

THE TWO FROGS

ONCE there were two Frogs who were dear friends.

One lived in a deep pond in the woods, where the trees hung over the water, and where no one came to disturb him.

The other lived in a small pool. This was not a good place for a Frog, or any one else, to live in, for the country road passed through the pool, and all the horses and wagons had to go that way, so that it was not quiet like the pond, and the horses made the water muddy and foul.

One day the Frog from the pond said to the other, "Do come and live with me; I have plenty of food and water, and nothing to disturb me; and it is so pleasant in my pond. Now here there is very little food, and not much water, and the road passes through your pool, so that you must always be afraid of passers-by."

"Thank you," said the other Frog; "you are very kind, but I am quite content here. There is water enough; those who pass never trouble me; and as to food, I had a good dinner day before yesterday. I am used to this place, you know, and do not like change. But come and see me as often as you can."

The next time the Frog from the pond came to visit his friend, he could not find him.

“Too late!” sang a Bird, who lived in a tree that overhung the pool.

“What do you mean?” said the Frog.

“Dead and gone!” said the Bird. “Run over by a wagon and killed, two days ago, and a big Hawk came and carried him off.”

“Alas! if he had only taken my advice, he might have been well and happy now,” said the Frog, as he turned sadly towards home; “but he would have his way, and I have lost my friend.”