

gāte
blind
ūn tīl

āft er nōon'
nòth'ing
cār'riage

threw
spēnt
sūp'per

tūrnēd
slōw'ly
trū'ly



THE KIND-HEARTED BOY.

One fine summer afternoon, Henry was walking home from school. He went along slowly, reading a book.

He had spent all his money for the book, but he was a happy boy.

After a while he came into the highroad, where there was a gate. A blind man stood, holding it open.

The poor man said, "Please give me a few cents to buy some bread!" But Henry gave him nothing.

What! did Henry give the poor blind man nothing? Yes; for, as I told you, he had spent all his money.

So Henry walked on, very sad. Soon after, a fine carriage came up, and in it were Robert and his mother.

The blind man stood, and held out his hat. "Let us give the poor man something," said Robert to his mother.

His mother gave him some cents. Robert took them, but did not put them into the man's hat.

He threw them among the grass and weeds at the side of the road. The poor man could not find them, for, as you know, he was blind.

Henry had turned back to look at the fine carriage. When he saw Robert throw the cents upon the ground, he came back at once, and

looked for the money until he found it all for the blind man. This took so long a time, that he almost lost his supper.

Which of the boys do you think was truly kind to the poor man?

I know which he thanked most in his heart.

spāde	died	eōt'tage	prāyed
eōal	Jāne	knees	stōrm'y
sōn	tēach	knōck	grānd'chil dren
sāfe'ty	blēss	to gēth'er	grānd'fā ther

A GOOD OLD MAN.

There once lived an old man in a cozy little cottage. It had two rooms and only two windows. A small garden lay just behind it.

Old as the poor man was, he used to work in the fields. Often he would come home very tired and weak, with his hoe or spade on his shoulder.

And who do you think met him at the door? Mary and Jane, his two little grandchildren.

They were too young to do very much work. But little Jane could bring water from the

spring, and Mary could help keep the house for their grandfather.

They were too poor to buy much wood or coal in winter; but they sat close together around their little fire, and were very happy. Mary would sit on one of the good man's knees, and Jane on the other.



Sometimes their grandfather would tell them a funny story. Sometimes he would teach them a little song.

He would often talk to them of their father, who had gone to sea, or of their good, kind mother, who had died the year before. Every