

## My Dog

I have no dog, but it must be  
Somewhere there's one belongs to me -

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A little chap with wagging tail,  
And dark brown eyes that never quail,

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But look you through, and through, and through,  
With love unspeakable and true.

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Somewhere it must be, I opine,  
There is a little dog of mine

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(tomorrow's lesson on next page)

With cold black nose that sniffs around  
In search of what things may be found

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In pocket or some nook hard by  
Where I have hid them from his eye.

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Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs  
The fringes of rebellious rugs,

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Or with the mischief of the pup  
Chews all my shoes and slippers up,

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And when he's done it to the core,  
With eyes all eager, pleads for more.

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(tomorrow's lesson on next page)

Somewhere upon his hinder legs  
My little doggie sits and begs,

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And in a wistful minor tone  
Pleads for the pleasures of the bone -

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I pray it be his owner's whim  
To yield, and grant the same to him.

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Somewhere a little dog doth wait;  
It may be by some garden gate.

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With eyes alert and tail attent -  
You know the kind of tail that's meant -

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(tomorrow's lesson on next page)

With stores of yelps of glad delight  
To bid me welcome home at night.

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Somewhere a little dog is seen,  
His nose two shaggy paws between,

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Flat on his stomach, one eye shut  
Held fast in dreamy slumber, but

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The other open, ready for  
His master coming through the door.

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John Kendrick Bangs

Lesson 77:

And God created great whales, and every living  
creature that moveth...and God saw that it was  
good.

Genesis 1:21

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# The Ant Explorer by Clarence James Dennis

Once a little sugar ant made up his mind to roam --  
To fare away far away, far away from home.

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He had eaten all his breakfast, and he had his ma's  
consent  
To see what he should chance to see and here's  
the way he went --

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Up and down a fern frond, round and round a  
stone,  
Down a gloomy gully, where he loathed to be  
alone,

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(tomorrow's lesson on next page)