

and pick them up. But we must be very quiet, or he will take fright and fly away. Pretty robin, come again to-morrow, and we will give you some more nice crumbs.

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.

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 beauty, and the trees will put on their robe of green. They are not dead. They are only in their winter sleep.

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

Pronounce in Syllables :—

beau'-ty	fel'-low	rob'-in	win'-dow
be-neath'	qui'-et	seek'-ing	win'-ter

*Snow. Winter. Poor. Sleep.*