

lake fish'er man break'fast pleās'ant
 eys climbed danc'ing weath'er

THE NEW BOAT.

There was once a little boy who lived very near a large lake. His name was Robert, and his father was a fisherman. Sometimes when the weather was fine, Robert's father would take him out in his boat. They would often sail far out in the lake to catch fish.

Those were pleasant times for Robert; and every evening when he came home he had many stories to tell his mother and his little sister. He learned many things about the fish that live in the deep water of the lake, and he was very glad when he could catch one.

One evening his father said to him; "Robert, I am going to try the new boat in the morning. Would you like to go out with me, and see how it sails?"

"Oh, father," he said, "you know I should like to go."

"Well, then, you must wake up early and be ready to start as soon as the sun is up."

Robert was delighted. He had never been in his father's new boat, and he thought that



it would be much better to sail in it than in the old one.

So, as soon as it was night, he went to bed and tried to go to sleep. But he could not sleep. He could not help thinking of the new boat and of the fine time he would have in the morning.

But by and by he shut his little eyes, and soon he was fast asleep. In the morning he was up as soon as it was light. He dressed himself and ran down to the lake. The new boat was riding on the water, all ready for the sail.

He climbed into the boat and sat down. He wondered why his father did not come. He could see the water shining and dancing in the morning light, and he wanted to be going.

After a long while he saw his father coming from the house with a pail and a basket.

"Oh, father," said Robert, laughing, "I thought we were going to start as soon as the sun was up."

"And so we will," said his father, "for the sun is not up yet. Run to the house and eat your breakfast, and then we shall be ready to start."

It did not take Robert long to eat his breakfast. When he went back to the boat, the sun was just beginning to shine on the water.

He had a fine time on the lake that day; but long before his father was ready to go home he was fast asleep in the new boat.

How many fishes do you think he took home to his mother and sister?

lāugh'ing dānc'ing rŭn'ning fāl'ing
shīn'ing flŷ'ing be gĭn'ning sīt'ting

ant strōng swĭm shōre a frāid' mēds
tōp blew swĭft strēam sōme'thĭng

(base) THE ANT.

One day a busy ant climbed into a tree to look for something to eat. It ran about among the green leaves and was not at all afraid of falling.



After a while it climbed to the top of the tree and looked down to see how high it was.

Just then the wind blew very hard. It blew the little ant from the tree, and carried it far away over the tops of the bushes.

"I shall soon fall to the ground," said the ant; "but I am not afraid. I am so light that I will not be hurt very much."

But it did not fall to the ground. It fell into a river where the water was running fast. It tried hard to swim to the shore; but the stream was strong and swift and would soon carry it down to the sea.