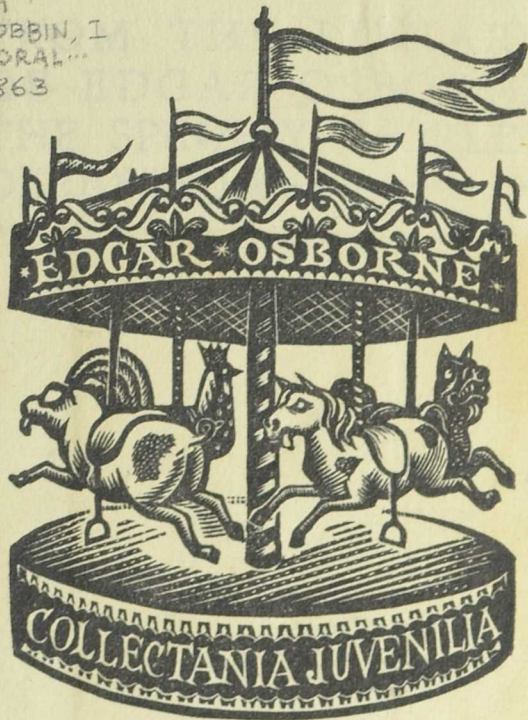


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MORAL
1863



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MORAL FABLES

AND

PARABLES.

BY

INGRAM COBBIN, M.A.

Illustrated.

LONDON :

WILLIAM TEGG.

1863.

P R E F A C E.

FABLE and PARABLE, as lively means of conveying instruction, have been in high estimation both in the ancient and modern ages of the world.

The first example of this mode of instruction is contained in the Bible. “Jotham’s fable of the Trees,” says Mr. Addison, “is the oldest extant, and as beautiful as any made since.” Nathan’s fable of the Poor Man is next in antiquity to Jotham’s, and is considered as even “superior to it in close painting and affecting representation.”

The Fable and the Parable are closely allied together, so that both names have been applied to those before-mentioned; though, strictly speaking, a fable is more properly confined to actors in the brute creation, while a parable may extend to inanimate objects. As, therefore, in several parts of these pages, on this and other accounts, the appellation of Fable will not always strictly apply, the writer has added the second title of Parables.

That truly Christian poet, Cowper, observes,—“It was one of the whimsical speculations of Rousseau, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld

from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses?" And he sarcastically sings in his fable of *The Pairing Time* :—

“ I shall not ask Jean Jaques 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 by the letter,
 A story of a cock and bull,
 Must have a most uncommon skull.”

M. Turgot, a celebrated Frenchman, held similar opinions with the Swiss philosopher. Others have followed these opinions, and advised the expulsion of all fables from the books of children, “ in which lions

talk, and foxes reason ;” they have supposed that they are calculated to fill the mind with superstitious notions, that plain intelligible truths afford the best means of teaching children, and that they are but lies handsomely told. To the first of these objections, Cowper’s shrewd remarks are a sufficient reply ; to the second, the importance of mingling the *utile et dulce* in infant education, and rendering instruction amusing, as the means of the better conveying intelligence, is all that need be answered ; and to the last, it is only necessary to recollect the proper definition of a lie, which is a fiction *intended to deceive* ; whereas

the fable is so obvious, even to the infant mind, that it is likely to communicate anything rather than falsehood, and, accompanied by a *moral*, to throw light upon its meaning,—to fasten that moral much more permanently upon the memory and the heart. The invaluable writers of “Original Poems for Infant Minds” have not rejected these auxiliaries, though none have taken more pains to prevent false ideas from being instilled into the minds of their little readers.

But the parables of our Lord are the best vindication of this species of instruction; and as they are designed for the *young* as well as the

aged, they are an unanswerable defence. Taking them literally, we there meet with the strongest improbabilities ; as, for example, the conversation between a lost and a celestial spirit ; but the moral is not the less forcible, and conveys a truth, at the bottom of which lies one of the strongest appeals to man's nature to enforce the worth of true religion.

The writer of these pages has observed, that most of the fables extant are intended to convey instruction on the policy of human life ; but his aim has been to strike at those early habits of the infant mind which often make bad men, and create those subsequent practical evils which have

been, and still are, the bane of society, and that, too frequently, even in religious circles and institutions; and also, he has interspersed morals, which have often a still higher aim, and which are designed to convey the same great truths as those parables which were uttered by Him who said,—“Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of God.” Two or three of the Fables are borrowed from stories extant; such are “*The Watchmaker and the Time Piece;*” “*The Pig in the Parlour;*” and “*The Two Goldfinches;*” the latter of which is founded on an interesting fact mentioned by Cowper. Most of them

are also illustrative of the real habits of the birds or animals employed as the subjects of the Fable. Some few bear a resemblance to each other; but the repetition of an useful sentiment, under different figures, may be occasionally allowed.

The writer has endeavoured to adapt his style to the capacities of even the youngest readers; he has, therefore, “used great plainness of speech:” he hopes that this statement will shield him from the censure of those would-be critics who are not always mindful of *the end* for which a work is written.

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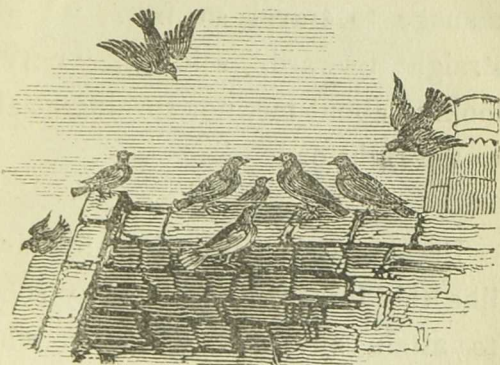
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FABLE I.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

~~~~~  
PERSEVERANCE; OR CONTINUING TO GO  
FORWARD.

~~~~~

A CARRIER PIGEON having been sent home with a letter round his neck, and performed a journey of forty miles in as many minutes, was asked by his companions how he could

manage to travel so fast. "I go straight forward," said he, "never looking about me, nor turning at all to the right or left."

Perseverance, or going forward like this bird, is the only way soon to attain any end. Children who suffer themselves to be diverted by play from pursuing their learning will not soon be likely to become good scholars.





FABLE II.

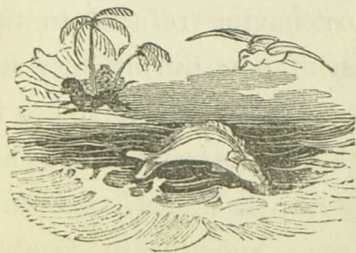
THE OLD FISH AND THE YOUNG ONES.

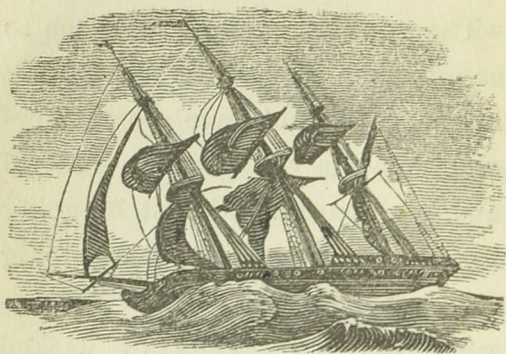
~~~~~  
TEMPTATION; OR BEING LED INTO DANGER.  
~~~~~

A FISHERMAN having thrown a nice bait into the water, which was fastened to a hook at the end of his line, drew it along so cunningly, that many young fish were deceived by it, and were eagerly hastening to get

a nibble. "Stop, stop," said an old fish, that saw them moving on so fast; "whichever bites that worm will be caught by the sly fisherman whom I see near the bank of the river; or, if he escape, he will be severely wounded, or perhaps be doomed all his days to wear a hook in his mouth."—"I see no fisherman," said one of the young ones; "come on, comrades, follow me: if you are afraid, I will bite first, and shall have a good nibble before you." So saying, he seized the hook, and instantly disappeared from the river, and just lived long enough to repent of his folly.

The young should always listen to the old when they warn them against danger, as the old have more knowledge than the young. For want of so doing, many are burnt by going too near the fire, drowned by going into the water, and hurt still worse by joining the society of wicked children. They should then mind the advice which says, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."





FABLE III.

THE VESSEL WITHOUT A PILOT.

~~~~~  
DIRECTION; OR SHEWING US THE WAY.  
~~~~~

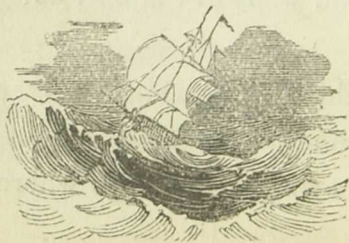
A PILOT having refused to take a ship out of port during very stormy weather, the vessel resolved to break through all restraint; and having reasoned with herself that the sea was large enough to ramble in

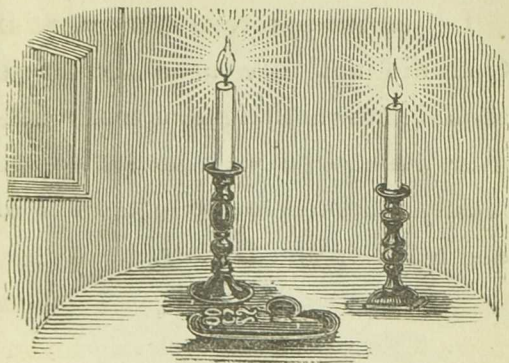
without danger, and that she was capable of travelling anywhere if she had sea room, she one night broke from her moorings, and set off without a guide. For awhile she rode very stately on the water. "How finely I go," said she; "I need no rudder to guide me. Here is room enough; what danger can there be in the midst of this mighty ocean?" While indulging these dreams, she struck upon a rock which lay concealed under the water, and instantly split and went to the bottom.

Children may think it very hard sometimes, that they cannot have their own way, and go where they

will ; but their parents and friends, who are their pilots, know very well what dangers await them without a guide.

In our passage through this world, we shall often meet with sudden dangers, which are like concealed rocks in the sea ; and, if not under superior protection, we shall be ruined by them. Let us, therefore, always implore the guidance of that Divine Providence, without whose direction we are never safe.





FABLE IV.

THE WAX AND THE MOULD CANDLE.

~~~~~  
DEPENDENCE ; OR RESTING UPON THE HELP  
OF OTHERS.

~~~~~  
A WAX and a MOULD CANDLE had a severe contest about which gave the best light. "Cease your contention," said one of the candlesticks ; "neither of you can give any light more than I, till you are first lit."

Let us always remember, that if God did not give us abilities, we should know nothing, and that whatever knowledge we possess, we are mostly indebted for it to the aid of our teachers and friends.





FABLE V.

THE DROWNING BOY AND THE DOG.

~~~~~  
HUMANITY ; OR KIND FEELINGS TOWARDS  
CREATURES.

~~~~~  
A LITTLE BOY, playing by the side of a pond, fell into the water. His playmates cried, but could not help him out. He thought he should have been drowned, and must have

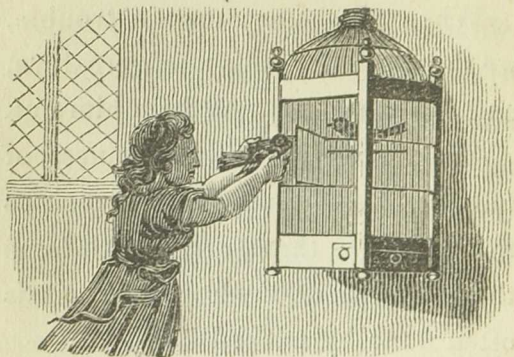
been so ; but at that moment a noble dog happening to pass by, and hearing his cries, ran up to the pond, and said, as well as he could, “ I will help you out, little boy ;” and then instantly plunged in, and brought him safe on shore, without hurting a hair of his head.

When we see others in distress, and cannot help them, we do well to feel kindly towards them, even though we can do them no good. Those who are kind to others in trouble will generally find others kind to them, if they ever come into the same condition.

When we see any ^{*}one in trouble, we should imitate this noble creature, and, if we can, try and help him out.

The kindness and usefulness of tame beasts to man, should teach us to be kind to them, and not to tease them and treat them cruelly, as is often done by wicked boys.





FABLE VI.

THE TWO GOLDFINCHES.

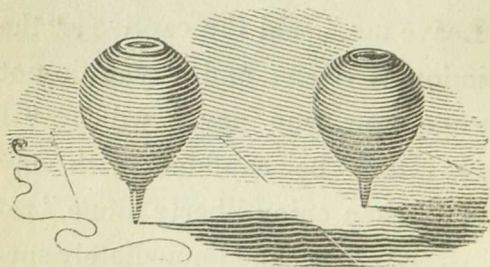
~~~~~  
FRIENDSHIP ; OR KINDNESS OF TWO PERSONS  
TO EACH OTHER.  
~~~~~

TWO GOLDFINCHES were kept together in a cage, and formed an intimate friendship. One day one of them found means to escape between his wires, and having obtained his

own liberty, he tried, by every means in his power, to rescue his companion ; but, as the latter was more bulky than the former, he could not force his way out. In a little time the mistress entered the room : “ Leave me,” said the captive ; “ the window is open ; and if you do not escape now, you never will.” “ I had rather be confined with my friend, than enjoy liberty alone,” replied the other ; and immediately surrendered to be replaced in his cage.

When we have a friend that we really love, we should always be ready to suffer for his sake. Those who love their brothers, and sisters,

and playmates, should give up some of their pleasures for their benefit, rather than have them alone.





FABLE VII.

THE BOY AND THE LOADED ASS.

~~~~~  
JUSTICE; OR DOING THAT WHICH IS FAIR.  
~~~~~

A BOY was driving a loaded ass up hill, when he flogged him severely, because he did not go so fast as on level ground. "Thy cruelty," said the ass, "will surely be repaid; for

thou knowest I can travel no faster up hill." When the lad reached home, he found his master in an odd humour; and seeing the ass very tired, after being unladen at the door,—"Carry him on thy back to the stable," said the master.—"*I* carry him on my back!" answered the boy, "Master, I am tired, and can hardly carry myself, much less could I carry an ass."—"Carry him instantly, I say," continued the master; "and, for disobeying me, take *that*;" when he flogged him most severely. "Now," said the ass to the boy, "thou wilt remember what thou didst to me: how dost thou like to be flogged, to make thee do what

thou findest thou art not able to do ?”

Our unkind and unjust dealings with others will, sooner or later, be sure to return upon ourselves ; therefore, do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.





FABLE VIII.

THE INQUISITIVE MONKEY.

~~~~~  
INQUISITIVENESS; OR LOOKING INTO THINGS  
THAT DO NOT BELONG TO US.  
~~~~~

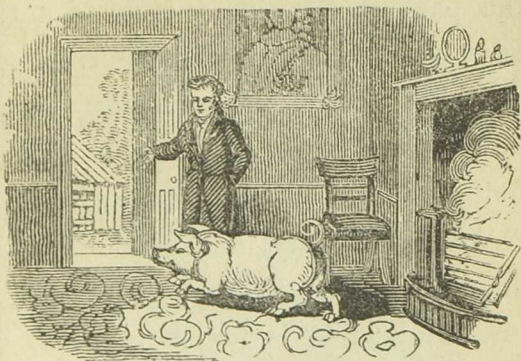
A MONKEY seeing his master hiding something in his garden, marked the place with his eye; and, when his master's back was turned, went and raked up the earth to see what he

had concealed so curiously; when, suddenly, his paw was caught in a trap, and he cried out most bitterly. His master, who, from a distance, had seen him prying about the spot, hastened to warn him of his danger; and when he heard his cries, they told him what he had been doing. He rescued him from his painful situation, writhing under the smart occasioned by the trap, and gave him this admonition:—"Be not too curious to know what does not concern you."

We should not pry impertinently into private matters; it shews bad manners, and as those who do it

take the opportunity, as they suppose, of doing it unseen, they prove that they are ashamed of what they are about, while they must suffer bitter grief and shame when they are detected.





FABLE IX.

THE PIG IN THE PARLOUR.

~~~~~  
DIRTINESS ; OR MAKING OURSELVES UNCLEAN.

~~~~~  
A PIG took it into his head that he should like to be a gentleman. His master, therefore, had him taken out of the sty, nicely washed, combed, shaved, dressed, and admitted to

the parlour fire-side. He had not, however, been there more than a few hours, when he gave signs that he was not at all at his ease; and being let out, he ran, grunting with delight, to his sty, and laid himself down and rolled in the mud. "O," said he, "this is far more to my taste than all the parlours and carpets in the world."

Dirty children are like pigs; they are fond of rolling in dirt.

Those who once learn to be fond of dirty habits are not easily taught to become clean. Such habits make them as bad as the brutes, and often much worse; for many of them never

like to be dirty, but take great pains to keep themselves clean, without even having been taught. What a lesson this is for dirty children !





FABLE X.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE ROSE.

~~~~~  
DISOBEDIENCE; OR NOT MINDING WHAT IS  
SAID TO US.  
~~~~~

A LITTLE BOY was allowed one day to ramble about a garden, in which were many choice flowers; but he was desired not to touch any of them. He, however, soon forgot what was

said to him ; and seeing a pretty rose, he ventured to pluck it. In a few minutes his finger streamed with blood, for it was severely scratched, and he cried bitterly, and ran to his sister. She bound up the wound, but reproved him : “ Ah, brother, if you had minded what was said to you, and not gathered the rose, you would not have been wounded by the thorn.”

Forbidden pleasures always lead to pain.

If children will be satisfied with the indulgences given to them, they will be safe from the consequences of wilfulness or disobedience ; but

when they think they are wiser than their parents, they are sure afterwards to have reason to be sorry.

Children suffer in the end more pain from reproof, chastisement, and shame, when they do things forbidden by their parents, than they enjoy pleasure in the performance of them.





FABLE XI.

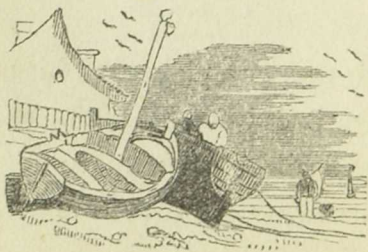
THE ARCHER AND THE ARROW.

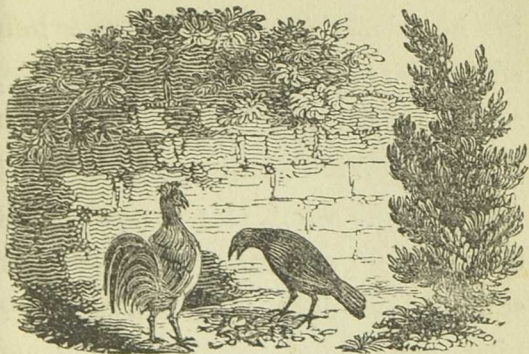
~~~~~  
INJUSTICE ; OR WRONGLY LAYING THE BLAME  
ON OTHERS.

~~~~~  
AN ARCHER complained of his arrow, because it did not hit the mark. "If you had directed me right," said the arrow, "I should not have failed."

We too often blame others, when the fault is in ourselves.

Some children when they do wrong things, instead of owning that they were in fault, and being sorry for it, will make the most silly excuses, and blame a brother, or sister, or playmate, or servant, rather than lay the fault where it properly belongs, to their own naughtiness.





FABLE XII.

THE RAVEN AND THE COCK.

~~~~~  
HOARDING OR LAYING UP USELESS THINGS.  
~~~~~

A RAVEN one day promised a cock that he would shew him a number of curious things, which he was sure no other bird possessed. The cock went with him some way, and, in the hole of an old wall, he exhibited

his hoards. There were bones and stones, bits of wood and horn, leather, and rags, and a thousand other like things. "Well," said the cock, "and now tell me what is the use of all these; can you eat them?"—"No," said the raven. "Will any other bird eat them?" said the cock. "No," said the raven. "Can you do any good with them to yourself or others?" said the cock. "No," said the raven. "Then," cried the cock, "what a fool thou art to spend thy time in laying up so much trash."

Children who fill their heads with idle nonsense, instead of useful

knowledge, are no wiser than this silly bird. They lay up what will never do good to their own minds, or the minds of their companions.



FABLE XIII.

THE RATS AND THE BARLEY.

~~~~~  
EXTRAVAGANCE; OR SPENDING OR USING IN  
WASTE ALL THAT WE HAVE.

~~~~~  
SOME RATS having found a sack of barley deposited in the corner of a garret, enjoyed themselves every day in feasting abundantly upon it till it was all gone. The winter now set

in, but they had no provision, and none could they get at in the neighbourhood. "How foolish were we," said one of them, "that we did not eat less at a time, and then we might have had plenty to last us all the winter."

Extravagance generally leads to want.





FABLE XIV.

THE BOYS AND THE EGGS.

~~~~~  
COVETOUSNESS ; OR KEEPING ALL TO OURSELVES.

~~~~~  
TWO LITTLE BOYS had a present of some fowls, which laid plenty of eggs. One of them sold his as soon as he got a dozen at a time, and he bought himself books and other useful things, and, besides, had a penny or sixpence in store to give

to some poor person, or for some other benevolent purpose. But the other thought he would not be tempted to lay out the money his eggs were worth, and he kept them till he had got a great many dozen; then he said, "What a heap of money I shall have to look at after I have sold them; and I will keep it in a box, and I shall be a great deal richer than my brother." He was often told that his eggs would then do him no good; but he *would* keep them. At last he thought he would sell them, and, having now many dozen, that they would fetch him a good sum of money; but when the person who was about to buy them saw their colour, and tried them by

breaking one after another, he found that the eggs were nearly all rotten !

Covetous people often hoard up money as this little boy hoarded his eggs ; and though it will not rot like eggs, yet if it is shut up in a drawer, when they come to die, without having done any good with it either to themselves or others, it will turn out to be of no more service to them than if it was rotten.





FABLE XV.

THE COW AND THE CLOVER.

~~~~~  
GLUTTONY; OR EATING MORE THAN WILL  
DO US GOOD.

~~~~~  
A cow having found her way into a fine field of clover, ate till she burst. A horse entering the field at the moment of her misfortune, and seeing the cause of her death, "Ah,"

said he, "this comes from not knowing how to limit thy appetite; hadst thou eaten less, thou wouldst in the end have enjoyed more."

Gluttons often kill themselves. Brutes are not always rational enough to know when they have had plenty; but it is a disgrace to children and grown-up people if they do not know how to moderate their appetites, instead of making themselves ill.





FABLE XVI.

THE BEES AND THE DRONES.

~~~~~  
IDLENESS ; OR DISLIKING TO WORK.  
~~~~~

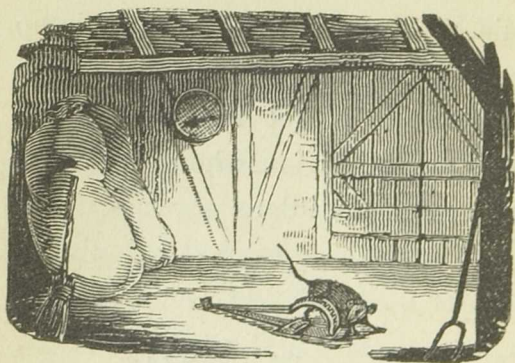
A HIVE OF BEES having provided honey for the winter during the whole of the summer, traversing for that purpose flower after flower, field after field, and garden after garden ;

the drones, who had eaten of their labours during all the fine season, without ever working themselves, went to the cells as usual, when all the labour was over, and expected to be allowed to have as much honey as they pleased; but the bees replied, —“ We do not know that we have too much for ourselves; you should have provided a sufficiency for your own wants while the summer lasted, instead of idling away your whole time:” so they fell upon the drones and killed them, or drove them out of the hive.

They that will not work should not eat. God never made us to be

idle. Idle people, while they do no good to themselves, are a burden to others. It is not right that those who are industrious should work for those that are idle.





FABLE XVII.

THE RAT AND HER YOUNG ONES.

~~~~~  
LYING; OR TRYING TO DECEIVE.  
~~~~~

AN OLD RAT one day went out, and strictly charged her young ones not to venture from home, lest they should fall under the claws and jaws of the cat. But no sooner was she gone than one of them proposed to take a

ramble, to which the others consented. "You know," said one, who thought himself very cunning, "here are four of us, and surely our eight eyes will be a match for puss, with only two." So they first peeped through a large hole with great caution ; and, finding all clear, they ventured over a floor, covered with bran, towards a nice bag of barley, which they saw in a chamber of some back buildings. They pricked up their ears to listen, and watched carefully on every side, proceeding at the same time with a very cautious step ; when, all at once, the boldest, who thought himself the most cunning, gave a dreadful shriek, and found

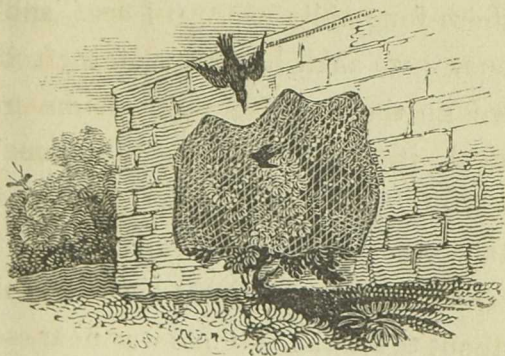
himself caught in a trap, which was concealed under the bran. The rest fled in alarm; and fearing now that the cat would certainly hear him, and have him, he tried to get away, and drag the trap along with him. In the effort he escaped, leaving his leg behind. As soon as he got home, the rest began to lick his wound, and to try to cure him if they could before the mother should return; but they forgot that she must see that he had lost his limb. They also tried to make a story ready to deceive their mother when she should come back; and it was hastily agreed to tell her that, while she was absent, a trap had come into the hole, and

bitten off their brother's leg. While they were talking, the mother entered, and seeing the wounded young one in great distress, asked what was the matter. "Mother," said he, "as soon as you were gone, a trap came into the hole, and snapped off my leg." The others joined in the story. "Ay, ay," said the mother; "I see how it is; the trap would not have come to you, if you had not gone to the trap. Be glad that you have not all been killed by the cat, whom I have just seen on the watch. As for you," said she to the one who had lost his leg, "you have got sufficiently punished for your fault. But your brothers I shall punish severely for

being disobedient to my orders, and going out when I charged them not to go; and then for trying to cover their fault by all joining to tell me a great falsehood.”

One wilful sin generally leads to another; and it is well if sin does not end in ruin. Lies are generally bungling things, and are almost always sure to be detected, when they bring with them shame and punishment.





FABLE XVIII.

THE SPARROWS AND THE CHERRIES.

~~~~~  
STEALING; OR TAKING WHAT IS NOT OUR OWN.

~~~~~  
TWO SPARROWS seeing a beautiful cherry-tree in a garden, covered with fine fruit, longed to taste it; but from its being protected with nets, they saw that it was not planted

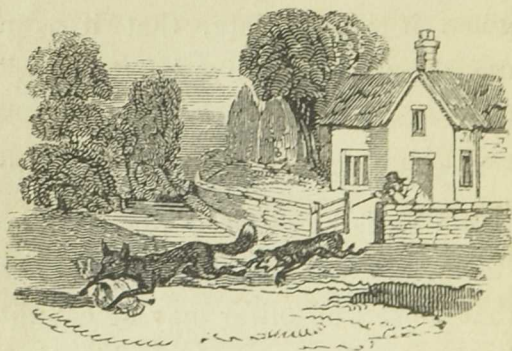
there for public use. “I see,” said one, “we shall be guilty of theft if we go there, and I do not like to steal, it is a dangerous practice.” “Poh,” said the other, “I always take what comes in my way; do not be so squeamish.” He then looked about to see that no one was near,—for thieves are always afraid of being detected,—and seeing the garden free, he pounced full upon the cherry-tree, when in an instant a sparrow-hawk, that had been placed near the spot to guard the fruit, pounced upon him, and he received the reward of his roguery. “Alas!” cried he to his comrade, who sat looking upon a neighbouring hedge, “I find now,

when it is too late, that it is a dangerous thing to live by stealing."

"Honesty is the best policy."

Little birds know no better than to steal; but this parable may teach us that those who pilfer may be caught in the act, in the moment when they least suspect their danger.





FABLE XIX.

THE FOX AND SPANIEL.

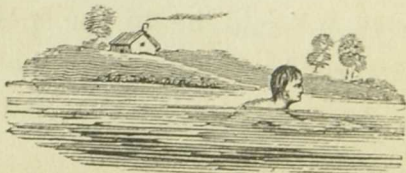
~~~~~  
BAD COMPANY ; OR WICKED CHILDREN.  
~~~~~

A FOX and a SPANIEL became intimately acquainted, and took various excursions together. The fox sometimes popped his head into a farm-yard, and stole a fowl or a goose. One day he had made free with a fine

goose, where he and the Spaniel had often been seen together, when all the other geese set up so great a cackling, that the farmer went out to see what was the matter, and took his gun with him, which was well loaded with shot; when he saw the fox just clearing the gate and running off, with the spaniel close to his side. The farmer fired, and the shots lodged in them both, so that he caught them. "Thou shalt die, rogue as thou art," said he to the fox, as he knocked him on the head with the butt-end of his gun; "and so shalt thou," said he to the spaniel, as he turned to him. "Oh, hold, I beseech you," pleaded the spaniel;

“ I never stole a goose in my life.”
“ What, then, could be thy business to keep company with such a rogue? I will not believe thee,” said the farmer: and so he despatched the dog also.

Those who keep bad company are in the end likely to suffer the same disgrace and ruin which usually befalls them; so avoid wicked children if you would wish not to be thought as bad as they are, and come to the same miserable end which has often happened to them.





FABLE XX.

THE THUNDER CLOUDS.

~~~~~  
QUARRELLING; OR SCOLDING EACH OTHER.  
~~~~~

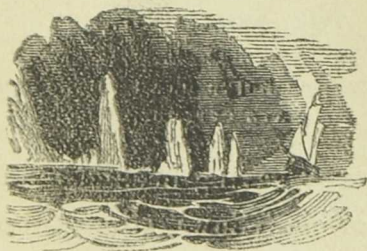
Two CLOUDS were travelling swiftly in opposite directions, when they happened to run one against the other. "Let me pass," said one. "No, I will not; you must make way for me," said the other. Neither

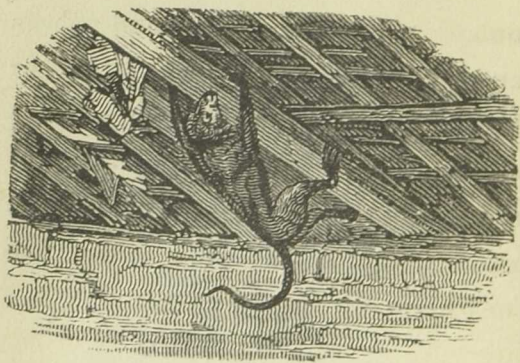
would yield ; and so they both burst with a very dreadful noise, and not only destroyed each other, but also, by the lightning they produced, injured and killed several persons, and burnt and shattered several houses beneath.

It is often better to yield, even when we are in the right, than to continue to resist an obstinate person ; for contentions not only injure those who engage in them, but frequently extend from a few to a many ; and “ behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.”

Some children will never yield anything to their companions, but

always make themselves and others uncomfortable by their obstinacy; and in tugging for playthings break them, and lose the enjoyment of them altogether. He is by far the more happy child who yields, than he who is always striving.





FABLE XXI.

THE ANGRY MONKEY.

~~~~~  
REVENGE; OR DOING HARM TO THOSE THAT  
HAVE OFFENDED US.  
~~~~~

A MONKEY having been affronted by some of his fellows, climbed up into an old building, and took his revenge by pelting them with the bricks, and stones, and timbers, which he picked

out. He was warned that if he continued to loosen many more the building would fall about his own ears, and kill him ; but he was so pleased with the mischief he was doing to the offenders, that he heeded not the warning ; when suddenly, on pulling out a large piece of wood, the roof fell, and the monkey's brains were dashed out.

In doing mischief to others, we are often liable to do harm to ourselves ; so the best way is to avoid doing mischief at all, even when we are provoked to it.



FABLE XXII.

THE PUPPY AND HIS COMPANION.

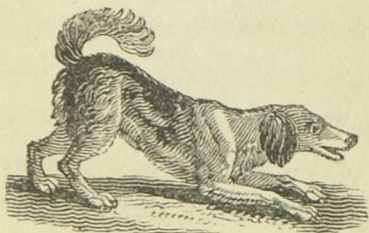
~~~~~  
INGRATITUDE; OR BEING UNKIND TO ANY ONE  
WHO HAS BEEN KIND TO US.

~~~~~  
A PUPPY had formed an acquaintance with an older dog, to whom he had been introduced by entering the family where the latter resided. "I am young, and not able to defend

myself," said he ; " will you be my friend, and protect me whenever I am attacked by any of our race ?" " I promise I will," said the old dog,—and he always kept his word ; and often did the puppy tell him how much he felt indebted to him for his friendship, and that he would, in turn, defend him when he was too old to defend himself. At length old age overtook the dog, and the puppy was now grown up to full vigour. They were one day walking together at this period, when a large mastiff came along, snarling, and seemed to be in a very surly humour. He marched up to the poor old dog, who prepared to receive him, in case

of assault ; but his teeth and strength were gone, and he looked to see if his friend were not ready to aid him ; but no,— he had run away, and left him to shift for himself. “ Alas ! ” said he, as he crawled away, nearly dead, from the jaws of his assailant, “ is this the friendship I ought to have expected ? and are these the returns I am to receive for all my kindness ? ” In the course of years the young dog grew old likewise ; but he had no friend to protect him, and being set upon in a fray among some of his brethren, he was killed, without pity, in the contest.

Nothing is more base than to shew ingratitude, and to break the promise of faithful friendship ; yet many make the most unkind returns for the kindness they have received. Let us fear to imitate such examples ; for, in the end, we shall be likely to meet with the just reward of our deeds.





FABLE XXIII.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN AND WEEDS.

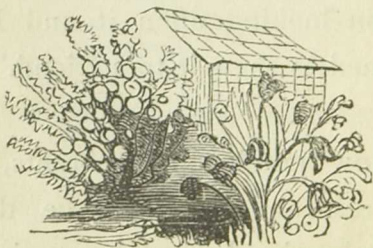
UNPROFITABLENESS ; OR BEING GOOD FOR
NOTHING.

A GENTLEMAN, who was very fond of flowers, sowed his garden with some of the most curious sort, and he said to himself, "When spring and summer arrive, how pretty will

my flowers look, and how sweetly will they smell; then I shall be well repaid for all my trouble." At length the spring and summer came, but no flowers appeared,—nothing but weeds grew up in their place. "Alas!" said he, "how vexing it is to be at all the expense and labour which I have incurred, to make my garden agreeable to myself and others, and now I can find no pleasure in looking upon it, and I am ashamed to shew it to a friend."

How much must parents, and teachers, and ministers, be disappointed, who have taken pains to cultivate the sweet and lovely prin-

ciples of piety and wisdom in the mind, to see all their labour lost, and nothing springing up that can afford any pleasure to them. Idle and wicked children in a family are like these weeds in a garden, and far more than ever these can disappoint the gardener, do they disappoint the hopes of their fond parents and friends.





FABLE XXIV.

THE ELDER AND THE THORN TREE.

~~~~~  
CONCEIT; OR THINKING VERY HIGHLY OF  
OURSELVES.  
~~~~~

AN ELDER and a THORN TREE grew near each other in a hedge of a garden. One day the elder, which had often looked upon the thorn with contempt, broke out into language

of abuse. "You contemptible thorn tree," said the elder, "you are good for nothing but to be burnt. I produce nice berries for wine, and my branches, when cut, will make excellent pop-guns or whistles for my master's children, while you do but scratch them if they come near you."

"I do not want to quarrel with you," said the thorn; "but since you think so highly of yourself, let me tell you that I protect the hedge much better than you do; I bear a prettier blossom in the spring, and I dare say my master values me as much as he does you." While they were talking the master approached them, and his gardener with him.

“ I want this hedge to be rooted up,” said he ; “ here is this old elder ; I suppose it is good for nothing but to burn ; but I wish you to preserve the old thorn, for it will make me a valuable walking-stick to support my aged limbs to church ; cut it down with care, and let it go to the carver’s, that he may prepare it for me in the handsomest manner.” The elder tree looked sadly ashamed ; the thorn had need to say nothing more.

Let us not think more highly of ourselves than we ought. Those whom we now despise from their circumstances or abilities may in time prove even better and more useful than we.



FABLE XXV.

THE PARROT AND HER MISTRESS.

~~~~~  
PERTNESS; OR ANSWERING RUDELY.  
~~~~~

A LADY having purchased a beautiful GRAY PARROT, bought it a very handsome brass cage, and placed it in the window of the parlour, where

it might see the pleasant garden and enjoy the favour of the family and company who came into the room. For a few days she was shy and said nothing, but every one admired her beauty; and Poll would soon have become a great favourite had she conducted herself properly. At length she began to speak, and to say, "Poll, Poll." Her mistress then enticed her to talk, and she looked cunningly at her in return. The children also were fond of Poll, and gave her bread and milk to eat, and sometimes bread and butter, or a morsel of some nice thing which they knew she liked. One morning Poll had made a great dirt about the

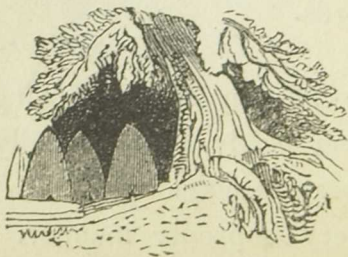
room, and the mistress went to the cage, and said, "Poll, you must not make so much dirt; don't throw your victuals about so, my pretty bird." Now, Poll had learnt some rude sentences; and it was not improbable that she had got them from hearing them often said by some naughty child who had used them before she was bought by her mistress; so Poll in reply said, "But I will." The first offence was not noticed; but again Poll's mistress desired her very kindly not to tear her fine new cage to pieces. "I don't care," said Poll. And then the housemaid coming into the room to wipe up the dirt Poll had made, said, "O

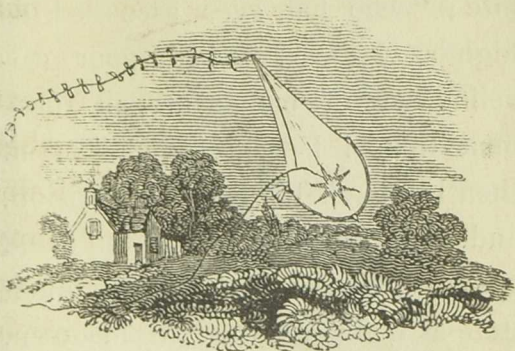
Poll, you make a great litter !”
“ Who cares for you !” said Poll.
“ Mary,” said the mistress, “ if that
bird remains here, I shall have all
my children taught bad words, she
answers so pertly ; so take her down
into the kitchen, and put her into a
dark corner, where she will not be
likely to talk ; I must have her no
more.” So Poll was carried from the
parlour to the kitchen, and doomed
for a long time to sit and mope in a
dark corner, till she forgot all her
bad words.

Some children are very much given
to answer pertly, and especially will
they speak to playmates or servants
in a very improper manner. No

wonder if they are disliked or put into the corner.

If children would learn this text from Solomon, and always remember it, they would soon find how useful it is:—"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger;" that is, if we answer people gently, even when they speak angrily to us, with or without a cause, they will soon forget to be angry; but if we answer sharply, they will only be more angry than before.





FABLE XXVI.

THE FALLING KITE.

~~~~~  
PRIDE ; OR CARRYING OURSELVES VERY HIGH  
ABOVE OTHERS.

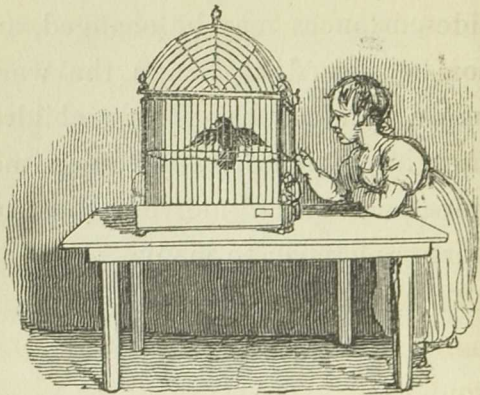
~~~~~  
A KITE having risen to a very great height, moved in the air as stately as a prince, and looked down with much contempt on all below. “What a superior being I am now !” said the

kite ; “ who has ever ascended so high as I have ? What a poor groveling set of beings are all those beneath me ! I despise them.” And then he shook his head in derision, and then he wagged his tail ; and again he steered along with so much state as if the air were all his own, and as if everything must make way before him ; when suddenly the string broke, and down fell the kite with greater haste than he ascended, and was greatly hurt in the fall.

Pride often meets with a downfall. Let us beware how we look with contempt on those below us, lest, while we are carrying ourselves loftily, our

circumstances may be changed, and we be placed as low in the world as we well can be. Little children that have rich friends to-day may have poor ones to-morrow ; for such changes happen to many.





FABLE XXVII.

THE BIRD IN THE CAGE.

~~~~~  
ANGER; OR BEING IN A PASSION.  
~~~~~

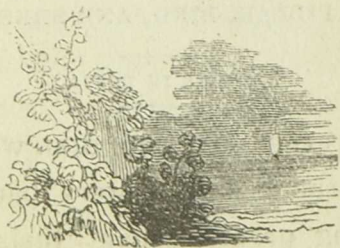
A GENTLEMAN having caught an old bird, put him wild into a cage. The bird had all his life-time been used to enjoy his liberty; as soon as he found himself shut in on all

sides, instead of patiently waiting for some favourable moment when he might be set free, he began to stick up his feathers, and hastily and fiercely pecked and pulled at every wire with his bill. Finding all these efforts were vain, he only became more violent; and flying round and round the cage, in a great passion, he beat it with his wings. It was to no purpose that a pretty little girl went to the cage, and spoke kindly to him, and tried to soothe him, he only fluttered about the more. At last his breast, his wings, and, indeed, every part of him became so sore and exhausted, that he fell to the bottom of the cage, where, for a few minutes, he lay gasping, and then expired.

A poor bird, deprived of his liberty, might be excused for beating his cage, and trying to get out ; but little boys and girls, who fling themselves about in a rage, excite our pity still more ; for anger in them, while it is injurious to themselves, is displeasing to God. Many children, by giving way to it, have brought on fits and other disorders, from which they have suffered all the rest of their lives ; and, owing to their growing up passionate, have been disliked, even by their near relations, as well as by everybody else. But the worst thing in anger is, that God is offended by it ; for he commands us to put away all bitterness and

wrath, and only to be kind-hearted one towards another; so that those who are angry, are guilty of breaking his most sacred commands.

Your kindest friends sometimes say that they are angry with you when you do wrong things; but this is different from being in a passion, and means only that they are vexed and displeased.





FABLE XXVIII.

THE BOY AND GIRL, AND CATER-
PILLAR, BIRD, AND SHEEP.

~~~~~  
PRIDE IN DRESS.  
~~~~~

A LITTLE BOY AND GIRL were one day seated on a flowery bank, and talking proudly about their dress. "See," said the boy, "what a beau-

tiful new hat I have got ; what a fine blue jacket and trousers ; and what a nice pair of shoes : it is not every one who is drest so finely as I am !”

“ Indeed, Sir,” said the little girl, “ I think I am drest finer than you, for I have on a silk hat and pelisse, and a fine feather in my hat : I know that my dress cost a great deal of money.”

“ Not so much as mine,” said the boy, “ I know.” “ Hold your peace,” said a caterpillar, crawling near in the hedge ; “ you have neither of you any reason to be so proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think but

meanly, before they were put upon you. Why, that silk hat first wrapped up a worm such as I am.” “There, Miss, what do you say to that?” said the boy. “And the feather,” exclaimed a bird perched upon a tree, was stolen from or cast off by one of my race.” “What do you say to that, Miss?” repeated the boy; “well, my clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms.” “True,” said a sheep, grazing close by, “but they were worn on the back of some of my family, before they were yours; and as for your hat, I know that the beavers have supplied the fur for that article; and my friends, the calves and oxen, in that field,

were killed, not merely to get their flesh to eat, but also to get their skins to make your shoes.”

See the folly of being proud of our clothes, since we are indebted to the meanest creatures for them ! and even then we could not use them, if God did not give us the wisdom to contrive the best way of making them fit to wear, and the means of procuring them for our comfort.





FABLE XXIX.

THE FOREST TREES.

~~~~~  
BOASTING ; OR TALKING AS IF WE WERE VERY  
GREAT AND GOOD.

~~~~~  
THE TREES of a FOREST were holding a conversation on their flourishing state, and boasting of their verdure, and vigour, and growth. Several of these were foremost among the

speakers, of which one said, proudly, "Well, I am the stateliest tree of the forest; which is so tall and straight as I?" Another said, "I am the strongest, for I can defy any storm to tear me up by the roots." And a third said, "I am the brightest evergreen in the forest; and when those that boast of their stateliness and their vigour are stripped in winter of all their leaves, which then looks so vigorous and beautiful as I?" While they were yet speaking, the steward of the land entered the forest, marking each of them for felling, and in a few more hours they were laid low by the axe of the wood-cutter.

How unwise are they who boast
of health, and strength, and beauty,
when the next hour they may lose
all, and be numbered with the dead!





FABLE XXX.

THE TWO ROSES.

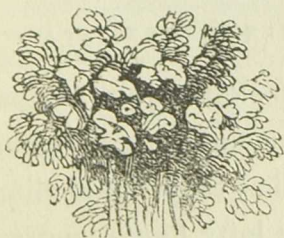
~~~~~  
VANITY; OR ADMIRING OURSELVES.  
~~~~~

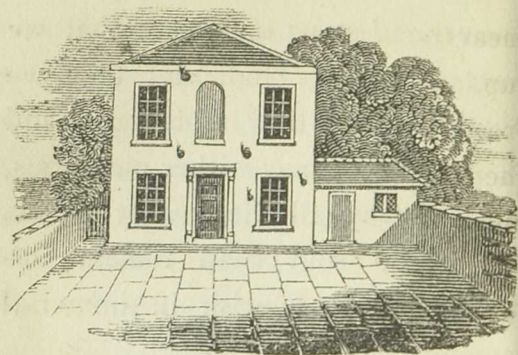
TWO ROSES grew together near the brink of a pond made in a flower-garden. One was very modest, though beautiful, but the other was very vain of what beauty she possessed. One day she was looking

with much pride on her fair form as it was reflected in the water, when her companion warned her, that though she was beautiful she was frail, and it was folly to be proud of that which she might lose in an hour. The warning had no sooner been given than an east wind suddenly blew a killing blast, when she withered and died.

Nothing is more foolish than to admire ourselves in the glass and be proud of our beauty, if we really possess it, for beauty is but like a fading flower; in a few hours it may be spoiled by disease, or destroyed by death. True piety alone is durable

beauty. Let us take care that we love and fear God, and then we shall look beautiful in his sight; and though death may wither our forms, and destroy all the beauty of the body, the soul shall remain untouched, and flourish in immortal vigour.





FABLE XXXI.

THE RIVAL SNAILS.

~~~~~  
AMBITION; OR TRYING TO GET ABOVE OTHERS.  
~~~~~

SEVERAL SNAILS were one day crawling in a court-yard, when it was agreed that they should climb up the side of a lofty house, and see which could first reach the top. Some of them were soon tired, and remained

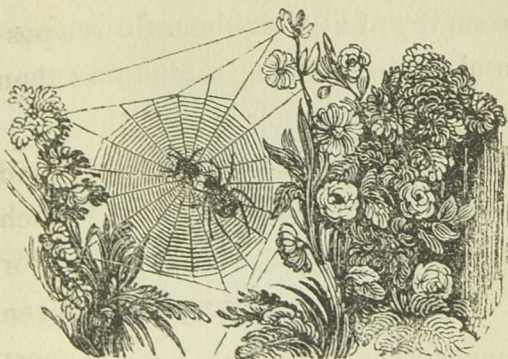
near the bottom ; others got half way up, and one only ascended near the roof. When he had reached this height, he looked down, and seeing the others a great distance below him, he began to swell with pride at his superior attainments and exalted station, and was in the act of boasting and laughing at the rest, when he lost his hold, and down he came upon the stone-paved court, and was dashed to pieces.

It is great folly in those who are favoured by Providence with greater abilities than others, to look down upon them with contempt, for we know not how soon we may be in

danger of losing the capacity we possess, and becoming far weaker than they.

It is also very foolish to be proud because we have been able to reach a higher rank in life than others ; for many who have attained it have been reduced by Providence to the most humbling stations.





FABLE XXXII.

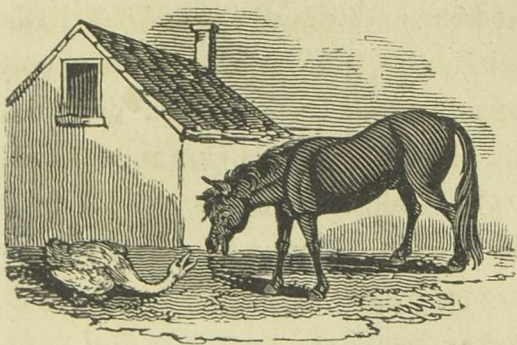
THE SPIDER TURNED OUT OF HIS
DWELLING.

~~~~~  
OPPRESSION ; OR USING OUR STRENGTH AGAINST  
THOSE THAT ARE WEAKER THAN OURSELVES.

~~~~~  
A SPIDER having been totally de-
prived of his web by the broom of
the clean housemaid, instead of set-
ting to work to make another, took

a survey of his neighbours' dwellings, and having at length found a spider that was much more feeble than himself, he turned him out, and took possession of his house.

Those children who are tyrants over others that are younger, and more feeble than they are, are worse than the cruel spider who actually does what is here related, because they have sense to know that they are not doing what is right. It is very cruel of the strong to oppress and tyrannise over the weak, when they ought rather to protect them.



FABLE XXXIII.

THE GOOSE AND THE COLT.

~~~~~  
RIDICULE ; OR LAUGHING AT OTHERS.  
~~~~~

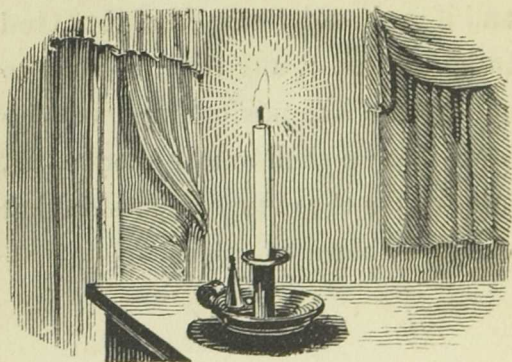
A POOR GOOSE had been cruelly plucked alive of all his feathers, that he might satisfy the avarice of his master, who could get money by them. A young colt, seeing the goose in this state, laughed heartily

at her, and derided her. A little while after, the goose met the colt again, when he had been deprived by his master of his ears and his tail. "Oh," said the goose, "whose turn is it to laugh now? My feathers are growing again, but you will never more have your ears and your tail."

Some children will laugh if they see a poor idiot or deformed person; but we should never laugh at the misfortunes of others, for we know not how soon far worse may befall ourselves.

Let us then be kind to the lame, the deaf, the dumb, and the blind;

and if it should please Almighty God to permit us, at any time, to have to endure the like misfortunes, we may hope that we shall not be mocked at, but receive the same compassion that we have shewn to others.



FABLE XXXIV.

THE CANDLE AND CANDLESTICK.

~~~~~  
CONTEMPT; OR LOOKING DOWN IN THE MIND  
AND DESPISING OTHERS.

~~~~~  
“You mean, despicable thing,” said
a candle to a candlestick, “what
were you made for but to wait upon
me?”—“And pray tell me,” said
the candlestick, “of what use would

you be without me, though now you shine so proudly, while I hold you up?"

Let us not despise those beneath us; they are as necessary for our comfort as we are for their existence.





FABLE XXXV.

THE BOYS AND THE ICE.

~~~~~  
PRESUMPTION; OR GOING INTO DANGER WHEN  
WE OUGHT NOT.

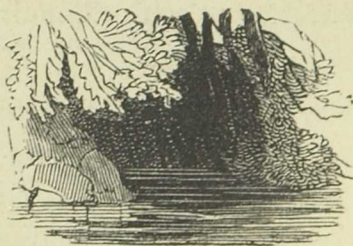
~~~~~  
SOME little boys had been forbidden to go upon the ice of a pond which happened to be frozen over in a hard winter. They, however, would not mind what was said to them; and

one day venturing on the edge, and finding that they did not fall in, they proceeded by degrees, taking more courage, till they had nearly reached the centre, when the ice broke, and several of them were drowned; the rest were got out with difficulty.

It is very dangerous for children to venture upon the ice; for if it does not give way, they may fall and break their bones; but if it should break, it is very likely they may be drowned, as many have been before them.

If we venture to go a little way with sinners, and to do bad things with them, we are likely not to stop

there, but to proceed onward, till we are either saved from ruin with great difficulty, or perish for ever.





FABLE XXXVI.

THE LOST DOG.

~~~~~  
DISCONTENT ; OR NOT BEING SATISFIED.  
~~~~~

THERE was a DOG which was a great favourite with his master, and most tenderly treated. He always provided him with plenty of food, such as he liked, allowed him to lie on

the warm hearth-rug before the fire in the day-time, and gave him a comfortable bed of hay to sleep on at night. He would often pat his fat sides in token of affection, and Rover was not insensible of this kindness, for he would prick up his ears, and wag his tail, to shew that he was pleased; he would also lick his master's hand and jump for joy, whenever he approached him. But Rover was of a wandering turn of mind, and though his master often took him out for a walk, he never seemed satisfied, because he would not trust him to go by himself where he pleased, for he feared that Rover might be stolen or lost.

Rover made many attempts to have his own way, and was often kindly, though as he thought unkindly, prevented. At length he seized a favourable opportunity, and one day set off and wandered to a considerable distance, when, at last, night came on, and he could not find his way back. He followed several persons, and gave them to understand by his looks that he should be glad to go home with them, but no one would take him. He whined in great distress, and feared that he should perish, for the weather was very cold. At length a poor cottager took pity on him, and he went to his cottage. Here, however, he had nothing but a cold stone floor to lie

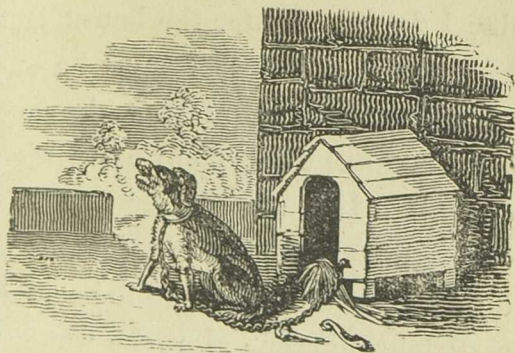
upon, and he durst not go near the fire, for every time he approached it, the cottager's wife, who did not like dogs, gave him a cruel kick, and sent him yelping away. No bed was made up for him at night, so that he might even envy the pigs which he could hear grunting with satisfaction in their sty, for they were more comfortably accommodated than he. And often did he get up and turn round and round, and scrape the hard floor, to see if it were possible to make his place more easy ; but, alas ! his labours were all in vain. As for food, the cottagers had very little for themselves, and poor Rover was obliged to go and find it where he could, and put up with any carrion

in the road, or on the dunghill. How often he thought of his foolishness in leaving his good home, but it was now too late ! He did not long survive this change of circumstances, for he pined away every day ; and so, partly through grief, and partly through the hardships he endured, he died.

While we are children, and know not what is good for us, we ought to be contented with the commands of our kind parents, who will never prevent us from enjoying anything that they think is for our good ; many children, by thinking for themselves, have fallen into misfortune, and often lamented their folly, like Rover, when

it was too late. And when we grow to men and women, we must learn to be contented with the lot which Providence assigns us, and not to murmur or complain, while God is so good, that there are still stations and things which we should like to occupy and enjoy, but which he thinks right to keep from us; for if, by our headstrong ways, we endeavour to obtain what is wisely withheld from us, we only expose ourselves to a change for the worse.





FABLE XXXVII.

THE DISCONTENTED DOG.

~~~~~  
THE SAME.

~~~~~  
A DOG that was used to be kept out of doors, and never permitted to enter the house, thus bemoaned his condition :—“ How hard is my fate ! Here I am doomed to lie all night in the cold, in a hard kennel, and in the

day I durst not enter the house, lest I should dirty it; so I must be excluded from the warm fire, and every other comfort which many of my race enjoy." His master, hearing his complaint, took pity upon his condition, and he was allowed to become a parlour guest. Here he was indulged with a good fire in winter, where he could warm his cold nose, and his master often fed him with many a nice bit from his own hand. However he one day heard him again complaining. "Alas!" said he, "it is true I get a fire to warm myself, and some nice bits from my master, but I have now lost my liberty; for instead of having the yard and streets

to ramble in, I am seldom allowed to go abroad, lest I should make a dirt; and, with all my comforts, I am but a splendid prisoner. I envy the meanest cur in the streets. Would that I were again free!"—"Take thy freedom, thou discontented fool!" said his master, and spurned him from his presence.

We often think that our lot might be much more comfortable than it is; but were we in possession of what we think would make us really happy, we should generally find ourselves mistaken. The discontented mind can never be satisfied.



FABLE XXXVIII.

THE DOG AND HIS MASTER.

~~~~~  
PROMISES; OR GIVING AND KEEPING OUR WORD.  
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A DOG that was usually kept chained up during the day promised his master that, if he would let him be free, he would not ramble beyond the boundary of the yard. His

master took his word, and released him ; but no sooner was he left alone than he forgot his promise, and went out on a day's stroll. When he returned at night his master scolded him severely for breaking his word. In the morning, when the gates were opened, he was chained up as usual, when his master again entered the yard, and he asked again to be released. " No," said his master, " you broke your promise yesterday, and I cannot trust you any more." " I will faithfully promise not to go out, indeed I will," said the dog. " I tell you," said his master, " I cannot now believe you ; and as your presence here is necessary to guard

my property, you shall henceforth be kept from the temptation of breaking your promise, by being securely chained.”

Whenever we make promises, we ought always to keep them; for nobody will place any dependence upon us when once we have broken our word.





FABLE XXXIX.

THE YOUNG CATERPILLAR AND THE ROOK.

~~~~~  
IGNORANCE; OR KNOWING LITTLE OR NOTHING.

~~~~~  
A YOUNG CATERPILLAR that had climbed to the top of a tall currant bush, and looked round the garden, on returning to his companions, who were far below, boasted of the vast

knowledge which he had obtained, and that he had seen the world. A rook, that was perched on a lofty elm above, on hearing this vain boasting of the young caterpillar, exposed his ignorance, and made him look quite ashamed before all his companions. “ You have seen the world, indeed !” said she ; “ why you can all observe how much loftier this tree is than that currant bush, and how much more I can see than you ; and yet what is the height I can mount, to that of the lark ? and even she can see countries beyond her without bounds.”

Those that know a very little are

very apt to think that they are very wise, while those who know much confess their great ignorance, notwithstanding all they know.





FABLE XL.

THE BLANK BOOK AND THE PRINTED BOOK.

~~~~~  
KNOWLEDGE; OR GETTING LEARNING.  
~~~~~

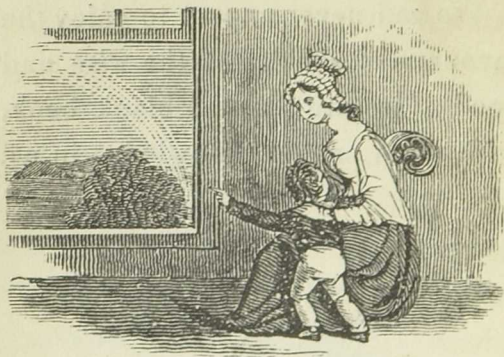
A BLANK BOOK and a PRINTED BOOK were placed by the side of each other on a shelf. The blank book was often pulled out, and as often shut again with a bang, and put up with

an air of vexation by those who had opened it, and sometimes with the remark—"O, there is nothing in this!" But the printed book, as soon as it was opened and glanced at, was applauded with, "This will just do." It was allowed a place near the fire,—introduced into company with sociable parlour guests,—taken out as a companion for a walk with some of the ladies, when they rambled the fields or strolled into the pleasure grounds and the garden,—indulged with lying on their laps in the bower, and sometimes it went out visiting, and was brought home again much praised for the pleasure its company had afforded.

One day, when returned for a short time to its place on the shelf, the blank book inquired what it was that gave the printed book so many privileges. "You are often taken down and admired," said the blank book, "and you go out visiting with the gentlemen and ladies, while I remain here neglected, and as dull as one of the dark days before Christmas. I think I am as big as you,—as old as you,—as well dressed as you, and as much, by right, one of the family as you; what, then, makes people neglect me, and always desire your society?" "Neither of the things you mention," said the printed book, "give me any preference; it is what I have got printed inside."

We can never expect to enjoy the favours and society of the wise and good, if we are like the blank book, with not a page of knowledge in us.





FABLE XLI.

THE CHILD AND THE RAINBOW.

~~~~~  
THE WORLD; OR THE RICHES, HONOURS, AND  
PLEASURES OF THIS LIFE.

~~~~~  
“ O DEAR,” said a little boy to his mother, “ only see what a beautiful bow there is in the sky, and how many colours it has !” “ Yes, my dear,” said the mother, “ that is the

rainbow. It has seven colours; let us count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. They are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red." "I will reach a chair," said the little boy, "that I may get up at the window, and see it better, and try if I can count the colours too." He reached the chair, but when he had mounted it, how was he astonished to find that the bow was nearly vanished, and all its colours were gone.

There are many things in this world like the colours of the rainbow. They please us for a little while only, but they are soon gone. So will

the world itself lose all its charms when we come to die. It is in Heaven alone that we shall be able to find pleasure that shall never fade away.





FABLE XLII.

THE SINGING BIRDS AND THE LAMBS.

~~~~~  
RELIGION; OR PRAISING OUR CREATOR.  
~~~~~

THE SINGING BIRDS were all assembled together to chant their evening melodies to the praise of their Creator, when some lambs, that were skipping about near them, in-

vited them to come and dance in the fields, for they would find much more pleasure there than by pouring forth their strains in the groves. “You — mistake,” said one of the birds for the rest; “it is in your nature to spend your time in play, though you are all soon to die by the hands of the butcher, and you ought therefore to be the more grave; but you know nothing of the high pleasure which we enjoy, in singing the praises of Him who made us.”

Those who devote themselves to a life of vanity, forget that their end speedily approaches; and they are quite mistaken in supposing that

those who prefer living to the praise of their bountiful Benefactor, know nothing of satisfactory enjoyments.

Children who learn early to praise and serve God, will find themselves in the end infinitely more happy than those who spend all their time without ever praising him at all.





FABLE XLIII.

THE WATCHMAKER AND THE TIME-PIECE.

~~~~~  
HYPOCRISY ; OR PRETENDING TO BE WHAT  
WE ARE NOT.  
~~~~~

A WATCHMAKER having a very handsome time-piece on his counter, it attracted general attention, and he was often asked if he could recom-

mend it. "Why, no," said the watchmaker; "that is the very reason why it remains on my hands. The article is very handsome; it is of curious workmanship, and of fine materials, but it has just one fault, and that is fatal to it—it will not go."

How fair soever the professions of people may be, yet if they are not practical Christians, doing what it is expected Christians should do, they are good for nothing, and men despise them.

However God may have made some children fairer, and stronger, and richer than others, yet, if when

they are examined they turn out to be neither wise nor good, they will be reckoned by every one, whose opinion is good for anything, to be but resemblances of the clock that would not go.





FABLE XLIV.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE MOON.

~~~~~  
FOLLY; OR TRYING FOR THINGS WE CANNOT  
GET.

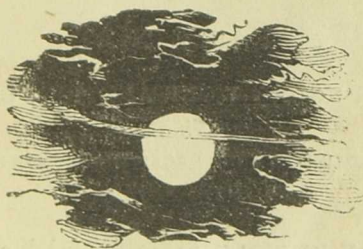
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A LITTLE BOY seeing the moon shining brightly one evening, as he peeped through his nursery window, cried bitterly, and said he would have it. His fond parents had in-

dulged him wrongly, and let him have all he wanted within his reach ; he was now, however, conquered, and shewn how foolish it is to cry for everything ; for the moon did but laugh at him, and tell him to moderate his desires, for his arm was not long enough to reach her.

We should be content with such things as we have ; but many foolish persons lose all their lives in aiming at what they can never reach, while they lose the enjoyment of much that they possess.

Little children that soon grow tired of their books and their toys, too much resemble the little boy that

cried for the moon ; for in general they long for the first new object they see, and could they always obtain it, they would not be a bit happier than they now are.





FABLE XLV.

THE YOUNG WOLF AND THE LAMB.

~~~~~  
TREACHERY; OR DECEIVING OTHERS TO  
HURT THEM.  
~~~~~

A YOUNG WOLF meeting with a lamb not far from his mother, observed that he was in some pain. "What is the matter?" said the wolf; "you seem to suffer very much." "I

have run a thorn into my foot," answered the lamb, "and I know not how to get it out." "O, come a little way with me, friend, just to my residence, and I will cure you," replied the wolf; "I am acquainted with a complete remedy." The silly lamb was enticed out of sight of his mother; and, while he was asking what kind of cure the wolf would apply, the rogue quickly turned round upon him, and laying hold on him, said, "This is the way I cure;" and ate him up.

To pretend to be the friend of another, and then to do him an ill turn, is the vilest kind of treachery.



FABLE XLVI.

THE FROG AND HIS NEIGHBOURS.

~~~~~  
PROCRASTINATION; OR LEAVING THINGS TO BE  
DONE AT SOME FUTURE TIME.

~~~~~  
A FROG residing in the bank of an old hedge, heard a gentleman, who was walking with his son, direct a labourer that was at work close by,

to clear some ground on which he was working, and then to root up the bank and remove the ditch. He immediately went home and resolved upon a speedy removal, lest he should have his house pulled about his ears, and be buried or killed by the labourer. He also warned his neighbours of their danger, but they laughed at his croakings. Having changed his dwelling, he went every day to renew his warnings; and as the labourer had actually begun to remove the hedge, he thought they would be more successful. He was, however, only treated in the same way, and for all his kind persuasions he received the most insulting

answers. " You need not mind us," said his late neighbours ; " be done with your croaking ; leave us alone ; we know how to take care of ourselves as well as you do. It will be quite time enough when the danger comes nearer to run away." Still he was anxious to save them ; and seeing they were on the very verge of ruin, he once more told them that if they delayed any longer it would be too late. " Well, we shall now leave to-morrow," said the frogs. On the morrow their friend went again to see if they were safe, but the pickaxe had struck upon their dwelling, and killed and maimed the whole.

Let us never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day.

Many ridicule those who warn them to be prepared against the approaches of death ; and while they are saying that to-morrow will be time enough to think of it, the danger overtakes them.





FABLE XLVII.

THE TWO ROOKS.

~~~~~  
HAPPINESS.  
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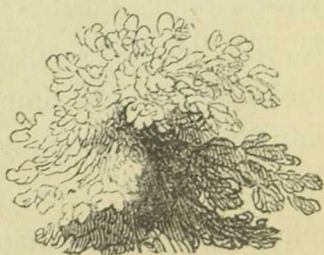
TWO YOUNG ROOKS, which had just taken each other for mates, set to work to build their nests in a tall tree of a rookery. One gathered sticks, while the other twined them together with as much skill as a basket-maker; and after lining it

carefully with fine roots for their bed, they congratulated each other on the probability of years of happiness in this strong mansion, too near a town to be assailed by birds of prey, and too far above their reach to be plundered by wicked boys. Unfortunate birds! They were not out of the reach of the marksman. The owner of the rookery just then took it into his head to thin their numbers, as they greatly annoyed him by their perpetual conversation; and the next day they were among the first victims that fell. As they lay wounded on the ground, they had just time to bid each other farewell, and expired.

All schemes of earthly happiness

are quite uncertain. It is right that we should thankfully enjoy what God now gives us; but let us never forget that these comforts may soon be taken away.

Children, you may and ought to enjoy, with gratitude to God, every comfort he gives you, but be prepared to lose everything. Put your dependence only on your Creator, as a happiness which nothing can destroy, and then you will never be disappointed.





FABLE XLVIII.

THE EARTH-WORM AND THE BEE.

~~~~~  
ENJOYMENT; OR BEING DELIGHTED WITH THINGS.  
~~~~~

“WHY do you trouble yourself to fly from flower to flower in search of honey?” said an earth-worm one day to a bee; “I am sure it must be great toil: now I take my ease, and only lounge about, and can always

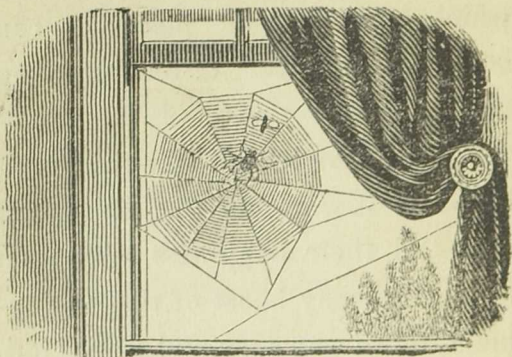
satisfy my appetite with fine mould, and nothing can be more rich or delicious. Nor have I any need to lay up in store for a future day, for the earth is all before me, and I can eat when and where I please, without the plague of filling a hive." "Ah," replied the bee, "thou knowest not, poor crawling creature, how much pleasure I have in flying from flower to flower, and how much sweeter honey is than earth; and though thou boastest so much of thy large dish, all who know the taste of mine, know that for food my hive of honey is worth more than all thy earth."

Those talk high of the enjoyments

which this world's pleasures can afford, who never tasted anything better.

Though people who, like the worm, crawl as it were on the earth, and draw all their happiness only from this world, may boast of their enjoyment, those who love and serve God, and who have often first tried what pleasure this world can give, now find that there is no pleasure like theirs.





FABLE XLIX.

THE FLIES AND THE SPIDER.

HEEDLESSNESS ; OR NOT MINDING GOOD ADVICE.

AN OLD FLY meeting a young one, on a fine morning in Autumn, warned him against going into any garden or field, as the spiders had worked webs among the trees to catch their

prey, and he would, without doubt, be killed and eaten by them.

The young fly heard the advice of the old one, but did not take it; for he ventured to the nearest garden, where he thought he could buzz delightfully about the harbour; but in his way thither he dashed into a large web, where he was caught. The old spider watched him sily from the centre of his web, and delighted himself in hearing his cries and distress. At length he dashed down upon him, stuck in his fangs, and drew his blood.

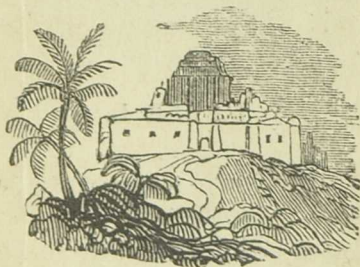
“ Alas ! ” said the poor fly, as he was fast dying, “ an old friend told me of my danger, but I did not

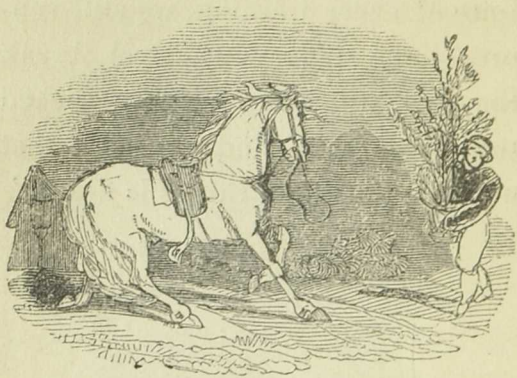
mind his advice.”—“That was thy fault, and not mine,” said the spider; and then swallowed him up.

Children, kindly warned of danger, often run into it like this silly fly. They are not caught in the spider's web, for that is to catch flies, and not children; but they are often scalded,—burnt,—drowned,—run over,—or break their necks by terrible falls; when, had they only minded what was said to them, they would have escaped.

Sin is more venomous and savage than the spider, and it is kind indeed of those who warn us against running into its jaws; but if, in

spite of every warning, we still venture,—and lie, swear, steal, break the Sabbath, and do other wicked things, we shall find, too late, that “the end of these things is death.”





FABLE I.

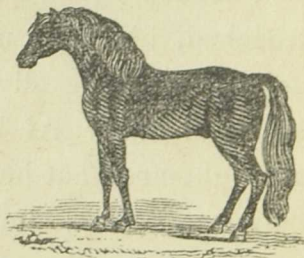
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FRIGHT; OR BEING GREATLY TERRIFIED.  
~~~~~

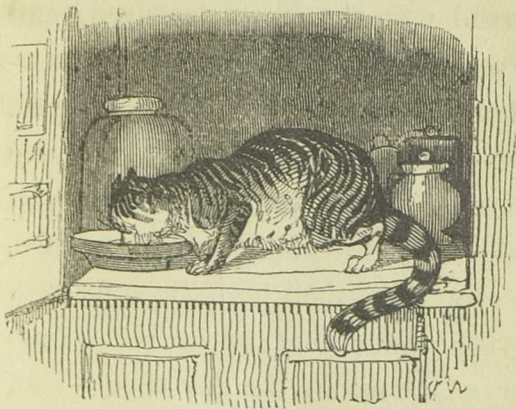
A HORSE being left by his master standing at a door, in a public road, was told not to move away, lest he should get into danger, and especially not to be alarmed at any thing passing, for he would then do

himself a mischief. The horse, however, did not mind what was said to him, but turned his head every way, not merely to see how he should take care of himself—for that would have been wise enough—but also as if he would look out for something that he might be frightened at. At length he saw a man at a distance carrying a young tree. He pricked up his ears, and stared, and looked—and then looked again. As the tree approached, his fears made it into some terrible thing alive, that would do him harm. At last he became so frightened, that he forgot what his master had told him; and, turning round, he galloped away

without knowing or thinking which way he went; till, running against a tall sign-post, he struck his head so severe a blow, that he died upon the spot.

It is always right to be cautious, and not to go into danger; but those who are easily frightened, often, to escape a fancied evil, run into a real one.





FABLE LI.

THE CAT IN THE CUPBOARD.



UNFAITHFULNESS; OR ONLY DOING OUR DUTY
WHEN WE ARE WATCHED.



A CUPBOARD being overrun with rats and mice, the mistress of the house resolved on getting a cat to watch and catch them. One of a very fine

breed was therefore procured, and Puss was desired carefully and constantly to do her duty. "O, yes, never fear me," said Puss; "I have caught many a mouse; and if you will leave the cupboard in my care, I promise it shall be quite safe, with every thing that is in it." Puss pryed about in the day-time; and, being seen by the mistress and servants, behaved herself very well, and even caught a mouse, for which she got great praise, and was constantly stroked, and fed in abundance with new milk, and other nice things, so that she wanted for nothing. When the family had all gone to bed, Puss now took her

station in the cupboard, and stole softly about, like a good sentinel, keeping guard. She listened to every scratch inside the wainscot, and peeped towards all quarters of the cupboard. At length, however, the thought came into her head—“Why, if there is something here good for the rats and mice to eat, I may as well try and find it, and have a nice bit for myself.” So she found out the store, and set to work on fish, and meat, and milk, and cream, and tasted every thing that came in her way, devouring and lapping ten times as much as the rats and mice would have done. At last she came to a dish that was

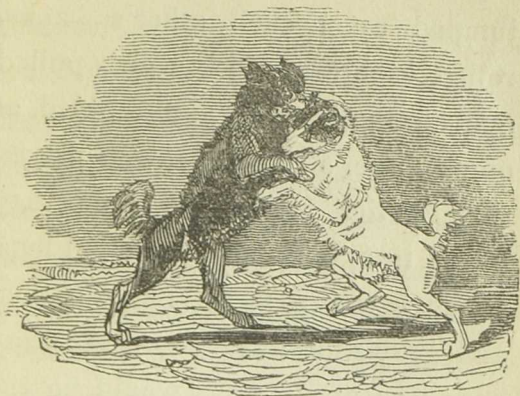
very savoury indeed, and nicely prepared in sauces, placed at one corner of the cupboard. This she also ate up. And now she began to be ill, for the last dish was poisoned, with a design to destroy the vermin. However, as the quantity that would kill a rat or mouse would not kill a cat, Puss did not die; but, in the morning, she was very ill, and this led to her detection. The cook soon examined the cupboard, and found that she had gnawed and drank every thing she could reach; and the master being informed of her unfaithfulness, ordered a string to be tied round her neck, with a large stone at the end, and then

passed sentence upon her, that she should be thrown into the nearest pond: and so Puss was drowned.

We should always be faithful to our trust; and if we are put to take care of any thing, we ought rather to suffer the injury or loss of whatever may belong to ourselves, than to touch what is committed to our keeping by others. The contrary conduct is nothing less than stealing, and will at last lead to disgrace, and often to ruin.

Many children have lost their lives by picking and stealing when no one has been at hand to see them; and have ate or drank im-

proper things which have brought on illness, or even swallowed down articles mixed with poisons. And though the things they have touched might not perhaps have been intrusted to their care, yet as they knew they were not intended for them, their conduct was not less blameable, and they had only themselves to thank for falling into misfortune.



FABLE LII.

THE PLAYING DOGS.

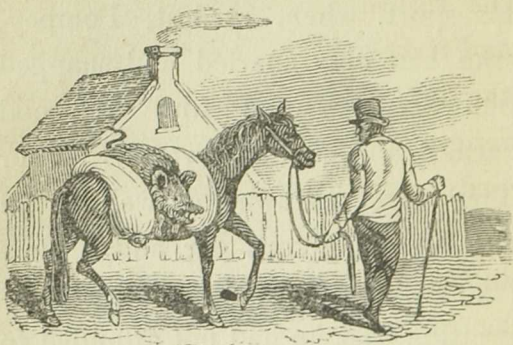
~~~~~  
QUARRELSOME PLAYMATES.  
~~~~~

TRAY and POMPEY, two young dogs, one day met each other, when they put their noses together, pricked up their ears, and wagged their tails. They then began to play, and

jumped upon each other's backs, rolled each other in the dirt, pulled one another's ears, and nibbled at one another's tails. Having played their antics for some time, they began to rear up on their hind legs. Pompey was a very snappish dog, and Tray's master, who was standing near, was afraid what would be the consequence, and told him, if he wished to escape in a whole skin, he would not say any more to him; but Tray would not hear. Once or twice, indeed, he seemed disposed to retreat, as he found that Pompey was quite inclined to pick a quarrel with him. He, however, loved play so well, that he ventured to renew

his sport, when, at last, Pompey, who had only snarled and snapped before, fell upon him in good earnest, and bit him severely. Poor Tray then got away as well as he could, with a torn ear and a lame leg, and went yelping home, regretting that he had not attended to the advice of his kind master.

Never play with quarrelsome children; it is well if you escape uninjured from their company; and never make yourself disliked by quarrelling, or you must expect that good children will not again like to play with you.



FABLE LIII.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND PIG.

~~~~~  
OBSTINACY; OR HAVING OUR OWN WAY.  
~~~~~

A COUNTRYMAN, one day, took a pig to market; but while he was upon the road, he seemed, in a short time, to be inclined to go any way but the right. If he wanted him to go forward, he would turn backward; if to

the right, he would take the left ; and if to the left, he would move to the right ; while he only added to his fatigue all the while. At length, he tied a string to one of his hind legs, and tried to guide him with a whip, something after the manner in which he would guide a horse ; but he kicked, and cried, and run back, and declared that he would return to his sty. “ So, then, Mr. Grunter,” said the countryman, “ you will have your own way, will you ?—well, then, let us see who shall be master, you or I.” So he took some rope out of his pocket, laid hold on grunter by the legs, and, binding them fast, threw him on the back of his horse,

between two sacks filled with grain. It was then of no use for grunter to kick, and he could not run, but he roared lustily. "O, pray, master," said he, "do let me down this once, for I never learned to ride, and shall break my neck."—"No, no," said the countryman; "you have had your way long enough; now I must have mine;" so he carried him squeaking all the way to market.

Little children, who will not do what they are bidden, must be made to do it. If they will be obstinate, like pigs, they must be treated like pigs.

Is it not, then, much better, instead

of frowning and pouting, and flinging and kicking, to do everything obediently, like good children, than for children to expose themselves to be roughly used by those who, if they were only good, would love them, and whose first wish is to treat them with kindness?





FABLE LIV.

TIT FOR TAT.

A TRUE STORY.

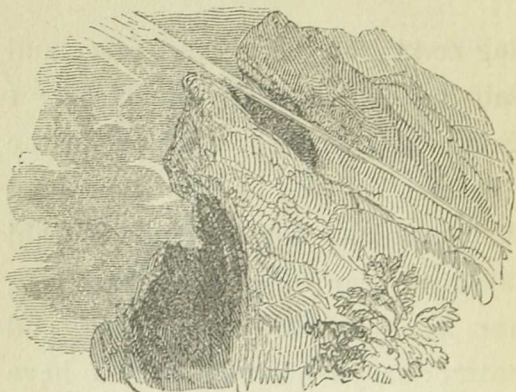
A LITTLE chimney sweeper was one day sitting on the steps of a door, with a broom in one hand, and a large lump of bread and butter, which somebody had kindly given him, in the other. While he was eating it, and merrily humming a tune, and

shuffling his feet to express his pleasure, he saw a poor little dog, quietly sleeping not far from him, and called out to him—"Come here, poor fellow!" The dog, hearing himself kindly spoken to, got up, pricked up his ears, wagged his tail, and seeing the chimney sweeper eating, approached him, when the rogue held out to him a piece of his bread and butter, and as he stretched out his head to take it, the sweep hastily drew back his hand, and hit him so hard a rap on the nose, that the poor creature ran away, yelling most dreadfully, while the cruel little sweep sat laughing at the mischief he had done.

A gentleman, who was looking from a window on the opposite side of the street, saw the behaviour of the wicked boy, and, opening the street door, beckoned him to cross over, at the same time shewing him a sixpence, which he held between his finger and thumb. "Would you like this?" said the gentleman.—"Yes, if you please, sir," said master sweep, smiling, and hastily ran over to seize the prize; but just at the moment that he stretched out his hand, he received so severe a rap on the knuckles from a cane which the gentleman had concealed behind him, that made him roar out like a bull. "What did you do that for?" said

he, making a very long face, and rubbing his smarting knuckles ; “ I didn’t hurt you, nor ask you for the sixpence.” — “ What did you hurt that poor dog for, just now ? ” said the gentleman ; “ he didn’t hurt you, nor ask you for your bread and butter : as you served him, I have served you ; now remember dogs can feel as well as boys ; and learn to behave kindly towards poor animals in future.”





FABLE LV.

THE ROCK, THE SHRUB, AND THE
THUNDER STORM.

~~~~~  
IMPIETY ; OR DARING THE VENGEANCE OF GOD.  
~~~~~

A ROCK which had stood for ages, and proudly defied the beating of the waves at its base, the fierce assaults of the winds on its bosom, and the rage of a thousand tempests clatter-

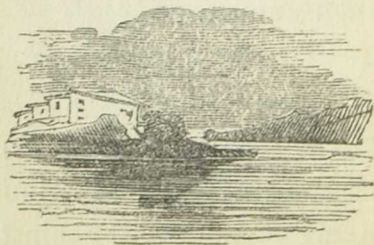
ing over its head, was one day assailed by a storm more than usually great. The sea roared with terrific grandeur, and seemed ready to wash it away; the winds blew as if they would tear it from its foundation; the lightnings smote it fiercely at every blast, as though they would burn it to a cinder; and the thunders followed with peals that threatened to shake it to pieces. The rock, however, reared its stately head and stiff neck with the same boldness as before, and, laughing at the storm, mimicked the peals of thunder, and made them the sport of the surrounding waves. A humble shrub which grew quietly at its base, observing the terrible scene, and won-

dering at the audacity of the rock, at length ventured to speak. “Dost thou not see,” said the shrub, “how awful is the blackness of the heavens, and how all nature seems to tremble at the power of God, and yet thou bravest the storm, and darest even to mock his thunder.” “Why should I fear?” said the rock; “the storm cannot hurt me. I have often laughed at such storms for ages, and for ages to come shall I again laugh at them without their doing me any injury; it is for such weak and timid things as thou art to fear; I defy danger!” Again the storm raged;—again the rock mocked;—again the shrub trembled before the blast, and seemed to shrink from the lightning.

Another and another shock followed. At length there was one louder than those which had gone before. "Didst thou not fear *that*?" said the shrub. "No, I tell thee," said the rock; "I fear nothing;" and, again laughing, repeated its mockery of the thunder; but scarcely had the words of the bravo been spoken, when there came a more terrible crash than even the last: the earth itself quaked, and the rock was riven asunder. The shrub remained unhurt.

Sinners, like this rock, often dare the threatenings of the Almighty, which are denounced against sin. They "set their faces against the

heavens ;” “ with their mouths they utter proud things ; but, sooner or later, the sinner who mocks at God shall meet with deserved punishment. Many a warning he may despise, and years of God’s patience may pass away, before he is visited with his judgments ; at length, however, the fatal storm will come, and “ he who being often reprovèd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.”



VC

