

and aunts; but he was never ready to start at the right time.

His mother often talked to him about this; but he would soon forget what she said, and be as careless as ever. At last she said, "The next time you are not ready to go with me I will leave you at home."

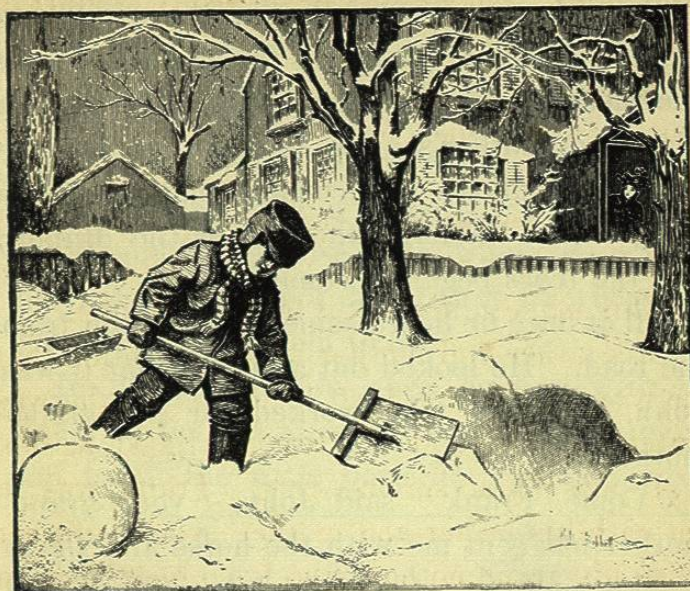
This made him careful for a long time.

His father and mother began to think that he was cured of his fault; but one day he was careless again, and so learned a good lesson.

It was Thanksgiving Day. Frank was to go with his father and mother to take dinner with his grandmother, who lived on a farm in the country.

The weather had been warm till the day before Thanksgiving. Then it had grown cold. The snow fell all day and all night, and in the morning it was two feet deep.

Frank liked the snow very much. He asked his mother to let him go out and play a little while before getting ready to go with her. She told him that he might do this if he would be sure to come in as soon as she called.



Frank had great fun playing about in the snow. When his mother called, he had just begun to make a snow house. He said, "In a minute, mother," and went on with his play.

At last he left off his play, and ran into the house.

No one was there but Mary. His father and mother and little sisters had gone and left him. Poor Frank! The tears came into his eyes, but it was no use to cry.



He did not care to play in the snow any more. He sat down by the fire and thought of the pleasant time that he might have had at his grandmother's. He thought of all the aunts and uncles and cousins that would be there. And then he thought of the dinner; and the tears began to come again.

All at once he heard some one call him from the road. He looked out and saw that it was John, the man who worked for his grandmother.

"Come, Frank," said John, "your grandmother has sent me with the horse and sleigh to take you over. Come quickly, and we shall be there in time for dinner."

It did not take Frank long to get ready, and he was soon sitting with John in his grandmother's sleigh. The horse almost flew over the snow, they went so fast; and they were just in time for dinner.

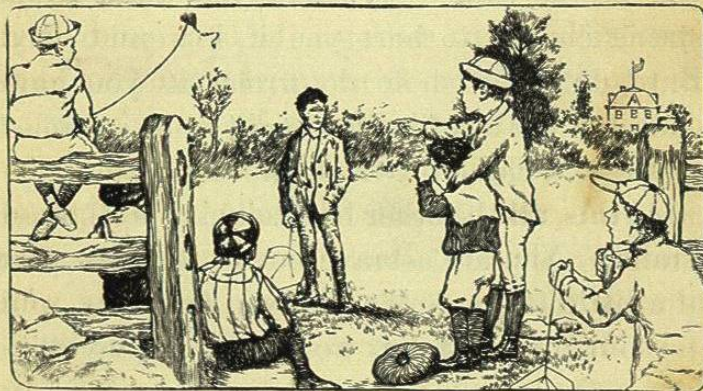
All the people were glad to see Frank. He had learned a good lesson, and was cured of his fault. When he was told to do a thing he never again said, "In a minute!"

cröss <sup>malo</sup> strüch <sup>pezo</sup> ôught <sup>deber</sup> to gēth'er  
whom <sup>enjo</sup> strike <sup>pezo</sup> need <sup>moirido</sup> a shāmed <sup>pezo</sup>  
ān'gry <sup>pezo</sup> spēaks <sup>pezo</sup> trou'ble <sup>pezo</sup> sērv'ing <sup>pezo</sup>

### THE CROSS BOY.

John Lane was a cross boy. He would strike and hurt those with whom he was at play, if they did not do all that he wished, or all that he told them to do.

He did not do this when he was with big boys, for he was afraid to make them angry; but to all the little boys he was very cross.



One day at school he was playing with a boy whose name was Henry Ball. Henry was a little boy, and not very strong.



They were flying a kite, and Henry could not run as fast as John wished; so John struck him in the face.

This made Henry cry; and Frank Day, who was a little larger than John, heard him. "Why are you crying, Henry?" he asked.

"John Lane hurt me," said Henry. "He struck me because I could not run as fast as he told me to."

Then Frank called to John, and said: "It would be serving you right if I should strike you in the same way; and you know I am strong enough to hurt you if I were to try. But I do not wish to do <sup>indecisive</sup> wrong, as you have done. A big boy like you ought to be ashamed to strike a child who is so much smaller."

At this, all the other boys said: "Well done, Frank. You are a brave boy to take the part of a little fellow. We like you for it."

"But as for John, we will not play with him. He is stronger than any of us, and he may strike us as he struck Henry Ball. So we will leave him. But come, Henry, do not cry; you may play with us."

So they left John, and no one would play with him. <sup>continued</sup> This went on for a week; and he could find no one to hold up his kite, or play ball with him.

At last Henry Ball, who was a kind boy and did not like to see any one in trouble, <sup>molested</sup> went to him and said, "John, I will play with you, for I do not think you will hurt me again."

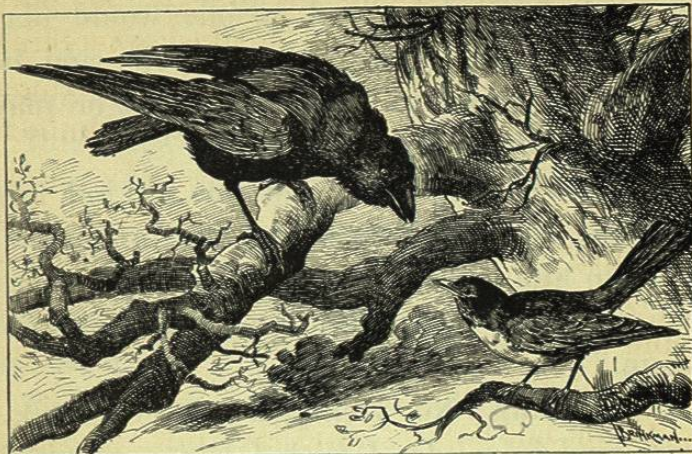
John said, "No, Henry, I will not strike you; and I am sure I wish I had not struck you at all."

So they played together, and John was kind, and did not say or do a cross thing.

Then Henry went to the other boys and said: "I am very sure you need not be afraid to play with John Lane now. He will not hurt you or be cross to you. I have been playing with him, and he is not like the same boy."

When the boys heard this, they said, "Well, Henry, as it is you who speaks for John, we will try him." They did try him; and from that time John Lane learned to be as brave and kind as Frank Day.





ōak <i>emuna</i>	fělt <i>tenbro</i>	blăck	ũn hăp'pỹ
erōw	erōak <i>gnosno</i>	ũg'ly <i>po</i>	an'swer <i>confessio</i>
sũch <i>tal</i>	buıld	fool'ish	sũn'shĩne

### THE CROW AND THE ROBIN.

One morning in the early spring a crow was sitting on the branch of an old oak. He felt very ugly and cross, and could only say "Croak! croak!"

Soon a little robin, who was looking for a place to build her nest, came, with a merry song, into the same tree. "Good morning to you," she said to the crow.

But the crow made no answer; he only looked at the clouds and croaked something about the cold wind. "I said good morning to you," said the robin, jumping from branch to branch.

"I wonder how you can be so merry this morning," croaked the crow.

"Why should not I be merry?" asked the robin. "Spring has come, and every one ought to be happy."

"I am not happy," said the crow. "Don't you see those black clouds above us? It is going to snow."

"Very well," said the robin, "I shall keep on singing till the snow comes. A merry song will not make it any colder."

"Caw, caw, caw," croaked the crow. "I think you are very foolish."

The robin flew to another tree, and kept on singing; but the crow sat still and made himself very unhappy. "The wind is so cold," he said. "It always blows the wrong way for me."

Very soon the sun came out warm and