



swīng  
wall  
child  
âir  
wīde  
rōof  
căt'tle  
cōūn'try  
plēas'ant-  
est

#### THE SWING.

How do you like to go up in a swing,  
Up in the air so blue?  
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing  
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,  
Till I can see so wide,  
Rivers and trees and cattle, and all  
Over the country's side —

Till I look down on the garden green  
Down on the roof so brown —  
Up in the air I go flying again,  
Up in the air, and down! — R. L. S.



sew'ing      fīn'ished      ūs'ū al      hăp'pī er  
knīt'ting      bēt'ter      to-nīght'      cōū's'ins  
plēas'ant er      tīred      be cause      ūse'ful

#### THE FIRESIDE.

One night in winter two little girls with  
their mother were sitting by a bright fire in  
their pleasant home. All were busy. The girls  
were sewing, and their mother was knitting.



At last Lucy finished her work. As she was putting it away she said, "Mother, I think the fire is very bright this evening."

"And I was about to say," cried Mary, "that this light is better than we had last night."

"My dear girls," said the mother, "it must be that you feel happier than usual to-night. Is that why you think the fire better and the light brighter?"

"But, mother," said Mary, "I do not see why we are happier now than we were then; for last night our cousins were here, and we played 'Pussy in the corner' and other things till every one was tired."

"I know! I know why!" cried Lucy. "We are happy to-night because we have been busy. We are happy because we have been doing something useful."

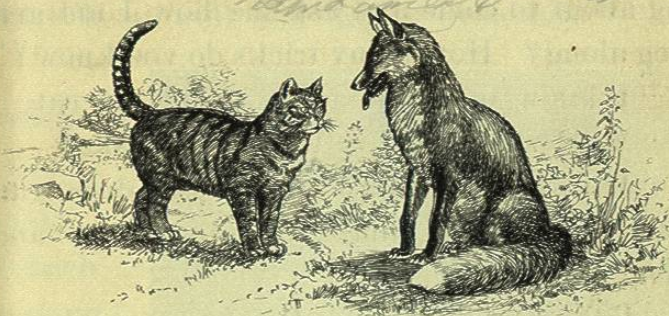
"You are right," said their mother; "and I am glad you have both learned that it is sometimes better and pleasanter to work than to play. You could never be happy if you had no useful work to do."

spēak  
proud  
head

trick  
hūn'dred  
quick'ly

fōx  
Mr.  
pīt'ŷ

caught  
a lōng  
hīm sēlf'



#### THE CAT AND THE FOX.

One day a cat met a fox in the woods. "What a fine-looking fellow he is," said Pussy. "Is there any wonder that people are always talking about him? I think I will speak to him."

So she went up to him and said, in her very kind way, "Good morning, Mr. Fox! How are you? How are you getting along now that the times are so hard?"

The fox was a proud fellow, and thought himself very much above any cat. He looked