

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 shōot 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.

