

My Dog

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(tomorrow's lesson on next page)

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

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

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

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

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

(tomorrow's lesson on next page)

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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 --

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

(tomorrow's lesson on next page)