

22.] Old Woman and her Pig.



The good Boy.

This good little boy
Is reading his bible,
He knows very well
He ought not to be idle.



THE little old woman, who
found a silver penny when
sweeping her house.

LITTLE OLD WOMAN
AND HER
SILVER PENNY.



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THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN.

As a little old woman was sweeping her house, she found a silver penny ; this she quickly picked up ; but not knowing what to do with so much mo-

ney, it took her some time to consider how she should spend it; at last she resolved to buy a pig.



Accordingly, she went to market, and soon found one to her mind; this she bought and then returned homeward. At

the first stile they came to, in crossing the field, the pig stopt short, and neither words nor blows could make him move an inch.

Night coming on, the old woman, fearful of losing her pig, tried to coax it, and said,



Pray, pig, get over the stile,
Or we sha'n't get home to-night.

But finding it still obstinate,
she went to a dog at a little distance,
and said,



Pray, dog, bite pig,
Pig wont get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.

This the dog refused; and the old woman, turning away in a pet, saw a stick lying on the ground, to which she said,



Pray, stick, beat dog,
Dog wont bite pig,
Pig wont get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.

When she found the stick as regardless of her prayers as the dog and the pig were, she began to be vexed; but thinking



she might yet find something kinder than the stick, she travelled on a little further, and at

length came to a fire which had been made by some gipseys; this she spoke to as follows:



Pray, fire, burn stick,
 Stick wont beat dog,
 Dog wont bite pig,
 Pig wont get over the stile,
 And I sha'n't get home to-night.

But the fire, like the others,
took no heed of her : finding it
would not do as she wished, she
left it, and walking towards a
small pond of water, said—



Pray, water, quench fire,
Fire wont burn stick,
Stick wont beat dog,
Dog wont bite pig,

Pig wont get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.

The only answer she got from
the water was the sprinkling
a little in her face by the wind.
Vexed, she turned away, and
seeing an ox looking over a gate
she went to it, and said,



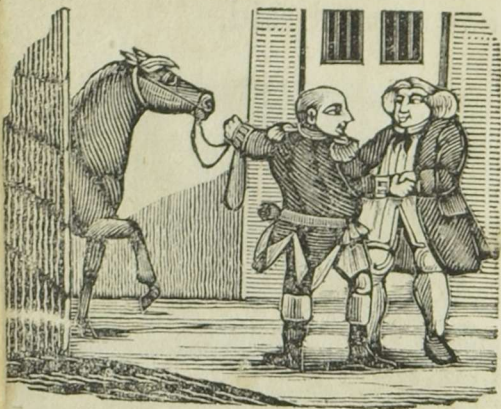
Pray, ox, drink water,
Water wont quench fire,
Fire wont burn stick,
Stick wont beat dog,
Dog wont bite pig,
Pig wont get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.



The only answer that the old woman could get from the ox, was a threatening bellow, which so frightened her, that she made as much haste from it as possible; and in her way she met a butcher, whom she fell on her knees to, and said,



Pray, butcher, kill ox,
Ox wont drink water,
Water wont quench fire,
Fire wont burn stick,
Stick wont beat dog,
Dog wont bite pig,
Pig wont get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.



he butcher only laughed at

her; upon which, she turned round to a piece of rope that was hanging over the branch of a tree, and said,



Pray, rope, hang butcher,
Butcher wont kill ox,
Ox wont drink water,
Water wont quench fire.

Fire wont burn stick,
Stick wont beat dog,
Dog wont bite pig,
Pig wont get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.

But the rope took no more
notice of what she said than the
other things did. She next saw
a rat, and said to it,

Pray, rat, gnaw rope,
Rope wont hang butcher,
Butcher wont kill ox,
Ox wont drink water,
Water wont quench fire,
Fire wont burn stick,



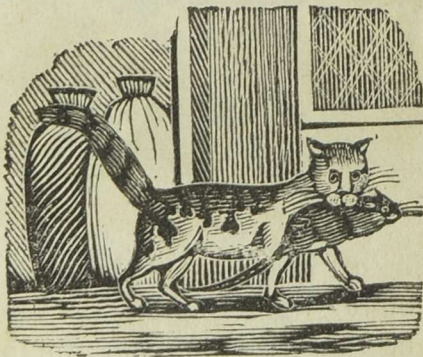
Stick wont beat dog,
 Dog wont bite pig,
 Pig wont get over the stile,
 And I sha'n't get home to-night.

The rat, like the rope, refused
 but the old woman seeing a cat
 run by, calls out,

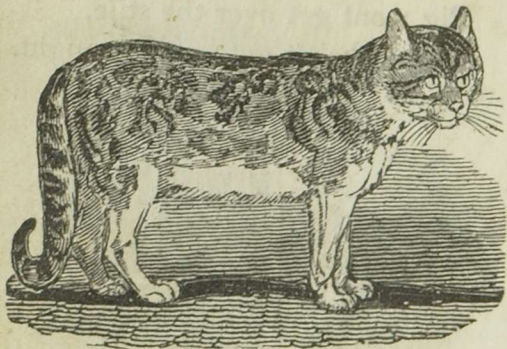


Puss, puss, seize rat,
 Rat wont gnaw rope,
 Rope wont hang butcher,
 Butcher wont kill ox,
 Ox wont drink water,
 Water wont quench fire,
 Fire wont burn stick,
 Stick wont beat dog,

Dog wont bite pig,
Pig wont get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.



Puss unable to resist the
temptation of such a dainty
morsel instantly seized the poor
rat, and when



The cat began to eat the rat,
The rat began to gnaw the rope,
The rope began to hang the butcher,
The butcher began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,
The water began to quench the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bite the pig,
The pig soon leap'd over the stile,

And thus the little old woman
got safe home with her pig at
last.



22.] Old Woman and her Pig.



Naughty Girl.

My sweet little girl should be cheerful and
mild,;

And should not be fretful, and cry!

Oh, why is this passion? remember, my child,
God sees you, who lives in the sky.