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′rў	tärt
māid	crēam
chûrn	wạn′derṣ
elēan	blōwn
friĕnd′lў	pȧss
lōw′ing	show′erṣ
plĕn′tў	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.

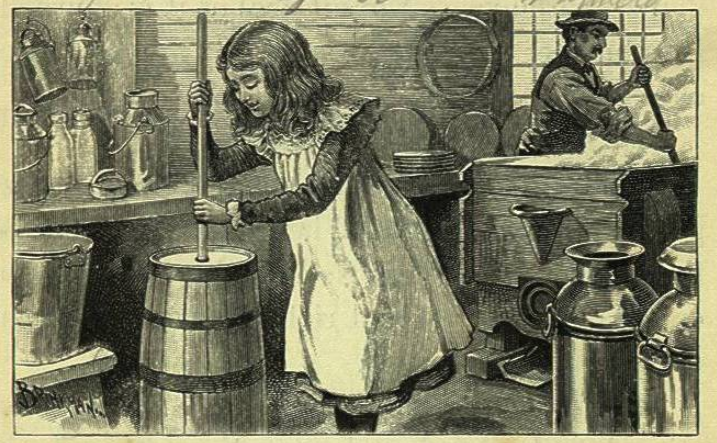
Every evening before the sun sets, the boys drive the cows from the field. Here is a little song that the children sometimes sing when they see the cows coming up the lane: —

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

ạl′sō	prĕssed	hōōp	rĭch
pụd′dĭngs	stĭrred	sŏl′ĭd	thĭck
cûr′dle	cheeṣe	squeezed	mĭlk′ў



THE DAIRY.

Now tell me, little dairy maid, of what use is the milk that you put in the dairy house.

In the first place we must have milk whenever we make puddings, or cakes, or tarts. Mother often uses it in making bread. Milk and eggs, eggs and milk, are always wanted. Then we also use a great deal of milk on the table.