

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

almost as white as snow. He was a great hunter, and often went out into the fields and woods to look for birds and rabbits.

The sun was shining warm and bright, and Tom at last lay down by the side of a green bush and went to sleep.

The eagle had just left her nest, and was sailing around and looking for something to



carry home to her young ones. When she saw Tom lying fast asleep on the grass she thought he was a large white rabbit; and so she swooped down and picked him up.

All at once Tom found himself sailing up into the air. Something was pinching him, and this made him very angry.

He turned and struck his sharp claws into the eagle. He seized her neck with his teeth.

The eagle knew now that it was no rabbit she had found. She let go of Tom, and thought that he would drop to the ground. But the cat held fast to her, and tore and bit with all his might.

Soon the eagle began to grow weak. She was so weak that she could not use her wings, and in a little while she fell to the ground.

Her neck was hurt so badly that she could not live. But Tom was not hurt much. As soon as he felt his feet touch the ground he let go of the eagle and ran away.

Do you know how many children

Go to little beds at night,

Sleeping there so warm and cozy

Till they wake with morning light?

God in heaven each name can tell;

Knows them all, and knows them well.