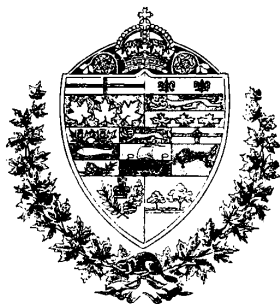


The Royal Readers.
Special Canadian Series.

FIRST BOOK
OF
READING LESSONS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM GIACOMELLI AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

PART II.



Authorized by the Minister of Education for use in the
High and Public Schools of Ontario.

Toronto:
THOMAS NELSON AND SONS,
AND
JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON.

Entered, according to Act of Parliament, in the Office of
the Minister of Agriculture, in the year of our Lord 1883, by
THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, and JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON,
Toronto.

P R E F A C E.

THE Second Part of the Primer opens with a little story, told chiefly in those short words which, from a study of the First Part, may now be supposed to have become, to the young reader, familiar sights and sounds. While thus gathering up the fruits of previous lessons, we introduce a few new words, so as to prepare the ground for somewhat more difficult reading.

The sight-reading of single words and of disconnected phrases ought to be constantly practised: young children, with a book open before them, will often *recite* accurately whole passages, of which, in the printed page, they cannot identify a single word.

Every one has noticed the tendency of school children to read in a dreary monotone. This may be in a measure due to the indolence of weary children, but it is largely due to the dull, uninteresting matter usually presented in school-books to the eyes and the minds of pupils. Even in the most elementary of these Readers, the lessons will, it is believed, so enlist the interest and sympathy of the child as to promote the efforts of the Teacher, and thus secure from the very outset not only accurate but expressive reading.

The beautiful and appropriate Illustrations which abound in this New Series, while giving additional interest to the Lessons, will furnish a most attractive framework for object-instruction.

FIRST BOOK OF READING LESSONS.

PART II.



THE STORY OF THE BIRDS.

CHAPTER I.—THE COMING OF THE BIRDS.

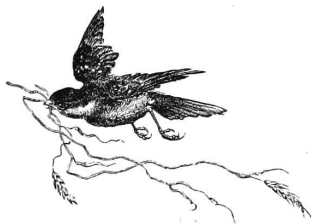
SPRING has come at last, and everything wakes from its long sleep. The white snow has lain long upon the ground ; but now the snow is all gone. Yet we liked the cold winter. The sun was so bright, and the skies were so blue, and

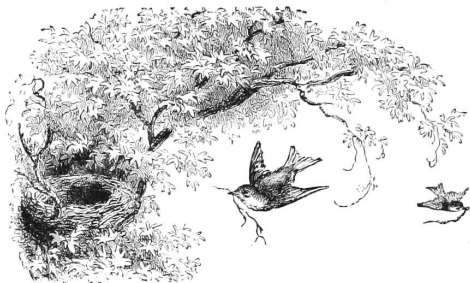
we had so much fun. We used to slide down the hill, and ride on sleighs, and build big snow-men. No more sleighs, or slides, or funny snow-men, till next winter !

But now we like the spring. The sun is bright, and it is warm too. The pink buds of the peach-tree open to the warm sun. The grass is green, the trees put forth their young leaves, and gay flowers are in bloom in the woods.

Those wise birds know that spring has come : there they sit on the branch of the peach-tree. Robin says to his mate, " My dear, we must get to work ; it is time to go and build our nest."

" I'm very glad the spring is come,
The sun shines out so bright ;
The little birds upon the trees
Are singing for delight ;
The young grass looks so fresh and green,
The lambkins sport and play ;
And I can skip and run about
As merrily as they."





THE STORY OF THE BIRDS.

CHAPTER II.—THE BUILDING OF THE NEST.

Well, here are our birds again. The hen bird chose a nice green tree in a quiet nook, where, I hope, bad, cruel boys, will not find her eggs. See how those dear birds work! They fly to and fro between our yard and the tree. They bring twigs and bits of yarn, which they weave into the nest. Neither you nor I could do such weaving as birds do.

Their work is now nearly done; the nest is almost built. There are still a few twigs to lay and bend, for the nest must be deep and strong. If the nest were not strong and deep, and if the tall trees should rock in the wind, the poor nestlings would fall down and be killed. Last of all, the nest will be lined with wool and feathers, so as to make it soft and warm.

WORD-READING.—Here; there, where; the; they, their; could, should, would; most, almost; nest, nestling; all, fall, tall.

A few days after the nest was built, Robin proudly flew away towards the great lake, and left his poor mate alone at the nest. Robin perched on a twig over the water, and gaily swung himself in the wind, singing to himself this merry song:—

Now it is time to play—
I will not work to-day,
But will sweet music make
Over this deep blue lake.

Out over the lake I swing,
Away from forest safe I turn;
To the winds all care I fling,
All fear of hawk I spurn.

The sun is in the sky,
The soft wind wanders free;
No eagle can come nigh,
No foe *dare* injure me!

Though falcon's cry were near,
No falcon's cry I'd fear;
Robin's stout heart ne'er quails,
My strong beak never fails.

Here a dark shade passed between Robin and the sun; a fierce falcon wheels in the air over Robin's head, and is now going to swoop upon the poor bird. Robin screams, and flies with all his might to a wood that was near; and he just gets safely within a thick tree when the great falcon goes crash against the branches. As soon as Robin got his breath, he stole away home.



THE STORY OF THE BIRDS.

CHAPTER III.—ROBIN'S RETURN.

While Robin was away his poor mate was full of fear. She had told him not to go far from home, or to leave the woods, lest some fierce bird of prey should spy him. It was quite dark when Robin got back to his home. He found his dear, kind mate on the nest. There were now two eggs in the



nest; and the wind was cold, but she kept the eggs warm. Robin was sour in his talk and sore in his limbs, for he had run or flown a long way. He was very tired. When his mate said, "Oh, where have you been so long, Robin?" he just drew a long yawn, and was soon fast asleep.

Next day the sun rose warm, and it was very late when Robin woke. His long sleep had done him good. He felt that he had not been kind to his dear mate. He would now try to soothe her. At first she was cross. He told her of the fierce falcon. She said, "Just so—what did I tell you?" But she was soon as kind as ever.



A VISITOR.

Two more eggs were now in the nest, so there were four in all. One day the eggs broke, and then there were four young birds. One was weak, and soon died. Our Tom saw the old birds come with food, so he got up on a ladder to find the nest. The nestlings held out their mouths to Tom for food. But Tom was a wise boy. He knew that the hen bird can best feed her young. He did not touch the nest.

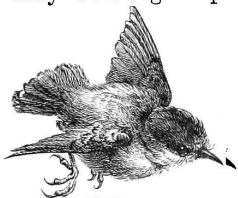
PRINT-WRITING :—

Two more eggs were now in the nest, so there were four in all.

THE STORY OF THE BIRDS.

CHAPTER IV.—THE RAIN-STORM.

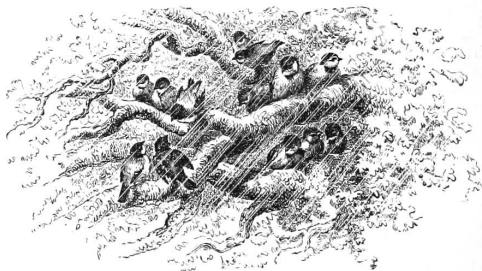
The young birds were soon taught how to fly. They would get up on a twig, and then take a queer, funny kind of jump to the soft grass beneath. Then they would run away and play in the woods with the other little birds until it was time to go home, or until the old bird would chirp for them.



JACK.

Jack was a bold, wild bird.

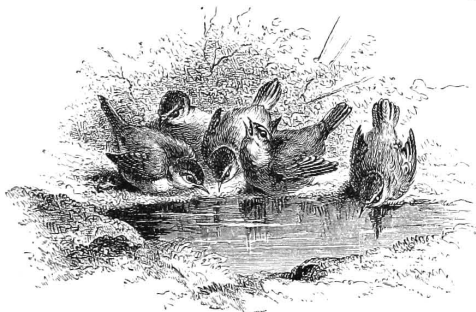
One day he took his sisters far away into the woods, and a rain-storm came on. They were playing with other small birds. All the young birds were in a great fright at the storm, and they ran under a thick tree.



You can see Jack and his sisters on the large branch at the right. Jack drips with the cold rain. He hopes the sun will soon come out and dry his wet coat. He wants to go home.

When the rain-storm was over, and the sun came out again, Jack and his sisters were left alone by the other young birds, who, without saying a word, ran off to their homes, which were near by. Jack's sisters sat down and began to cry. Jack got cross with his poor sisters, and told them not to act like geese, but to come on fast. At last they all started off together.

When the old birds saw the storm come on, they called "Jack" as loudly as they could; but Jack was far out of hearing. When the sun shone once more, the old birds set out together into the deep woods, and sought everywhere. At last they heard Jack's loud voice far off, and they flew to the place.

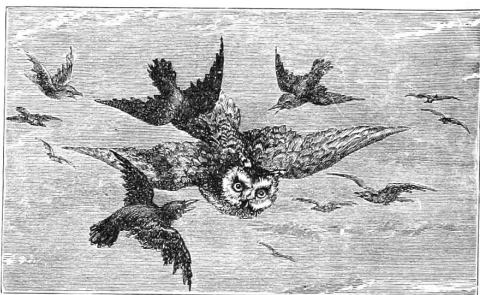


They found Jack and his sisters at the brink of a spring, taking a drink. The day was now warm. The old birds had come a long way, and they were faint with thirst; so all the birds had a good drink at the nice cool spring in the wood. Then they all set out for home, which they reached before night.

THE STORY OF THE BIRDS.

CHAPTER V.—NIGHTS OF MOURNING.

Some days after this, a blue jay that lived in a tall pine near by spies an owl flying overhead, and shrieks out at the top of his voice, "An owl! look out for the owl!" All at once the birds, large and small, rush out and give chase. Though an owl has



great eyes, he is half blind in the day-time, and so he cannot see to strike the small birds that peck at him. Jack heard the cry. He drops a fine fat grub that he had just dug up for his dinner, and he joins in the chase. All the birds peck at the half-blind owl, and the great bird fairly howls with pain. Jack jeers at his cry, and strikes at the owl's big eyes. At last the poor owl gets near a wood, and then the wise old birds give up the chase. They call to Jack to come back, and not to go into the dark wood; but Jack thought he had never had such fun in all his life, and he flew after the owl

into the dark grove. All at once the owl turns upon Jack, and stuns him with a blow. He catches Jack as he falls, and he takes him to a tree, where he soon makes an end of poor wild Jack.

Jack's mother and sisters sat up for him all night. The sky was dark and wild, and the low wail of the poor birds might have been heard through the long dreary hours. From time to time Robin called aloud. No sound was heard but the wail of the poor mother and the sigh of the night wind in the tall elms. When the day broke, and Jack did not come, old Robin sadly shook his head, and said,



“Poor Jack was too like myself—proud and rash. I fear he has met with some harm.” Day after day they wait and watch for Jack's return, but Jack came never more. His mother grew every day more sad, though her daughters staid with her and tried to soothe her grief.

Though Robin was now an old bird, and ought to have been a wise one, he was always doing strange and rash things, and getting into harm. He knew that there was a large and fierce puss at our house ; but, in spite of that, he would hop up close to the box where her kittens were. He would fly to the tree over the box, and wink at the old cat, and point



at her, and laugh in her face. Now old cats do not like this; and Robin, at his years, ought to have had some sense. One day, when Robin went up the tree to plague the old cat, he saw that puss had shut her eyes. The day was warm. Robin thought he would rest too, and when puss woke he would have some fun. Robin put his head under his wing, and was soon fast asleep. Old puss had shut her eyes, but she was wide awake. When Robin fell asleep, puss stole away from her kittens, and softly climbed the tree. Poor Robin slept on. At last puss got near him, and at one stroke Robin lay dead under her great paw.



THE STORY OF THE BIRDS.

CHAPTER VI.—A SAD PARTING : THE END.

Robin's poor mate knew nothing of his sad death. She cried all night long because he staid away, and she told her daughters that her heart was sore with grief. First poor Jack went, and now his father was gone. She said that no bird's life was safe in this place, and that her daughters must leave at the first dawn of day. As for her, she would stay and look for Robin. Before day broke they were all up, and went together to take a last look at the dear nest. Then there was a fond parting. The poor bird looked sadly after them as they flew away. She sought up and down through the woods

for Robin, but no Robin was there. Then the snow came, and one bleak day our Tom found this good kind bird lying cold and dead in a snow-drift. He brought her home, and buried her in our grove, beneath her nest, where now the wake-robins* grow.

NAUGHTY DICK.

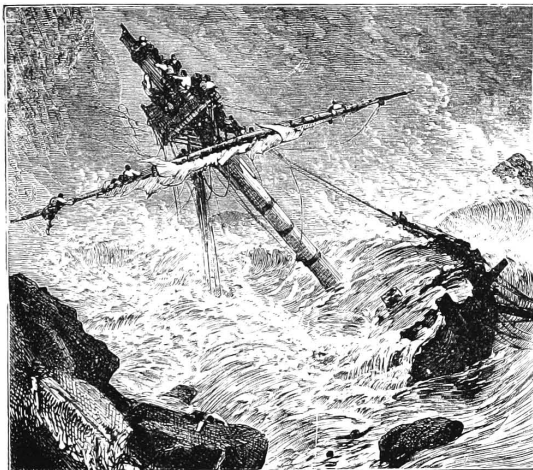
Oh, that bad boy Dick! He has got into his



father's study, and is scraping away there at his double-bass. No one hears him just now, as his mother and the servant have gone out. His poor father hurt himself the other day, and has gone to the sea-side for his health. He is there wheeled about every day in a chair, but will soon be at home again. He would be very angry indeed if he knew what Master Dick was about; for Pa often

plays on his double-bass, and he values it very much.

* A wild flower abundant in our Canadian woods in the early spring.



THE STORM.

There has been a wild storm, and the good ship is a wreck. Do you see how the men cling to the mast of the ship? The life-boat has been sent out to save them, and some of them are in it. They try to reach the shore. Row, men; row for your lives! See! the boat seems to sink in the waves! Down, down it goes. Oh, the poor men!

But see! there it is once more. It is on the top of a wave. Now it comes near the shore. Pull, men, pull!

Here it comes! The boat is on the shore, and the men are safe! The boat goes out once more to the wreck. And at last all the poor men are saved.

Kneel down, men, and thank God, who has saved you in the storm.

boat	reach	ship	storm
mast	row	shore	waves
pull	safe	sink	wreck

Wave. Ship. Boat. Storm. Wreck.

THE CRUST OF BREAD.

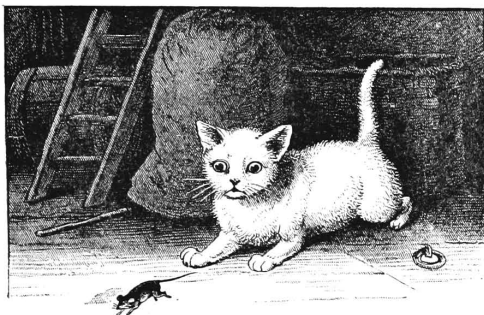
I must not throw upon the floor
 The crust I cannot eat ;
 For many little hungry ones
 Would think it quite a treat.

My parents labor very hard
 To get me wholesome food ;
 Then I must never waste a bit
 That would do others good.

For wilful waste makes woful want,
 And I might live to say,
 " Oh, how I wish I had the bread
 That once I threw away ! "

LONG TIME AGO.

Once there was a little kitty
 Whiter than snow ;
 In a barn she used to frolic,
 Long time ago.



In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro ;
For she heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two eyes had little kitty,
Black as a sloe ;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Four paws had little kitty,
Paws soft as dough ;
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine teeth had little kitty,
All in a row ;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mousie cried " Oh !"
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.

Susy's Six Birthdays.



THE LITTLE HAY-MAKER.

I am a little hay-maker. My name is Jane. I am busy raking hay. How hard I work! Look at the large heap I have by my side. It is almost as big as I am. My father often takes me with him to the hay-field, for he knows that I am fond of playing among the hay. The school is closed now, and we have holiday during the long, bright summer days.

How hot the sun is, and how brown it will make my face! I shall soon look like a little gipsy! When I am tired, I shall go to the bottom of the field and sit down under a tree; and father will give me a piece of bread and some nice sweet milk. What fun we shall have when the hay is all made, and the hay-makers have gone to the next field! We can have lots of games among the hay, tossing it about, and playing at hide-and-seek behind the biggest heaps.

Some boys and girls, who live in towns, have never seen a hay-field. Do you know what hay is, and for what it is used? I will tell you. The grass in the fields is allowed to grow very long. Then it is cut down and spread out on the ground. The hot sun dries the grass; then the hay-makers turn it over and over; and when it is well dried, it is called hay. Hay is used as food for horses and cows. It is useful in winter, when there is not much grass in the fields for the cows and the sheep to eat.

Pronounce in Syllables:—

lit-tle	fa-ther	dur-ing	bot-tom	hors-es
bus-y	play-ing	sum-mer	big-gest	use-ful
rak-ing	hol-i-day	gip-sy	al-lowed'	win-ter



OUT FOR A DRIVE.

Mary and Alice are playing in the garden. They have got into the big wheel-barrow. How happy

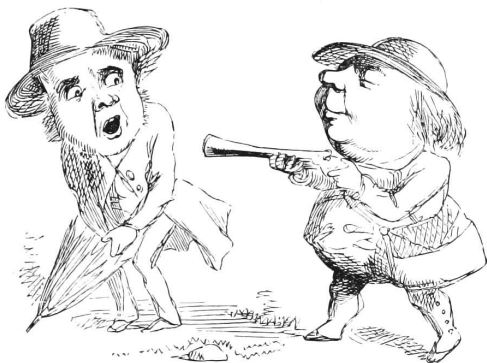
they look! Mary says, "Let us play at going for a drive." They have puss and their two dolls with them. When they were nicely seated, and Mary was saying that she would drive, their little dog came running up to them. He began to bark as soon as he saw that they did not ask him to jump in. Do you see how puss looks at the dog? She is afraid of him, and seems to say, "Be off, sir; there is no room for you here." Spot—for that is the name of the dog—is not quite pleased. He says, "Bow! wow! wow!" and he wants to get in too. Mary shakes her head and speaks to Spot. Would you like to hear what she is saying to him?

"Now, Spot, don't bark! it is not right;
For should our horses both take fright,
Why, they would run away so fast
You would be left behind at last.

"We two, with babies nice and clean,—
By babies our two dolls I mean,—
And puss, you know, to make up five,
Are going for a carriage drive.

"So, Spot, be good, and run away,
And you shall ride some other day;
Then in our carriage we will find
A place for you to sit behind.

"Mamma is coming here, I see,—
Look, Spot! she nods her head to me:
So now we'll end our drive to-day;
And, horses, you may go to play."



NURSERY RHYMES.

I.

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead ;
He shot Johnny Fig
Through the middle of his wig,
And knocked it right off his head, head, head.

II.

One, two, buckle my shoe.
Three, four, shut the door.
Five, six, pick up sticks.
Seven, eight, lay them straight.
Nine, ten, a good fat hen.

III.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, I caught a hare alive.
6, 7, 8, 9, 10, I let her go again.



THE LOST LAMB.

“Ba! ba! ba!” cried a little lamb that had strayed from its mother sheep, and did not know which way to go. “Ba! ba! ba!” was heard again; and Bob and his two sisters ran out of the house to see what was the matter. “Poor little thing!” said Bob, when he saw the lamb standing alone in the yard. “Have you no one to take care of you?”

“Ba! ba! ba!” was the lamb’s reply; as if it meant to say, “No, little boy; I have strayed so far away from my mother that I cannot find the way back by myself.”

“Give it something to eat,” said his sister Jane. Then Bob offered a leaf to the lamb. But it would not have the leaf; it wanted some of its mother’s nice warm milk.

So Jane took it in her arms and gently carried it over to Farmer Smith. "We found this dear little lamb all alone," she said to the farmer; "is it yours?"

"Yes, it is my lamb," said the farmer; "and you are a good girl for bringing it so carefully home."—"Dear, sweet lamb!" said the little girl.

"Do you love the lamb?" asked the farmer.—"Oh, yes," said Jane. "If it were mine I would feed it on new milk every day, and make it a nice bed to sleep on."

"Take it, then, my good little girl," said the farmer. "I have a great many lambs in my flocks, and shall not miss this one."—"Oh, I am so glad!" fell from her lips. She then ran home as fast as she could. Each day, when she came from school, the lamb went out to meet her.

lamb	heard	yard	milk	sleep
strayed	house	meant	found	great
sheep	thing	leaf	sweet	flocks
lit-tle	sis-ters	re-ply'	of-fered	gen-tly
moth'er	mat'ter	my-self'	want-ed	farm'er





UNDER THE SHEAVES.

Before the house in which two sisters named Mary and Lucy lived, there was a field of wheat. The little girls had watched the farmer ploughing the fields, and then sowing them with seed. He was followed by a boy who carried a large rattle. With the rattle the boy made so much noise that the children asked their mother why he did so. "To frighten the birds," she said. "If something be not done, they will come and eat up all the seeds, and the farmer will have no wheat." When the field was green with the little plants that pushed their heads up through the earth, the boy gave up watching. Day by day the stalks grew taller and taller. When the grain was quite ripe, the farmer sent his men to cut it down. Those were happy days for Mary and Lucy. Day after

day they spent hours in the field. There they saw the reapers cutting down the long stalks of wheat, and the men binding them up into bundles called sheaves. One day when they were in the field a shower of rain came on. The drops fell thick and fast. Mary and Lucy would have been very wet, had not the kind farmer shown them where to shelter under the sheaves of wheat. In the picture you may see the sisters watching the rain fall, and Lucy holding out her little hands to catch the drops. After a little the shower was over, and the two children went home. They had spent a happy day in the farmer's field.

sis'ters
farm'er
plough'ing
fol'lowed

car'ried
rat'tle
chil'dren
fright'en

some'thing
hap'py
reap'ers
cut'ting

bind'ing
bun'dles
shel'ter
pic'ture



THE RAIN-DROPS.

Oh where do you come from,
 You little drops of rain;
 Pitter patter, pitter patter,
 Down the window pane?

They won't let me walk,
 And they won't let me play;
 And they won't let me go
 Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my play-things,
 Because I broke them all;
 And then they locked up all my bricks,
 And took away my ball.

Tell me, little rain-drops,
 Is that the way you play;
 Pitter patter, pitter patter,
 All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
 So I've nothing else to do
 But sit here at the window;—
 I should like to play with you.

The little rain-drops cannot speak,
 But, "pitter patter pat,"
 Means, "We can play on *this* side;
 Why can't you play on *that*?"

win'dow
 play'things

be-cause'
 naugh'ty

noth'ing
 rain'drops

THE PET GOAT.

Ann had a pet goat. It had a long beard and long horns. Ann liked to feed the goat. "Nan, Nan," she would call; and at once the goat would come to her. It would look up in her face, as if to thank her for the good food she had brought to it.



When Ann had no work to do in the house, she would go out and play with the goat. The goat liked to play with Ann. It would go to her when it would go to no one else. The goat knew who was kind to it. Keep this in mind, boys and girls. Be kind to your pets, and you will find that they will soon learn to love you. Love wins love.

Goat. Beard. Horns.



FRISK AND NED.

Ned has been at play till he is quite worn out. He sits down on the step at the door, and soon goes to sleep. His dog Frisk comes and sits by him. The good dog is as brisk as a bee. Look at him as he sits there with his ears up. He seems to say, "I'll sit and keep watch while Ned sleeps. No one will dare to touch him as long as I am here." Ned sleeps for half an hour; and when he wakes he rubs his eyes, and has a good laugh as he sees Frisk at his side. Now he goes into the house, and brings out a bit of bread for Frisk. Then,—

On his two hind legs
Frisk sits up and begs,
While Ned, on his knee,
Counts *one, two, three.*

Then Frisk from his nose
 The bit of bread throws,—
 and Ned has a laugh as up it goes.

bread	door	play	wakes
brisk	house	throws	watch

Keep. Watch. Sleep. Knee.

I WILL NOT HURT MY LITTLE DOG.

I will not hurt my little dog,
 But stroke and pat his head ;
 I like to see him wag his tail,
 I like to see him fed.

Poor little thing, how very good,
 And very useful too ;
 For don't you know that he will mind
 What he is bid to do ?

Then I will never hurt my dog,
 Nor ever give him pain ;
 But treat him kindly every day,
 And he'll love me again.





WASHING DAY.

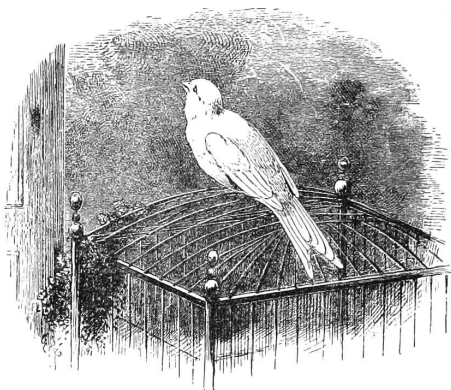
Two little girls, named Lucy and Jane, lived in a cottage in the country. One day they were playing with their dolls. They were busy talking about something, when one of them said, "Let us go and ask mother." Together they went into the house, where their mother was sewing, and Lucy said, "Please, mother, may we have a washing day?"—"A washing day!" said their mother. "What do little girls want with a washing day?"—"Oh, do please let us have one, for our dolls' clothes are so dirty," said Jane.—"Dirty! are they?" said their mother. "Then you may wash them; but be careful to keep yourselves clean." In the kitchen they got a small tub, some warm water, and a piece of soap. Then they went out to the green behind the house and began to wash.

All the clothes were taken off both the dolls, and then put into the tub. Lucy washed them quite clean, and Jane hung them on a cord to dry. When the dolls were dressed again in their clean clothes, they looked like two little queens.

clean	lived	queens	warm
clothes	piece	soap	wash
green	please	some	where

bus'y	coun'try	play'ing	talk'ing
care'ful	dirt'y	sew'ing	wash'ing
cot'tage	lit'tle	some'thing	your-selves'





THE PET BIRD.

Jane had a bird that she kept in a cage. It was so tame that it would come to be fed from her hand. Now and then she would let it out; and it would sit on the top of the cage or fly round the room. As she liked best to feed it, no one else fed the bird but her. One day her aunt sent her a box of new toys. She was so pleased with them, that she played all day with them. That day Jane did not feed her bird. Next day a friend came to see Jane, and once more the poor bird got no food. Jane and her friend played all day with the box of toys. On the third day Jane did not care so much for the toys, and she went once more to play with her bird. She went up to the cage with some nice seeds to give to it. But the poor bird lay dead in the cage. It had died for want of food. Oh, what

pain it must have felt! Boys and girls, keep this sad tale in your minds, and be kind to your pets.

aunt	dead	give	pain
bird	died	new	tame
cage	feed	once	toys

The pet Bird.

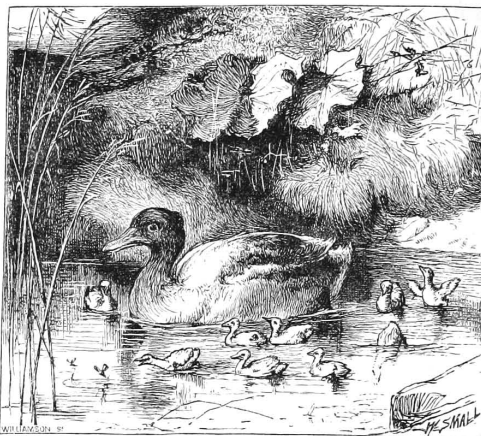
THE BIRD IN THE WOODS.

I would not in a cage be shut,
 Though it of gold should be;
 I love best in the woods to sing,
 And fly from tree to tree.

A WEEK AT THE FARM.

Jane has been for a week at the farm where her aunt lives. Now she has come back; and she has much to tell of what she saw.

Each day she went to see the maid milk the cows; and the maid gave her a drink of the nice warm milk. She saw the ducks swim in the pond; and she used to throw in bits of bread to them. It was a fine sight for Jane, to see how fast they would swim to get the bread. Each day, too, Jane went with her aunt, and helped her to feed the hens. The hens had no fear. They came close up to her, and picked up the crumbs as fast as she let them fall on the ground. She went to the grass park, too, and there she saw the sheep and the snow-



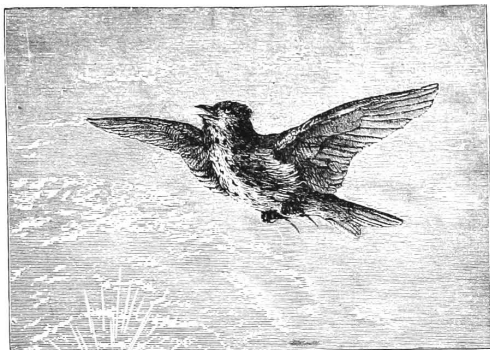
white lambs as they played on the soft green grass. It was the first time Jane had been at the farm. Next time she goes, Tom and Fred are to go with her.

aunt	ducks	maid	saw
bread	farm	milk	sight
crumbs	grass	next	week

At the farm.

THE MOMENTS.

The moments fly,—a minute's gone;
 The minutes fly,—an hour is run;
 The day is fled,—the night is here;
 Thus flies a week,—a month,—a year!



THE LARK.

Three boys, Dick, Sam, and Ned, went out to play in the fields, and fine fun they had. As they sat down to rest for a short time, they heard a lark sing. "How well he sings!" said Dick.—"He must be quite close to us, I think," said Sam.—"I should like to see him," said Ned.—"There he is, then," said Sam; "so you can soon have your wish."—"Where?" said Dick; and up he sprang, just in time to see the lark as he rose once more high in the air. See, there he is, as he sings his sweet song to the boys. Just then Dick saw that Ned had a small stone in his hand. Dick thought that he meant to throw it at the poor lark. So he said, "Ned, do you mean to throw that stone at him?"—"Yes; why not? What harm would there be?" said Ned; "I want you to see how well I can aim."—"For shame, Ned!" said Dick. "Throw down the

stone. Why should you want to kill the poor bird, that sings so sweet a song to us? If you like, I will soon show you that I can aim quite as well as you can. But I should not like to *aim to do ill.*" This made both Ned and Sam laugh; and Ned threw down the stone.

The lark went on with his song. Ned said, "I do like to hear the lark sing; how glad I am that I did not try to kill him."

fields	mean	should	threw
heard	meant	thought	throw
laugh	quite	three	where

Lark. Song. Boys.

AUTUMN.

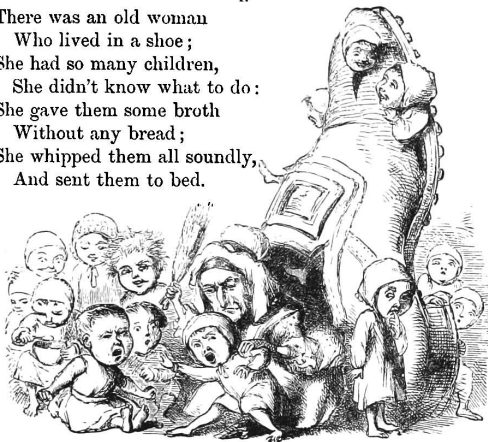
The autumn winds are sighing,
 Sighing in the trees;
 The ripened corn is waving,
 Waving in the breeze.
 The harvest moon is shining,
 Shining in the night;
 Over hill and valley
 In floods of silver light.

The swallows come together,
 Together from the eaves,
 Waiting for the falling,
 The falling of the leaves.
 They know the time is coming,
 The time when they must flee
 Away to brighter sunshine,
 Far, far across the sea.

NURSERY RHYMES.

I.

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe ;
She had so many children,
She didn't know what to do :
She gave them some broth
Without any bread ;
She whipped them all soundly,
And sent them to bed.



II.

Once I saw a little bird come hop, hop, hop ;
So I cried, " Little bird, will you stop, stop, stop ?"
And was going to the window to say, " How do you do ?"
But he shook his little tail, and away he flew !

III.

Dance, little baby, dance up high ;
Never mind, baby, mother is nigh ;
Crow and caper, caper and crow—
There, little baby, there you go !
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round !
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
Merrily, merrily, ding, dong, ding !



A FLOWER FOR MOTHER.

Lily lived in the country. All around her father's cottage there were green fields and pretty lanes. Under the hedges a great many flowers grew in summer, and Lily was never so happy as when she was picking them. One fine bright morning Lily's mother told her that she might go into the fields and pull some flowers. Putting on her bonnet to keep the hot sun from scorching her head and face, Lily gave her mother a kiss and bade her "Good morning." Then she went to the cradle, where her baby brother was kicking up his heels, and kissing him, told him to be a good boy, for she would bring him a pretty flower. Tripping lightly out of the house, with a basket on her arm, she ran up the lane singing—

"Buttercups and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers!"

Through the gate she went into a field, and began to pick the flowers, singing to herself all the time. When she had filled her basket, she sat down under a tree to rest. On her way home, she saw one flower larger and prettier than any she had seen that day. "Oh, what a beauty!" she cried, as she sprang forward and carefully pulled it. "I will take this to mother." And away she ran, holding it up, as you may see in the picture. Lily's mother was very glad to receive the pretty flower. She kissed little Lily when she gave it to her.

lived	lanes	might	cried	coun'try
green	great	bring	sprang	a-round'
fields	bright	through	kissed	cot'tage

pret'ty	bon'net	trip'ping	beau'ty
hedg'es	scorch'ing	but'ter-cups	for'ward
flow'ers	cra'dle	dais'ies	care'ful-ly
pick'ing	broth'er	pret'ti-er	re-ceive'





SNOW.

Winter has come. There are no flowers in the garden. The ground is covered with snow. The boys are busy making snow-balls to throw at one another. This is fine fun on a cold winter day. Look at the great big ball little Fred is rolling along! When he began to make it, he had only a ball as big as his hand. Now it is so large that he can hardly move it.

SNOW SONG.

“ See the snow falling slow
On the trees and hedges low ;
Fair and light, sparkling bright,
Making all things white.

“ Come away ; who would stay
In the house on such a day ?
Let us all run about
With a merry shout.

“ Let us all, great and small,
 Help to roll a famous ball ;
 Make it go o'er the snow—
 And see how it will grow.

“ Only they who won't play
 Tremble and look blue to-day :
 Running so, among the snow,
 Puts us in a glow.”

There are other lands of the Earth besides Canada where the ground is covered with snow for many months in the year. In such countries the people have to wrap themselves up in thick coats made of fur. There are some lands where no snow ever falls, and where it is summer all the year round.

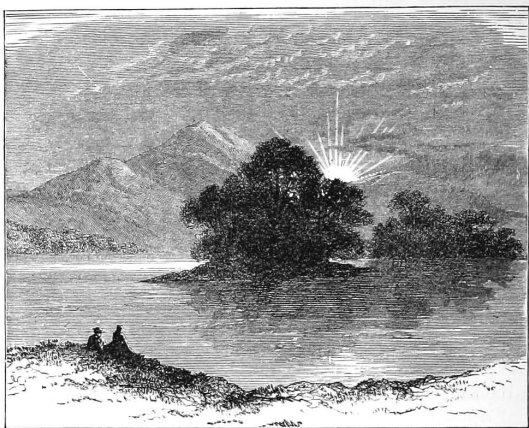
be-gan'
 hard'ly
 a-long'
 fall'ing

hedg'es
 spark'ling
 mer'ry
 fa'mous

Can'a-da
 trem'ble
 run'ning
 a-mong'

coun'tries
 peo'ple
 them-selves'
 sum'mer





WHAT THE RISING SUN SAYS.

“Get up, little boy. Get up at once, I say. How long do you mean to lie there? I have been trying for a long time to look in at your bed-room window; but I could only peep in at the edge of the blind. I want to say, ‘Good morning!’ and to show you some of the pretty things you may see about you. At the bottom of the garden, in the bed of flowers, there are some nice buds just opening. In the tree at the end of the house there is a nest in which there are four pretty young birds. On the grass under the trees in the park there are six little snow-white lambs at play. All were glad to see me when I bade them good morning, for they could not do without me. If I did

not come, the buds would not open, and the little birds and lambs would die of cold."

But the little boy did not move until the sun had found a hole in the blind, through which it sent its rays right down on his face. Then he sprang out of bed, rubbed his eyes, and dressed himself, thinking he was very late. But it was still quite early. So he ran out to look at the bright, warm sun, and to bid it good morning. Then he looked into the nest and saw the little birds. He looked into the park, too, where the lambs were yet at play. But the flowers pleased him best of all, and he gathered a pretty bunch to give to his mother.

blind	edge	once	rubbed
bunch	found	pleased	sprang
dressed	gathered	quite	through
—————			
bed-room	flow-ers	morn-ing	think-ing
bot-tom	him-self'	o-pen-ing	try-ing
ear-ly	lit-tle	pret-ty	win-dow

Up, before the sun is risen!
 Out, before the shadows fly,
 And the morning twilight trembles,
 Broken by the shafts of day!

As we ride, the summer sunrise
 Paints with red the eastern sky;
 Dew, that bends the meadow grasses,
 Like a rainbow melts away.

DORA READ GOODALE: *Verses from Sky Farm.*



GOOD-NIGHT.

Little baby, lay your head
 On your pretty cradle-bed ;
 Shut your eyes, for now the day
 And the light are gone away ;
 All the clothes are tucked in tight,—
 Little baby dear, good-night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
 How the bitter wind doth
 blow ;
 And the winter's snow and
 rain
 Patter on the window pane :
 But they cannot come in here,
 To my little baby dear.

For the window is shut fast,
 Till the stormy night is past ;
 And the curtains warm are
 spread
 Round about your cradle-
 bed :
 So, till morning shineth bright,
 Little baby dear, good-night.

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.



THE BIRTH-DAY TREE.

“Is this to-morrow?” cried little Nelly, as she jumped out of bed.—“Yes, my dear, it is the to-morrow you mean,” said her mother. Nelly ran away clapping her little hands and shouting, “I am four! I am four! I am four!” Nelly had gone to bed on the night before saying to herself, “It will be my birth-day to-morrow.” As soon as she was dressed she ran down-stairs. Every one met her with a smile, and gave her a kiss, saying, “Many happy returns of the day.” After breakfast came the birth-day presents. Her father gave her a skipping-rope with red handles. Her mother gave her a doll nearly as big as the baby. It had a blue dress, blue boots, and a hat trimmed with blue ribbon. Nelly’s brother George then led her into the garden, saying that his present was there. In one corner they came to a little flower-bed nicely

laid out. There George stopped and said, "This is your garden." "Oh, how nice!" said Nelly, as she danced round the plot. "How nice to have a garden all my own!" Taking a rose-tree out of a pot standing near, George said, "See, this is your birth-day tree." With her hands behind her, little Nelly stood and watched her brother as he planted the tree in her garden. Day after day she watched the tree, till the flowers came out; and she gave the first rose to her brother, on his own birth-day.

mor-row	shout-ing	hap-py	pres-ents	han-dles
jumped	her-self'	re-turns'	fa-ther	moth-er
clap-ping	dressed	break-fast	skip-ping	near-ly

trimmed	gar-den	flow-er	stand-ing	lit-tle
rib-bon	say-ing	stopped	tak-ing	plant-ed
broth-er	cor-ner	danced	be-hind'	watched





PLAYING AT HORSES.

Frank said, "Let's play at something Freddy can play. He isn't a baby. He is three years old. What can he play, Susy?"

"He can play at horses," said Susy.

"Then we'll play at horses with him," said Frank.

"And he shall be the driver, and we'll be the horses."

"I don't like to be a horse," said Charlie. "I'd rather be the man, and say, 'Get up!'"

"Freddy doesn't care whether he's the horse or the man," said Susy.

But Frank coaxed Charlie to let Freddy be the man; and then he and Susy and Charlie and Willie were horses, and Freddy drove them all round the attic till they were out of breath.

Come look, little Freddy as coachman see!

Does he not drive a splendid team?

Charlie, and Willie, and Mabel, and Flo,—

Lively and willing his horses seem!

Many a shout and a laugh they raise,

As down the garden they take their way,—

Four little steeds trotting gaily along,—

Who would not wish to join in their play?

Woh, Charlie! you're going too fast for Fred;

You must suit your pace to his, you know:

Remember he is a "wee little man,"

And thinks very *fast* what you call "*slow*."

Ah, now, that is right! all together again!

On, on, without fear you may run your race;

'Tis pleasant to hear your right merry shouts,

And to mark the delight in each ruddy face!



PUSSY'S LETTER TO HER MISTRESS.

MY DEAR LITTLE MISTRESS,

We are just as lonely as we can be—the gray kitty and I. Where have you gone? Kitty is playing with your ball. I have been up to your play-room to look for you, and all over the house and the barn. I asked your dollies, but they do not know anything about you; only they know that they have no one to put them to bed, or to dress them in the morning. I am tired of catching flies and playing with my tail, with no one to trot me on the knee and carry me on the shoulder, or to draw spools about for me to run after—no one to toss me up and shake me till my head is almost shaken from my shoulders.

Oh, dear, I do wish you would come home. I sat under the table to-day while your papa and mamma were at dinner. They pretend that they are having a nice time all by themselves, with their clean table-cloth, and with nobody to make a noise and drop crumbs and spill water. They say they are going off for a ride because they are so happy; but I know they are going because everything is so still that they cannot bear to stay here longer; and I am sure they will begin to cry if they do not find something to amuse them. So you had better come back before we all get to crying. Susan in the kitchen, I think, is really glad you are gone, and she does not want you to hurry back;—but *I* do.

YOUR LITTLE PUSSY.

mis'tress	dol'lies	catch'ing	shak'en
lone'ly	an'y'-thing	car'ry	ta'ble
asked	morn'ing	shoul'der	pa-pa'
<hr/>			
them-selves'	cloth	wa'ter	a-muse'
din'ner	no'bod-y	be-cause'	kitch'en
pre-tend'	noise	hap'py	re'al-ly
clean	crumbs	ev'er-y-thing	hur'ry



MY PUSSY.

Oh! here is Miss Pussy; she's drinking her milk;
 Her coat is as soft and as glossy as silk.
 She sips the milk up with her little lap-lap;
 Then, wiping her whiskers, lies down for a nap.
 My kitty is gentle, she loves me right well;
 How funny her play is I'm sure I can't tell.
 Now under the sofa, now under the table,
 She runs and plays bo-peep as well as she's able.
 Oh, dearly I love her! You never did see
 Two happier play-mates than kitty and me.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

1.

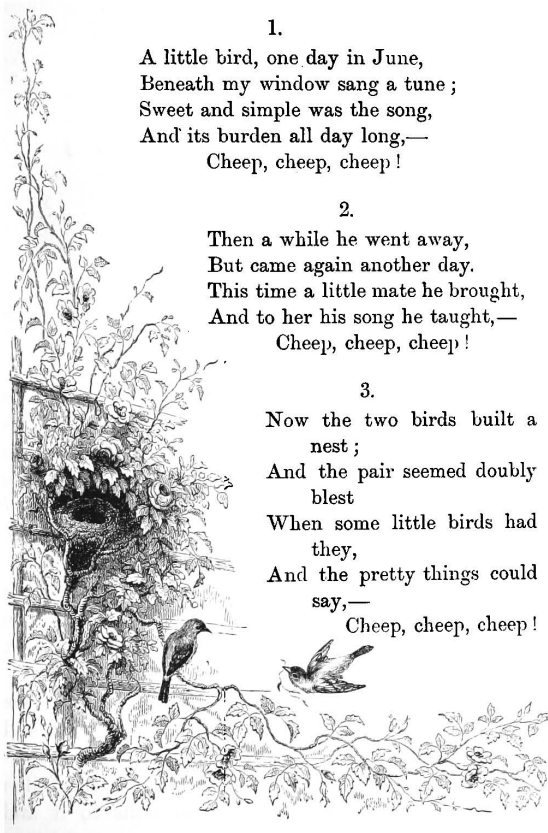
A little bird, one day in June,
Beneath my window sang a tune ;
Sweet and simple was the song,
And its burden all day long,—
Cheep, cheep, cheep !

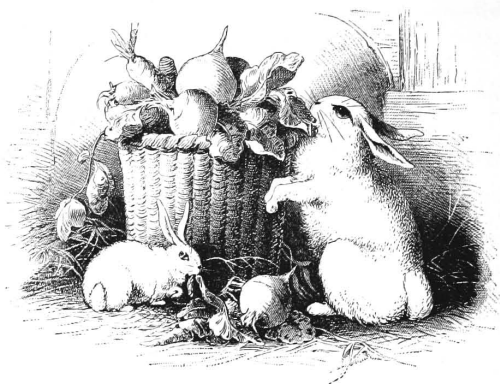
2.

Then a while he went away,
But came again another day.
This time a little mate he brought,
And to her his song he taught,—
Cheep, cheep, cheep !

3.

Now the two birds built a
nest ;
And the pair seemed doubly
blest
When some little birds had
they,
And the pretty things could
say,—
Cheep, cheep, cheep !





THE TWO WHITE RABBITS.

Little Henry one day got a present of two white rabbits. One was a big rabbit, and the other was a little one. They were put into a little house made of wood. Do you know what a rabbit-house is called? It is called a hutch. One day the door of the hutch had been left open, and the rabbits got out. They both ran about the garden, seeking for something to eat. A big basket filled with fine fresh turnips and carrots stood a little way off. The rabbits soon found their way to it, and began to eat off all the green leaves.

There they are in the picture! Do you see them? The big rabbit sits on his hind feet, and reaches to the top of the basket.

See! he has pulled a turnip down. It has fallen on the ground, and the little rabbit runs to it and

begins to eat too. It is a good thing that the big rabbit pulled this turnip down, for the little one could not have reached to the top of the basket. In this way the big one helped the little one. This is just what boys and girls should do at their meals. They should help the little ones first.

That is a good lesson to learn from Henry's white rabbits. Is it not ?

first
found
fresh

green
kind
house

hutch
leaves
meals

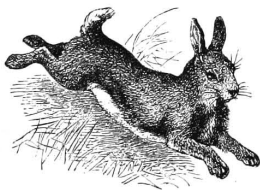
reached
thing
white

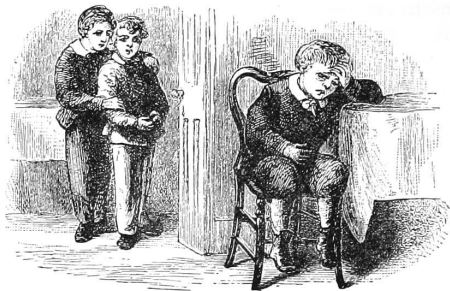
be-gan'
car-rots
fall-en

gar-den
helped
les-son

pres-ent
pulled
rab-bit

reach-es
some-thing
tur-nips





THAT JAM DID IT.

Fred is very sick to-day, and is resting his head on his hand at the table there. I can tell you why this is. His mother left a pot of jam in his way last night; and when she came to look, there was not much jam left. He was, of course, sick in the night, and this morning his head aches very badly. Two of his young friends have just called, to ask him to go for a walk. Of course he cannot go, but must sit at home by the fire.

GIVE THE LITTLE BOYS A CHANCE.

Here we are! don't leave us out,
Just because we're *little* boys;
Though we're not so bold and stout,
In the world we make a noise.
You're a year or two ahead,
But we step by step advance;
All the world's before you spread—
Give the little boys a chance!

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

1. Three little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry :
 “ Oh ! mammy dear,
 We sadly fear
 Our mittens we have lost ! ”—
“ What ! lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens ?—
 Then you shall have no pie.”

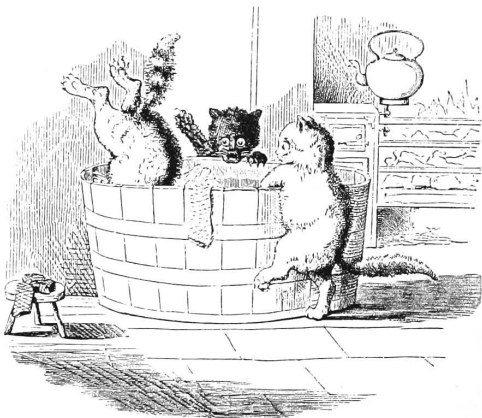
2. The three little kittens had need of mittens ;
 The winter now was nigh :
 “ Oh ! mammy dear,
 We fear, we fear,
 Our mittens we shall need.”—
“ Go, seek your mittens,
You silly kittens ;
 There’s tempest in the sky.”

3. The three little kittens, in seeking their mittens,
 Upset the table high :
 “ Oh ! mammy dear,
 We doubt and fear
 The house is tumbling down.”—
“ You foolish kittens,
Go, find your mittens,
 And do not make things fly.”

4. The three little kittens they found their mittens ;
 And they began to cry :
 “ Oh ! mammy dear,
 See here, see here,
 Our mittens we have found.”—

“What! found your mittens,
You little kittens?—
Then you shall have some pie.”

5. The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie :
“Oh! mammy dear,
We greatly fear
Our mittens we have soiled.”—



“What! soiled your mittens,
You naughty kittens?”
Then they began to sigh.

6. The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry :
“Oh! mammy dear,
Look here, look here,
Our mittens we have washed.”—

“What! washed your mittens,
You darling kittens?—
But I smell a rat close by!”

7. The three little kittens put off their mittens,
A hunting match to try:
“Oh! mammy dear,
His hole is here;
His hole is here;
Our mittens down we fling.”—
Both cat and kittens
Flung down their mittens;
When—whisk!—the rat ran by.



A RACE ON THE SANDS.

Here are Willie and his dog Carlo. How happy they are! They are running a race on the sands by the sea.

Willie's home is in a large town far away from the sea. He seldom gets to the sea-side. When Willie is at home he goes to school; but now it is holiday time, and his parents have brought him to breathe the fresh sea air, and to play on the sands. Boys and girls who have been to the sea-side know that the waters of the sea are never still. They are always moving. Sometimes the waves roll up the shore a great distance, and cover all the sands. In the picture you may see how the water comes creeping up the shore. Willie knows that when the sea covers the sands, they will have to run out of the way. One day the waves overtook them. Willie's boots and stockings were made very wet, and Carlo almost had to swim.

Now they are having a race along the sands, close to the waves. Willie had been sitting upon a rock; but the waters by-and-by reached his feet, and then he started off with Carlo. What fun they are having! for sometimes one wave bigger than the rest comes dashing along, and covers them both with spray. Willie's flag is called the Union Jack. When he builds a house on the sand, he places this flag on the top of it. Every one knows Willie's pretty flag.

large	brought	reached	run-ning	pa-rents
breathe	know	called	sel-dom	wa-ters
fresh	shore	builds	hol-i-day	mov-ing

dis-tance	stock-ings	start-ed	big-ger	un-ion
pic-ture	al-most	hav-ing	dash-ing	plac-es
creep-ing	sit-ting	some-times	cov-ers	pret-ty



THE CLUCKING HEN.

“Mother,” said a boy, “I heard the children at school to-day reading the verses about the Clucking Hen. What is a clucking hen?”—“A hen is called a clucking hen while she sits on her eggs. The name is taken from the noise she then makes. She makes the same noise when she calls her chickens. I should like to hear the verses. Do you know them?”—“Yes, I know them by heart. I must tell you that an old rooster is the one to speak first.

“‘Will you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There is barley in the barley field,
And hay seed in the hay.’

“‘Thank you,’ said the clucking hen;
‘I have something else to do.
I am busy sitting on my eggs;
I cannot walk with you.

- “ Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck,
Said the clucking hen ;
‘ My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I will think about it then.’
- “ The clucking hen sat in her nest,
She made it in the hay ;
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.
- “ Crack, crack, went all the eggs ;
Out came the chickens small.
‘ Cluck,’ said the clucking hen,
‘ Now I have you all.
- “ ‘ Come along, my little chicks,
I will take a walk with you.’
‘ Hollo !’ said the rooster proud—
‘ Cock-a-doodle-doo !’ ”

heard
school
called

while
noise
should

know
heart
walk

field
thank
think

breast
crack
proud

moth'er
chil-dren
read'ing

cluck'ing
roost'er
bar'ley

some'thing
sit'ting
hatched

chick'ens
be-neath'
doz'en



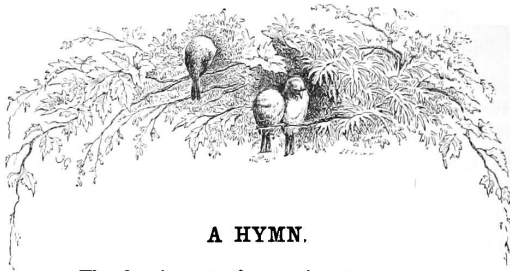
THE SQUIRREL.

This pretty little animal is a squirrel. The squirrel has a soft coat of reddish-brown fur. Its ears are long and pointed. Its eyes are very bright. Its teeth are sharp and strong; and it has whiskers like the cat. Its hind legs are much longer than its fore legs. It easily climbs up the stems of trees, and springs lightly from branch to branch.



Its bushy tail is longer than its body, and it is often carried curled over the squirrel's back. Its claws are sharp and strong. They are of great use in climbing trees. The squirrel makes its nest of twigs and moss and leaves, high up among the branches of a tree. It eats nuts, berries, and acorns. It holds its food with its fore paws while eating it. It lays up a store of food for winter use.



**A HYMN.**

The day is past, the sun is set,
And the bright stars are in the sky ;
Now the long grass with dew is wet,
And in the dark the bats now fly.

The lambs have now lain down to sleep,
The birds have long since found their nests,
The air is still ; and dark and deep
On the hill side the old wood rests.

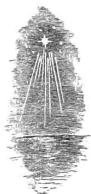
Yet of the dark I have no fear,
But feel as safe as when 'tis light ;
For I know God is with me here,
And he will keep me all the night.

For he, who rules the stars and sea,
Who makes the grass and trees to grow,
Will look on a young child like me,
When on my knees to him I go.

THE WATER SONG.



“ Each flower holds up
 A dainty cup
 To catch the rain and dew ;
 The drink of flowers,
 That comes in showers,
 Is just the drink for you.



“ The stars so bright
 That gem the night
 In the round heaven so blue,
 Fling down their beams
 Upon the streams
 Which flow with drink for you.

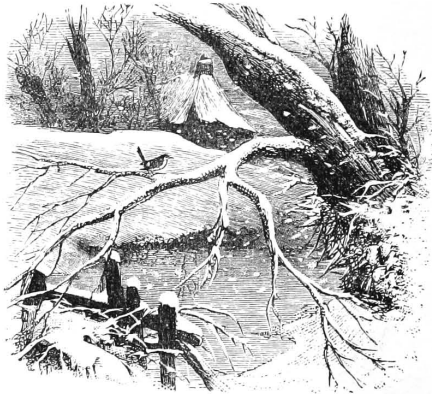


“ The nightingale
 Which charms the vale,
 From yonder fountain flew ;
 The song-bird's drink
 Should be, I think,
 The drink for birds like you.”



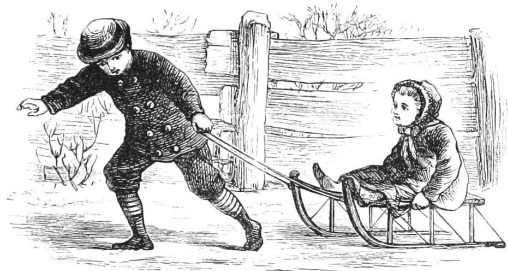
WINTER.

Winter has come at last. There are no flowers now in the garden, and every leaf is gone from the trees. The snow lies thick upon the ground, and the merry little snow-birds fly about seeking for food.



In winter we should think of the wants of the poor. Many a child has no fire to warm him, little food to eat, or clothing to shield him from the cold. But God has given all these things to you. Thank him with all your heart, and try to help the poor.

All the little boys are glad to see the ground white. They bought sleighs more than a month ago, and they have been waiting so long for the snow to come. Well, here it is at last. The boys and girls will now have a merry time.



Though we do not now see leaves and flowers, still the roots of the plants are safely locked up beneath the snow. Again the voice of Spring will be heard. Again the flowers will burst into bloom, and the trees will put on their robe of green. They are not dead. They are only in their winter sleep.

child	gone	shield	their
dead	leaf	sleighs	thick
fright	roots	snow	voice

be-neath'	fel-low	seek'-ing	win'-dow
cloth'-ing	gar'-den	wait'-ing	win'-ter

Snow. Winter. Poor. Sleep.

Little bird, little bird, where wilt thou go
 When all the fields are buried in snow?
 The ice will cover the old oak tree;
 Little bird, little bird, stay with me!—

“Nay, little maiden, away I'll fly
 To greener fields and a warmer sky:
 When Spring comes back with cheerful rain
 My joyful song you will hear again.”



THE ROBIN'S VISIT.

Edith is very fond of birds. She is always kind to them, and they seem to know that she is their friend. In the warm weather she sees them come in flocks to eat the ripe fruit which grows in her father's garden. But she never drives her little friends away. She says that they are God's birds, and ought therefore to have some of the fruit which God causes to grow.

In winter, when the trees are bare, and the ground is covered with snow, the birds are unable to find much; but Edith does not forget her friends.

She knows that some of the birds have been taught by God to fly away to warmer lands, where there is plenty of food to be found during the whole year. But she knows also that some of them remain to do the best they can through the long

cold winter. Every morning, therefore, she opens the window and throws out a handful of crumbs for her feathered friends, as you may see her doing in the picture. They are never afraid to come. Sometimes they even hop into the room, and pick up any crumbs that are on the floor.

Edith loves one little bird more than she loves any of the others. It is a robin. She is saying "Good-morning" to it now, as it hops to the window. The robin trusts Edith so much that it will peck at the window for food, or hop on her shoulder, or pick the crumbs out of her hand.

know	fruit	which	whole	shoul-der
friend	drives	ground	through	floor
flocks	ought	taught	crumbs	al-ways

gar-den	un-a-ble	dur-ing	feath-ered	weath-er
there-fore	for-get'	re-main'	pic-ture	say-ing
win-ter	plen-ty	morn-ing	a-fraid'	rob-in

Glad to see you, little bird!

'Twas your pretty chirp I heard:

What did you intend to say?—

“Give me something this cold day!”

That I will, and plenty too;

All these crumbs I saved for you:

Don't be frightened—here's a treat;

I will wait and see you eat.

LITTLE DICK.

- Who taps so at the window pane?—
Oh, it is pretty Dick ;
“ Do please to let me in,” he says,
“ And give me crumbs to pick.
- “ It is so very cold out here,
And such a deep, deep snow ;
I cannot find a single worm,
And don't know where to go.”—
- “ Come in, come in, then, pretty Dick,
And warm your bright red breast ;
I'll give you all my piece of cake,
And make you a snug nest.”—
- But now the sun once more does shine,
And melts the cold, cold snow,
And Dick taps softly at the pane,
And says, “ Oh, let me go.
- “ I love the sun so very much,
I love the sweet spring air :
Please let me fly out on the trees ;
I'll sing to you up there.”—
- “ Yes, fly away, my pretty Dick,
We want no captive here ;
Go, sing your songs upon the tree,
And come again next year.”





CHRISTMAS CHEER.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, he pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

When good king Arthur ruled this land—
He was a goodly king—
He bought three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag-pudding' !
A bag-pudding' the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums ;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs !
The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside ;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried !

EVENING.

I.

This night, when I lie down to sleep,
I give the Lord my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

II.

In my little bed I lie ;
Heavenly Father, hear my cry :
Lord, protect me through the night,
Bring me safe to morning light.

MORNING.

I.

Now I wake and see the light ;
God has kept me through the night !
Make me good, O Lord, I pray ;
Keep and guard me through this day.

II.

O Lord, my God, to thee I pray,
When from my bed I rise,
That all I do and all I say
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

BEFORE MEAT.

From Thy hand cometh every good ;
We thank thee for our daily food :
O with it, Lord, thy blessing give ;
And to thy glory may we live. Amen.

