LITTLE BY LITTLE

When Charley awoke one morning, he looked from the window and saw the ground deeply covered with snow. On the side of the house nearest the kitchen, the snow was piled higher than Charley’s head.

“We must have a path through this snow,” said his father. “I would make one if I had time, but I must be at the office early this morning. “Do you think you could make the path, Son?” he asked little Charley.

“Me? The snow is higher than my head! How could I ever cut a path through that snow?”

“How? By doing it little by little. Suppose you try,” said his father as he left for his office.

So Charley got the snow shovel and set to work. He threw up first one shovelful and then another; but it was slow work.

“I don’t think I can do it, Mother,” he said. “A shovelful is so little, and there is such a heap of snow.”

“Little by little, Charley,” said his mother. “That snow fell in tiny bits, flake by flake, but you see what a great pile it has made.”

“Yes, Mother, I see,” said Charley. “If I throw it away little by little, it will soon be gone.”

So he worked on.

When his father came home to dinner, he was pleased to see the fine path. The next day he gave little Charley a fine blue sled. Painted on the sled in yellow letters was “Little by Little.”

Questions:

1. Why does Father ask Charley to make the path?
2. What does Mother tell Charley to help him feel better?
3. What does Father give Charley for his hard work?
4. What does Charley learn by shoveling the snow?