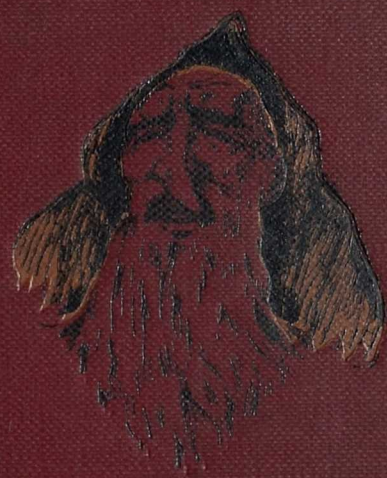


Aesop's Fables

for

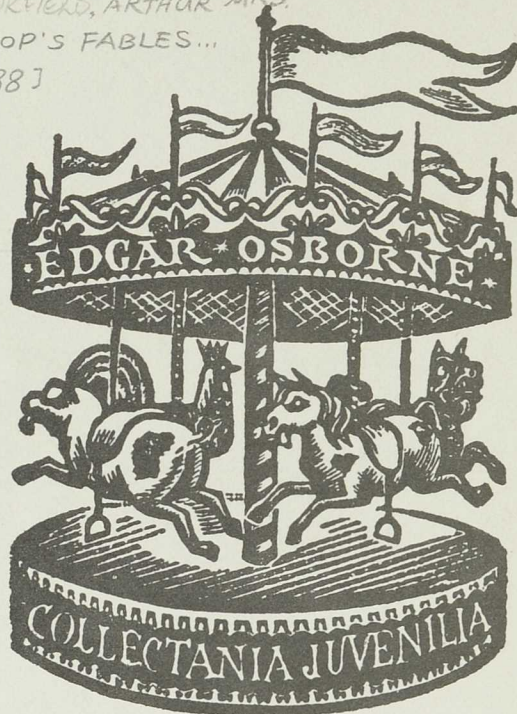
Little Readers



Mrs. Arthur
Brookfield

Pictured by
H. J. Ford

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BROOKFIELD, ARTHUR MRS.
AESOP'S FABLES...
[1888]



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Vera Polak
from Uncle Albert.

28 Sep. 1888.

ÆSOP'S FABLES FOR LITTLE READERS.



THE OLD TREE AND THE GARDENER.

AESOP'S FABLES

FOR LITTLE READERS.

PICTURED
BY
HENRY FORD.

TOLD BY
MRS ARTHUR BROOKFIELD

T. FISHER UNWIN.
26 Paternoster Sq:



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FOR
LITTLE READERS.

TOLD BY
MRS. ARTHUR BROOKFIELD.

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London :
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26, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

INTRODUCTION.

IN reproducing the old Fables of Æsop in a somewhat new form, I feel that some explanation may be needed for adding to the large number of editions already in existence.

I have found, then, that even the simplest editions which are published are too difficult for my own little children to understand ; and I have therefore tried to produce the charming and familiar stories in a form which may be welcomed in the nursery, and approved by Little Readers to whom easy and child-like language is an object.

OLIVE BROOKFIELD.

Leasam, Rye, Sussex.

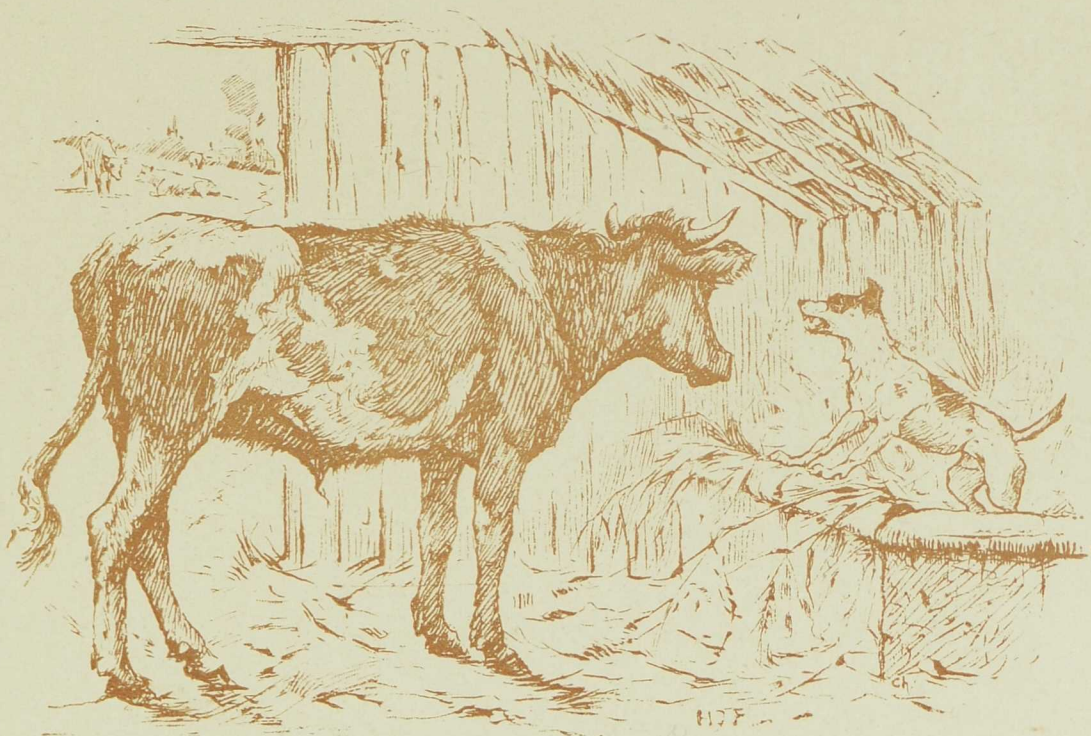
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I.—THE DOG IN THE MAN-GER.

A Dog lay up-on a man-ger full of hay. An Ox came home hun-gry and want-ed to eat some of the hay, but the naugh-ty Dog growl-ed and bark-ed, and would not let him eat it. Up-on



which the Ox said, “You cross lit-tle cur! You will not eat the hay your-self, nor let a-ny-one else eat it for you!”

MORAL.

En-vy is one of the worst of all faults. It does no good to us or to a-ny-one else, and there is not a-ny ex-cuse for it.

II.—THE WASP AND THE BEE.

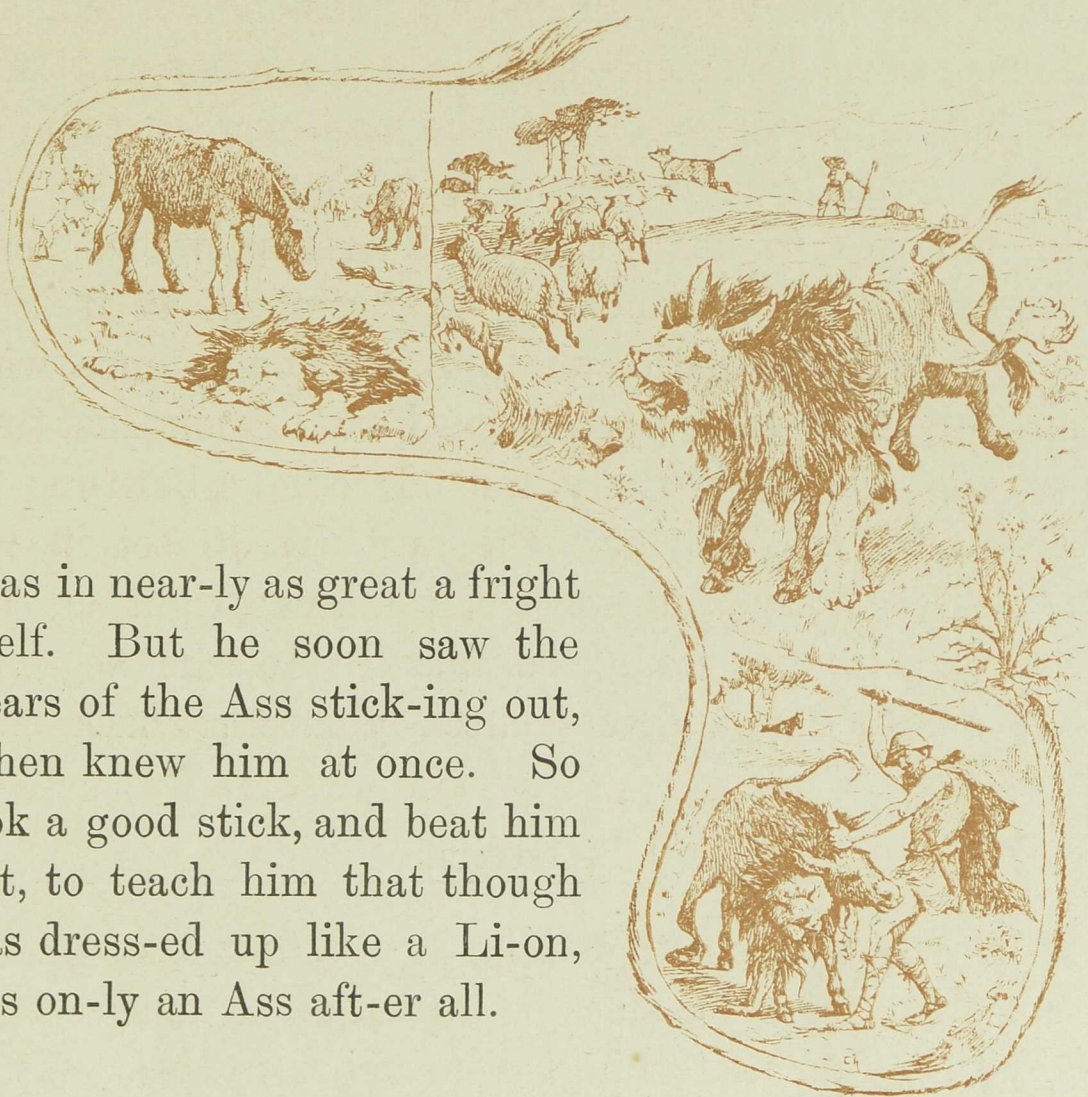
A Wasp one day met a Bee and said to him, "Can you tell me why it is men are so fond of you and so cru-el to me? We are both ve-ry much a-like, on-ly I am pret-ti-er than you. We both love hon-ey; we both sting when we are cross; yet men hate me and try to kill me, while they feed and take care of you, and build nice hous-es for you." To which the lit-tle Bee said, "It is be-cause you nev-er do men a-ny good, but they know that I work all day long to make hon-ey for them."

MORAL.

Work and do your du-ty, even though you do look plain. It will bring you more friends than to be ve-ry bright and pret-ty, and at the same time self-ish.

III.—THE ASS IN THE LI-ON'S SKIN.

An Ass one day found the skin of a Li-on, and put it on. He then went in-to the fields where the Sheep and Cows were, and put them all in a great fright. At last their own-er came,



and was in near-ly as great a fright him-self. But he soon saw the long ears of the Ass stick-ing out, and then knew him at once. So he took a good stick, and beat him with it, to teach him that though he was dress-ed up like a Li-on, he was on-ly an Ass aft-er all.

MORAL.

It is wrong to pre-tend to be a-ny-thing that we are not ; and when the truth is found out it will oft-en make us look ve-ry sil-ly in-deed.

IV.—THE EA-GLE AND THE FOX.

An Ea-gle one day, while she was look-ing for food for her young ones, saw a Fox's cub, and made one swoop and caught it at once ; but as she car-ri-ed it off, the mam-ma Fox came by and beg-ged her, with tears in her eyes, to have pi-ty on her and give her cub back to her. But the Ea-gle knew her nest was ve-ry high, and felt sure the Fox could not get to it to harm her, so she took the lit-tle cub up to her young ones, with-out hav-ing a-ny pi-ty for the mam-ma Fox. Upon this, the poor moth-er, who was ve-ry an-gry, ran off, found a burn-ing torch, and took it to the tree where the nest was, to set it on fire. When the Ea-gle saw this, she was in a great fright, as she saw that her young ones would be burnt. So she beg-ged the mam-ma Fox to stop, and ver-y meek-ly gave her back her cub.

MORAL.

This fa-ble warns us not to deal hard-ly with those who are in our pow-er. For be-sides be-ing wrong to do so, we may at a-ny time find that things are just the oth-er way ; and then those to whom we were so cru-el may pay us back all the harm we have done to them.

V.—THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A Crow one day took a piece of cheese out of a win-dow and flew with it in-to a high tree to eat it. A sly Fox came by and want-ed it, so he be-gan to praise the Crow. "I am sure," he said, "I nev-er saw be-fore that your fea-thers were such a love-ly white. And what a fine shape you have, too! I have no doubt your song is as pret-ty as you are, and if that is so no bird can be so fine as you." The Crow was so pleas-ed with this, that she plum-ed and turn-ed her-self a-bout, un-til she hard-ly knew where she was. She on-ly fear-ed the Fox did not mean what he said a-bout her voice, so she o-pen-ed her mouth to sing, and out fell the cheese. This was all that the sly Fox want-ed. He snap-ped up the piece of cheese in a mo-ment, and ran off with it.

MORAL.

Peo-ple who are vain are sure to be oft-en sor-ry for it, and they feel ve-ry fool-ish when they find that those who have prais-ed them did not real-ly mean to be kind, and on-ly meant to get some-thing from them.

VI.—THE CAT AND THE BAT.

A Cat had once been caught in a net, when a Rat came and set her free. Up-on this, she made a pro-mise nev-er to eat Rats or Mice any more. Now, one day, soon aft-er this, Mrs. Puss caught a Bat in the barn. She at once thought of her pro-mise, and did not know how to act at first, but in the end she said, "I dare not eat you as a Mouse, so I must say that you are a bird." She then gob-bled him up.

MORAL.

Naugh-ty cun-ning peo-ple can al-ways find an ex-cuse for do-ing wrong.

VII.—THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.

One day, some Boys came to play on the edge of a lake which was full of Frogs. Their game was "Ducks and Drakes," but the stones they threw in-to the wat-er hit the poor Frogs, and hurt sev-er-al of them. One at last, more bold than the rest, put his head out of the wat-er, and said, "Ah! dear child-ren, why are you so cru-el? I beg you to stop and think that what is fun to you is death to us."

MORAL.

No good and kind child will find a-ny fun in do-ing what gives pain to an-i-mals.

VIII.—THE DOVE AND THE ANT.

A thirs-ty Ant one day left the lit-tle hill where she liv-ed, and went to the side of a clear brook. But as soon as she leant down and tried to drink, the ed-dy took her a-way, and off she went down the stream ! A kind Dove, who saw this, felt ve-ry sor-ry for her, and let fall a ti-ny twig in-to the stream, and the Ant used the twig like a lit-tle boat, and in that way soon got



safe on shore. Not long after this, a man came to try and catch the Dove. The Ant saw what he was do-ing, and, just as he was a-bout to draw a net ov-er the Dove's head, stung him on the heel. This made him give a jump. The Dove heard him ; and off she flew.

MORAL.

One good turn de-serves an-oth-er, and there is not one of God's crea-tures too small or weak to be of some use in the world, and to save some oth-er crea-ture from pain or harm.

IX.—THE UN-FAITH-FUL SHEEP DOG.

A shep-herd had a Dog in whom he felt per-fect faith, so that if he had to go a-way he left the flock in his charge. But in spite of this, the Dog was real-ly good for no-thing, and when he was left a-lone with the Sheep, us-ed to wor-ry them, and ev-en bury them, and then scratch them up a-gain, and eat them for his sup-per! His mas-ter nev-er thought of this, but was so fond of him that he us-ed to feed him on sweet curds and all sorts of nice bits. At last the shep-herd was told all that his Dog had done, and was so put out that he made up his mind to hang him. When the rope was round his neck, the Dog tried to rea-son with him, and beg-ged him to hang some-bo-dy else, the Wolf, for instance. “He nev-er did a-ny-thing but harm, so that I can-not be as bad as he is, sure-ly!” the cur plead-ed. “Oh, yes, you are,” said his mas-ter, “and you de-serve to die much more than the Wolf. He does not pre-tend to be a friend; but you made me put all my trust in you!”

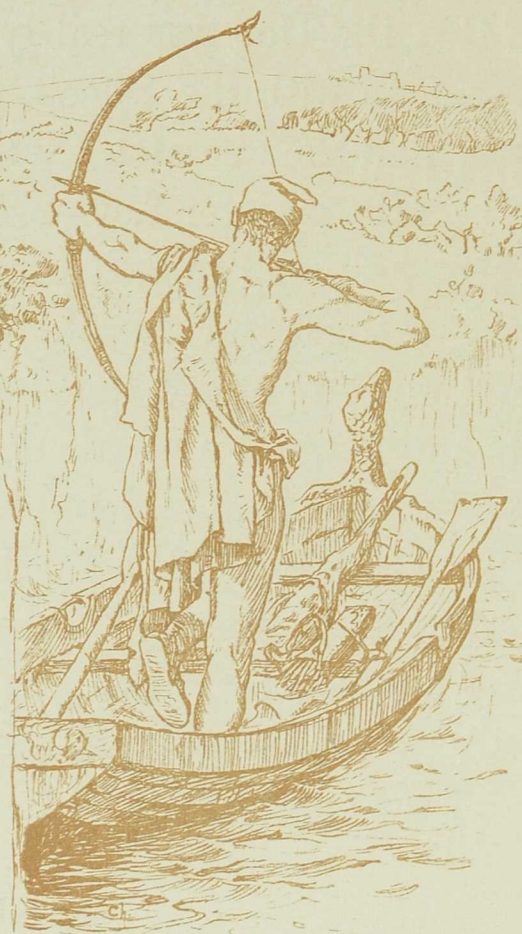
MORAL.

We do not feel the pain so bit-ter, nor is the fault so great, when it comes from an op-en en-e-my, as when a trust-ed friend hurts us, or does what is wrong by us.

X.—THE ONE-EYED DOE.

A Doe that had on-ly one eye us-ed to graze by the sea-side, so that she might keep her blind side turn-ed that way and feel safe from harm, while with her poor one eye she could keep a watch on the land. In this way she was safe e-nough for some time ; till at last a sly fel-low, who had wait-ed for days to kill

her, took a boat and went out on the sea, and then got ve-ry near and shot her. Just as the poor thing was dy-ing, she cri-ed out, "How hard my fate is, that I should get my death-blow from that part where I felt quite safe, while from the side I thought there was most dan-ger, I met with no harm!"



MORAL.

Though we may think we are ve-ry wise, we can nev-er be real-ly safe through our own care, but must trust to God, for He alone, in His own way, can guard us from e-ve-ry kind of harm.

XI.—THE BULL AND THE GOAT.

A Bull, who was chas-ed by a Li-on, ran to a cave in which he could hide from his foe, but just at the mouth of the cave stood a Goat, who had reach-ed there first, and now stop-ped the way and laugh-ed at him. The Bull knew he had no time to



lose, so ran on, but told the Goat it was from no fear of him, for that if the Li-on had not been so near, he would soon have shown that a Bull was still a match for a Goat, any day.

MORAL.

It is ve-ry wick-ed to let a-ny-one in pain or trou-ble go with no help from us, but to in-sult them too, is very cru-el and cow-ard-ly. On the oth-er hand, it is oft-en wise not to be cross with those who tease us in this way, but just let them know what we think of them, and then leave them to their own thoughts.

XII.—THE MIS-ER.

A poor gree-dy wretch, who had a great bag of mon-ey, went and dug a hole in the ground and hid it there. He soon felt more pleas-ure in go-ing to look at his gold than in a-ny-thing else. Now, he went so ve-ry oft-en to do this, that one of his ser-vants watch-ed him, found what he was a-bout, and, be-ing a ve-ry bad man, stole the bag of gold and ran a-way with it. The next day, when the old man found his wealth gone, he set up such cries and tore his hair in such a fun-ny way that a friend ran to see what was the mat-ter. As soon as he had heard the Mis-er's sto-ry, he said, "Cheer up, old friend! you have real-ly had no loss aft-er all. For there is the hole for you to go and peep in as u-su-al, and if you can on-ly *fan-cy* the mon-ey is still there, it will do just as well!"

MORAL.

Of all the sins, there are ve-ry few that grow on us more than that of av-ar-ice; and if we once get too fond of mon-ey, we shall be-come fond-er and fond-er of it as we grow old-er. We ought to feel that mon-ey is giv-en to us to do good with and to help the poor, and if we on-ly love it for it-self, and al-ways keep it to look at, it will be of no use to us or to a-ny-one else.

XIII.—THE FIR-TREE AND THE BRAM-BLE.

A tall Fir-Tree that stood high a-bove the trees in a wood, grew so proud that he de-spis-ed e-ve-ry-thing that was at all small-er. A Bram-ble, who was not quite so big as he was, could not put up with such pride, and so took the Fir-Tree to task, and ask-ed what he had to say for him-self. “ Well,” said the Fir-Tree, “ you see I am the first tree in beau-ty and rank in the for-est ; my top points to the sky, and my col-our is bright and green ; while you lie near the ground in the dirt, on-ly to be trod-den on by ev-er-y foot.” “ That may be all ve-ry true, and what you say may be all ve-ry fine,” said the Bram-ble, “ but when the wood-man marks you to be cut down, and you feel the stroke of the axe at your roots, I fan-cy you would be ve-ry glad to be in my place, hum-ble and small as I am ! ”

MORAL.

The high-er a man is plac-ed in the world the more trou-bles are like-ly to come up-on him, and this should pre-vent us from boast-ing ov-er those who seem to be be-neath us.

XIV.—THE OLD LA-DY AND HER MAIDS.

An old La-dy, who had sev-er-al Maids, us-ed to call them to their work as soon as the Cock crew. The Girls, who found it ve-ry hard to get up so ear-ly, soon join-ed in a plan to kill the Cock, so that when he could not crow a-ny more they might be a-ble—so they thought—to lie in their warm beds a lit-tle lon-ger. The loss of the Cock was a great grief to the old La-dy. But when she found out the whole plot, she made a new rule, which was that her Maids should get up and go to work at mid-night ev-er aft-er-wards.

MORAL.

We should not ex-pect to find all things to our taste, but do our best to be con-tent-ed in sim-ply do-ing our du-ty. In try-ing to make things bet-ter than they are, we may oft-en on-ly make them a great deal worse.

XV.—THE TWO FROGS.

One hot sum-mer, the lakes and ponds were all dri-ed up, and two lit-tle Frogs star-ted out to look for wa-ter. At last they came to a deep well, and sat down on the edge to think whe-ther they had bet-ter jump in or not. One lit-tle Frog, with a loud croak, said, “ Yes. For we shall find plen-ty of clear spring wa-ter down there ; and, which is al-most as good, no one will



be a-ble to come and tease us like those boys did the oth-er day.” “ That is all ve-ry well,” said the oth-er lit-tle Frog, who had seen more of the world, “ but I can-not feel sure that it is wise. For if the wa-ter down there dries up too, how shall we ev-er get out a-gain ? ”

MORAL.

This fa-ble puts us in mind of the old say-ing, “ Look be-fore you leap.” We ought to think well, and you and I ought to pray well, be-fore we take a-ny great step in life. If we do not do so, we may be ve-ry sor-ry when it is too late.

XVI.—THE FOX AND THE STORK.

One day a Fox ask-ed a Stork to dine with him ; and then, to make fun of him, on-ly gave him some soup in a flat dish. Of course, the Fox could lap up the soup with great ease, but the poor Stork could just dip the tip of his beak in-to it, and that was all. But he made up his mind to pay the Fox off for this trick, and in a few days ask-ed him to dine. And now the Stork let no dish-es be put on his ta-ble, but had just one jar with some fine



mince-meat in it. The neck of this jar was long and nar-row, but the Stork, with his long, long neck, ate his share of the meat at once, while Mr. Fox sat by look-ing quite mi-ser-a-ble, and was on-ly a-ble to lick the brim of the jar. At first he felt ve-ry vex-ed, but as he went a-way, own-ed that he had been well paid off, as it was he who had set the bad ex-am-ple.

MORAL.

Al-ways do as you would be done by, and if you must have a joke, do not let it be an un-kind one.

XVII.—THE WOLF AND THE SHEP-HERDS.

A hun-gry Wolf was prowling a-bout to find him-self a meal, when he came to a cot-tage and look-ed in-to the win-dow: there he saw some Shep-herds feast-ing. He found that the food they had was roast mut-ton. “Oh!” he said to him-self, “how they would cry out if they found me eat-ing the ve-ry same food!”

MORAL.

It is not quite fair to be cross with oth-ers for hav-ing the same taste as our-selves.

XVIII.—THE OLD TREE AND THE GAR-DEN-ER.

A Man had a bar-ren old Pear-Tree in his gar-den, and this Tree had once been ve-ry fruit-ful. But the old Man was thank-less ; for-got what he ow-ed to the Tree, and one day be-gan to cut it down. At the first blow, the Tree said to him, “ Oh ! pi-ty my great age, and think of the fruit I have borne you, year aft-er year. My death is near now ; do not kill a dy-ing tree, who has been a pro-fit to you.” To which the old Man said, “ I re-gret cut-ting you down, but I want you for fire-wood.” As soon as he had said this, a flock of Birds cried out, “ Oh ! spare the tree, we on-ly have this one left, and when your wife sits un-der its shade, all a-lone, we sing to her, and cheer her up.” But the Man on-ly drove the birds a-way, and made an-oth-er stroke. Upon this, a swarm of Bees flew out from the trunk, and said, “ Pray stop, cru-el man ; we will give you some sweet hon-ey each day to sell in the mar-ket, if you will on-ly leave us this home.” Tears now came in-to the Man’s eyes. He saw that he ought to be grate-ful for the bless-ings this Tree brought him, so he put a-way his axe, and let the Tree stand ev-er aft-er-wards.

MORAL.

Be-fore part-ing with an old friend, think well of all that friend has done for you : for that may make you change your mind, ev-en at the last mo-ment.



XIX.—THE FOX AND THE THORN.

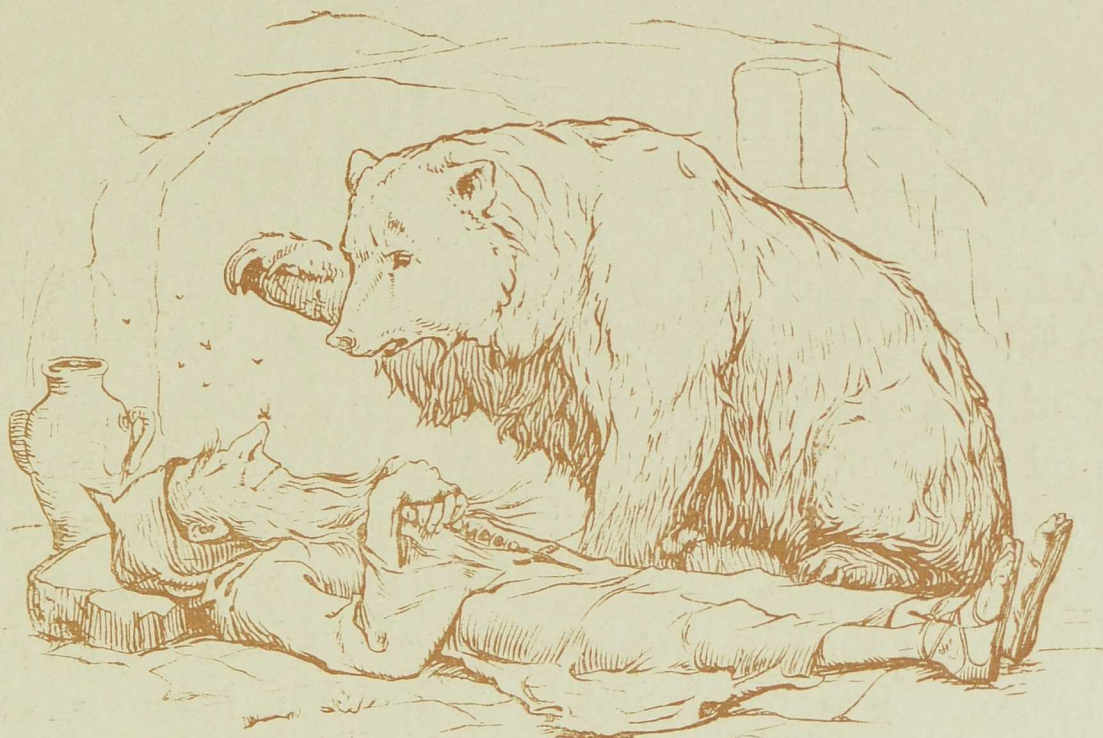
A Fox near-ly run to death by the Hounds, sav-ed his life by a jump on to a wall. To get down on the oth-er side of the wall, he caught hold of a Thorn, and so found his way safe-ly to the bot-tom, though he was a good deal torn and scratch-ed in do-ing so. “ False friend,” said the Fox, “ to scratch and hurt me in this way at the same time that you help me ! ”

MORAL.

You must not ex-pect thanks ev-er-y time you are kind to oth-ers. They oft-en think so much of them-selves that they for-get how good you have been to them.

XX.—THE HER-MIT AND THE BEAR.

A Her-mit had once been kind to a Bear, who was so thankful that he beg-ged the man to let him live with him for ev-er as his friend in the same home. The Her-mit was glad to o-blige



Bru-in. He took him to his cell, and they liv-ed to-geth-er in peace for some time. At last, one ve-ry hot day, the man lay down to sleep and his friend the Bear sat down by him to drive off the Flies. One of these Flies, who had come back ov-er and ov-er a-gain, at last sat down on the man's nose. "Now I have got you!" said Bru-in, and gave a great blow with his paw. He kil-led the Fly, it is true, but at the same time broke the poor Hermit's nose!



MORAL.

You ought to take care when you choose a great friend, that he is like you in his ways: that he is fond of the same sort of things, and will live in the same way as you live. If you do not do this, you may find that your great friend, though he means well, may on-ly do you harm aft-er all.

XXI.—THE WOLF AND THE KID.

A Nan-ny-Goat, who was go-ing out to feed one day, shut up her Kid at home, and told him to bolt the door and let no one in till she came back. A Wolf, who was hid-ing close by, heard all this, and as soon as the Nan-ny-Goat had gone, gave a knock at the door, and try-ing to make his gruff voice sound like that of the mam-ma, cri-ed, "Now will you let me in, dear, please?" But the Kid was a ve-ry good lit-tle kid, and sharp for his age. He knew that he must o-bey his mam-ma, and so would not o-pen the door, but look-ed out of the win-dow, saw the Wolf, and told him to be off. "For," said he, "ev-en if you do talk like my mam-ma, you are still too much like a Wolf for me to trust."

MORAL.

Be-fore a-ny-thing else young peo-ple should al-ways o-bey their pa-rents. For it is on-ly right that the old-er ones, who have seen and learn-ed more of the world, should teach the young what to do.

XXII.—THE POR-CU-PINE AND THE SNAKES.

A Por-cu-pine one day was in search of some place to hide in, and came up-on some Snakes, whom he begged to let him in-to their cave. They let him come in, but his sharp quills stuck out on ev-er-y side, and kept them in such a fid-get that



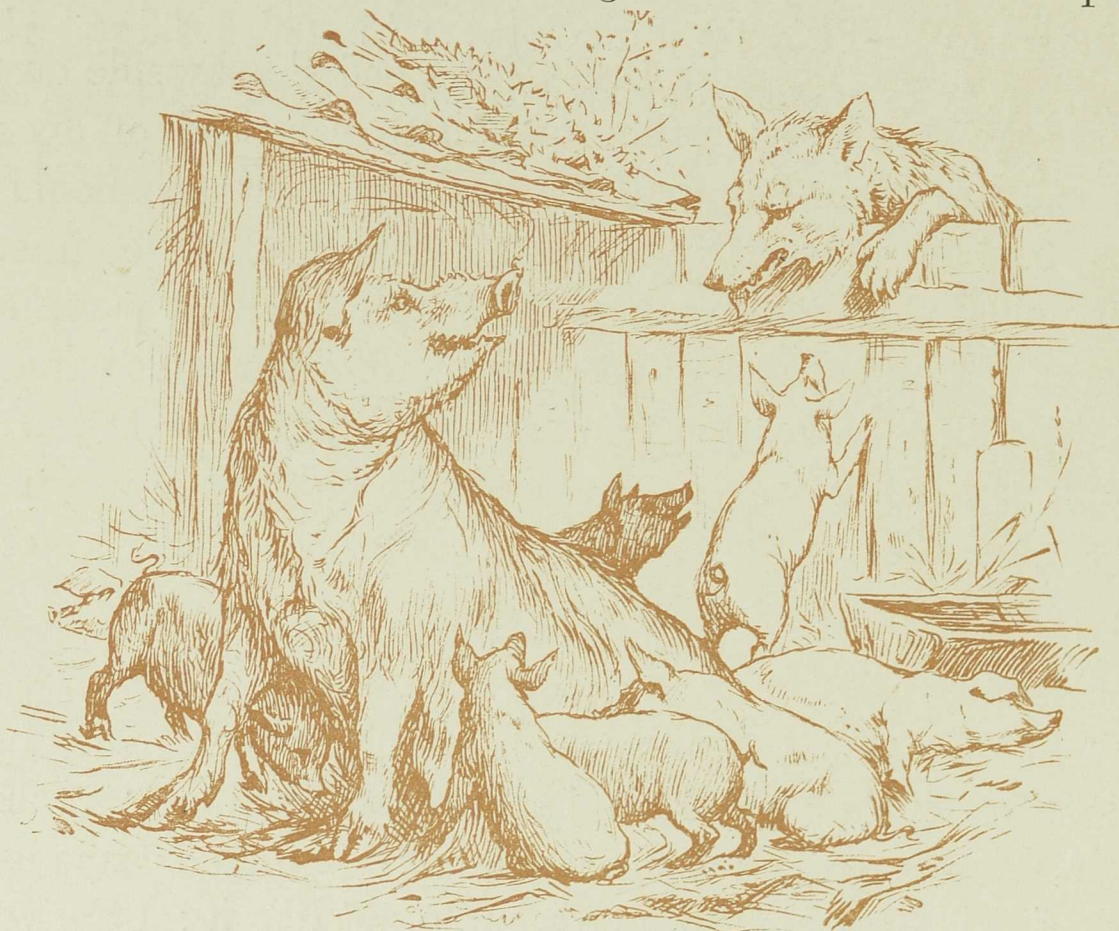
they were sor-ry they had ev-er had a-ny-thing to do with him. At last one of the old-er Snakes said, "Do go, and leave us to our hole, Mr. Por-cu-pine, we real-ly have no room for you." "No, no," said he, "let those go who do not like it ; I am ve-ry com-fort-a-ble as I am."

MORAL.

You should think twice be-fore you in-vite a per-fect strang-er to stay in your house with you. He may make it in-to his home, and or-der you to go some-where else.

XXIII.—THE SOW AND THE WOLF.

A Sow lay in her sty with her lit-ter of lit-tle Pigs, and a Wolf (who long-ed to get one of them for a meal, but did not know how to do so) came and tri-ed to make friends with the Sow. With a low bow, he spoke to her thus: "How does the good dame in the straw do to-day? Can I be of any use to you? If you feel well e-nough to go out for a lit-tle air, you may be glad to leave me in charge of these dear little pig-gies,



whom I real-ly love al-most as much as if they were my own cubs." "I know ve-ry well what you mean," said the old Pig; "and to prove it I will speak plain-ly. The on-ly fa-vour which you can do me is to go a-way, and the soon-er the bet-ter. So if you are a Wolf of hon-our, and real-ly wish to please me, let me nev-er see your cru-el and gree-dy face again!"

MORAL.

It is a great risk to take a fa-vour from one whom we know we can-not trust, and how-ev-er kind they may seem, we should al-ways be on our guard with them.

XXIV.—THE TWO POTS.

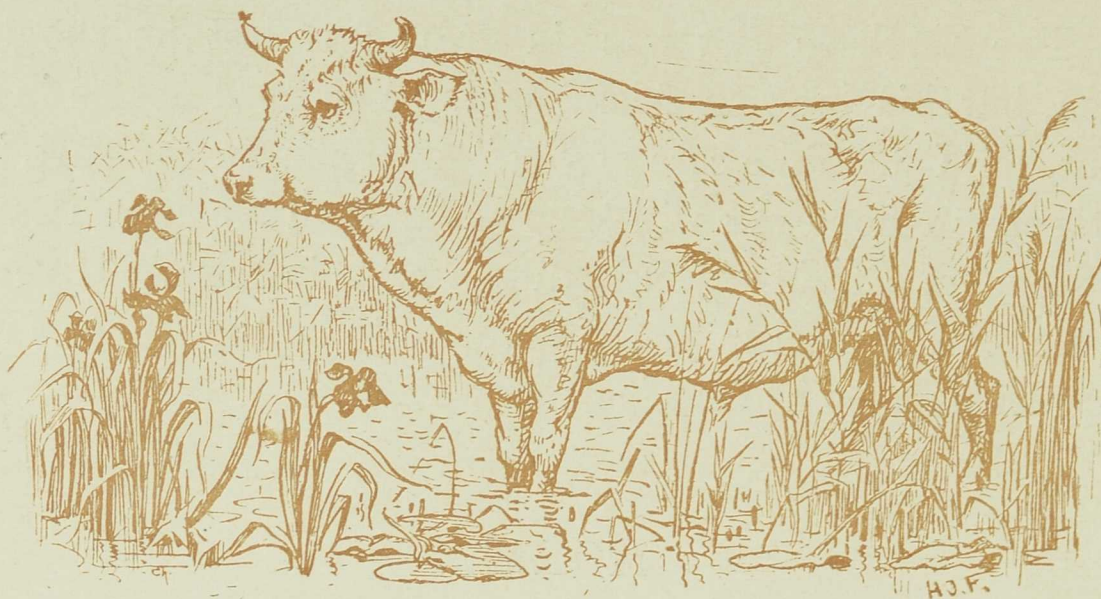
An Earth-en Pot and a Brass Pot stood side by side on the brink of a riv-er, and soon they were both car-ri-ed off by the tide. The Earth-en Pot was in great fear lest he should be brok-en, but his braz-en friend said, “You need not be in such a fright, for I will take care of you.” “Then for my part,” said the oth-er, “I hope you will keep as far from me as you can, for I am far more a-fraid of you than of a-ny-thing else. If you roll on to me, or I roll on to you, I am sure to be the one to suf-fer, so pray let us keep as far a-part as we can.”

MORAL.

If you are born in a hum-ble state of life, you had bet-ter not try to mix with grand and rich friends. For though they may be a-ble to go through life with-out com-ing to a-ny great harm, yet you, in try-ing to live in the same sort of way, may get in-to great trou-ble.

XXV.—THE FLY AND THE BULL.

A Fly, who had sat down on the horn of a Bull, was so vain and sil-ly as to think that her weight might be too much for him. “I beg your par-don,” said she, “but if you feel that I am ve-ry hea-vy for you, just say so, and I will fly off at once.” “Ah! Miss Fly, is it you?” said the Bull. “Do not be in a-ny



fear, for you are not quite so hea-vy as you seem to think: in fact, if I must tell you the truth, I did not know that you were on my head at all, so that it is just the same to me whe-ther you stay there or not.”

MORAL.

If we could al-ways see our-selves as oth-ers see us, we should oft-en find that our own fool-ish pride was the on-ly cause of our be-ing un-hap-py.

XXVI.—THE CROW AND THE JUG.

A Crow, half dead with thirst, flew with joy to a jug, which he saw near him. But just as he was a-bout to drink he saw that the wat-er was so low down in the Jug that he would not be a-ble to reach it. He tri-ed to ov-er-turn the Jug, but it



was too large. At last, he saw some peb-bles close by, and, with his beak, he put them one by one in-to the Jug un-til the wat-er was near the top. He was then a-ble to quench his thirst at once.

MORAL.

Ma-ny things which can-not be done at once, or by mere strength, can be brought a-bout by a lit-tle thought and pa-tience, if we will on-ly try.

XXVII.—THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

One day, as a Fox went by a vine-yard, he felt ve-ry hun-gry, and at the same time saw some love-ly ripe Grapes train-ed on a frame, high a-bove his head. He tri-ed and tri-ed in vain to reach them, and jump-ed un-til he was quite tired. At last, when he found that he real-ly could not get them, he said with a kind of growl, “They look as green as they can be; I do not want sour Grapes, so I will just leave them a-lone.”

MORAL.

It is ve-ry wrong and ve-ry fool-ish as well, to pre-tend that what we can-not do is not worth do-ing. If some-thing good or nice is out of our reach, we should try to do with-out it, or else wait qui-et-ly till we are al-low-ed to have it.

XXVIII.—THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

One day, a Wolf, aft-er he had eat-en his prey, found that a bone had stuck in his throat. It soon gave him such pain that he went up and down whin-ing and howl-ing, and begging ev-er-y crea-ture he met to pull the bone out of his throat and so save his life. By and by, a grave, re-spect-a-ble looking Crane came by, and he un-der-took to cure the Wolf, who,



in re-turn, pro-mis-ed to give the Crane a most splen-did re-ward —though he did not say what that would be. The Crane pull-ed out the bone and ask-ed for his re-ward. But the Wolf was not hon-est, and said, “I did not think you would have had the face to ask me this!

Why, when I had your head in my mouth just now, I did not bite it off, as I might have done. Do you call that no-thing! At all e-vents, it is all you will get.”

MORAL.

There are peo-ple in this world who are not thank-ful to you for any kind-ness, and some who will ev-en re-pay you e-vil for good. But the truth is, you should do kind ac-tions be-cause they are right, and not be-cause you hope for any re-ward in this world.

XXIX.—THE BOY AND THE NUTS.

Once up-on a time, a lit-tle Boy put his hand in-to a jar, in which there were some Figs and Nuts, and he took as ma-ny as he could hold in his fist, and then tri-ed to pull them out. But his hand was so full that he could not do so. He would not lose one, and yet, with-out do-ing so, he could not get them out at all. At last, he burst in-to tears, and cri-ed with rage and greed-i-ness. A kind friend then hap-pen-ed to come in, and at once told him to be con-tent with a few of the good things at a time. “For, as it is,” said he, “you will have no-thing at all.”

MORAL.

One great se-cret of hap-pi-ness is to be thank-ful for what you can get, and con-tent with a lit-tle at a time.

XXX.—THE WISE DON-KEY.

An old Man was feed-ing his Don-key in a green field, when he heard the noise of guns fir-ing, and saw an En-e-my com-ing. He was in a great fright at this, and ask-ed the Don-key to run a-way as fast as he could. But the Don-key, whose name was Ned, qui-et-ly ask-ed whe-ther the En-e-my, if they caught him, would put a hea-vi-er pair of pan-ni-ers on his back, or make him work any hard-er than he did al-rea-dy. "No, no," said the Man, still in a great state of mind. "Ve-ry well, then," said Mr. Ned, "I shall not run a-way at all. For what does it mat-ter to poor me whe-ther my Mas-ter is an En-e-my or not, if he on-ly makes me work as much as I do now, or per-haps ra-ther less?"

MORAL.

It is un-just and fool-ish to ex-pect oth-ers to share in our trou-bles when we have nev-er ask-ed them to share in our joys. And qui-et, hum-ble peo-ple will do well not to mix in quar-rels which they have not a-ny-thing to do with.

XXXI.—THE HAWK AND THE FARM-ER.

A Hawk, who was fly-ing aft-er a Pi-geon to kill him, was so eag-er that he flew in-to a trap which a Farm-er had set there to catch Crows. The Farm-er saw the Hawk fly in-to the trap, and came and took him. Just as he was go-ing to wring his neck, the Hawk beg-ged him to let him go, "For," he said, "I was aft-er all on-ly try-ing to catch the Pi-geon; not to do a-ny harm to you or a-ny of your friends." "And what harm was the poor Pi-geon try-ing to do you?" ask-ed the Farm-er. And he kill-ed the naugh-ty Hawk with-out an-oth-er word.

MORAL.

If we are al-ways self-ish and un-kind to those a-bout us, we can-not hope for much help or pi-ty when it comes to our turn to be in trou-ble. "Do un-to oth-ers as you would they should do un-to you." That is the best rule to fol-low as we go through life.

XXXII.—THE BOY AND THE NET-TLE.

One day, a lit-tle Boy went out to play, and got stung by a Net-tle. He at once ran cry-ing to his fa-ther, and told him that a nas-ty plant had hurt him; that it had done so be-fore; that he had al-ways been a-fraid of it; but that now he had on-ly just touch-ed it, and yet it had stung him more than ev-er.



“ My dear child,” said his Pa-pa, “ it is for the ve-ry rea-son that, as you say, you ‘ only just touch-ed it,’ that it hurt you so much ! An-oth-er time be a brave Boy and grasp your net-tle bold-ly, and then you will find that it will not sting you at all.”

MORAL.

So it is with many of the cares and trou-bles which we meet with in life. If we face them firm-ly and bold-ly, we shall oft-en ov-er-come them, and they will not hurt us at all.

XXXIII.—THE SNIPE AND THE PAR-TRID-GES.

A Man was one day out with his gun, and a dear old Span-i-el, nam-ed Spring. Go-ing ov-er the fields ve-ry care-ful-ly, Spring man-ag-ed to put up a Snipe and a cov-ey of Par-trid-ges at the same time. The Man was quite daz-ed at this, and, want-ing to kill ev-er-y-thing at once, made such a bad shot that he hit no-thing at all. “My dear mas-ter,” old Spring could not help say-ing, “if you had not tried to get the Par-trid-ges as well, you might, at least, have made sure of the Snipe.”

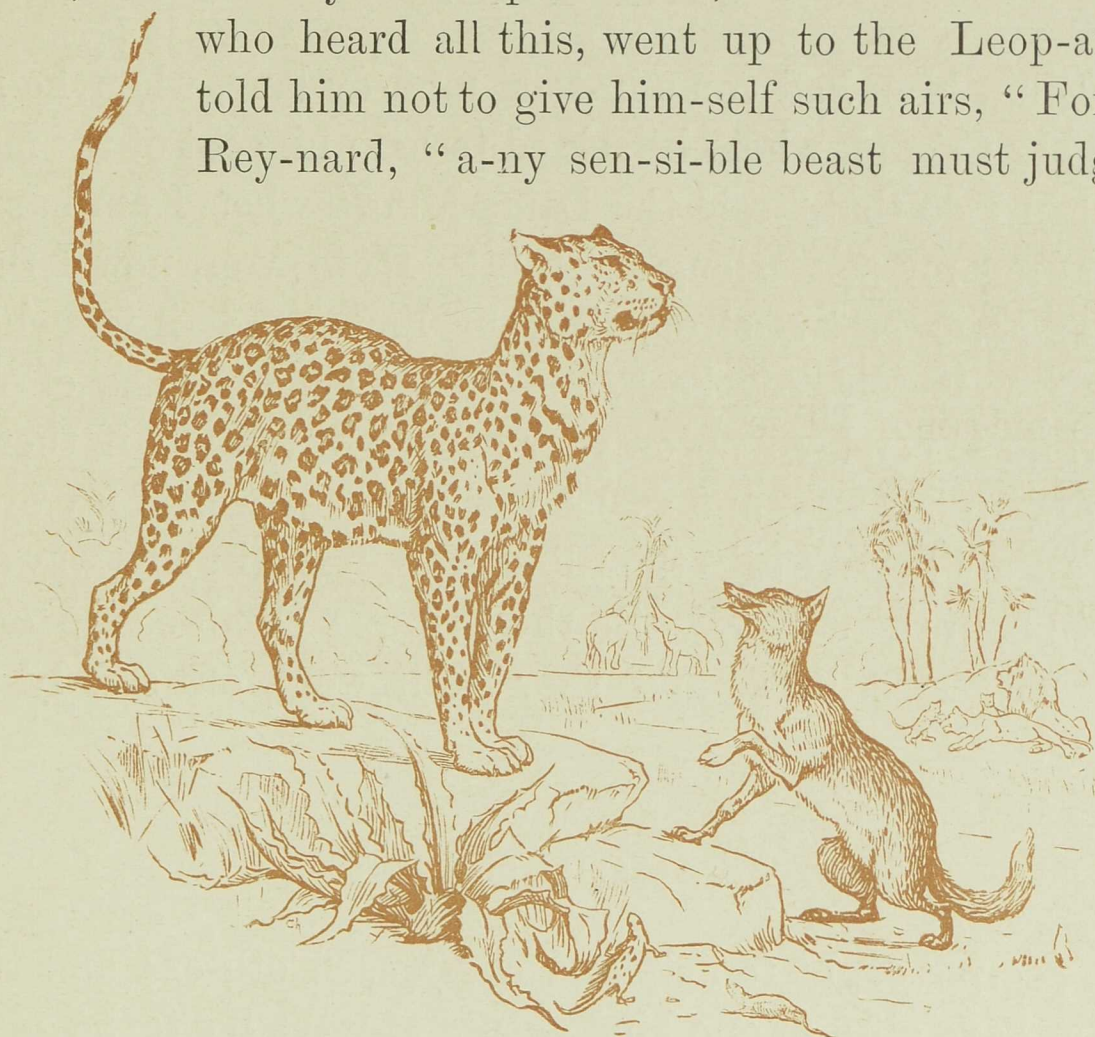
MORAL.

To do one thing at a time is the on-ly way to do it well. If you try to do two or three things at once, you will oft-en fail in all.

XXXIV.—THE LEOPARD AND THE FOX.

A Leopard one day took it in-to his head to think that the spots and bright col-our of his coat made him grand-er than all the oth-er an-i-mals. “In-deed I can see no rea-son,” said he, “why ev-en the Li-on should come be-fore me, for he has by no means such a fine skin ! As to the rest of the an-i-mals of the for-est, I must say I de-spise them, one and all !” A Fox,

who heard all this, went up to the Leopard, and told him not to give him-self such airs, “For,” said Rey-nard, “a-ny sen-si-ble beast must judge you,



not by the col-our of your coat, but by what is in-side it. That is, it is the will and the mind, and not the skin or coat, which real-ly makes a he-ro such as you wish to be.”

MORAL.

If we are gift-ed with beau-ty of face or form, or wear ve-ry pret-ty clothes, we should be mod-est and re-mem-ber the pro-verb, “Hand-some is that hand-some does.”

XXXV.—THE BLIND MAN AND THE CRIP-PLE.

A Blind Man had come in-to a mud-dy lane, when he met with a poor Crip-ple whom he ask-ed to help him out of the mess. "How can I do that," said the Lame Man, "when I am hard-ly a-ble to drag my-self a-long as it is! How-ev-er, now I think of it, you seem pret-ty strong in your limbs, and, if you chose, might car-ry me on your back, and so lend me the use of your legs; while I, perch-ed up-on your back, will tell you if there is a-ny-thing in our way, and so let you have the use of my eyes." "With all my heart," said the Blind Man, "and in that way each of us will help the oth-er." So the Crip-ple climb-ed up on to the Blind Man's back, and they both went off safe-ly and hap-pi-ly.

MORAL.

In life, peo-ple ought to help and cheer each oth-er; and those who have gifts of one kind should al-ways try to be of use to those who have on-ly gifts of an-oth-er kind. In that way we may help to make the world more hap-py and bright than it would oth-er-wise be.

XXXVI.—THE FOX WITH-OUT A TAIL.

A Fox, who had been caught in a trap, and so lost his brush, was on-ly too glad to get off with his life. But aft-er-wards, when he be-gan to go a-bout a-gain, he felt so sil-ly with-out a tail that he would al-most as soon have di-ed, aft-er all. He tri-ed all the same to make the best of it, and so had a great meet-ing of all the oth-er Fox-es. He then plain-ly told them that they ought to be like him, and cut off their tails; and in the course of a long, long speech, tri-ed to show them that aft-er all tails were of ve-ry lit-tle use. “And for my own part,” said he, “I de-clare I have felt much more cool and com-fort-a-ble ev-er since my own brush was ta-ken off.” But some of the oth-er Fox-es were quite as sly as he was, and one of them, who had seen a trap more than once, and knew ve-ry well what had hap-pen-ed, said, “I think you may have been ve-ry glad to part with your tail, or ‘brush,’ as you choose to call it, some lit-tle time a-go, and if ev-er we find our-selves in the same plight you were in, we shall be glad e-nough to do as you have done; but not till then! not till then!”

MORAL.

Be-fore you a-gree to change an old cus-tom, or part with an old friend, think well why you are ask-ed to do so. Peo-ple oft-en try to set a new fash-i-on, or make some change, for a sly rea-son of their own, and not be-cause it is real-ly best for e-ve-ry-one.

XXXVII.—THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLD-EN EGGS.

A Man once had a Goose who laid him a gold egg e-ve-ry day. But this did not con-tent him, and he made up his mind to kill the Goose, cut her o-pen, and get all the eggs at once.



(For, you see, he fan-ci-ed there was a great store of them in-side her.) Well, he kill-ed the poor Goose, and cut her o-pen, but found no gold-en eggs in-side her, and, of course the Goose could nev-er lay a-ny more.

MORAL.

Peo-ple should be sat-is-fied with what they have; for if they try for too much, they may lose all.

XXXVIII.—THE TRAV-EL-LERS AND THE BEAR.

Two Men, who went on a jour-ney to-geth-er, prom-is-ed to help each oth-er in a-ny dan-ger that might come. They had not gone far, when a Bear ran at them from a thick wood. Up-on which, one of them, who was a light, act-ive young man, at once climb-ed up a tree, while the oth-er fell flat on his face, held his b r e a t h ,

and pre-tend-ed to be dead.

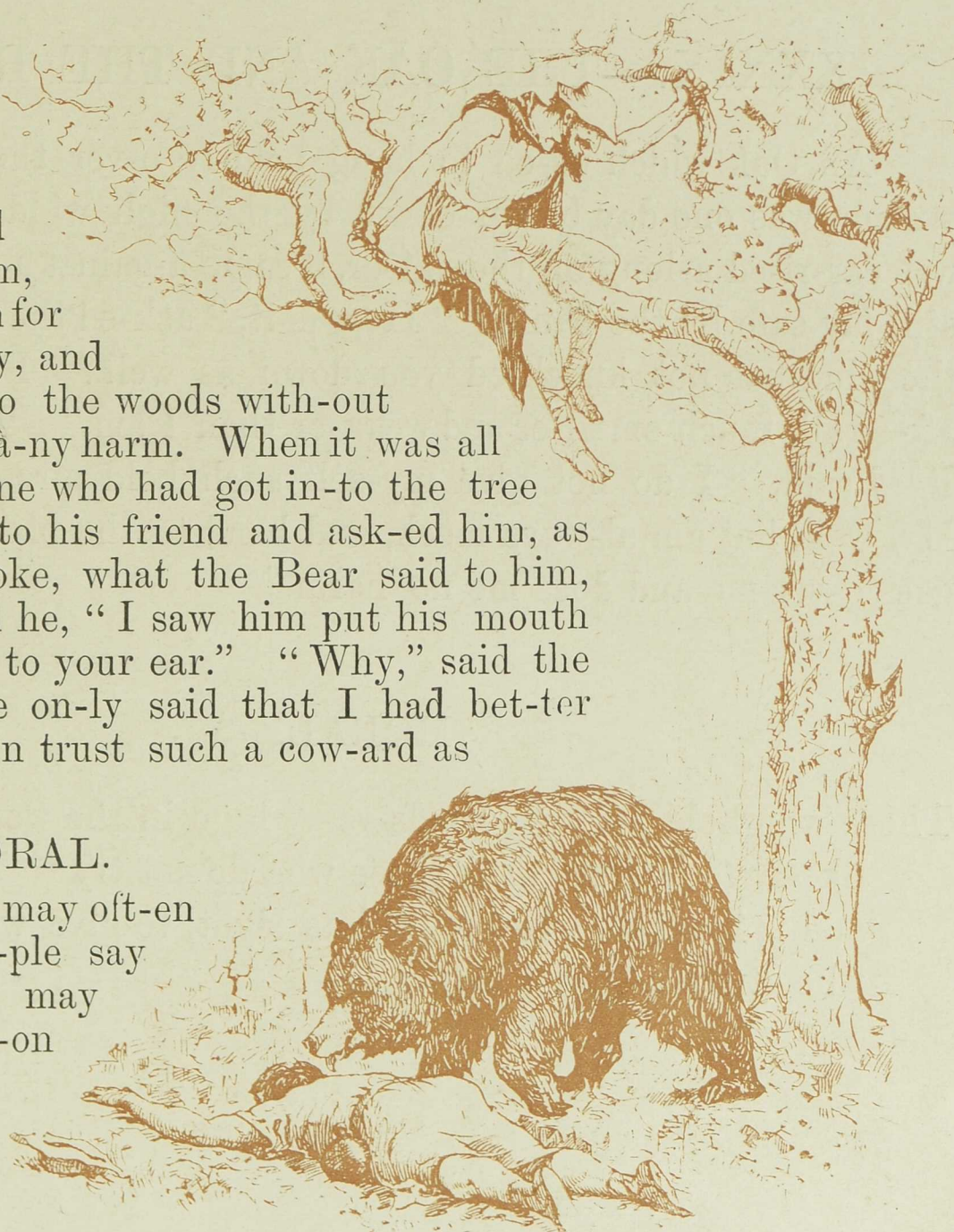
The Bear came up and smelt at him, but took him for a dead bo-dy, and

went back to the woods with-out do-ing him a-ny harm. When it was all o-ver, the one who had got in-to the tree came down to his friend and ask-ed him, as a sort of joke, what the Bear said to him, "For," said he, "I saw him put his mouth ve-ry close to your ear." "Why," said the oth-er, "he on-ly said that I had bet-ter nev-er a-gain trust such a cow-ard as your-self!"

MORAL.

Though we may oft-en hear peo-ple say that we may count up-on them to help us, w h e n dan-ger

and trou-ble real-ly come we do not al-ways find that they keep their word. And, be-sides, a thor-ough cow-ard can nev-er make a true friend.



XXXIX.—THE OAK AND THE REED.

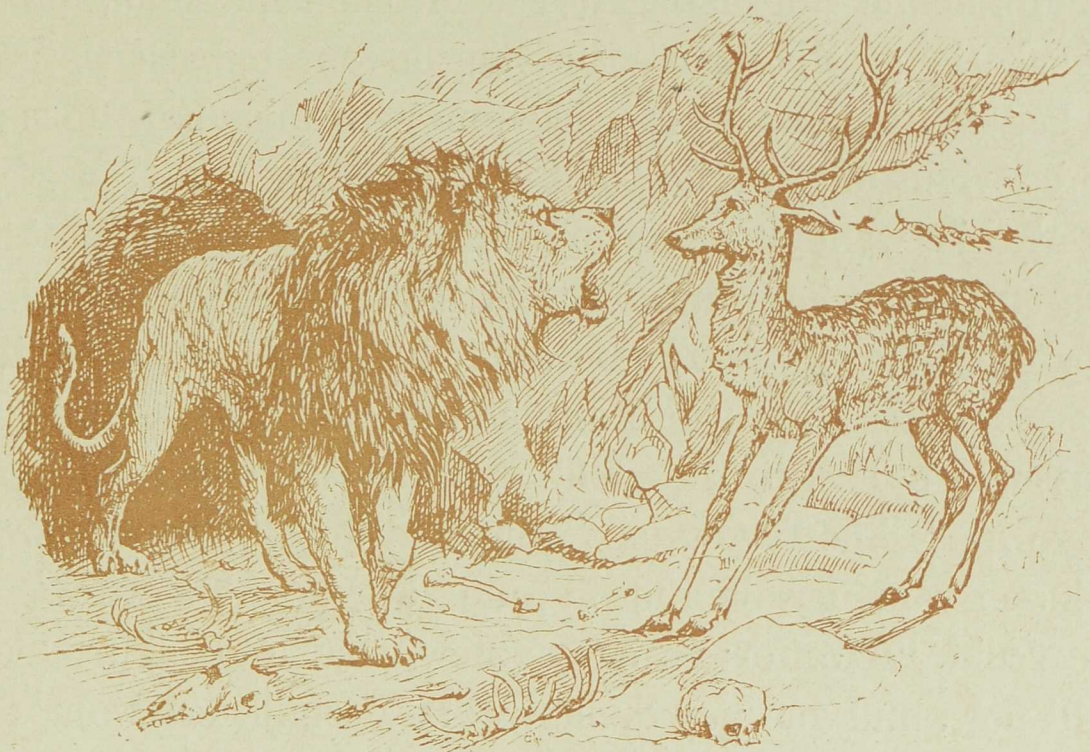
An Oak which us-ed to hang bold-ly o-ver the bank of a stream, was one day blown down by the high wind; and as it was car-ri-ed a-long on the wat-er, it came a-gainst a Reed, which still lay safe by the bank. “How is it,” ask-ed the Oak, “that the wind has not knock-ed you down as well? For you are, aft-er all, much small-er and weak-er than I am.” To which the Reed said, “I do not give my-self such bold airs as you do, Mr. Oak, but am al-ways meek, and bend to the blast, so that it goes o-ver me and does me no harm.”

MORAL.

Those who hold up their heads ve-ry high in the world are more like-ly to be hurt than those who do not try to be no-tic-ed, and it is oft-en wise, as well as right, to give way to those who strive a-gainst us.

XL.—THE DEER AND THE LI-ON.

A Deer that was ve-ry hard run by the Hounds ran in-to a cave to hide, but as soon as he had done so found him-self face to face with a Li-on, who, be-ing ve-ry fond of ven-i-son, and ra-ther hun-gry at the time, sprang on to him in a mo-ment, and



be-gan to eat him. The Deer, at the point of death, could not help call-ing out, “What a poor, un-luck-y wretch I am! Di-rect-ly I get a-way from one fierce en-e-my, I am caught by an-oth-er just as bad!”

MORAL.

The poor Deer in the fa-ble re-minds us of the old say-ing, “*Out of the fry-ing pan in-to the fire.*” When we try to es-cape from one dan-ger, we should take care not to fall in-to an-oth-er which may be worse.

XLI.—THE HORSE AND THE STAG.

A Horse and Stag us-ed to feed in the same field, and were ve-ry good friends, till one day the Stag be-gan to tease the Horse, and at last went so far as to prick him with his sharp horns and drive him right out of the field. The Horse, who was ve-ry an-gry at this, went in search of a Man who us-ed to hunt stags, and ask-ed him to help him. At the same time he let the Man put a bri-dle ov-er his head, and a bit in his mouth, so as to ride him pro-per-ly. When the Man had done all this, he mount-ed the Horse, rode back to the field, and shot the Stag with his bow and ar-row. "Thank you, sir," said the Horse; "and now you may take off your bri-dle and bit and let me go a-gain." But the Man said, "No, no; I nev-er knew what a good drudge you were till now, and you may be sure that I shall keep you for my own use."

MORAL.

Re-venge is not meant to pros-per. But what-ev-er we wish to do, we had better take the trou-ble to do it for our-selves, and so keep in-de-pen-dent.

XLII.—THE FOX AND THE BOAR.

A Boar stood by a tree to whet his tusks on it, and at the same time a Fox came by. Reynard wished to know what danger the Boar was preparing for in this way, as he could not see or hear a-ny-one com-ing. "That may be," said the



Boar, "but I al-ways sharp-en my weap-ons when I have time. When the dan-ger does come I shall find plen-ty of oth-er work to do."

MORAL.

A wise man will not re-main i-dle un-til he is forc-ed to work ;
but will get rea-dy be-fore-hand, so as not to be tak-en by
sur-prise in the hour of need.

XLIII.—THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

One day, a Li-on, faint with heat and tir-ed aft-er a good day's hunt-ing, lay down to rest un-der the shade of an oak. While he was a-sleep, a lit-tle par-ty of Mice came run-ning o-ver his back and woke him up. He was, of course, rath-er an-gry at this, and put out his paw to kill one of the Mice. But the poor lit-tle thing be-gan to beg for his life, and to pray that the Li-on would not stoop to de-stroy such a ti-ny lit-tle an-i-mal. The Li-on thought o-ver this, and, at last, let the Mouse run a-way. Not ve-ry long aft-er-wards, the same Li-on, while out hunt-ing, ran in-to a net which had been spread for



him. He could not free him-self, and in his rage and grief gave sev-er-al loud roars. Now, the Mouse, whose life he had sav-ed, at once knew the voice of his friend, and, run-ning to the spot, told him to have no fear, for he thought that he could ve-ry like-ly help him. He then set to work with his sharp lit-tle teeth, and in a short time bit all the knots of the ropes in-to piec-es, and set the roy-al cap-tive free.

MORAL.

No per-son in this world is of so lit-tle im-port-ance but that some day he may be of the great-est use. And as we should al-ways be kind to the poor and hum-ble, so the day may come when we may find our kind-ness well re-paid.

XLIV.—THE OX AND THE CALF.

A sil-ly Calf, full of pride and mis-chief, see-ing an Ox toil-ing at his plough, be-gan to sneer and make fun of him. “What a poor drudge you are,” said he, “to bear that great yoke on your neck, and draw a plough at your tail all day long, just to please your Mas-ter! Why, you are no-thing but a slave, and can know no bet-ter, or you would not show so lit-tle spir-it. See what a gay life I lead! I do just as I like. I lie un-der the big trees, and drink out of the brook, while you have not so much as a drop of wa-ter to re-fresh you while you are at your work.” The pa-tient Ox went on with his task, and did not ev-en turn his head at all this. At last, when his work was end-ed, he was let loose, and his yoke tak-en off. But he soon saw the Calf led out of the field by the But-cher, who was go-ing to kill him. “Aha! my young friend,” said he, “you may now see what it was they let you live for, and who is real-ly the best off, you or I?”

MORAL.

It is ve-ry wick-ed and sil-ly to make fun of those who have to work hard; or to boast be-cause we seem to be more luck-y than oth-ers. If we are so cru-el, our own turn may come for oth-ers to laugh at us. Then we shall suf-fer all the more, be-cause we shall feel that we de-serve no pi-ty.

XLV.—THE SCHOOL-BOY AND THE CORK BELT.

A School-boy, who had learnt to swim with a cork belt which kept him up in the wa-ter, made up his mind to swim with-out a-ny belt, like some big-ger boys and grown-up men whom he had seen. So he went down to the riv-er-side, took off his clothes, and jump-ing in-to the wat-er, tri-ed to swim like a-ny-bo-dy else. But he could not keep up at all; the stream car-ri-ed him a-way; and he must have been drown-ed if he had not been wise e-nough and brave e-nough to lay hold of the branch of a tree which hung over the wa-ter. As it was, he had on-ly breath e-nough left to call out for help. The Mas-ter of the school heard the cry, and soon pull-ed his pu-pil out of the riv-er. “You will now see,” said the School-mas-ter, “that you should nev-er lay a-ny-thing a-side till you are quite sure that you can do with-out it.”

MORAL.

“You should creep be-fore you run,” is true in e-ve-ry af-fair of life; and this fa-ble may al-so re-mind us that we should be slow to part with an old friend or tri-ed ser-vant.

XLVI.—THE BEAR AND THE HON-EY.

A Bear, who was out for a stroll one day, saw a row of bee-hives plac-ed in front of a cot-tage; and at once made up his mind to take the hon-ey, though he knew ve-ry well that it did not be-long to him. He soon climb-ed o-ver the lit-tle gar-den fence, and, knock-ing down the bee-hives with one of his great paws, began to gob-ble up all the hon-ey and hon-ey-comb that he could see. But the poor Bees felt bound not to let Mr. Bru-in steal their lit-tle store in this wick-ed way. So they flew at him



in swarms, stung his nose, and his ears, and his eyes, and his lips, and his bo-dy, and soon made him roar with pain, and ev-en tear his own skin in the pla-ces where they had stung him.

MORAL.

What-ev-er you may wish to do, nev-er for-get that “Hon-es-ty is the best pol-i-cy.” When you want to have some-thing ve-ry much in-deed, think first whe-ther you have a-ny right to take it; and then think, al-so, whe-ther your tak-ing it will give pain to oth-ers. If you on-ly think of your-self, it will oft-en end in your look-ing ve-ry fool-ish.

XLVII.—THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

One day a Fox hap-pen-ed to fall in-to a well. He look-ed first up, then down, then one way, and then an-oth-er, to see how he could get out a-gain, but it was all of no use. Just then, a Goat came by, and ask-ed him if the wat-er was good. “My dear friend!” said the cunning Fox, “do you know it is so sweet that I should kill my-self if I drank all I lik-ed.” Up-on this, the Goat, with-out a-ny more a-do, leap-ed in, and the Fox then jump-ed onto his horns, and in this way help-ed him-self out. He left the poor Goat at the bot-tom of the well to do the best he could.



MORAL.

This fa-ble teach-es us to be care-ful how we ac-cept ad-vice ; and that when a-ny-one we do not know well gives us ad-vice, we should con-sid-er whe-ther he gives it us for our own good, or whe-ther he is real-ly on-ly try-ing to gain his own ends, with-out car-ing what may hap-pen to us.

XLVIII.—THE OLD HOUND.

An old Hound, who had once been a ve-ry good one, and had help-ed to give his Mas-ter ma-ny a fine day's sport, at last be-came old and fee-ble and of ve-ry lit-tle use in the field. One day, out hunt-ing, the poor old fel-low was quite close to a Stag, who was near-ly run down, and he caught hold of him as well as he could, but his worn-out teeth could not hold the Stag, and he got a-way. The Mas-ter then rode up, ve-ry hot and ve-ry cross, and was just go-ing to strike his faith-ful old friend. But the Hound, look-ing up at him with his kind sad eyes, bark-ed out this pray-er: "Oh, do not beat your poor old ser-vant, whose *will* is still what it al-ways was, but whose *pow-er* is near-ly come to an end! My worst faults, aft-er all, are old age and want of strength. Pray do not for-get what I have done for you in the past."

MORAL.

You should nev-er for-get the past ser-vi-ces of a faith-ful friend, whe-ther man or wo-man, horse or hound.

XLIX.—THE BALM-TREE AND THE THORN.

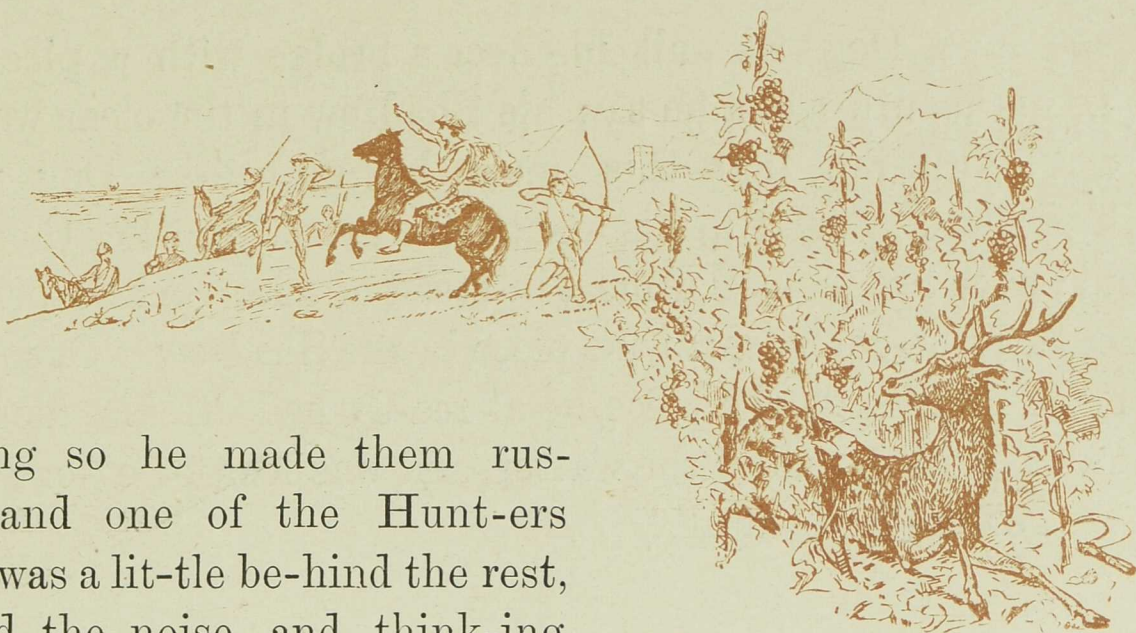
A cross lit-tle Thorn, which grew close to a fine Balm-Tree, used oft-en to scold the Balm for be-ing so meek and mild. “You let men come and prick your sides with sharp things, and then steal your juice from you,” said the Thorn, “with-out once rais-ing your voice, or mak-ing e-ven a mur-mur!” “It is quite true,” said the Balm, “that I let men treat me in this way, and al-so that I let them take ra-ther more of my juice than I can well spare. But this gives me no pain at all, for I feel that what I lose, oth-ers gain, num-bers of poor peo-ple be-ing heal-ed with this med-i-cine of mine. Now, you—if you will let me say so—think of your-self more than of oth-ers, and aft-er all on-ly give pain to those who try to use you as a friend. I may be meek and mild, but I am quite sure that I am right, all the same.”

MORAL.

The mor-al of this fa-ble is the great les-son taught us in the sto-ry of the good Sa-mar-i-tan, and al-so in the Ser-mon on the Mount: “Do good to oth-ers.” Like the no-ble Tree in this sto-ry, it is far bet-ter to act in this way, e-ven if we nev-er have a-ny cred-it or re-ward for it, than to be so wick-ed as to do no good at all and on-ly to think of our-selves.

L.—THE HART AND THE VINE.

A Hart, who was chas-ed by Hunt-ers, hid him-self un-der the big leaves of a sha-dy Vine. When the Men had gone by, he felt quite safe a-gain, and be-gan to eat the leaves. But in



do-ing so he made them rus-tle, and one of the Hunt-ers who was a lit-tle be-hind the rest, heard the noise, and think-ing that it must be a wild beast, call-ed back his friends, who all shot their ar-rows in-to the vine, and so kill-ed the Hart. As he was dy-ing, he was heard to say, “It is on-ly just that I should be kill-ed for hav-ing been so un-grate-ful as to eat the poor leaves which were kind to me in my hour of dan-ger.”

MORAL.

Peo-ple who are thank-less to those who have been good to them will oft-en find that their in-gra-ti-tude brings its own pun-ish-ment.

LI.—THE DOG AND THE SHAD-OW.

One day a Dog was walk-ing over a bridge with a piece of meat in his mouth, when he saw his Shad-ow in the clear wa-ter be-low. Think-ing that this must be an-oth-er Dog with an-oth-er piece of meat in his mouth, the gree-dy fel-low thought he would have two pie-ces of meat in-stead of one. So he o-pen-ed his mouth in or-der to seize the piece in the Shad-ow. Of course that made him let go the piece he al-rea-dy had in his mouth ! It sank to the bot-tom of the wa-ter, and was lost for ev-er ; and the Dog got no-thing at all !

MORAL.

If you try to get more than your fair share, you will oft-en lose all that you have al-rea-dy. In real life we oft-en see peo-ple do this ; and those who have not learnt bet-ter when they were young, will e-ven be-come beg-gars when they are old, through al-ways try-ing for more than God has giv-en them as their share.

LII.—THE CON-CEIT-ED FROG.

An Ox was graz-ing in a field, when he came on a par-ty of young Frogs, and trod one of them to death. The oth-ers ran cry-ing to their mo-ther, and told her all that had hap-pen-ed, say-ing that the an-i-mal who had kill-ed their lit-tle bro-ther was the big-gest they had ev-er seen in their lives. “Come now,” said the old Frog, blow-ing her-self out to a large size, “Was it so big?” “Oh! a great deal big-ger than that!” said they. “So big?” said she, blow-ing her-self out still more. “In-deed, Mam-ma,” said they, “if you were real-ly to burst you could not show us how big it was.” She tried once a-gain, and did burst in-to a hun-dred pie-ces.

MORAL.

We should not al-ways want to be as great and grand as oth-er peo-ple, and those who are so vain that they can-not bear to see a-ny-one fin-er or great-er than them-selves with-out try-ing to co-py them will come to a bad end. The wis-est of men can no more do some things, than the lit-tle Frog was able to make her-self as big as the Ox.

LIII.—THE MAN AND THE WEA-SEL.

A Man who had caught a Wea-sel in a trap, was just going to kill it, when the poor crea-ture cri-ed out: “ Please, sir, don’t kill me ; for, if you will just think, I am of use to you, and have, in short, been a good friend of yours, by al-ways keep-ing your house free from those nas-ty dis-hon-est Mice. I hope you will let me go.” “ What you say would be all ve-ry fine,” an-swer-ed the Man, “ if your *mo-tive* had been a good one. But as you



on-ly kill the Mice in my house so as to eat them your-self, and at the same time steal and eat my food just as they do it, is no use try-ing to make out that you are my friend at all.” And he kill-ed him with-out an-oth-er word.

MORAL.

It is not un-com-mon for dis-hon-est peo-ple to pre-tend that they do what is wrong on-ly for the sake of oth-ers. But the ex-cuse is a ve-ry bad one. Do what is right, and you will nev-er have to make ex-cu-ses. Be just, and you will have no-thing to fear.

LIV.—THE E-CLIPSE.

One day the Moon was un-der an e-clipse. Now she did not real-ly know what had hap-pen-ed, and so felt hurt be-cause the Sun did not shine on her as us-u-al. At last, she was so much put out, that she ask-ed the Sun what he meant by it, and why he did not shine on his old friend as be-fore. "I do shine on you," said the Sun, "at least, I try to do so." "Oh!" said the Moon, "but now I think I can ex-plain it all. You try to shine on me as be-fore, but that nas-ty thing they call the Earth has just come be-tween us."

MORAL.

Peo-ple oft-en do not seem to be so kind as they real-ly are, through some-one else hav-ing in-ter-fer-ed be-tween them and the peo-ple to whom they meant to do good.

LV.—THE BRO-THER AND SIS-TER.

Once up-on a time there were two child-ren, a Boy and a Girl. The Boy was ve-ry pret-ty, but the lit-tle Girl was ra-ther plain. They were both at play in their mo-ther's room one day, when the Boy saw his own face in a look-ing-glass. "Just see," he said to his Sis-ter, "what a pret-ty face I have, and how ve-ry nice I look!" She felt hurt at his say-ing this; for he seem-ed to point out how much more hand-some he was than she. So off she ran to her Fa-ther, and ask-ed him to scold the Bro-ther for be-ing so vain, and for wast-ing his time in such a sil-ly way. The Fa-ther thought for a min-ute or two, and then told them that they might both look in the glass ev-er-y day if they chose. "You," he said to the Boy (who had now come in), "when you think your face pret-ty, must hope and pray for a good tem-per and kind heart to match the face. While you" (turn-ing to the lit-tle Girl) "can think how best to make up for your face by a love-ly mind and sweet dis-po-si-tion."

MORAL.

We should try with all our might to find out what our own faults are; and to see the vir-tues of oth-er peo-ple.

LVI.—THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUN-TRY MOUSE.

A plain, hon-est Coun-try Mouse once ask-ed a ve-ry fine Town Mouse (who was an old school-fel-low of his) to pay him a vis-it at his lit-tle place in the coun-try. The Town Mouse came, and his friend tri-ed to make him as com-fort-a-ble as he could, giv-ing him green peas, ba-con, a dish of fine oat-meal, some cheese-rind, and oth-er coun-try fare, with a ve-ry fine ap-ple for des-ert. He him-self on-ly nib-bled a piece of wheat-straw, so that his guest might have all the more. The



Town Mouse was too well bred to sneer at this food during din-ner time; but could not help say-ing to his host as he was go-ing a-way the next day, "I say, old Friend, how can you bear to live in this nas-ty out-of-the-way lit-tle hole? For-give me, but you ought to see more of the gay world. Come with me at once, if you will, and I will show you a lit-tle life." Aft-er some fur-ther per-sua-sion, the Coun-try Mouse a-greed, and went a-way with his grand friend. A-bout mid-night, they came to the Ci-ty where the Town Mouse liv-ed. They then went

in-to a ve-ry fine house, where the peo-ple had been hav-ing a big din-ner par-ty that night ; and the Coun-try Mouse was soon sit-ting on a soft cush-ion with all sorts of tit-bits be-fore him, and, in short, ev-er-y kind of lux-u-ry which he might choose to lay paws on. He could not help feel-ing pleas-ed, and was be-gin-ning to be quite mer-ry, when all at once he heard a dread-ful noise. This made him quake with fear, and both he and his fine friend jump-ed a-bout the room to find a hole by which to es-cape. A large Mas-tiff then bound-ed in, bark-ing so as to make the whole house ring. "You need not be a-fraid," said the Town Mouse, "this will soon be o-ver, no doubt, and we shall be a-ble to fin-ish our feast aft-er all." "No, no," said the poor lit-tle Coun-try Mouse, "if this is what the gay world is like, I do not wish to see a-ny more of it, but will leave all these grand things and go back at once to my qui-et hole, and en-joy my home-ly fare of wheat-straw and cheese-rind in peace !"

MORAL.

A qui-et home in the coun-try, with e-nough for our wants, is bet-ter than a gay life in town, with ev-e-ry de-li-ca-cy and rich kind of food, side by side with con-stant care and trou-ble.



FINIS.

