

**PATHWAYS IN NATURE  
AND LITERATURE: A  
SECOND READER**

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Pathways in Nature and Literature: A Second Reader by Sarah Row Christy & Edward R. Shaw

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**SARAH ROW CHRISTY & EDWARD R. SHAW**

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PATHWAYS  
IN NATURE AND LITERATURE

A SECOND READER

BY

SARAH ROW CHRISTY

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SNOWFLAKES.

(To be read to the pupils.)

A lot of little snowflakes,  
Were sleeping in the sky,  
With clouds tucked fast about them,  
A starry light close by ;  
The wind blew out their candle,  
Threw off their blankets warm,  
And down they quickly tumbled,  
In terrible alarm.

It did not hurt them surely,  
But made the earth so white  
That all the little children  
Laughed out in pure delight.  
The little angel feathers  
Will make the earth so warm,  
The flowers will be cosy  
And shielded too from harm.

—CHAS. E. BOYD.

## Word Building.

rain	white	black	hill
rainy	Whitey	Blacky	hilly



pig	mud	dear	brick
old	kind	Brownny	every

A mamma pig had three little pigs.  
 Blacky was a good little pig. She  
 did as her mamma told her.

Brownny was not a good pig at all.  
 He got into the mud up to his eyes  
 every day.

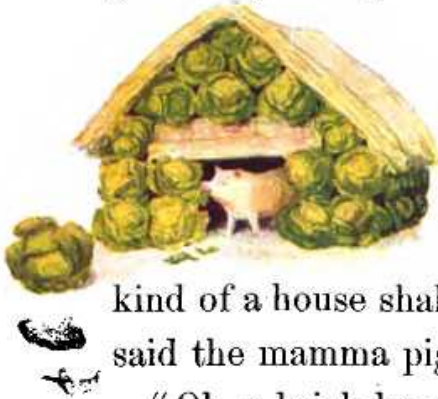
Whitey ate, and ate, and ate, and  
 then cried for more.



One day the old mamma pig said,  
 “Brownny dear, what kind of a house  
 would you like to have?”

“Oh, I should like a mud house,  
 dear Mamma,” said Brownny.

“And what kind of a house would  
 you like, Whitey?” asked the mamma.



“I should like  
 a big, big cabbage  
 house, Mamma,”  
 said Whitey.

“Blacky, what  
 kind of a house shall I make for you?”  
 said the mamma pig.

“Oh, a brick house,” said Blacky.

And so the kind mamma pig made  
 three houses for the three little pigs.  
 Then she went away.

bag      knocked      next      very  
 who      carried      door      can't

The very next day, the old fox knocked at the door of the mud house.

"Who is there?" asked Browny.

"A good friend of your mamma's," said the fox.

"Oh, no you are not," said Browny. "You can't come in."

Then the old fox knocked a hole in the mud house. He put Browny into a bag and carried him away to the woods.

On another day the fox knocked at the cabbage house door. Whitey was eating the cabbage that his



house was made of. "Who is there?" said he.

"I am a friend of your mamma's," said the fox.



"No you are not," said Whitey. "You can't come in."

Then the fox made a big hole in the cabbage house, and carried little

Whitey away in his big bag.

The next night the fox knocked at the door of the brick house.

"Who is there?" asked Blacky.

"I am a friend of your mamma's," said the fox.

"Oh no," said Blacky, "you are not a friend. You can't come in."