



ōak	fělt	blăck	ũn hăp'pỹ
erōw	erōak	ũg'ly	an'swer
sũch	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

bright, and the clouds went away. But the crow was as cross as ever.

The grass began to spring up in the meadows. Green leaves and flowers were seen in the woods. Birds and bees flew here and there in the glad sunshine. The crow sat and croaked on the branch of the old oak.

"It is always too warm or too cold," said he. "To be sure, it is a little pleasant just now; but I know that the sun will soon shine warm enough to burn one up. Then, before night, it will be colder than ever. I do not see how any one can sing at such a time as this."

Just then the robin came back to the tree with a straw in her mouth for her nest. "Well, my friend," asked she, "where is your snow?"

"Don't talk about that," croaked the crow. "It will snow all the harder for this sunshine."

"And snow or shine," said the robin, "you will keep on croaking. For my part, I shall always look on the bright side of things, and have a song for every day in the year."

Which will you be like, the crow or the robin?

nēck

teeth

shārp

tōre

sēize

claws

toūch

bōld

wēak

bād'ly

chīck'en

pīnch'ing

ēa'gle

stēep

swōop

be cāme

TOM AND THE EAGLE.

In a country place not far from the sea, an old eagle had made her nest. The nest was on the top of a very large rock. People could see it; but it was so high and the rock was so steep that no one had ever climbed up to it.

In the summer time the old eagle would sail around in the air looking for something to eat. If she saw a rabbit or a little lamb, she would swoop down and seize it in her sharp claws. Then she would carry it up to her nest, and give it to her little ones to eat.

At last the eagle became so bold that she would fly down into the yard, near the house, and carry off chickens. The farmer often tried to shoot her, but she would not come near when he had his gun in his hand.

One day old Tom, the house cat, went out to take a walk. He was a very large cat, and