

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'    some'thing  
tōp    blew    swĭft    strēam

(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.



dóve brāve sāve fēl'low ūp ōn'

# THE DOVE.

A pretty dove was sitting in a tree near the river and saw the ant fall into the water. She saw how hard it tried to swim to the shore. "What a brave little ant!" she said.

"It can swim well, but the stream is too swift for it. It will soon be carried far out to sea, and that will be the end of it."

But the ant did not give up. It worked very hard, and still it could not get any nearer to the shore. Then the dove said, "I will save the brave little fellow."

So she took a leaf in her mouth and flew far out over the river. When she was just above the ant she let the leaf fall into the water. The ant climbed upon it. The wind blew it to the shore, and the ant was saved.

"Thank you, kind dove," said the ant. "I will help you some time if I can."



gūn shoōt fōot noiše pēo'ple  
point friēnd feet hēard hūnt'er

# THE HUNTER.

Not many days after that, a hunter came into the woods. He saw the dove sitting on the tree. She was thinking of her mate far away, and did not hear him coming.

"That is a fine dove," said the hunter. "I will have a shot at her."

He did not see the little ant at his feet. But the ant heard what he said. It saw him point his gun at the dove. "Now is the time for me to help my friend," it said.

Just as the hunter was going to shoot, the ant bit his foot very hard. The hunter jumped and looked down. The dove heard the noise and flew far away.

