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fables, American

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Will Carrie please accept
this from her friend
May Bliss

Plumfield Pa May 1st 1888.

W. B.

... ..

... ..





PARLEY'S.

BOOK OF FABLES.



The Two Goldfinches.



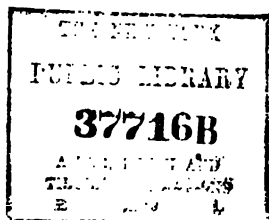
The Bees and the Drones.

PETER PARLEY'S
BOOK OF FABLES.



ILLUSTRATED BY
NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

HARTFORD:
SILAS ANDRUS AND SON.
1852.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1834, by
S. G. GOODRICH,
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PREFACE:

THIS little book is chiefly compiled from a collection of Fables, by Ingram Cobbin, recently published in London. That work was expressly written for youth, and seemed, on the whole, happily adapted to the inculcation of religion and morality. In an attempt to render this work still more suitable to the purposes of education and moral culture, I have rejected such stories as might seem of questionable utility, and remodeled those that are retained. I hope I may have so far succeeded in my desire to benefit and please my youthful readers, as to have prepared a book of Fables that may, in amusing the fancy, carry home to the heart many lasting lessons of virtue.

I am well aware that conscientious scruples are entertained by many wise and good people as to the use of fiction in juvenile books; and perhaps particular objections are supposed to exist against books

of fables. But it appears to me that the argument commonly lies against the *abuse*, and not against the *use*, of fiction. Parables are not only fictions, but are closely allied to fables; and of these the Scriptures furnish us many examples. This alone is a sufficient refutation of all arguments against fable or fiction, properly used.

Addison recommends fables, as exhilarating to the mind by fanciful representations, while, in its very moments of relaxation, it thus lays up lessons of truth. He also remarks, that "Jotham's fable of the trees is the oldest extant, and as beautiful as any made since." Nathan's fable of the poor man is next in antiquity, and may perhaps be considered even superior to it, in affecting representation.

To these examples from the Old Testament, we may add the authority of Jesus Christ, who frequently made use of parables or fables to inculcate truth. And the conscientious Cowper, in reply to Rousseau, the deist, who contended that all fables which ascribe *reason and speech* to animals, should be withheld, as *being mere vehicles of deception*, thus sarcastically

and triumphantly sings, in his fable of the Pairing Time :

"I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no :
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable ;
And e'en the child, who knows no better
Than to interpret to the letter
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull."

I do not mean by this to recommend all books of fables to children; on the contrary, I deem most collections I have met with, very objectionable. They are generally sullied with indelicacies, and the fables they contain often inculcate craft, cunning, and worldly selfishness.

TO THE YOUNG READER.

This little book is full of stories, which I call FABLES. By this I mean that they are tales, in which foxes, frogs, dogs, and other animals, are fancied sometimes to speak, and think, like men, women, and children. These stories, you will un-

derstand, are not *histories*; and I do not pretend that these things actually did happen. I only *imagine* them to have happened; and my object in telling them, is not to make you believe what is false, but to impress upon your mind what is true.

For instance; I tell you a story of some mice who talked together and disobeyed their mother, and one of them got his leg torn off in a trap. Now, you will understand that I do not wish to make you believe that this adventure of the mice actually happened, for that would be to deceive you; but I want to impress upon your minds the great truth, that disobedience and deception are very wicked and very dangerous.

Thus you see that, while I tell you stories of things that never happened, my real design is to give you lessons of importance. The truth is, that children are fond of stories; and, to please them, I have ~~given~~ them stories. But I wish my little friends to be good and happy; I have therefore mixed with these stories some good and useful things, which I *hope they will long remember.*

P. PARLEY.

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PARLEY'S FABLES.

THE CHILD AND SNAKE;

Or, a Story to show that what is beautiful may not be good.



A LITTLE BOY was one day walking in a field. It was summer, and the weather was warm and pleasant. The grass was green, and there were many flowers in full bloom.

The boy was delighted as he ran along : sometimes he stopped to pick the red blossoms of the clover, and then to gather the yellow tops of the wild lily : sometimes he would listen to the meadow lark, that sang from the top of a tree ; and sometimes he would chase the butterflies that flew before him.

Thus he went on for a full hour. At length he came to a thick group of bushes. They cast a pleasant shade upon the ground, and the child sat down beneath them.

While he was there, a creature came gliding through the grass, and wound itself around the trunk of a tree that was near. It seemed a beautiful thing to the little child, for it was of a glossy brown, with many bright and beautiful colors upon it.

Beside all this, it moved in a graceful manner, and seemed so gentle and mild, that the boy arose, and approached it. But no sooner did he



come near, than the creature made a sharp rattling noise with its tail, raised up its head, flourished its tongue, and seemed to say, "Come no farther, or I will bite you!"

The little boy was alarmed, and ran away: and it is well that he did so, for the creature was a rattlesnake. When he got home, he told his mother what he had seen, and she bade him beware of such creatures, however pretty might be their form, or however bright might be their colors.

Now, I have told you this story for the purpose of making you remember that a thing is not good, merely because it is beautiful. The serpent seemed a lovely thing to the boy, but it had sharp teeth, and a poisonous tongue, and if he had gone too near, the serpent would have killed him.

Thus it often happens, that what is pleasant to the eye, is full of danger; and young

people should take care how they are enticed by mere beauty. A little boy or girl may have a handsome face, or be finely dressed; but if they are not good, they cannot be loved.

THE BOY AND THE ROSE;

Or, a Story to show the Folly of Disobedience.



A LITTLE BOY one day asked his mother if he might walk in the garden. She told him to go

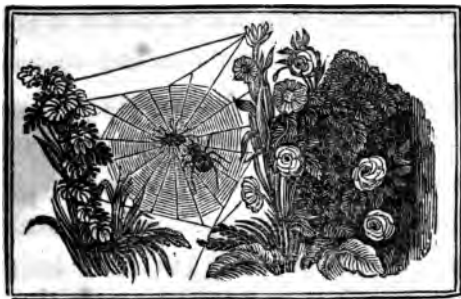
with his sister, but directed him to do nothing but what she might say was right.

The two children went together, and were much pleased with the plants and the flowers. At length the boy saw a rose, and was going to pick it. His sister told him not to pick the rose; but he would not obey her.

He ran to the bush, and snatched the rose by the stem. But, alas, how bitterly did he repent his folly! The stem of the rose was covered with thorns, and his little hand was soon covered with blood.

This little story should teach children never to be disobedient. It shows us that what may seem very pleasant, may do us harm, if we take it rashly; and that it is much better to take the advice of those who are older and wiser than ourselves. Above all, children should never disobey their parents.

THE SPIDER TURNED OUT OF HIS HOUSE;
*Or, the Wickedness of doing Wrong to Another, be-
cause we happen to be stronger than he.*



EVERY body knows that a spider is fond of forming his web in the corner of a room. When his web is done, he waits patiently till some silly fly is caught by the fine threads; he then rushes out, binds the poor buzzing creature round and round, and at his leisure devours him.

Now, a spider had one day got his web all nicely arranged in the corner of a room, when

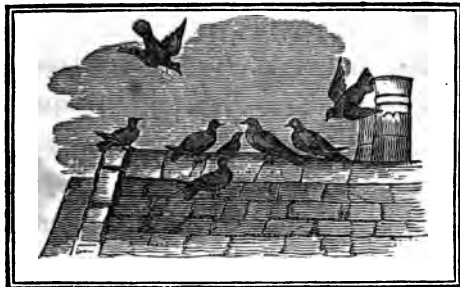
the house-maid, with a broom, came and brushed it away. The spider went tumbling upon the floor; but he hid himself behind a table, till the maid was gone.

He then crawled up the wall, and, finding his web destroyed, he went to another spider, who had a nice web in the garden among the flowers. He did not hesitate a moment, but crawled into it, and, being stronger than his neighbor, drove him out, and took possession of his place.

Now, whenever a child snatches or takes away a thing from another who is younger and weaker, he is like the cruel and selfish spider, who robs his neighbor, merely because he has strength to do it. I hope none of my little readers will ever imitate this vile spider.

THE CARRIER-PIGEON;

Or, being busy and persevering in what we have to do.



DID you ever see a pigeon? What a glossy neck he has! and how swiftly he flies! In some countries, there is a kind of bird called the *carrier-pigeon*, because he is made to carry letters from one place to another.

There was once a carrier-pigeon, with a letter tied to his neck, who flew forty miles in forty minutes! "Pray how do you manage to travel so fast?" said some of his companions. "I go

straight forward," said the pigeon. "I do not stop by the way: I look not to the right hand or the left: I take the shortest way, and lose no time."

It is thus that children should pursue any object that is set before them. In study, they should lose no time; in running of an errand, they should go straight forward. In doing any duty, they should imitate the pigeon, turn not to the right or left, take the shortest course, and perform their task with diligence.

THE TWO GOLDFINCHES;

A Story of Friendship or Kindness of one Person for another.



THERE were once two birds, called *goldfinches*, shut up together in a cage. Here they remained for a long time, and, as was natural, they became very fond of each other. They would sit together upon the same perch, for hours. If one sang, the other would sing also ; and if one was sick, the other was very

sad, and would not be happy till his little mate was well again.

Well, it so happened that one of these birds got out of the cage one day, and, with great delight, flew away. How happy did he feel to breathe the pure air, and glide, like an arrow, over the tops of the trees!

But, pretty soon, he began to think of his mate in the cage. He then flew back, and, sitting upon a tree that was near, begged him to come out. But the bird in the cage was larger, and could not get between the wires. "Well," said the other bird, "I had rather be confined with you in the cage, than enjoy my liberty alone." So saying, he flew to the cage, and, getting into it, declared he would never leave his friend any more.

In this little story we see a good example of that kindness and love which should make us willing to suffer, if there is need, for a friend in

distress. Children should sometimes give up their pleasures to their playmates, or brothers and sisters, rather than enjoy them alone.

THE BEES AND THE DRONES;

Or, a Story to show the Folly of Idleness.



A HIVE of bees employed themselves industriously, during the summer, in collecting a quantity of honey for their use in winter. They arose early in the morning, and went busily from flower to flower, in all the neighboring gardens,

and visited the fields for the purpose of sucking the honey from the sweet clover and other blossoms. When the work was all done, and the winter approached, the drones, who had eaten all their honey as fast as they procured it, went into the hive, expecting to share with the industrious and frugal bees.

But their hopes were disappointed: the bees told them that they should have provided for their own wants, and, as they had not done so, and had idled away all their time, they must suffer for their foolishness. The bees then drove them all away from the hive, and they soon perished with hunger.

This story should teach men and women to employ their time industriously, and not be idle, and expect others to work for them. Every person should provide for himself, that he may not suffer or perish like the idle drones. Even little children should not be idle. They should,

very early, learn to spend their time well, either in study, healthful play, or work. An idle child, though his parents may be rich, will probably be a useless drone in society; unhappy himself, and a burden to others.

THE ARCHER AND THE ARROW;

Or, a Story to show the Folly of Injustice.



AN archer set up a mark against a tree, took out his bow, and amused himself by trying to send the arrow into the centre of the circle.

He made several attempts, but without success. He then vented his anger against the arrow, and accused it of being the cause of his disappointment.

“ You are unjust,” said the arrow. “ It is you who direct me, and therefore you are the only one to blame.”

It is an idle and wicked practice of some persons to charge others with guilt, which lies at their own door. We should teach children to be wiser, and never to try to hide their own faults by laying the blame on those who are innocent. It is not only wicked, but foolish; for candor is a great virtue, and a frank confession of a fault always ensures forgiveness and approbation.

THE THUNDER CLOUDS;

Or, a Story to show the Folly of Quarrelling.



Two clouds, filled with rain, and very black and threatening, were blown by the wind, in opposite directions, and, of course, met one another. Each insisted that the other should give way, and make room for a passage. But neither would yield, and both obstinately persisted in *keeping its place*. So the winds pushed them *on, and they rushed furiously against each other.*

making a terrible convulsion. Thus they were torn in pieces ; and, by their folly, both were soon destroyed. Nor was this all : in the strife, several houses were thrown to the ground, barns and bridges were demolished, and many people were killed.

This fable should teach children rather to yield to their companions than to resist and quarrel ; for by doing so, they are sure of making themselves and others unhappy.

THE ELDER AND THE THORN-TREE;

Or, a Story to show the Folly of thinking too highly of ourselves.



In a fine garden, which had many trees and shrubs in it, were an elder-tree and a thorn-tree, which grew side by side in a hedge.* The elder, being taller than the thorn, looked down upon it with contempt, and one day spoke to it in abusive language.

* The little reader should know that a *hedge* is a fence made of shrubs. In England, there are few other fences than thorn hedges.

"Why do you stand so near me, you miserable, crook-backed old thorn? You know that you cannot be compared to me, either in use or in beauty: indeed, you are fit for nothing but to be burnt; while I am tall and pleasing to the eye; and, beside, I produce berries, that will make excellent wine, and my branches can be cut into whistles for the children."

"I beg your pardon," said the thorn, modestly; "but, to speak my mind, I think you are very conceited, as well as very rude. Since I am compelled by your impertinence to stand up for myself, I will say, that I **have** no doubt I am more useful than you are. In the first place, I ~~support~~ the hedge by my strength, and beautify it with my blossoms in the spring; and, by the prickly points in my branches, I ~~render~~ the hedge an effectual barrier against all unruly cattle."

While this conversation was going on, the

owner of the garden walked up to them with his gardener. "I am going to take away this hedge," said he, "but do not destroy the old thorn. Cut it carefully, and preserve it, as it will make me a nice walking-stick. As for the elder, it is good for nothing but to burn." The two trees looked at one another: the elder looked sadly ashamed, but the thorn said not a word.

This story should teach us not to think more highly of ourselves than of others, as time very often shows that they are more useful, and of more consequence, than we can ever be. It sometimes happens that persons who are handsome or well dressed, are much less pleasing and useful than those who are homely or dressed in a plain way. Those who *do* the best are the most worthy of esteem, and are best loved.

THE WOLF AND THE YOUNG LAMB;

*Or, a Story to show the Wickedness of deceiving others
by pretended Kindness.*

A YOUNG lamb, having strayed a little way from his mother, a careful old sheep, accidentally ran a thorn into his foot, which gave him great pain. While he was limping about, a wolf came by, and, seeing his situation, asked him, in a kind manner, what was the matter with his foot. "I have got a thorn into it," said the poor lamb, "and I wish I could get it out, for it hurts me very much. I am going to my mother, whom you see yonder, to see if she can cure me."

"You need not go so far," said the wolf. "If you will come a little way with me to my house, I will cure you. I know a great deal about these things, and have cured a great

many poor little lambs like you. Come, come with me. We will walk slowly." So saying, he led the unsuspecting lamb out of the sight of his mother, and then, turning round suddenly, said, "This is the only cure I know of," and instantly devoured him.

It is always wicked to injure another ; but to pretend to be a friend to another, and, after obtaining his confidence, to betray and injure him, is the basest and most detestable kind of wickedness. Whoever is guilty of such conduct, ought to be shunned, and hunted from society, as the shepherd hunts the wolf.

THE RIVAL SNAILS;

*Or, a Story to show the Danger of Ambition, or a Love
of Superiority.*



ONE day, a party of snails, on the side of a house, were reposing in the sun, when one of them proposed that they should all set out together, and see which could first reach the top of the house. To this they agreed; and, accordingly, they all slowly began to ascend the wall.

Two of them went a little way, and as they

felt very tired, they stopped, and would go no farther. Two more went on patiently till they reached half way, when they also gave up all idea of proceeding.

One alone, who was stronger than the rest, drew near the top; and from this height he looked down, and, seeing his companions so far below him, he could not suppress his contempt and derision. But in the midst of his exaltation, he grew giddy, and, letting go his hold, fell down on the pavement with such force as to dash him in pieces.

Let us learn from this, that if we are endowed with superior capacities, or are favored with better success than others, we must not be vain and boastful, and look upon our inferiors with contempt; for our very superiority may be the source of danger, and we may not only lose all the advantages we possess, but *actually become weaker than those we once*

despised. It is right to make exertions to excel in all that is good and right ; but if our efforts are crowned with success, let us bear our good fortune with modesty, and treat others, below us in life, with greater kindness.

THE GOOSE AND THE COLT ;

Or, a Story to show the Cruelty of laughing at the Misfortunes of others.



A YOUNG colt, who was scampering about the fields, and enjoying himself very much, met a

poor goose, who had been lately stripped of her feathers to supply the wants of her master. The colt, instead of pitying her condition, only laughed at the figure she made, and, snorting with contempt, turned away, waved his tail, kicked up his heels, and bounded off into the fields.

Now, it happened that, soon after this, the colt's master thought it best to catch this same colt, put a rope around his neck, and cut off his ears and tail. Having done this, he turned him into the field, where, after a few days, he chanced to meet the goose. "Aha!" says the old bird; "so you have lost your ears and tail, I see! Whose turn is it to laugh now? Look at me. You see that nature is supplying me with new feathers, to take the place of those I lost; but who will restore to you your ears and tail?"

This story may show us the folly of laughing

at the misfortunes of those we may chance to meet in life; and we may rest assured, that whoever turns others into ridicule, will be treated in the same way, if he ever becomes unfortunate.

THE CANDLE AND THE CANDLESTICK;

Or, a Story to show our Dependence upon one another.



UPON a table in a comfortable parlor stood a candlestick, with a lighted candle in it, which burned brightly, and gave every thing a cheerful

and gay appearance. As it saw itself reflected from all the bright objects in the room, and observed its radiance in an opposite mirror, the conceited candle was filled with admiration of its power and beauty, and looked with contempt upon the candlestick that supported it.

"You poor, miserable candlestick," said the tall piece of tallow, "of what use are you, but to wait upon me?" "Be not so proud," said the candlestick. "Only consider what you would be without me. If I did not hold you up, you would sink down prostrate upon the table; your light would be extinguished, and your utility and beauty would be at an end. I am of more importance to you than you are to me; therefore do not treat me with contempt, merely because my station is not quite so high as yours; let us rather live in peace, and acknowledge, with kindness, the obligations we owe one to another."

This story may show that we are all

dependent upon each other. The rich are necessary to the poor; the poor are necessary to the rich. The rich without the poor would be like the candle; the poor without the rich would be like the useless candlestick, without a candle.

THE BOYS AND THE ICE;

Or, a Story to show the Danger of Disobedience.



A NICE pond in a field being frozen over one
a cold day, some little boys asked leave of their

parents to go and slide upon it. But they were told not to go, as the ice was not yet thick enough to bear them.

But these foolish children thought they knew best. The pond, they said, had been frozen over since the day before, and looked as if it were quite safe.

So they all went to the pond. Going upon the edge, and finding it did not break, they ventured farther and farther, till they were near the middle, saying to one another that their parents did not understand ice as well as they did. But just as they were boasting in this way, the ice broke with a terrible crash, and all but two of these rash and disobedient children were drowned.

It would be well if children would be obedient to their parents, who are better judges than they, of what is safe and best, without *such bitter experience* as they often meet with.

Disobedience is generally punished in some way or other, and often very severely.

THE FLOWER GARDEN AND WEEDS;

*Or, a Story to show the Sorrow which wicked Children
cause their Parents.*



A GENTLEMAN had a fine garden, which was well situated, and which he cultivated with the greatest care. In the spring, he procured some

seeds of all sorts, and sowed them in the beds. He watered them every morning, and watched for the time of their appearance above ground with the greatest anxiety. But what was his disappointment to find that the weeds grew up so thick and close, that they choked the seeds, which had no room to grow !

“ Ah,” said he, “ I fondly hoped that the garden I had taken so much care of, would repay me for my trouble ! I expected to see a variety of beautiful and fragrant flowers, which I might enjoy myself and show to my friends. But, instead of this, I see nothing before me but rank weeds, which have neither use nor beauty. Alas ! how great are my mortification and disappointment ! ”

This story may serve to illustrate the sorrow of those parents, who, having taken pains to train up their children in the way in which they

should go, still find them disobedient and wicked. Alas! how bitter is the misery of a father or a mother, to find, that the good seeds they have sown in the minds of their children produce no fruit, while the rank weeds of vice spring up and flower, and cover the soil with their luxuriance!

I hope my little readers will remember this tale, and not grieve the hearts of those who love them most dearly, by rejecting what is good, and only cherishing what is evil.

THE FOREST TREES;

Or, a Story to show the Folly of Boasting.



IN a fine forest of trees of various kinds, there were several which were holding a conversation upon their particular beauty, use, strength, size, and other qualifications. Some boasted of one thing, and some of another.

One of the tallest and finest trees said, proudly, "Which of you, my friends, is so tall and straight as I am? I am the stateliest tree

in the forest." Another said, "Which of you is as strong as I am? I have stood in the storm for years, and no blast has been able to bend or break me down. I am the strongest tree in the forest."

A third said, "Which of you is so graceful as I am? My branches all wave in the breeze, in the most elegant manner. I am the most graceful tree in the forest." Another said, "You may all boast of your size, strength and elegance, but when winter has stripped you of your verdure, how naked and desolate you appear, while I am clothed in everlasting green! I am the only tree worth looking at. I am the brightest and most unfading tree in the forest."

While these vain trees were thus talking, each trying to appear better than the others, the owner of the forest came, with his wood-

cutter, to mark some trees which he wished to have cut down. The tall, the strong, the graceful, and the evergreen tree, were all selected, and, in another hour, were laid low by the axe, and cut up for use.

Thus you see how vain it is to boast of any qualifications we possess, as, like these boastful trees, we have not the power to ensure their continuance. We do not know that the next hour may not deprive us of them.

THE COW AND THE CLOVER;

Or, a Story to show the Danger of Greediness.



A cow, that was roaming at large, and felt herself very hungry, saw a field full of fine clover not far off and instantly set out towards it, that she might satisfy her appetite. The clover was very sweet and fresh, and the cow found it so delicious, that she ate without considering the consequences of her greediness, and filled herself so full that she died in a short time.

A horse, who entered the field just at this moment, seeing the cow's misfortune, said, "Poor unfortunate glutton! If you had but known how to control your appetite, you would be yet alive, to enjoy your food another time. But you rather chose to enjoy all at once, and have thus put an end to your life. I will profit by your experience, and eat sparingly, that I may be alive to-morrow."

Let children learn from this story to beware of greediness. It is better to lay by a part of our good things for another time, and not devour them all at once, that we may not suffer for our folly, like this silly cow.

THE VESSEL WITHOUT A PILOT;

*Or, a Story to show the Importance of good Advice,
and the Necessity of following it.*



THERE was once a stately vessel, which was very impatient to leave the port. Her sails were hoisted, her flag waved in the breeze, and she heaved merrily where she was anchored upon the tumbling sea. She therefore sent for the pilot, and told him to come on board and take command, and guide her safely out of the port, till she should be upon the broad bosom of

the deep. But, the weather being stormy, and the sea very rough, the pilot told the ship that it would be dangerous to go, and that, if she did not wait, she would probably be dashed to pieces, and he should lose his life.

“Coward that thou art!” said the ship; “you are afraid to go, I perceive; but you need not go; I will venture alone. I shall do very well without you, you will see.” So she broke from her anchor, and, with swelling sails, went from the port without any guide. The waves carried her out, and for a while she rode in a very stately manner on the water.

“How finely I go!” said she. “I need no guide and no rudder. There is no danger here. I ride upon the water; and, though it is a little rough, it does me no harm.” While speaking in this boasting manner, she suddenly struck upon a rock which was hidden under the water, and, splitting with a terrible crash, the waters

brcke through her sides, and she sank to the bottom in an instant.

How many little children there are like this vain ship! They are very apt to think that they can go any where, and do any thing, in their own way, and without any guide. But let them remember, that their parents are the only sure and safe pilots, who know perfectly the dangers that surround them. If any boy or girl is tempted to do any thing without a parent's advice, or contrary to a parent's will, let them remember the sad wreck of the wilful ship, who disdained to take a pilot's counsel.

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THE WAX AND MOULD CANDLE:

Or, a Story to show that we are all more or less dependent upon others.

A wax and a mould candle, which were placed on a stand, began to dispute with one another as to which gave the best and brightest light. The wax candle contended that its light was more clear, and the mould candle insisted that its flame was larger.

“You foolish and contentious candles,” said one of the candlesticks, “of what use are you more than we are, till you are lighted? Can you either of you burn till some person has first set you on fire. Therefore, from this, learn humility, and do not quarrel about trifles.”

This fable may serve to remind us of what is very true—that we are all dependent upon others. Alone, we can do but little. It is

necessary for us to have the help of others, in every important, and, indeed, in every trifling concern of life ; there is nothing that we can do, therefore, which should feed our pride ; but there is much to teach us lessons of humility.

THE CHILD AND THE RAINBOW;

*Or, a Story to show the fleeting Nature of Pleasures
and Riches.*



“MY dear mother,” said a little boy to his mother, “it has done raining, the sun is bright,

and only see what a beautiful bow there is in the sky!" "Yes, my child," said his mother, "that beautiful arch is the rainbow. Count the colors, and you will find there are seven—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red."

"I will get a chair," said the boy, "and get up at the window, that I may see it more distinctly, and count the colors you speak of. I cannot distinguish the yellow from the orange, till I get up on the chair."

So the little child did as he desired, but was disappointed to find, that, while he was making preparations to enjoy the sight, the bow had vanished from the sky.

Let us, my young friends, learn to bear in mind, that many things, such as youth, beauty, pleasure and riches, are almost as fleeting as the rainbow; and though they may please us for a time, yet they vanish and appear no more.

THE WATCHMAKER AND THE TIME-PIECE;

Or, a Story to show the Evil of Hypocrisy.

AMONG the beautiful clocks and watches in a watchmaker's shop, was a time-piece, which was so handsome that it attracted the attention of every one who entered the shop.

"Pray sir, can you recommend this clock?" said a lady to the watchmaker. "I am in search of a good one; and if this is as good as it is handsome, it will answer my purpose completely."

"Madam," said the watchmaker, "I am sorry I cannot in honor recommend it. I do not wish to deceive my customers, and therefore have never been able to sell that clock. It is as beautiful a time-piece as I ever saw, but it is very deceitful; for, to confess the truth, it will not go."

This story should teach us not always to judge by appearances. There are some persons

who have a fair outside, with a wicked or deceitful heart within. Such persons, like the clock in the story, are useless, and will constantly be avoided; while others, of less favorable appearance, will be loved and happy, if they possess good and useful qualities.

THE YOUNG CATERPILLAR AND THE ROOK;

Or, a Story to show the Folly of ignorant Boasting and pretended Knowledge.

A YOUNG caterpillar one day climbed to the top of a currant-bush, to take a view of what was going on below. Delighted with the extensive prospect, he crawled down again to his companions, who were feeding on the leaves there, and boasted of the sights he had seen. "Why," said he, "I can see the whole world from the top of this bush."

On a lofty elm that stood near them, was a rook, who had perched upon the topmost branch. He overheard the vain boast of the silly caterpillar, and thus addressed him, much to his mortification:—

“ You say you have seen the world,” said she: “ why, look at me ; how much higher I am than you ! and how much more can I see than you can ! and yet I do not boast ; for I know but little, and cannot see far, because I cannot fly high.

“ But the lark can mount even above the clouds, and can look all around her to a great distance ; and yet there are countries far beyond her sight. Learn humility from this rebuke, and, instead of boasting of the little knowledge you possess, try to gain more.” The caterpillar slunk behind his companions, and was never heard to boast afterwards.

Those people who know but little are very

apt to boast, while those who know a great deal are anxious to acquire still more knowledge.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE MOON;

Or, a Story to show the Folly of wishing for what we cannot have.

A LITTLE BOY, whose parents indulged him in all his wishes, and gave him every thing he desired, saw, one evening, the moon shining brightly in the sky, and thought it so beautiful, that he wished to have it to play with.

He, accordingly, asked his mother to reach it, and give it to him. "My dear," said his indulgent parent, "the moon is too high for me to reach. It is many, many miles off. You should have it if I could get it; but I cannot. Ask for something more reasonable."

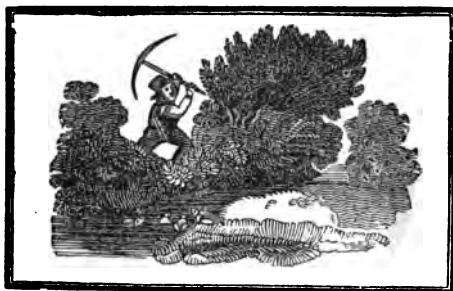
But the spoiled child, accustomed to have all

his wishes gratified, could not bear to be deprived of this pretty plaything, the moon, and began to cry bitterly, and complain of his mother. She could not pacify him, and now began to see the folly of having indulged him so much.

I dare say that all my readers think the little child I have been speaking of very foolish and very unreasonable ; but let them take care that they, too, do not tease their parents for things they cannot have. Children that are very much indulged, are soon spoiled ; and then they are never satisfied. They soon grow tired of one thing, and then want another ; and thus they make themselves and every body around them unhappy. Parents should be very careful, therefore, how they indulge their children ; for they may make them very disagreeable by such means.

THE FROG AND HIS NEIGHBORS;

*Or, a Story to show the Evil of putting off doing a
Thing till another Time.*



A FROG, who had made his dwelling in a bank of earth near an old hedge, was one day very much alarmed by hearing a man say, who was working not far off, that he was going to remove the hedge, and dig down the bank, in a day or two.

The frog instantly set to work, and removed

his habitation to another ditch hard by, for he was afraid that the laborer would destroy his house, and that he should lose his life. He also told all his neighbors of the man's intention, and warned them of their danger; but they only laughed at him, and called him a silly old croaker.

The next day, as the frog found that the man had already begun his work, he went again to his neighbors, and told them of their peril. "Do you not see," said he, "that the hedge is already pulled down, and that the bank cannot long remain?"

"Mind your own affairs," said the uncivil frogs, "and we will mind ours. We have time enough before us. We surely know as well as you when it is necessary to leave our homes. We are very happy and comfortable here, and will not go till it is time."

Notwithstanding the insults and ingratitude

he met with, this wise and kind-hearted frog, seeing the dwellings of his friends on the verge of destruction, went again to expostulate with them, and told them that, if they did not all remove immediately, they would certainly lose their lives. "Well, well, we will remove to-morrow," said the frogs.

To-morrow came, but the lazy frogs had not removed; and they were all killed or wounded, and their dwellings destroyed. The frog, who had warned his neighbors, was all the time safe and snug in his house. He lamented the fate of his friends, but confessed that those who put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, can expect no better fortune.

Let this fable teach us all never to procrastinate, or put off till another time that which should be done now. To-morrow may never come; and if it does, if we are too idle to do our duty to-day, it is likely we shall be too idle *to do it to-morrow.*

THE EARTH-WORM AND THE BEE;

*Or, a Story to show that there are different Kinds of
Enjoyment and Happiness.*



“WHAT an easy, quiet life I lead!” said a worm one day, who had just crawled out of a heap of earth. “Here I live, from day to day, with my food before me; and my bed is ready made wherever I choose to lay myself.”

“Poor bee! how busy you are obliged to be all day, to provide yourself with food! And, beside that, as there are no flowers in winter to

supply your honey, you must work hard all the fine summer, to lay up a store of food for the cold weather. How you must envy me! I am not obliged to lay up any food for the future. There is always plenty of rich mud wherever I go; and nothing can be better than to enjoy it."

"Poor crawling creature," said the bee, "how little you know of my pleasures! You, who are satisfied with the bottom of a ditch, can have no idea of my enjoyments. You cannot, of course, imagine the bliss I feel in flying from flower to flower, in drinking the dew, and extracting the delicious honey."

This poor grovelling earth-worm may serve to illustrate the character of those who think only of the pleasures of this world, and know nothing of the happiness which springs from religion. The bee is like one whose heart is filled with love, and who, instead of creeping upon the

earth, soars into the sky, and derives his enjoyments, sweet as the honey of flowers, from truth, charity, and hope of happiness in heaven.

THE TWO ROSES;

Or, a Story to show the Foolishness of Vanity.



ON the borders of a pond, situated in a beautiful flower-garden, two roses grew side by side. They were both lovely, but not equally modest. One of them never thought of her beauty and attractions; but the other one thought of little

else, and constantly admired her fair face, as it was reflected in the clear bosom of the pond.

“My dear friend,” said the modest rose to her one day, “how can you be vain of what is so transient? The beauty, of which you are so proud, you may be deprived of in an hour: some fair hand may pluck you from the stem, to aid in adorning her bouquet; or a strong wind may come, and scatter your pink leaves on the gravel-walk; or even a worm may feast upon them, and deface them.”

“I do not fear any of these threatened evils,” said the other rose: “if I am plucked, I shall still be lovely and admired; and as for the wind or the worm, they would not have the presumption to approach me.” As the silly flower thus spoke, a strong east wind suddenly rose, and, stripping the leaves of the rose, sent them whirling over the bosom of the pond.

This story may show young people the folly

of admiring themselves, and of being vain of that which sickness or death may destroy in an hour. Let them rather wish to make their minds lovely; for these are imperishable, and may flourish forever.

THE ANGRY MONKEY;

Or, a Story to show the Folly of Revenge.

A MONKEY, who had been offended by some of his companions, climbed up into an old crazy building, which was near falling, and, picking out bricks, stones and bits of wood, amused himself by pelting such of his fellow monkeys as came in his way.

A wise old ape, who had screened himself behind a large beam, to avoid getting hurt, put out his head cautiously, and remonstrated with his cruel neighbor, telling him, among other things, that he would himself get hurt; for the

building was old, and, if he did not take heed, it would tumble down upon him. "It is not worth while," said he, "to revenge yourself at the expense of your own life."

But the monkey was so angry, and found such gratification in the indulgence of his spite, that he did not mind the kind warning of his friend, the ape, but went on pelting all he could see, with sticks, stones and brick-bats. But, at length, while he was trying to pull out a larger piece of timber, he loosened the rafters, and the roof suddenly fell in with a great crash, and buried the monkey in the ruins.

How dangerous, as well as wicked, it is to indulge a spirit of revenge! It not only hardens our hearts to the pain we inflict upon others, but it makes us blind or indifferent to the most serious evils, which the indulgence of our passions may bring upon ourselves.

THE FOX AND SPANIEL;

Or, a Story to show the Evil of keeping bad Company.

A fox and spaniel met each other frequently, till, at last, they became acquainted, and were so fond of each other's society, that they were seldom separated. The spaniel followed the fox in all his rambles, and was the witness of all his depredations. Sometimes the fox went into the hen-roost, and stole a hen or chicken; sometimes he stole a lamb from the hill-side; and sometimes he ran off with a pig that was astray in the woods. On all these occasions, he was attended by his playmate, the spaniel.

Well, one day the fox entered a fine barn-yard, where there was a great deal of poultry of all kinds,—hens, turkeys, geese and ducks,—attended, as usual, by his companion, the spaniel. Prowling along carefully, so that he might not

be seen, the fox slyly drew near a fine fat goose, which he intended for his dinner.

Just as he had seized the poor bird, and was bearing him off, the poultry set up so loud a cackling, as to call the attention of the farmer, who was at work in a field close by. Seeing the mischief, he seized a loaded gun, and fired at the fox and dog just as they were leaving the yard.

The shot wounded both the animals, who fell down instantly. The farmer came up, and, seizing the fox, he knocked him on the head, saying, "Rogue and thief that thou art! this is the last goose of mine thou shalt steal, and I know well that it is ~~not~~ the first meal you have made from my poultry-yard."

Then, turning to the dog, he said, "And you, too, shall die!" "O, dear sir," said the poor spaniel, "do not kill me. I do not deserve to die. I never stole a goose in my life." "How

can I believe what you say?" said the farmer. "I find you in company with the fox, and therefore you must suffer with him." So saying, he killed him without more words.

If children do not wish to be thought wicked and bad, do not let them keep company with those children who are so; for, if they do not become as bad as they are, they will suffer disgrace by being found in their company.

THE RATS AND THE BARLEY;

Or, a Story to show the Folly and Wickedness of Extravagance and Waste.



SOME rats, who lived in a garret, were well pleased, one day, to see a man deposit a large sack of barley in the corner. "There," said the man, "is a fine quantity, and will last me a long time. Here it must be quite safe."

"Not so safe as you think, master," said a pert young rat, when the farmer had closed the door. "Come, my friends; we have been

nearly starved lately : now is the time to enjoy ourselves. As the man said, ‘ This will last us some time.’ We can eat without fear of getting soon to the end of it.”

All the rats now assembled to partake of the feast, and found the fresh-picked grain truly delicious. They continued eating voraciously from day to day, till this bountiful supply was all gone. The winter had now set in, and the ground was covered with snow. The improvident rats had now no provision, and were in danger of all dying of hunger.

“ How foolish we were,” said one of them, “ to eat it all so greedily, without thinking of the winter ! If we had not been so wasteful and extravagant, there would have been enough barley to last till summer ; but now I suppose we must all starve.”

Those who are extravagant may be sure that, sooner or later, they will be in want. Let us

rather act wisely for the future, than live only for the present; for we may be certain that, if we are careless and wasteful, we shall suffer.

THE TWO ROOKS;

Or, a Story to show the Uncertainty of Happiness.



Two young rooks, who had just chosen each other for mates, began to build their nest in a tall tree, which was occupied by many other rooks of their acquaintance. One of them picked up sticks to form the ground-work of the

nest, while the other gathered fine roots and grass to line it with.

In this happy condition, they congratulated each other on the probability of years of happiness in this abode, as they were much too high to be troubled by wicked boys, and too near the town for birds of prey to venture near them.

It was delightful to observe the care with which they provided food for their nestlings, and the assiduity with which they watched them. And when their labors were over, and sleep had overcome their little charge, what a clear, sweet song of gratitude they poured from their throats, as if to express their happiness and rapture!

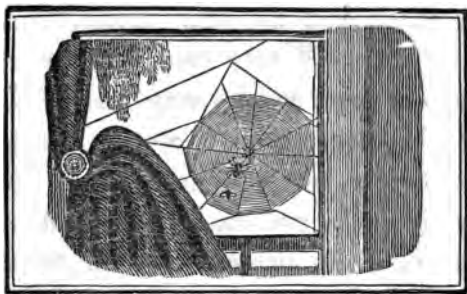
But this did not last long. The owner of the grounds where the tree stood, being rather annoyed by the continued noise of these happy little songsters, one day took his gun, and, firing into the midst of the flock, killed a number of them.

The two poor rooks we have been talking of were the first that fell. As they lay wounded on the ground close to each other, they turned their eyes up to the tree where they had been so happy, murmured a faint farewell, and instantly expired.

When we are happy, we should enjoy ourselves, but never forget that our blessings may be taken away, as all schemes of earthly happiness are uncertain. We should therefore live prepared for disappointment, that, when it comes, it may not overcome us.

THE FLIES AND THE SPIDER ;

Or, a Story to show the Danger of not taking good Advice.



“ Good morning, my young friend,” said an old fly to a young one, on a fine day in autumn. “ It is a delightful day, and the fields and gardens smell sweetly ; but I beg of you not to go into any of them.”

“ I have just flown ove them, and I saw our enemies, the spiders, very busily at work weaving webs for our destruction, on every tree and

bush. You are young and inexperienced, and will certainly get caught. You had better be contented here, and buzz around the flowers at the windows."

"O, thank you for your advice," said the young fly; "I will take care of myself. My sight is very good, and I surely cannot run into danger, if I keep my eyes open." So saying, he left the pleasant parlor, and made the best of his way to the garden, which was filled with flowers of every description, and trees and shrubs of all kinds.

The foolish creature, far from remembering the advice that was so kindly given him, went directly to the arbor, which was covered with a honeysuckle, and buzzed about it with delight. But what was his horror to find himself suddenly entangled in a web, which was partly concealed under a broad leaf!

While he struggled hard, vainly endeavoring

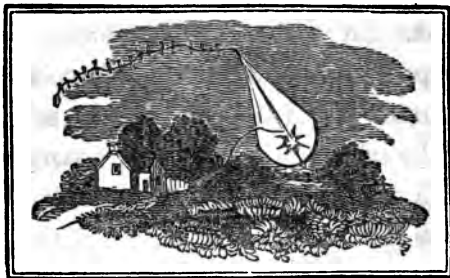
to extricate himself, he was watched by the spider, who seemed pleased to observe his useless efforts. At length, he ran up to him, stuck his fangs into his side, and feasted upon his blood.

“ Alas!” said the dying fly, when he was on the point of expiring, “ I was warned of my danger by an old friend, but I thought I knew best, and I did not follow his advice.” “ That was your fault, and not mine,” said the spider, and swallowed him up.

Many children, like this silly fly, run into danger, because they will not mind their parents' advice, and because they think they know more than those who are older and more experienced than they.

THE FALLING KITE;

Or, a Story to show the Folly of Pride.



A KITE, which had risen to a great height in the air, and soared far above the tallest steeple, and nearly to the clouds, looked down from his exalted station with contempt, and thus expressed his disdain of all below :—

“ How superior I am ! ” said he. “ Who has ever ascended so high as I have ? The king on his throne is mean in comparison to me. I look down upon towns and villages, and men, women

and children look like mere specks. Poor, mean creatures! I despise them."

So saying, the proud kite shook his head in derision, waved his long tail, and steered about in various directions, so that he broke the string that supported him, and, falling down with great force from this height, was very much hurt. "Ah!" said he, "if I had not soared so high, I should not have fallen so far, and been bruised so much."

We should beware of looking with contempt on those beneath us, as a very trifling cause may reduce us to a lower condition than those we despise.

THE RAVEN AND THE COCK;

*Or, a Story to show the Folly of storing the Mind with
useless Knowledge.*

A RAVEN promised a cock that he would one day show him some curious things, which he did not believe any other bird but himself possessed. So, on one fine morning, the two set out, and proceeded some distance, till they came to an old wall, where the raven exhibited his hoards.

These consisted of old bones and stones, bits of wood and leather, pieces of glass and china, and a quantity of other things of the same description. "Have I not got quite a museum?" said the raven. "What other bird of your acquaintance has got so many fine things?"

"Pray tell me the use of them all," said the wise old cock. "You have indeed scraped together a rare and curious collection; but to what *purpose have you got them together?* Can you

eat them?" "No, certainly not," said the raven. "Can any of your friends eat them?" rejoined the cock. "I should think not," said the raven.

"Can you make them useful in any way, to yourself or others?" said his friend. "I am afraid not," said the raven, looking very silly. "Then I must say, that I think you are a great simpleton, to spend all your time in laying up so much useless trash," said the cock, and turned round, leaving the raven in stupid amazement.

Children, who fill their heads with idle nonsense instead of useful knowledge, very much resemble this foolish raven. It will neither benefit their own minds, nor those of their companions.

THE OLD FISH AND THE YOUNG ONES;
Or, a Story to show the Dangers of Temptation.



A FISHERMAN one day took his station on the bank of a clear stream, and, taking out his hook and line, which he baited with great care, threw them into the water. He then cunningly drew the hook along, to deceive the poor fish who were swimming below. Of these, there were great numbers, both young and old.

The experienced old fishes did not venture

near the bait, as they well knew the danger of tasting it, and, seeing some foolish young ones drawing near it, they warned them not to touch it.

“Do not be tempted to taste the worm,” said they; “it does but hide the sharp hook; and, though you do not see it, take our words for it, who are older and wiser than you, that the hook is covered with food only to deceive you; and if you get it once into your throats, it is all over with you. The cunning fisherman you see on the bank, will take you and fry you for his dinner.”

“I see no fisherman,” said one of the little fish, “and I see no hook. I only see a nice worm tied to the end of a string. Come on, my friends; I will taste first, and then each of you shall have a nibble; for it is as fine and large a worm as I ever saw, and it is a great pity

it should be wasted. See, it is now moving away."

So saying, this bold young fish sprang at the worm, and instantly swallowed the hook. The fisherman drew him quickly from the water ; and the silly little fish only lived long enough to repent his folly.

How many temptations are there in the way of children, which it is necessary they should avoid ! It is sometimes very difficult, particularly to the young, to avoid the danger ; they should, therefore, take the advice of their parents and friends, who will help them to resist temptation, and thus escape the evil to which they are exposed.

THE DROWNING BOY AND DOG;

Or, a Story to show the Excellence of Humanity.



A LITTLE BOY, who was playing by the side of a small pond with his playmates, fell into the water. He struggled hard, and made great efforts to get out, but the bank was so high that he could not. The boys and girls, who were with him, cried and screamed for help; but no one was near to help them.

The poor little boy now gave up all for lost.

His eyes, mouth and nose were so full of water, that he could hardly breathe; still he continued to make great efforts to save himself. But his strength was fast failing, and he expected that he should soon be drowned.

This would indeed have been his fate, had not a dog, that was passing by, heard his cries and those of his companions. This noble animal ran to the pond, and, seeing the sad condition of the poor child, plunged into the water, and seized him by his hair. He then swam carefully along, and jumped on shore, bringing the child along with him. In this way the boy was saved.

But, though he was dripping wet, and very cold, he felt very grateful to the animal who had saved his life: he declared, that, for his sake, he would be kind to all the dogs he should meet, and always remember that but for *the kindness of* a dog, he should have perished.

I hope all children will learn, from this story, that even so humble a creature as a dog may be very useful to us; and that it may teach them to be kind to those in distress. Those who are kind to others in trouble will generally meet a generous return; while those who are indifferent to the misfortunes of others will usually become outcasts from society.

THE LOST DOG;

*Or, a Fable to show the Folly and Wickedness of
Discontent.*



THERE was once a dog whose name was Rover. He had a kind and indulgent master, who gave him plenty of food to eat, and milk to drink. He also allowed this favorite dog to lie on the hearth-rug before the fire in the day-time, and provided him with a nice bed of hay in the night.

The dog was therefore very fond of his

master; and when he saw him approaching, he would wag his tail, prick up his ears, and jump for joy. He always went out walking with him wherever he went, and had many a pleasant ramble in the fields and woods.

But Rover loved to wander. He wanted liberty to go off to a distance from his master, who was obliged to keep him by his side, for fear he should get lost. This the dog thought very hard. "Why may I not sometimes go out alone?" said he. "Other dogs go where they please, and come back when they please; and I am determined I will do the same."

So, on one fine afternoon, when his master had gone out, Rover set off to take a ramble in the woods. The air was very warm and pleasant, and he was delighted to roam about at his ease, and chase the birds and squirrels that came in his way.

Time flew on so rapidly, that the poor dog

did not observe that the sun was just setting, and that he was far from home. He, however, being at length fatigued, turned about, and set off for home. But he was quite bewildered, and could not find the way back.

Poor Rover! He now wished he had not left his kind master and good home; for he feared he should never see either of them again. He left the woods, and went into the road, to see if he could get into some house, where he might sleep for the night.

While he was going from place to place, in this disconsolate manner, a poor man, who was going home to his family after a hard day's work, had compassion upon him, and took him with him.

But, in this poor man's house, he had nothing but a cold stone floor to lie upon; and he dared not to go near the fire, because the cottager's wife, who could not bear to have a dog in the

house, kicked and beat him every time he ventured near her. He had no soft bed made for him at night, and as for food, there was hardly enough for the children, so that Rover was fed but sparingly.

How bitterly did the poor dog lament, now, that he had left his kind master and good home! How often did he try to find his way back! But it was all in vain. He did not live long after this change of circumstances. He pined away, and soon died of hunger and grief.

There are many little children like Rover, who do not know what is best for them, and who are discontented with what their parents and friends do for them. If they are denied any gratification they wish for, they are apt to seek it in spite of all warning, and are then sure to be the sufferers.

THE RAT AND HER YOUNG ONES;
*Or, a Story to show the Wickedness of Falsehood and
Deceit.*



AN old rat, who lived in a snug hole under a wood-house, one day went out to find food for her young ones; but, before she went, she gave them particular orders not to leave their home till she returned, as she feared they might get into trouble.

This advice the young rats were determined not to follow. They longed to leave their hole,

and see the world, and thought that their mother was foolish to be afraid of danger.

“What harm can there be,” said one of them, “in going a little way? If we should see a cat, we can surely scamper away; and as there are four of us, we can warn each other of any evil. So let us go out, and we will get home before our mother returns, that she may not know of our disobedience.”

So they all left the hole with great caution, looking to the right and left, to see if any cat were near. But they saw none, and ventured into a large room in an out-building, where there were several sacks of grain. This was just what they wanted, and they congratulated each other upon their good fortune.

They immediately advanced towards the grain, pricking up their ears to listen for any sounds, and moving very cautiously. Suddenly, one of them gave a dreadful shriek, and his

companions, hastening to him, found him caught in a trap, which had been concealed under some bran.

In great fear, they all fled. The one that was caught tried in vain to draw the trap after him; but it was so heavy, that, in pulling it, he tore off his leg. But, though he was in terrible pain, he did not scream, for fear the cat should hear him, and catch him; so he limped after the others as well as he could.

As soon as he got home, the young rats began to lick his wound, that he might be cured before his mother's return. For these foolish creatures forgot that she must see that he had lost his leg.

While they were thinking of what they should say, to deceive their mother and hide their disobedience, she came in, and, seeing one of them in great distress, asked him what was the matter.

“ Oh, my dear mother,” said he, “ while you were gone, a strong iron trap came into the hole, and snapped off my leg.” “ Yes,” said all of them together, “ it came in and seized our poor brother’s leg, and bit it off, in spite of all we could do.”

“ Ay, ay,” said the old rat, “ I see how it is ; if you had not gone to the trap, it would certainly not have come to you. You may be thankful that you have not been killed by the cat that I have seen watching for you not far off.

“ As for you,” said she to the one who had lost his leg, “ you are punished severely enough for your fault, and I do not think you will ever forget the lesson ; but your brothers I shall punish severely, for being disobedient in the first place, and for telling me a falsehood to hide it.”

Children may not only learn the danger of disobedience from this story, but they may see,

from it, that one sin generally leads to another. If they are so wicked as to disobey their parents, they are very often tempted to tell falsehoods to hide their disobedience, and thus commit two bad and serious faults.

THE DISCONTENTED DOG;

Or, a Story to show the Folly of Caprice, or Love of changing our Situations.



A dog, that was accustomed to be kept out of doors, and never permitted to enter the

house, grew dissatisfied with his condition, and thus complained of his master's cruelty in debarring him from the comforts of the fireside.

"Ah me!" said he, "how hard is my fate! Here I am doomed to be constantly out of doors night and day. They will not permit me to enter the house, for fear I shall dirty it; so that I never see the warm fire, nor enjoy any other comforts."

His master, who was passing by the dog's kennel at this moment, heard his complaint, and took pity upon him. He was called into the parlor, allowed to sleep upon the rug before the fire, and was often fed with nice bits from the table.

But this capricious and discontented animal had not enjoyed these new comforts more than a week, when his master heard him once more complaining, as he lay upon the carpet, on a fine,

warm day. The children were all at play in the yard, and the dog pined to be with them.

“Why may I not be at liberty to go out with the rest?” said the dog. “It is such a fine day, I long to go out and stretch my limbs. I am now seldom allowed to go out, for fear of bringing in dirt, and soiling my mistress’s carpet.

“It is true, I have the comfort of a fire, and many nice bits of meat and bread are given me; yet I am not happy with all my comforts. I am but a poor prisoner, who is debarred the pleasures of air and exercise. I envy the meanest cur in the streets.”

“Ungrateful and capricious beast,” said his master, “take thy liberty, but never let me see thy face again in the house!” So saying, he kicked the dog out of the door, who ran yelping away to his kennel.

People are very apt to think their lot a hard one, and to wish for a change; but when the

change is made, they are seldom satisfied. A contented disposition can render almost any state a happy one; a discontented disposition will spoil the greatest blessings.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND HIS PIG;
Or, a Story to show the Folly of Obstinacy.



A COUNTRYMAN one day wished to take a pig to market. But when he tried to drive him one way, he would go the other, and seemed obstinately bent on going every way but the right.

If the man wanted him to turn to the right, he insisted upon going to the left; and if he tried to drive him to the left, he was sure to turn to the right.

At length, the countryman, being tired, and out of patience, tied a string to one of the pig's hind legs, and attempted to guide him with the whip as if he were a horse; but this would not do; for grunter kicked and squealed, ran forward and then backward, and persisted in attempting to return to his sty.

“So, then,” said the driver, “you will not go on, and do as I want you to do. Well, well, we will see who shall be master, you or I.” So saying, he took a strong rope out of his pocket, seized the squealing animal by the legs, and, tying them fast together, threw him on the back of his horse, between two bags of grain.

In vain did the angry creature struggle and squeal: he could not get away, nor loosen the

cord about his legs. He now repented of his obstinacy; for the cord hurt him, and the motion of the horse made him ache all over. But the countryman did not mind this, and hurried on the horse, to make up for the time that had been lost.

“O, my dear master,” said the uneasy pig, “do pray let me get down. I am not accustomed to riding. I know nothing about it, and shall certainly break my neck. Besides that, the string hurts my legs sadly, and I feel bruised all over. Do let me get down this once.”

“That you shall not,” said the countryman. “You would not walk to please me, and so you shall ride. You have had your way long enough; now I must have mine.” So saying, he jolted the squealing pig all the way to market.

. My little readers may learn from this story never to be obstinate; for, if they are so, they

must expect to be treated roughly by those who would, doubtless, prefer to treat them with tenderness. It is much better to be obedient than to cry and resist, like this foolish pig.

THE DOG AND HIS MASTER;

Or, a Story to show the Necessity of keeping our Promises.



A dog, that was kept chained to his kennel, to guard his master's grounds, begged hard, one day, to be permitted to be free, and promised

that he would not leave the yard. His master thought he would gratify him ; so he unchained him, and left him while he went to his morning employments.

The dog was no sooner alone, than he forgot his promise, left the yard, and went out to take a ramble. He was so delighted with his freedom, that he staid out all day, and did not return till late in the evening. His master, however, said nothing to him, but chained him up as usual.


The next morning, when the gates were opened, he asked leave again to have his chain taken off. "What," said his master, "when you deceived me yesterday, do you ask again to trust you? No; you have once broken your promise, and I will trust you no more."

"O, pray let me be free once more," said the dog, "and I will promise you faithfully not to leave the yard; indeed I will. I will not

even go near the gate, for fear I should be tempted to go through it. Do pray, my dear master, take off my chain."

"I tell you," said the gentleman, "I cannot believe you. You have deceived me once, and I cannot trust you. You are necessary here, to guard my property; and, for fear you may be tempted to leave this place, I shall keep you securely chained."

We should not make promises, if we do not mean to keep them; for nobody will place any dependence upon our word, if we once deceive them.



TIT FOR TAT;

A Story to show the Necessity of doing to others as we would be done by.



A LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER was, one afternoon, sitting upon the steps of a door, resting himself, after his morning's work. He had a large piece of bread and butter in his hand, which the cook of the house had kindly given him, and which he intended to eat for his supper.

When he was quite rested, he began to eat.

He found the bread and butter very sweet and good ; and, as he was hungry, he enjoyed it very much. So he ate as fast as he could, now and then humming a tune.

Not far from him, on the steps of another door, lay a dog, quietly asleep in the sun. The sweep called out to him, and said, " Come here, sir, come here," whistling and beckoning to him at the same time.

The dog, hearing himself called, and seeing that the boy was eating, got up, shook himself, wagged his tail, and advanced towards the boy, in the hopes that he would give him a piece of the bread and butter. The mischievous boy held out the bread to the dog, who instantly stretched out his nose to take it.

But the young rogue, instead of giving the dog any of his supper, hastily drew back his hand, and struck him a severe blow on the nose, *which made* the poor creature run howling

away, while the cruel little sweep laughed most heartily at the trick he had played.

A gentleman, who was sitting at a window on the opposite side of the street, saw this action, and determined to punish the wicked boy. So, opening the street door, he beckoned to the sweep to come over, showing him a sixpence which he held in his hand.

"Would you like to have this sixpence, my boy?" said the gentleman. "It will buy you a better supper than you have got there." "O, yes, sir, if you please, with many thanks," said the little sweep, eagerly stretching out his hand for the prize.

But, just as he was going to take the money, the gentleman hit him so smart a rap on his knuckles with a cane which he held behind him, that the boy drew back his hand, screaming with pain.

"What did you do that for?" said he, sob-

bing, and rubbing his knuckles. "I did not ask for the sixpence." "Why did you hurt the poor dog just now?" said the gentleman. "He did not ask you for your bread and butter. I only serve you as you served him. Let this teach you that dogs can feel as well as boys, and learn to behave more kindly towards dumb animals in future."

THE PIG IN THE PARLOR;

A Fable about Neatness.

THERE was once a pig, who had been brought up in a sty ; and, like other pigs, thus educated, he preferred a dirty pen to a neat one. But, still, he took it into his head one day, that he should like to live in the house, and run about on the nice carpet which he chanced to see, as the door was open.

He therefore requested his master to grant him the favor of quitting his dirty sty, that he

might live in the parlor. Strange as it may seem, the gentleman consented.

Accordingly, he had the pig washed and combed, and brought into the parlor. At first, the creature liked it mightily, and grunted about with a great display of satisfaction. But, in a short time, he grew weary of the neatness of all around, and began to sigh for some mud and dirt to root about in. At length he broke away from the parlor, and ran back to his sty, where he remained ever after.

This story may show that a child educated in bad habits will be likely to keep them. A child brought up with a love of neatness and order, will preserve it in after life, and it will be a source of great comfort and happiness; while, on the contrary, if any parent brings up a child in habits of negligence and uncleanness, he may be sure that these habits will be retained, and will prove the occasion of great misery.

THE WOLF AND LAMB;

Or, a Story to show the Wickedness of Injustice.

A WOLF and a lamb happened to meet each other at a clear brook, one very warm day, for the purpose of quenching their thirst. The wolf began to drink at a place where the ground was high, and the lamb was at a little distance below him.

The wolf eyed the lamb keenly, and thought he should like to make a meal of him. But he determined to find the lamb in some fault, that he might have some excuse for killing and eating him.

“What do you mean, you bold lamb,” said he, “by stirring up the mud so, and making the water so thick that I can hardly drink it?” “Indeed, sir,” said the trembling lamb, “that cannot be, as the stream runs from you to me, and not from me to you.”

“Well, whether it is so or not,” said the wolf, “you are a pert young rogue, and spoke a great deal of ill of me half a year since.” “Sir,” said the lamb, “how could I speak ill of you before I was born? I am not yet half a year old.”

“Are you not?” said the wolf; “well, then it must have been your father, that vile old sheep; and it is right and just, that you should be made to answer for his impertinence.” So saying, the wicked wolf sprung upon the defenceless lamb, and tore him to pieces.

This story shows us the wickedness of trying to find others in fault to answer our own purposes. We should not commit bad actions; but, if we do, we should not try to make our conduct appear to be right, when it is wrong, as that is double wickedness.

THE COCK AND THE FOX;

*Or, a Story to show that one who makes false Pretences,
is likely to be detected.*

A YOUNG cock, who was sitting upon the branch of a tree, crowed so loud that a fox heard him, who chanced to be passing by. So up he trots, and says, "How do you do, my dear friend? I have not seen you for an age."

"Thank you for your politeness, sir," said the cock; "I am as well as usual." "I am delighted to hear it," said the fox; "pray come down from that high perch, that I may see you closer, and admire your beautiful feathers."

"No, I am much obliged to you," said the cock: "that will not do; for I have heard my old father say, that a fox is very fond of the flesh of a cock, and will eat him whenever he gets a chance; so, if you please, sir, I will stay where I am."

"Pshaw, pshaw, child," said the sly thief; "give me leave to tell you that your old sire is an old fool, and does not speak a word of truth; for I know that all the bēasts and birds are now at peace; therefore you need not mind that, but fly down and see me."

"Is this all true?" said the cock. "I am very glad to hear it, I am sure." And, saying this, he stretched out his neck as far as he could, as if he saw something a great way off.

"What do you see, my dear friend, that you look out so earnestly?" said the fox. "O, nothing at all," said the cock, "only a pack of hounds, that seem to be running a race. It is a fine sight. Look, look; they are coming this way."

"Dear me," said the fox; "coming this way! Then it is high time for me to be gone!" "Gone!" said the cock; why should you go?

What danger can there be to a fox in meeting rounds in time of peace?"

"Yes," cried the fox, "all you say is true; but it is ten to one, that these vile curs have not yet heard of the peace; therefore I must run as fast as I can to get out of the way."

This story shows us that when a known enemy wishes to seem a friend, there is most cause for us to keep out of his reach; and also that shame is likely to follow from falsehood.

THE LION AND THE BULLS;

Or, a Story to show the Necessity of Union and Friendship.

THERE were four bulls, who were brothers, and who were very fond of each other, and always kept close together. A lion, who was

prowling about, often saw these animals, and wanted to make one of them his prey; but he did not like to attack them all at once.

He therefore watched them closely, in hopes of finding them separate; but it was in vain. They always preferred being near one another; and where one went to graze, the others were sure to follow.

So the lion, in despair, tried to think of some means of dividing them. He at last hit upon a lucky expedient. He showed one of them a nice spot of ground, and told him that he should have the grass that grew upon it all to himself.

This made the other brothers jealous, and they soon grew shy of each other; and at last a downright quarrel rose up between them. They separated, and kept as far from each other as they could.

This was all the cruel lion wanted. Finding

them no longer strengthened by the presence of each other, he fell upon them one by one, and thus easily killed them all.

This story should be a warning to brothers and sisters not to listen to the tales and whispers of those artful and sly people, who, while they pretend that they have a regard for them, strive to set their hearts against one another.

THE DOG AND THE CROCODILE;

Or, a Story to show the Necessity of Caution.

TRAVELLERS tell us that, in Egypt, on the banks of the Nile, the dogs, who go to that river to quench their thirst, do not stop, but lap up the water as they run along. This they do for fear of the crocodiles, who lie on the edge, in hopes of making a prey of men and animals.

One day, a dog, who had been running very

hard, and was thirsty, went to the bank of the river, and ran cautiously along, at the same time drinking some of the water.

“My friend,” said a large crocodile, who was lying anxiously in wait for his morning’s meal, “do not be in such a violent hurry. It is a very warm day, and you would be wiser to stop and quench your thirst at your leisure.”

“Thank you for your kind advice,” said the dog: “I would certainly take it, if I did not feel sure that you do not advise me for my good, but only for your own gain. I know very well that you want to make a meal of me; therefore you may be sure I shall keep out of your way.”

This story should teach us never to take the advice of those who are known to be deceitful and treacherous.

THE OWL AND GRASSHOPPER ;

*Or, a Story to show the Folly of teasing our
Neighbors.*

A FOOLISH grasshopper once took the liberty to ridicule a sober owl, who used to fly in search of her food by night, and take repose, in the day-time, in a hollow tree.

The owl wanted to sleep, and desired the silly insect to be silent ; but it was all in vain, for she only made more noise than before. The poor owl asked the grasshopper again to be quiet ; but the vain insect persisted in repeating her shrill chirp.

At last, the owl, seeing that it was in vain to hope for quiet, determined to practise deceit, and thus gain what she could not procure by entreaty. She therefore smoothed her ruffled plumage, and addressed the insect thus :—

“Your melody has driven sleep from my eyes,

and, as I cannot do better, I will open a bottle of nectar that I have in my closet. Will you favor me with your company? and we will enjoy this delicious cordial together. It would be selfish in me to drink it alone."

The grasshopper, who was parched with thirst, upon hearing this polite and welcome invitation, hopped along in great haste, and, with some effort, climbed up the tree till she reached the owl's nest.

"Here I am," said she; "where is the nectar?" "Oh, you are come, are you?" said the owl, pleased at her success. "I am delighted to see you." And, coming forward as if to welcome her guest, the sly owl seized the noisy insect, and put her instantly to death.

This story should teach people to endeavor to make their neighbors comfortable and happy, *and not to fret and tease them, or they will be*

pretty sure of being punished in some way or other.

THE CAT AND THE FOX;

*Or, a Story to show that Vanity and Conceit may end
in Shame.*

A CAT and a fox met each other in the middle of the forest, and began to chat together in a very familiar manner. Their conversation soon turned upon the dangers they apprehended, and their means of escape.

The fox, who was famed for his cunning and artifice, boasted in high terms of the ease with which he could avoid his enemies. "I should not care," said he, "if a whole host should come against me. I have a thousand tricks to play yet, and hundreds of ways by which I can deceive my most dreaded foes."

"But as for you, mistress puss, what are you to do in case you are pursued? You cannot, certainly, outrun your enemies as I can. Ah, my poor friend, you are in a sad case, and really much to be pitied."

"I thank you for your pity," said the cat; "but you may as well spare it, as I have one resource which has never yet failed me, and which I do not think ever will fail me: if it should, I am undone indeed, as I have no other."

"Ah," said the fox, "I wish I could give you some of my wit and cunning; for I have enough to spare in all cases. But, as times are so bad, we must take as good care of ourselves as we can."

He had hardly done speaking, when he was startled by the yelling of a pack of hounds, who were in close pursuit. The poor cat took her

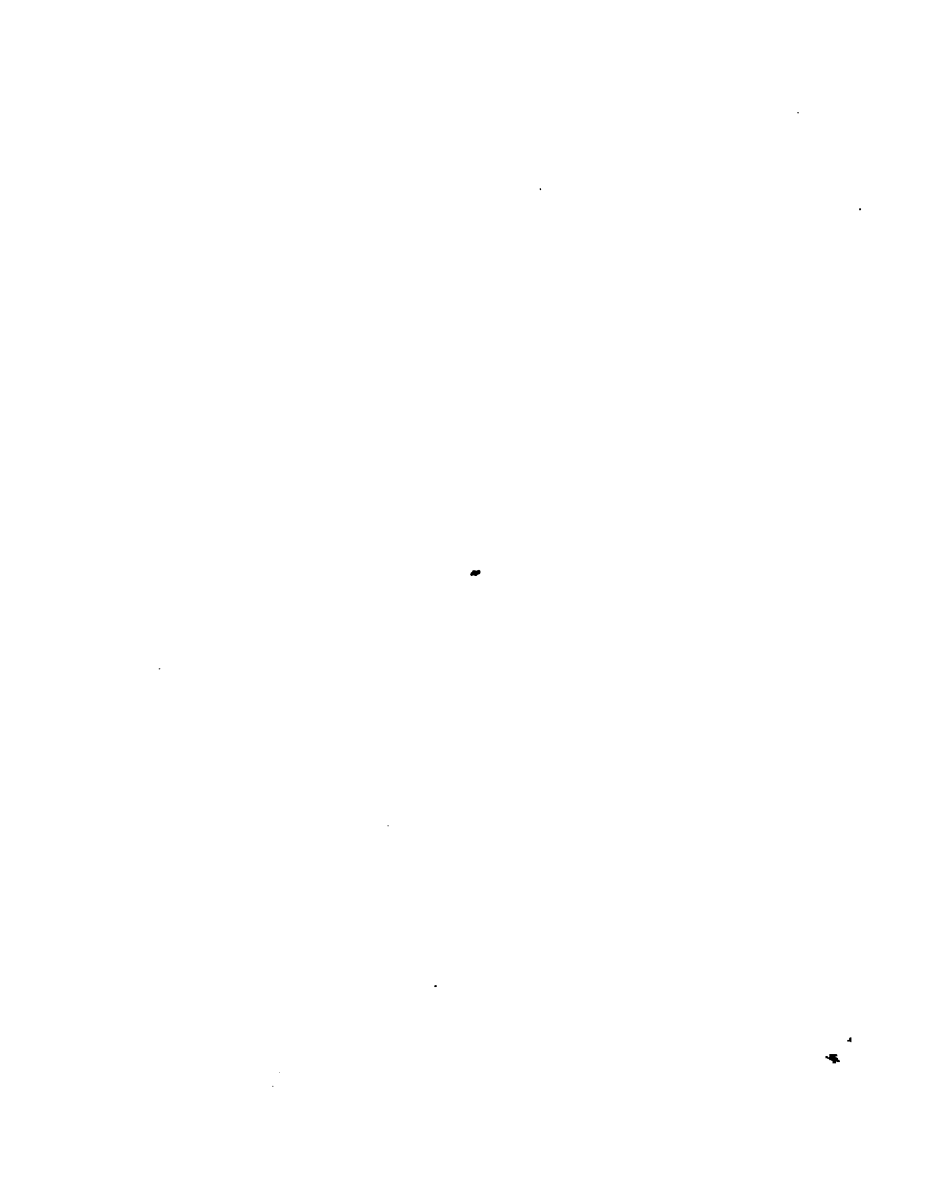
only means of escape by running up the first tree, where she rolled herself up, and remained in safety till the hounds had passed.

But the fox, who thought himself so cunning and crafty, and felt so sure of saving himself from any danger, set off as fast as he could, and ran this way, and that, but all to no purpose ; for the pack soon overtook him, and tore him into a dozen pieces.

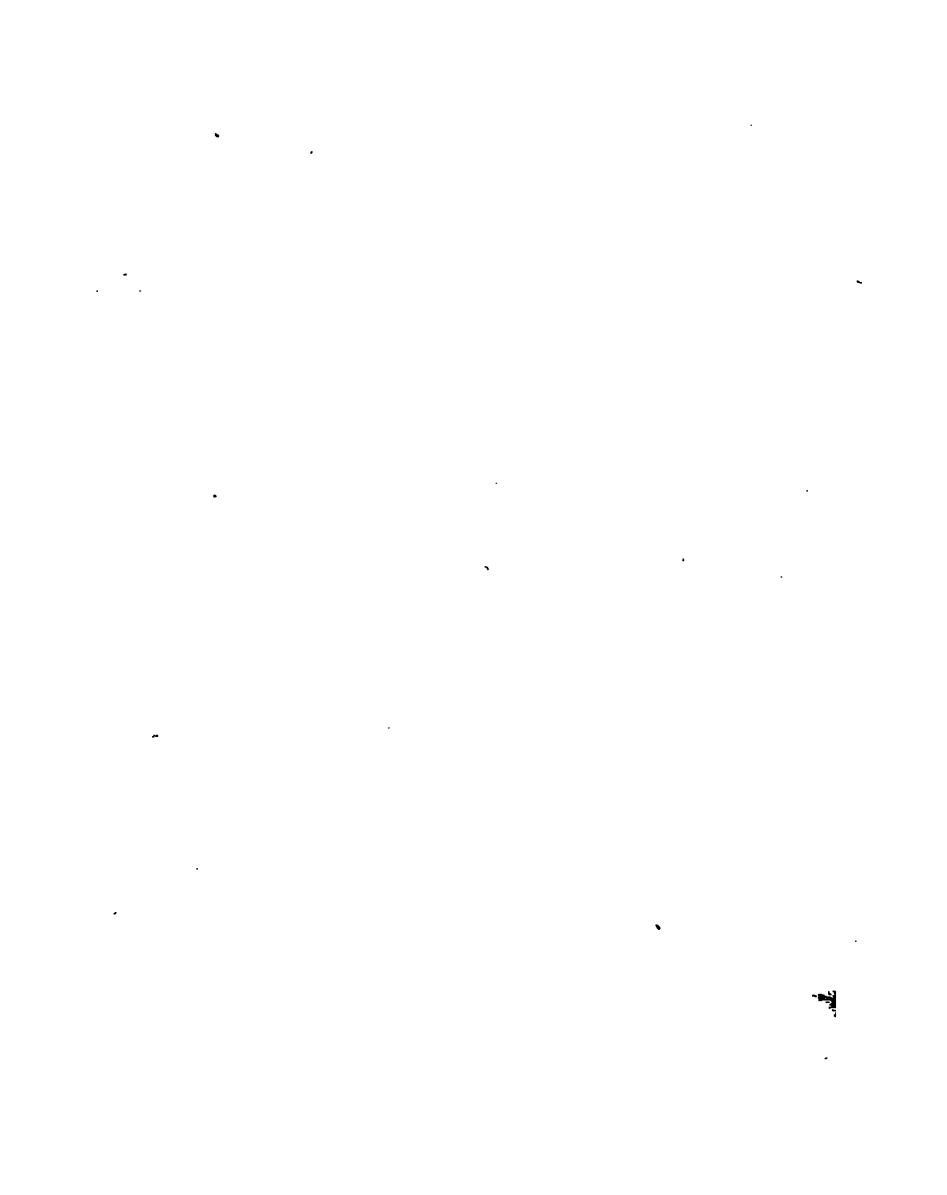
^a This story should teach people to be modest and humble, and not overrate their abilities, as those who do so are generally more exposed to danger than others.

Thus, my young friends, I have told you some fancy stories, partly for the sake of amusing you, and partly for the sake of im-

pressing upon your minds certain useful lessons: These I hope you may remember; and if you do so, they will no doubt be the source of much good.



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