

But his mother *said*, "No, no, my chick! you MUST not *go* into the road. I *saw* a hawk, just now, in the old oak tree, and I *am* afraid he WILL *catch* you."

"O, mother, the hawk CAN not *catch* me! See how swiftly I CAN *run*! Indeed, I CAN almost *fly*. See mother!

And the chicken *ran* to the pear tree, and back to his mother.

But still his mother *said*, "No, no, my chick! You MUST not *go* into the road."

He *was* a naughty little chicken; so, when his mother *was* *hunting* bugs and DID not see him, he *crept* under the fence, and *ran* out into the road.

He *caught* the bug that he *HAD* *seen* and *ate* it. Then he *said* to himself, "Oh! *is* this not fine dust! I *like* to *make* tracks in the soft dust."

So the little chicken *played* in the road, *making* tracks in the dust.

But soon the big hawk *saw* him.

Down he *came* and *caught* him, and *carried* him away to his nest in the old oak tree.

O little chicken! little chicken! why did you not *mind* your mother?

Sentences.

- N^o 1. A hawk is a big bird.
 „ 2. Hawks will eat chickens.
 „ 3. Mother, may I go out into the road?
 „ 4. See, how swiftly I can run.
 „ 5. He was a naughty little chicken.
 „ 6. He caught the bug that he had seen.
 „ 7. The little chicken played in the dust.
 „ 8. But soon the big hawk saw him.
 „ 9. Why did you not mind your mother?

Questions.

What is a hawk? What did the chicken ask of his mother? What did the mother answer? Was the little chicken obedient? Where did he go? What did he eat? Where did he play? What became of him? What is the moral lesson of this story?

Do not be a silent liar.

Frank Chase *was* a boy who *HAD* never *had* much chance to *go* to school; hence he *was* be-

hind other boys in all his studies, except writing. Frank *was* ready with his pen.

There *were* prizes *given* in Frank's school, and he *was* anxious to *merit* one of them. As he *had* no hope of *excelling* in anything but writing, he *made* up his mind to *try* for the writing prize with all his might. He *tried* so hard, and *succeeded* so well, that his copy book *would have done* honor to a boy of twice his age.

When the prizes *were awarded*, the chairman of the committee *held* up two copy books before the pupils, and *said*:

"It *would be* difficult to *say* which of these two books *is* better than the other, *were* it not for one copy in Frank's, which *is* not only superior to Henry's but to every other copy in the same book."

Frank's heart *beat* high with hope, which *was* not *unmixed* with fear. Blushing to his temples, he *said*, Please, Sir, *may* I see that copy?"

"Certainly," *replied* the chairman, *looking* somewhat *surprised*.

Frank *glanced* at the copy, and then, *handing* back the book, *said*:

"Please, Sir, that *is* not my writing. It *was*

written by an upper class boy, who *took* my book instead of his own, one day, by mistake."

"Oh, ho!" *said* the chairman, "that *may alter* the case."

The two books *went* back to the committee, who, after *comparing* them carefully, *awarded* the prize to Henry.

Frank *was disappointed*. The boys *laughed* at him. *Said* one very rude boy: "You *were* a greenhorn to *say* anything about that mistake!"

"I *would not have told!*" *cried* another boy.

"Nor I," *added* a third boy, *laughing*. "The copy *was* in your book, and you *had* a right to *enjoy* the benefit of it. I *tell* you, it *does* not *pay*, Frank, to *be* so good as that."

But, in spite of all they *said*, Frank *felt* that he *was* right. "It *would not have been* the truth," he *replied*, "if I *had* not *told* them who *wrote* the copy. I *would* rather never *have* a prize, than *get* it by *claiming* the work of some one else."

"Hurrah for Frank!" "Three cheers for Frank!" *shouted* most of the boys; and Frank *went* home to his work *feeling* happier than he *could have done* if, by means of a silent lie, he *had won* the prize.

You see that, if Frank had kept quiet, he would have told a silent lie. His silence would have given the committee a wrong impression, and he would have cheated Henry out of the prize. Now that you know what a silent lie is. I hope you will resolve never to be guilty of silent lying. Hold fast the truth!

Sentences.

- Nº 1. He was behind the other boys in all his studies.
- ” 2. He made up his mind to try for the writing prize.
- ” 3. The chairman of the committee held up two copy books.
- ” 4. It would be difficult to say which of these two books is better than the other.
- ” 5. Please sir, that is not my writing.
- ” 6. You were a green horn to say something about that mistake.
- ” 7. I would rather never have a prize, than get it by claiming the work of some one else.
- ” 8. Frank went home to his work feeling happier.
- ” 9. You will resolve never to be guilty of silent lying.

Questions.

Was Frank Chase advanced in his studies? Which prize did he try for? Who had the best copy book? Did he get the prize? Why? Who told the chairman? Why did he tell? Was he right? What is a silent liar?

VI.

The anxious leaf.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to cry and sigh, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is blowing. And the twig said, “What is the matter, little leaf?”

The leaf said, “The wind has just told me that, one day, it would pull me off and throw me down upon the ground to die.”

The twig told it to the branch and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the trembling leaf.

“Do not be afraid,” it said, “hold on tightly, and you shall not go off till you want to.”

And so the leaf *stopped sighing*, and *went on singing* and *rustling*. Every time the tree *shook* himself and *stirred* all its leaves, the little leaf *danced* merrily, as if nothing *could* ever *pull* it off. It *grew* all the summer long till October.

And when the bright days of autumn *came*, the leaf *saw* all the leaves around *growing* very beautiful. Some *were* yellow, some *were* brown, and many *were striped* with different colors. Then the leaf *asked* the tree what this *meant*.

The tree *said*: "All these leaves *are getting* ready to *fly* away, and they *have put* on these beautiful colors because of their joy."

Then the little leaf *began* to *want* to *go*, and *grew* very beautiful in thinking of it. And when it *was* gay in colors, it *saw* that the branches of the tree *had* no color in them. So the leaf *said*: "O branch! why *are* you lead-colored while we *are* all beautiful and golden?"

"We *must keep* on our work clothes," *said* the tree, "for our work is not yet *done*; but your clothes *are* for holyday, because your tasks *are* over."

Just then a little puff of wind *came* and the

leaf *let go* without thinking of it, and the wind *took* it up and *turned* it over and over and *whirled* it in the air.

Then it *fell* gently down under the edge of the fence, among hundreds of leaves; and *has* never *waked* to *tell* us what it *dreamed* about.

Sentences.

- Nº 1. A gentle wind is blowing.
 " 2. What is the matter, little leaf?
 " 3. Hold on tightly and you shall not go off.
 " 4. It grew all the summer long till October.
 " 5. The leaf saw all the leaves around grow very beautiful.
 " 6. When it was gay in colors, it saw that the branches in the tree had no color.
 " 7. It fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves.

Questions.

What was the leaf crying for? What did the tree say? What did it do all summer? What colors were the leaves when autumn came? What did the leaves put on bright colors for? What did the little leaf do then? Where did she go?