

white as the snow under the trees; her mouth was half open; she was ready to scream.

But the youngest boy laughed in great



delight and shook his golden curls. Then he shouted, "Oh, mother, we are playing soldiers with the big doggie!"

And just then the master of the bear came in and led him away.

trūst clōse friēnd'ly blōs'som
slēpt cōv'ered drēamed sweet'ness

THE KIND OLD OAK.

It was almost time for winter to come. The little birds had all gone far away, for they were afraid of the cold. There was no green grass in the fields, and there were no pretty flowers in the gardens.

Many of the trees had dropped all their leaves. Cold winter with its snow and ice was coming.

At the foot of an old oak tree some sweet little violets were still in blossom. "Dear old oak," said they, "winter is coming; we are afraid that we shall die of cold."

"Do not be afraid, little flowers," said the oak. "Close your yellow eyes in sleep, and trust to me. You have made me glad many a time with your sweetness. Now I will take care that the winter shall do you no harm."

So the violets closed their pretty eyes and went to sleep; they knew they could trust the kind old oak. And the great tree softly

dropped red leaf after red leaf upon them,
until they were all covered over.

Cold winter came with its snow and ice, but it
could not harm the little violets. Safe under
the friendly leaves of the old oak they slept
and dreamed happy dreams until the warm
rains of spring came and waked them again.



swěpt fight erěpt 'twas nō'whêre
nōne brōom fīn'ished wōn't sweep'ing

THE LITTLE KITTENS.

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about
that."

"I will have that mouse," said the older one.
"You won't have that mouse!" said the little
one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The dairy maid seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens out of the room.

The ground was covered with ice and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the
door,

While the dairy maid finished sweeping the
floor.

And then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice;
And they found it was better, that stormy
night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and
fight.