much more of the country than was in sight along the way as we were riding; because it is below us, and we can look down upon the whole of it at once. Compared with these hills, it seems quite flat and level; but there are many swells and hollows