

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

night he prayed God to bless them, and to bring their father home in safety.

One cold, stormy night, they heard a knock at the door. The little girls ran and opened it. Oh, how glad they were! There stood their father.

He had been at sea a long time. He had saved some money, and had now come home to stay.

After this the old man did not work any. His son worked for him, and his grandchildren took care of him. Many happy days they lived together.

Do good, do good, there's ever a way,

A way where there's ever a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
And to-day, when the morrow comes, still.

*Be kind and be gentle
To those who are old;
For kindness is dearer
And better than gold.*

dāi'ry tārt
māid crēam
chūrn wān'ders
elēan blōwn
friēnd'ly pāss
lōw'ing show'ers
plēn'ty bŭt'ter

THE LITTLE DAIRY MAID.

My name is Kate. I live on a farm. I am my mother's little dairy maid.

I help take care of the milk, I churn the butter, and I keep everything in the dairy house clean and sweet.

"How many cows have you on the farm, Kate?"

We have ten cows. So you must know that we have as much milk as we can take care of.

"What do you do with so much milk?"

The children drink some of it. Nothing is better for little boys and girls than plenty of good sweet milk.

