A DOG and a Cock, who were neighbors, once made a little journey together.

When night came on, the Cock flew up into the branches of a tree to sleep; and the Dog found a hollow in the trunk, into which he could creep and lie down. They slept well, and as soon as the morning dawned, the Cock, as usual, began to crow.

A Fox, hearing the sound and thinking he was sure of a good breakfast, came and stood under the branches. "Good morning," said he to the Cock.

"How glad I am to make the acquaintance of the owner of such a voice!

Will you not come down here where we can chat a little?"

"Thank you, I cannot just yet," replied the Cock; "but if you would like to come up here, go around the tree trunk, and wake my servant. He will open the door and let you in."

The Fox did as he was requested; but as he approached the tree, the Dog sprang upon him, and tore him to pieces.

"Two can play at the same game," said the Cock, as he looked down upon the scene.

THE FLY AND THE MOTH

A FLY alighted one night upon a pot of honey, and finding it very much to his taste, began to eat it along the edges.

Little by little, however, he had soon crept away from the edge and into the jar, until at last he found himself stuck fast. His legs and wings had become so smeared with the honey that he could not use them.

Just then a Moth flew by, and seeing him struggling there, said: "Oh, you foolish Fly! Were you so greedy as to be caught like that? Your appetite was too much for you."

The poor Fly had nothing to say in reply. What the Moth said was true. But by and by, when evening came, he saw the Moth flying round a lighted candle in the giddiest way, and each time a little closer to the flame, until at last he flew straight into it and was burned.

"What!" said the Fly, "are you foolish, too? You found fault with me for being too fond of honey; yet all your wisdom did not keep you from playing with fire." It is sometimes easier to see the foolishness of others than to detect our own.