

The next day she came back to find her little friend. She said, "I thank you very much, good ant. You saved my life."

The ant said, "Kind people are sure to have friends."

THE BROOK.

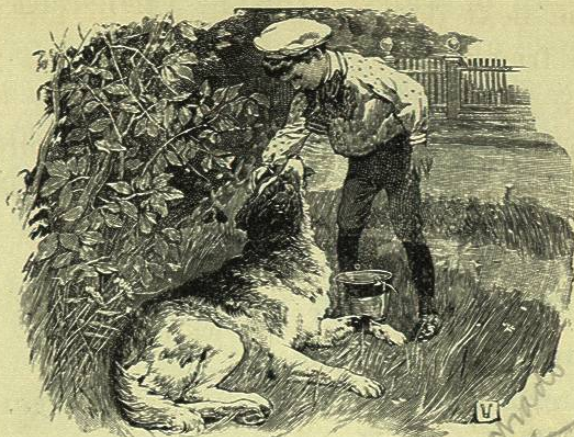
"Stop, stop, pretty water!"

Said Mary one day,
To a bright, happy brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away."

"But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.



lāy ^{to} pāin drīnk lŷ'ing ōwn'er
pōor gōt ^{was} washed knew ^{al} wāys

HENRY AND HIS DOG.

One day as little Henry was coming home from school he saw a dog lying under a bush by the road.

The dog's foot had been hurt, and the poor fellow could not walk on it.

At first, Henry was afraid to go near him. But he was a kind little boy, and he did not like to see the poor dog in so much pain.

So he ran down to the brook and got his

pail full of water. This he carried back to the road and set before the dog.

The dog took a long drink, for he had not had any water that day. Then he looked at Henry as if to say, "Thank you, little boy."

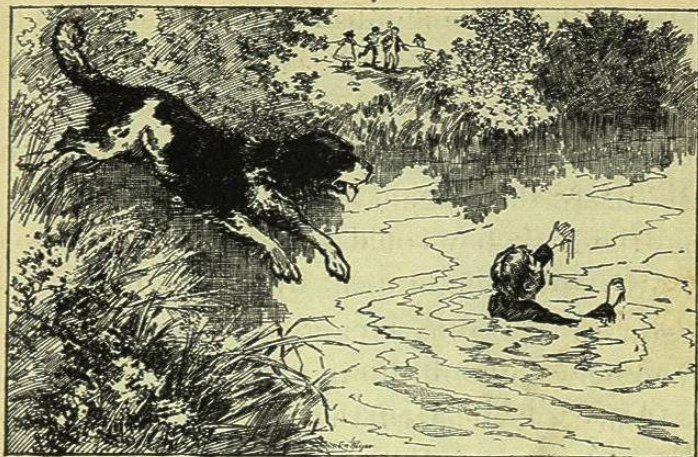
Henry then washed the dog's foot in cold water, which he brought from the brook. The dog lay very still, for he knew that the boy was trying to help him.

After a while Henry told the dog to get up. He did so, and Henry was delighted to see that he could walk a little on three feet.

He followed Henry home, and when Henry's mother saw what a fine dog he was she said that the little boy might keep him till his owner came after him.

Henry made a soft bed of straw for him, and took good care of him till his foot was well. He fed him often, and soon boy and dog were very good friends. But no owner ever came to get the dog.

The dog learned to go to school with Henry. He was a great pet with the boys, and was always ready to run and play with them.



bănk cōat serēam slippēd līft'ed
līl'ies fēll mās'ter sīnk'ing ēv'er

HOW THE DOG SAVED HENRY.

As the children were going to school one morning they saw some blue flowers growing on the bank of the river very near to the water. "What kind of flowers are they?" said May. "They do not look like violets."

"I think they are lilies," said Lucy; "but I am not sure. I wish I could get them."

"Oh, I will get them for you," said little