

Then slamming the door  
 In the poor Cricket's face,  
 He went and sat down  
 In his warm, cozy place,  
 And said, "I am sure,  
 I'd be very, very poor  
 If I idled away  
 Every warm summer day.

"And I think that this rule  
 Is both right and good;  
 He who lives without work  
 Must go without food."

wrōte fām'ī lŷ stūd'ied wōm'an  
 rēached phŷ sī'cian hūs'band ne çēs'sī tŷ  
 mēd'ī çine dì rēe'tions piēc'ēs re quīres'

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

There was once a kind man whose name  
 was Oliver Goldsmith. He wrote many good  
 books, some of which you may read when you  
 are older.

He had a gentle heart. He was always  
 ready to help others and give them a part of

anything he had. He gave so much to the  
 poor that he was always poor himself.

He was sometimes called Doctor Goldsmith;  
 for he had studied to be a physician.



One day a poor woman asked Doctor  
 Goldsmith to go and see her husband; for  
 she said he was sick and could not eat.

Goldsmith did so. He found that the  
 family was in great need. The man had not  
 had work for a long time. He was not sick,  
 but only in trouble; and as for eating, there  
 was not a bit of food in the house.

"Call at my room this evening," said Doc-  
 tor Goldsmith to the woman. "I will then  
 give you some medicine for your husband."



In the evening the woman called. The doctor gave her a little paper box that was very heavy.

"Here is the medicine," he said. "Use it with care, and I think it will do your husband a great deal of good. But don't open the box until you reach home."

"What are the directions for taking it?" asked the woman.

"You will find them inside of the box," he answered. "Read them when you get home."

When the woman reached her home she sat down by her husband, and they opened the box. What do you think they found in it?

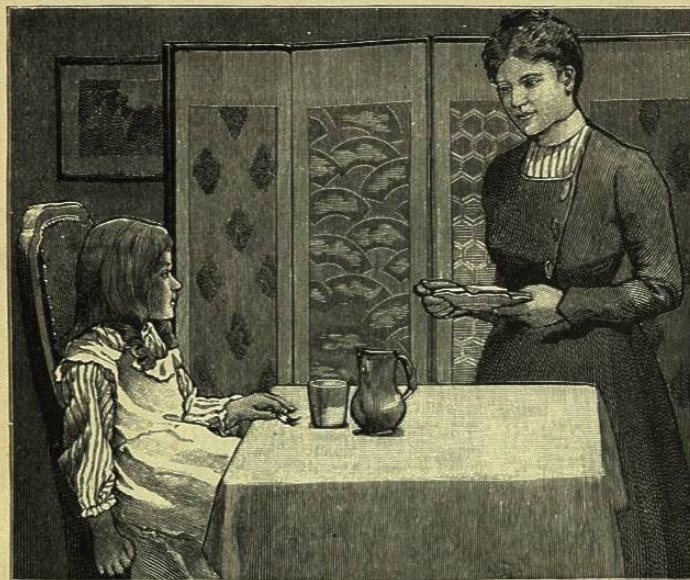
It was full of pieces of money. And on the top were the directions:—

"To be taken as often as necessity requires."

"What does he mean?" asked the man.

"He means that we are to use the money to buy what we need most," said the woman.

Doctor Goldsmith had given them all the ready money that he had.



rēap'ers	rŭb'bing	dóth	a fār'
erā'dles	dŭst'ŷ	flour	nŭrs'e rŷ
cheer'ŷ	mĭll'stōnes	knēad'ing	plāte'ful
voig'es	ġrīnd'ing	dōugh	whēth'er

#### ALICE'S SUPPER.

Far down in the valley the wheat grows deep,  
And the reapers are making the cradles sweep;  
And this is the song that I hear them sing,  
While cheery and loud their voices ring: