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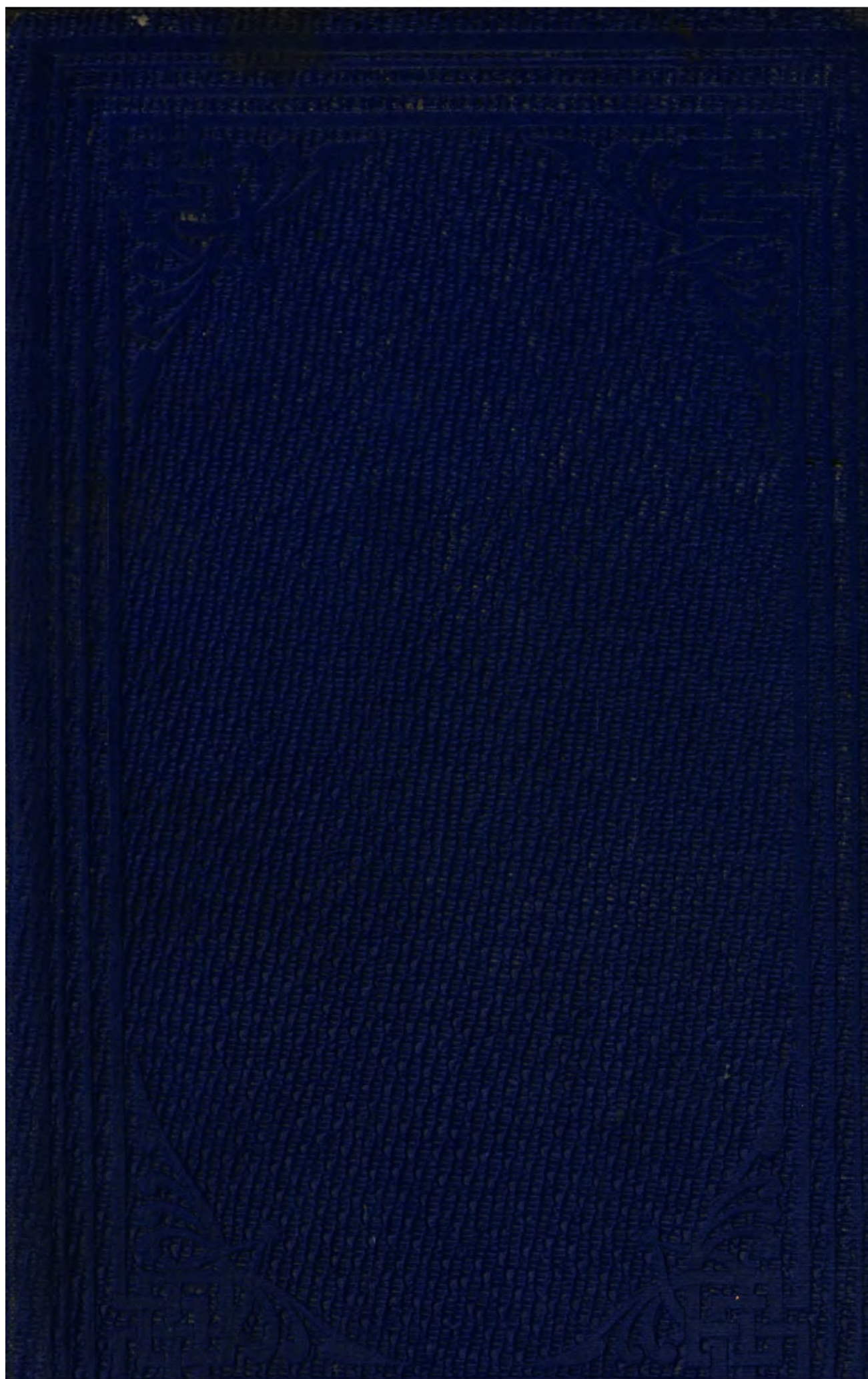
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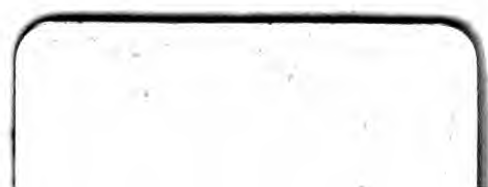
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A SERIES OF TALES.



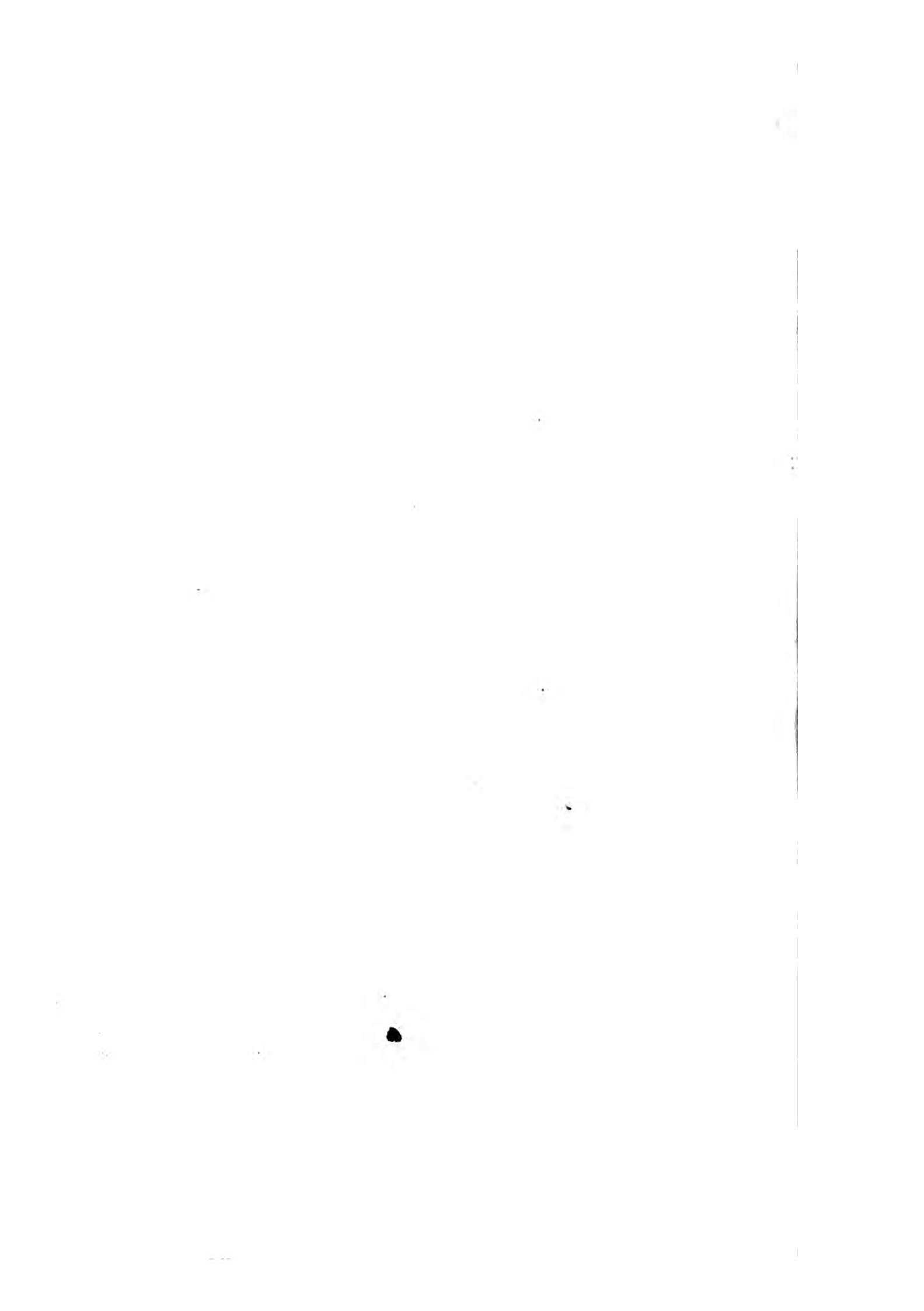
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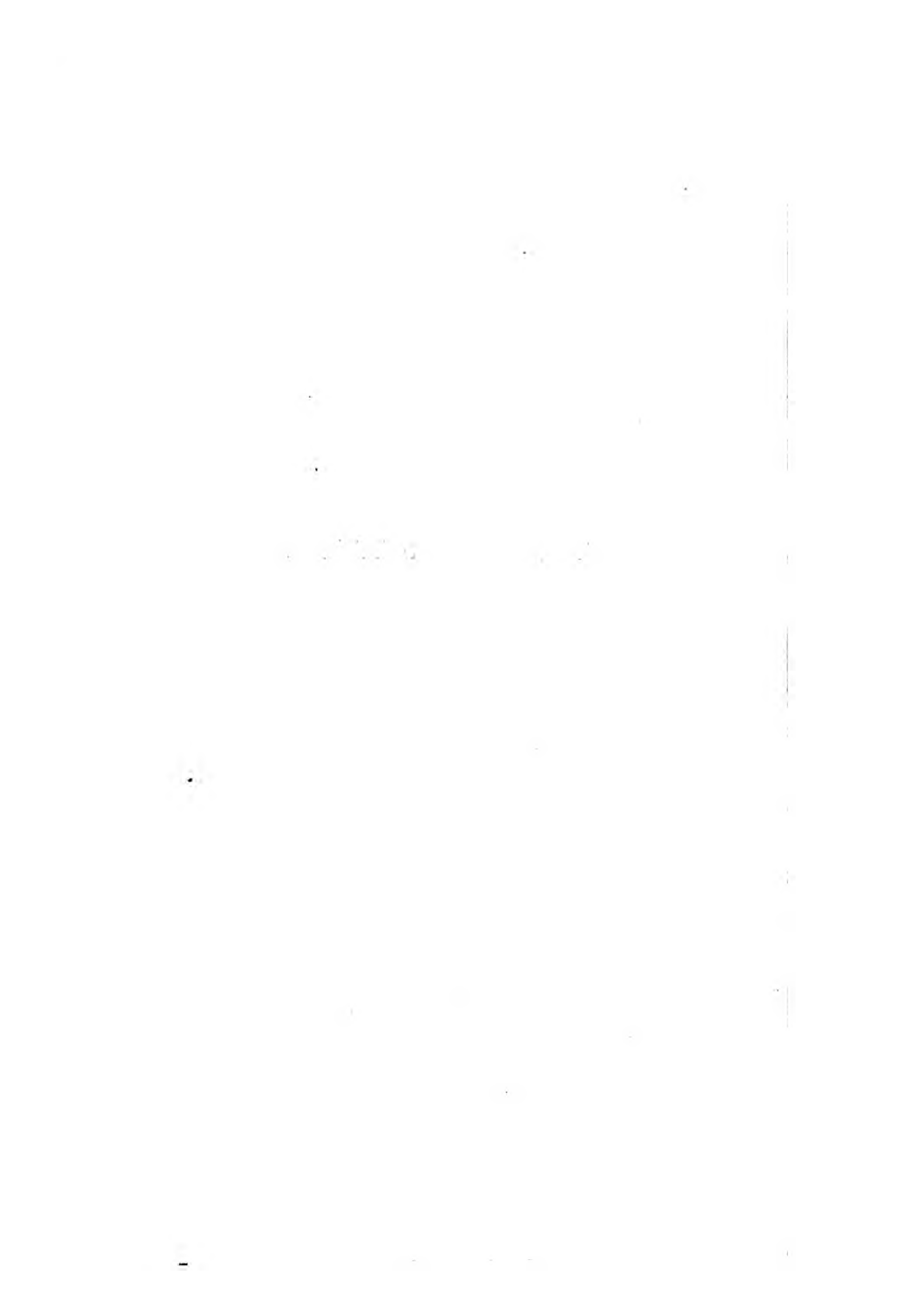






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from the Author.

A SERIES OF TALES.



A  
SERIES OF TALES

FOR CHILDREN,

*TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN*

OF

CHRISTOPH VON SCHMID,

BY

RICHARD COX HALES, M.A.

OF MAGDALEN HALL, AND

RECTOR OF ST. MARTIN, CARFAX, OXFORD.

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DESIGNED AS A CLASS READING BOOK FOR NATIONAL AND OTHER  
SCHOOLS.

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LONDON :  
JAMES NISBET, & Co., BERNERS STREET.  
OXFORD : J. VINCENT.

1858.

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TO THE REV. DAVID WILLIAMS, D.C.L.,  
*Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*

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DEAR MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR,

I gladly avail myself of your kind permission to dedicate this little volume to you, as well on public as on private grounds ;—public, inasmuch as, during your period of office, the University has made the noble language of Germany the subject of competitive examination and reward : and private, because it affords me the opportunity of acknowledging, as far as words can do, a kind mark of honourable notice, which will always be remembered with gratitude, by

Your very faithful and obliged servant,

R. C. HALES.

*Magdalen Hall, Oxford,*  
*July 13, 1858.*



## P R E F A C E .

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*My chief desire* in translating this little book,—which I send forth with much diffidence, and in the hope that it may be regarded with indulgence by all who are interested in the great work of national education—has been to provide a reading book for national and other schools. With this view I have endeavoured to make the translation as readable as a fair adherence to the *spirit* of the original would permit. How far I have succeeded I must leave to the candour of those into whose hands it may fall.

As a *secondary object*, and at the suggestion of a valued friend, I have thought that it might afford some trifling assistance to young persons who are desirous of acquiring a knowledge of German. Should such be the case I shall much rejoice.

In the *distichs* I have not always adhered to the original, and have in some instances availed myself of the assistance of others wherever their stanzas expressed the sense of the author in language more appropriate than my own.



### 1.—THE SUN.

One evening, when darkness had already set in, an industrious mother accompanied by her two children, came home from labouring in the fields. Look ! there on the table a lamp stood burning.

George exclaimed with surprise, "There was no one left at home, who then has been and lit the lamp?"

"Eh," said Margaret, "who indeed except our father? No doubt he has, meanwhile, come home from town."

The children went to seek him, and, to their great joy found him, in the next room.

Next day, as the children and their parents were raking the hay off their large meadow, the sun happened to shine uncommonly clear and bright ; and the children expressed their delight on beholding it.

"Now children," said the father, "you yesterday discovered, at once, that it was I who lit the lamp in your sitting-room ; if you now contemplate this beautiful divine light which shines from heaven—I mean the blessed sun—cannot you discover who made *it* to shine?"

"Oh yes, very well," said Margaret: "the Blessed God has caused it so to be. As the little oil lamp did not light itself, so in like manner must there be *One* who made the sun to shine."

"Just so," exclaimed George, with delight, "God has made all things—sun, moon, and stars, grass, flowers, and trees, and every thing which we see around us is His work."

The beauteous sky, the teeming earth,  
His glory shew who gave them birth.

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## 2.—THE RAIN.

Once upon a time a merchant rode home from the fair, and had behind him a travelling bag containing a large quantity of money. It came on to rain violently, and the good man was wetted through and through. Whereupon he became dissatisfied, and complained loudly that God should send him such bad weather on his journey.

His road lay through a thick forest. Here he perceived to his dismay a robber standing, who pointed his gun and shot at him. He would assuredly have perished utterly were it not that the rain had damped the powder, and the gun in consequence hung fire. The merchant gave his horse the spur and successfully escaped the danger.

Arrived at a place of safety he thus spoke within himself: "How foolish was it of me to complain of the bad weather, instead of submitting patiently

to the Providence of God. Had the heavens been serene, and the sky bright and dry, I should, no doubt, have been a lifeless corpse, covered with blood, and my children would in vain have awaited my return. The rain, about which I murmured, has been the very means of preserving my life and my property. For the future I will never forget what the old proverb says,—

“What God ordains for man is best,  
A truth alas! by few confest.”

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### 3.—SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

“Would that the sun would always shine,” said some children on a gloomy and stormy day of incessant rain. Their desire was soon fulfilled. During many months no cloud was to be seen in the heavens, but the long-continued drought inflicted serious injury on the plough land and pasture land. In the gardens the flowers and vegetables withered, and the flax which the young girls so eagerly expected was scarcely an inch long.

“Do you see now,” said their mother, “that rain is as necessary as sunshine? Let therefore this wise arrangement of God’s Providence teach you a salutary lesson, viz.: that it is by no means good for us men to have only serene and joyous days. There must come also, in like manner over you, from time to time, gloomy days—affliction

and sorrow—in order that you may grow up to be good men.”

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
 God's hand supports and guides the whole ;  
 Eternal source of every joy,  
 Well may thy praise our lips employ.

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#### 4.—THE THUNDER STORM.

A town boy named Francis had picked some blackberries in a wood. When he was about returning home there arose a storm of wind, accompanied with rain and thunder and lightning. Francis, being very much frightened, hid himself in the hollow of an oak, not far off from the road ; for he was not at that time aware that the lightning from above usually strikes high trees.

All on a sudden he heard a voice exclaiming “ Francis ! Francis ! Come, oh come out quickly.” Francis came out from the hollow of the tree, and almost instantly afterwards the lightning split up the stem of it, and was followed by a frightful crash of thunder. The very earth seemed to heave beneath the terror-stricken boy, and it seemed to him as though he were enveloped with flames. Still he perceived himself to be unhurt, and with supplicatory voice and uplifted hands he exclaimed—“ This voice came from Heaven—thou O blessed God hast preserved me ! All praise be to Thee !”

The voice, however, exclaimed once again—  
 “Francis! Francis! do you not hear me?” And now, for the first time, he became aware that it was a country woman who had called out his name. Francis rushed towards her and said—“Here I am, what do you want with me?” But the country woman replied—“It was not you that I meant, but my little Francis, who was set to watch the geese down there by the brook, and who has no doubt somewhere taken shelter from the storm. See! there he is, just coming out of the bushes.”

Francis, the town boy, now explained the matter, and how it was that he had fancied her voice to be a voice from heaven. Then the country woman, with a pious air, clasped her hands and said—“Oh, my child, do not on that account feel less grateful towards God. The voice which you heard has come from an insignificant country woman, but it was God who ordained that I should call you aloud and by name, without your being aware of my presence. *He it is* who has rescued you from the great danger you were in.”

“Yes! Yes!” said Francis, with tears in his eyes, “God has made use of your voice, in order to save me thereby. You indeed cried aloud—still, for all that, the deliverance was wrought by God.”

• No succour comes by accident,  
 By Providence 'tis always sent.



## 5.—THE RAINBOW.

After a fearful tempest a lovely rainbow shone in the heavens. Little Henry who looked out from a window saw it, and exclaimed with delight—"Never in my lifetime have I seen such surpassingly bright colours. Yonder, by the old willow trees, at the brook side, they reach from the clouds down to the ground. Every one of the little leaves of the tree are full of beautiful colours. I will be there in a twinkling and fill my paint box with them."

He ran as fast as his legs would carry him to the willow tree. But there he stood—poor boy!—to his great dismay in the pouring rain, and all the colours had vanished. Thoroughly wetted and out of heart, he turned back and complained to his father of his ill-success.

His father thereupon smiled and replied—"These colours cannot be laid hold of by the hand. It is in consequence of the rays of the sun that the drops of rain appear for a short time to be so beautifully coloured. So my dear child is it with all the splendour of this world. To us it appears to be somewhat ; it is, nevertheless, in reality, empty and vain."

How vain are all things here below,  
How false and yet how fair—  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.

## 6.—THE RAINBOW'S CUP.

Little Esther stood at an open window after a gentle rain in spring time, and observed with delight the beautiful colours of the rainbow; after pausing awhile she said—"Dear mother, people say that when a rainbow shines in the heavens there descends from the sky a golden cup, but that it is only a child born on a Sunday who can find it. Is there really such a golden treasure, and who are the Sunday born children on whom it is bestowed?"

Her mother replied: "A treasure there certainly is which comes down from heaven, and all the gold in the world is as nothing compared with it. The happy children, however, who are to share it, need not of necessity have been born on a Sunday. What, however, is all important is this—that they be not like every-day people, but must *always* and *everywhere* be as pious and as well-behaved as they are on Sundays at church. Be you a child of this description, and you will secure this treasure for yourself."

Esther endeavoured with sincerity to become pious and good, and in proportion as she became more pious and virtuous she became more contented and happy; and when once again a rainbow appeared in the heavens her mother spoke thus—"Now Esther, are you not going out to search for that golden treasure from heaven?"

“ Dear mother,” said Esther “ I was a foolish child, but now, for the first time, I understand your meaning. You spoke of a gift which is more precious than gold.”

“ So it is, dear Esther,” replied her mother. “ This heavenly gift which I meant, and which far surpasses all the treasures of the world, is one which makes all mankind truly happy. We seek it in vain in the external world around us, we find it only in the inner world within us, namely in the possession of a pious, good, and pure heart.”

A heart that's truly good and pure  
Shall e'en on earth its joys secure.

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## 7.—THE ECHO.

Little George was not as yet familiar with the echo. Once upon a time he called out in the meadow “ Hie ! ho ! ” and presently the neighbouring wood resounded “ Hie ! ho ! ” whereupon he cried out with surprise “ Who are you ? ” the voice exclaimed “ Who are you ? ” Then he called out “ You are a foolish boy,” and “ Foolish boy ” was re-echoed back from the wood.

George then became angry, and called out in the wood a string of angry nicknames. Each was correctly re-echoed ; whereupon he sought the supposed boy in every part of the wood, intending to revenge himself upon him, but was unable to find any one. He then went home and complained to



his mother that a bad boy had concealed himself in the wood and insulted him.

His mother said, "For once you have accused the right person—yourself. All that you heard was merely the echo of your own words. Had you called out friendly words in the wood, you would, assuredly, have received friendly words in return. Just so is it in ordinary life. The behaviour of others towards us is for the most part simply the echo of our behaviour towards them. If we act friendly towards people they will act friendly towards us. But if we act unkindly towards them—rudely and roughly—then we cannot expect any better treatment at their hands."

As in the wood you loudly cry  
Its echo will again reply.

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## 8.—THE SPRING.

One day in the height of summer little William R. chanced to walk through the fields.

His cheeks were like scarlet from the heat, and he was overcome with thirst. Meanwhile he came to a spring which, beneath the green shade of an oak, burst forth from a rock as bright as silver.

William had often heard that no one ought to drink when heated. But in his self-conceit he despised this warning, and gratified his desires, by drinking the water, though cold like ice; having

done so he fell fainting to the ground, came home ill, and fell into a dangerous fever.

“Ah!” exclaimed he, when lying on a bed of sickness, “who would have thought that the spring contained so noxious a poison.”

But William’s father replied, “The pure spring is not the cause of your sickness. It is simply your own self-conceit and want of self-control.”

Though heavenly love all blessings should provide,  
They’d turn to curses through our lust and pride.

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### 9.—THE ELEMENTS.

“I will be a gardener,” said Philip, when he had reached his fourteenth year, and wished to learn a trade. Delightful it is to live always amongst green plants and odoriferous flowers.” But after some time he came home again and complained that he was always compelled to be stooping down on the ground and crawling round about upon its surface. This, he said, gave him pain in his back and knees, and made him give up gardening.

Whereupon Philip would fain become a huntsman.

“Life in the green shady forest abounds with pleasures,” said he. But soon he came back complaining that he could not endure the keen air of the early morn, which was some days wet and damp, and on others miserably cold.

Then he bethought himself to become a fisherman.

“To be gliding down the bright clear stream in a small boat, and without tiring my feet, to be drawing nets full of fish out of the water,—is indeed a delightful task,” said he. But he was soon disgusted with his fancied delights. “This is a wet trade,” said he. “I have an utter aversion to the water.”

In fine he would become a cook. “The gardener, the huntsman, and the fisherman,” said he, “must each and all of them give up to a cook what they procure by their industry, and he is never in want of a choice morsel.” But once more he came home complaining. “It would be all very well,” said he, “if it were not for the fire; when I stand by the blazing hearth there is nothing to prevent my being half melted by the heat.”

His father, however, would not hear his complaints any longer, nor suffer Philip to go for the fifth time to learn a new trade, but addressed him in downright earnest as follows:—“If you desire to be happy you must learn how to endure, with manly courage, the disagreeables of life. He who would fain avoid all the inconveniences which arise here and there from the four elements must needs go straight out of the world. Reckon up now carefully all the *good things* in which your present occupation is by no means deficient, and then your *hardships* will by degrees come to appear insignificant.”

Philip followed his father's advice, and whenever in future he heard others complain he consoled them by saying "I have learnt by experience what the old saying means:—

"Enjoy God's gifts, and what you lack, forego,  
Each station has its joy, and each its woe."

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### 10.—THE FLOWERS.

Lewis kept standing in the garden by the side of a blooming rose tree, and said to his sisters, "The rose is, beyond question, the most beautiful of all flowers." Caroline replied, "The lily yonder in the flower beds is equally beautiful with the rose. These two flowers I consider to be the most beautiful of all—all the others are as nothing in comparison with them." "Eh!" said little Louisa, "you surely must not despise the lovely violets; they are truly beautiful, and, during the past spring, they afforded us much delight."

The mother, who had listened to the children's conversation, then spoke thus—"The three kinds of flowers which have attracted so much of your attention are beautiful representations and emblems of three excellent virtues. The violet, with its dark blue colour, is an emblem of humility: the snow white lily is an emblem of innocence: but the red

rose expresses this sentiment ; ‘ Let your heart glow with pure goodness and with the love of God.’ ”

The foremost flowers for loveliness  
That bloom in youth are three :  
Fair Innocence, deep Lowliness,  
And glowing Piety.

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## 11.—THE STRAWBERRIES.

(1.)

An old soldier with a wooden leg came, once upon a time, into a certain village, and fell suddenly ill. He could not proceed any further, and was obliged to lie on straw in a barn, and it fared very hard with him. Little Agatha, the daughter of a poor basket-maker, felt real sympathy for the sick man. Every day she sought him out and presented him with a sixpence. One evening, the honest warrior, much concerned, addressed her as follows : “ My dear child, I have learnt this day that your parents are poor people. Tell me now honestly how you manage to procure so much money. Gladly would I endure hunger rather than take a penny at your hands, unless you can give it me without a stain on your conscience.”

“ Oh,” said Agatha, “ quiet your apprehensions on that score, the money is honestly earned. I go to school at the market-town near this, and on the way thither one has to go through a wood where there are many strawberries. Of these I



gather every day a basket full, and carry them into the town, and I always get a sixpence for them. My parents know this very well and they have made no objection to it. They often say, 'There are many people poorer still than we are, and therefore we must do them as much good as our situation admits of.'

Tears ran down the cheeks of the old soldier. "Dear child," said he, "God will surely bless thee and thy parents for these kind feelings."

Nothing is wanted but good will,  
Innumerable griefs to still.

(2.)

Some time afterwards there rode through the village an officer of rank, who wore the insignia of many orders. He stopped with his splendid carriage at the roadside inn in order to bait his horses, and, hearing of the sick soldier, he sought him out. The old veteran forthwith related to him the story of his benefactress. "What!" exclaimed the officer, "has a poor child done so much for you?—surely then I, your old commander, must not do less. I will, forthwith, make an arrangement with the landlord to supply your wants." He accordingly did so, and then went to the cottage of little Agatha. "Dear child," said he, much moved, "the sense of *your charity* has warmed my heart, and brought tears into my eyes. Many a sixpence have you bestowed on the old soldier; accept at my hands a

corresponding number of guineas." The parents, amazed, exclaimed, "It is far too much." But the general said, "No ! No ! This is only a trifling reward ; a still better one awaits the dear child in heaven."

Pity and kindness find their worth  
Requited both in heaven and earth.

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## 12.—THE CHERRIES.

Sabine, the daughter of rich parents, had a very elegant room of her own, but she did not take much pride in it, for she did not make it tidy, and all the admonitions of her mother as to keeping the room in better order were disregarded.

One Sunday afternoon, she had just dressed herself and was going out, when a neighbour's daughter brought a basket full of black cherries. As the table and window-seat were full of articles of dress and other things, Sabine put the little basket upon a chair covered with blue silk stuff, and presently afterwards went out to walk with her mother to a neighbouring village.

Late in the evening, when it was already become dark, she came back to her room very tired, and hastened at once to a chair. Scarcely, however, had she set herself down when she jumped up again, and uttered a loud shriek of terror.

For she had set herself down in the middle of the basket which was heaped up to the top with

cherries. Her mother hastened thither with a light; but what a sight met her eyes. The cherries were all crushed—the cherry juice ran down on all sides over the chair, and Sabine's new dress of white taffeta was so completely spoilt that it was no longer fit to wear.

Her mother, moreover, reprimanded her severely, and said, "There, you see now how essential it is to clear away every thing, and to put every thing in its proper place. You are now punished for your disobedience and for your untidy habits. Reflect for the future on what the little verse says—

"Where proper order is neglected,  
There shame and loss may be expected."

---

### 13.—THE PLUMS.

One day Mrs. Holden went with her four children and paid a visit to their grandfather in his beautiful garden. The grandfather placed in a vine leaf four plums which were as yellow as gold and as large as eggs, regretting that he had no more to divide amongst them. "See now," said he, with a laugh, and divide four plums among five persons so that there be no fractional parts in the division."

"Oh ! very well," said Lotty, the eldest daughter, "I'll do it, only I must beg to be allowed a certain degree of liberty in the division according to a mode which strikes my fancy." She took the plums



and said "Four plums and five persons together they make up the number nine. Now then we two girls and one plum between us make three, my two brothers and one plum between them make also three, our mother and two plums for her, make three. Then, there is a tripartite division of the plums and persons and no fractions remain."—Lotty's brothers and sisters were well satisfied with this division. But her mother overjoyed insisted that each of the children should have a plum, and the grandfather gathered for Lotty besides, a beautiful nosegay. "For," said he, "if Lotty's clever calculation does credit to her head, it does still more credit to her kindness of heart."

The intellect can charm no doubt.

But the heart beats it out and out.

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#### 14.—THE WALNUT.

Two boys happened to find a walnut under the large walnut tree which was nearest the village.—"This belongs to me," said Ignatius, "because I saw it first." "No" said Bernhard, "it belongs to me, because I was the first to pick it up." Whereupon the two presently fell into a violent dispute.

"Oh! I will put an end to your dispute," said a bigger boy who chanced to come up at that moment. He placed himself between the two, took away from them the walnut, and then spoke thus. "One shell belongs to him who first saw the walnut:

the other belongs to him who first picked it up: but the kernel I shall appropriate as the reward of my arbitration. Such," said he, laughing, "is the usual result of most law suits." For

They who would fain indulge in law,  
Will find themselves not worth a straw.

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### 15.—THE PEAR TREE.

An old man named Rupert was sitting under the shade of a large pear tree near to his house. His grandsons had gathered some of the pears, and could not find words sufficient to express their admiration of their flavour. Whereupon their grandfather said, "I must relate to you the history of this tree. Once upon a time—more than fifty years ago—I was standing on this very spot of ground where the tree now stands, then perfectly open and uncultivated, and I complained about my poverty to a rich neighbour, 'Ah,' said I, 'I would be quite content, could I but amass the sum of one hundred thalers.'

"My neighbour, who was a wise man, replied, 'You might easily do that if you were to set about it in the right way. Look here, in the very spot where you now stand, there are more than one hundred thalers lying buried in the soil. It is your part to see that they are got out of it.'

"I was, at that time, a foolish young man; accordingly the next night, I dug a large hole in the

ground: but found, to my great chagrin, not a single thaler.

“When my neighbour saw the hole next morning, he burst into a fit of laughter, and said, ‘Oh! you silly man, I meant nothing of this sort, I will however, give you a young pear tree; put that in the hole which you have dug, and rest assured that the thalers will after some years make their appearance.’

“So I planted the young stem in the ground. It flourished and grew into the stately tree which your eyes now behold. The valuable fruit which it has now, for these many years, yielded, has produced me already far more than one hundred thalers, and it is still as it were, a capital which affords a high rate of interest. So I have good reason not to forget the favorite maxim of my wise neighbour—and you will not do amiss if you give good heed to it likewise—be sure you remember it—it is as follows,

“To industry and sense combined,  
Unfailing profits are assigned.”

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## 16.—THE GREEN BOUGH.

Fritz was a thoughtless wanton boy. He not only paid no attention to good instructions, but he even laughed at them. One day he went with his sister Sophia into the garden. Sophia's little plot was full of beautiful flowers, but Fritz's piece

of ground was an utter wilderness—in fact a mass of weeds.

“ Oh ! brother, brother,” exclaimed the order-loving girl, “ your flower bed is in utter confusion, now pray attend to it : or I much fear that our mother’s saying will prove true—namely that you will never rise in life.”

Fritz laughing climbed up into a large pear tree, and called out, “ Sophia, look up here, surely you cannot now say that I have not risen in life.”

At that moment a crash was heard—down came the branch and with it Fritz fell too, and broke his arm.

For they who good advice disdain,  
Will rue it in their future pain.

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## 17.—THE PRECIOUS LITTLE PLANT.

Two young women, Susan and Maria were going to a certain town, and each of them carried a heavy basket full of vegetables on her head. Susan kept on murmuring and complaining, Maria, on the contrary, was laughing and joking all the way.

Susan then said, “ How can you possibly laugh, your basket is precisely as heavy as mine, and you are not a whit stronger than I am.” Maria replied, “ Because I have placed a particular plant on the top of my load, and that makes me feel it so little.”

“Eh!” said Susan, “that must be a precious plant indeed.—How glad I should be to lighten my own burden also by means of it.—Pray tell me what it is called.”

Maria answered in her turn, “The precious little plant which lightens all incumbrances is called ‘Patience’—Pray note that great fact Susan for yourself.”

Lighter is every burden made,  
If patience on the top be laid.

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### 18.—THE TURNIP.

A poor day labourer chanced to have growing in his garden, an uncommonly large turnip which was greatly admired by every body. “I will,” said he, “make a present of it to my landlord, for it gratifies him to see his fields and gardens well cultivated.” Accordingly he brought the turnip up to the mansion. His landlord praised the man’s industry and right feeling and bestowed on him three guineas.

A farmer in the village who was very rich and very covetous, happening to hear of this, exclaimed,

“Now will I go directly and make a present of my big calf to our landlord. If he gives so much as three gold coins for a paltry turnip, how much more shall I receive for a handsome calf.”

He led the calf by a rope to the mansion, and begged his landlord to accept it as a present. The



squire at once perceived the motive which prompted this liberality, and said that he would rather not have the calf.

But the farmer urgently pressed the request that he would not disdain so insignificant a gift. At length the squire shrewdly replied—"Very well, as you urge me so much I will accept of your present. But since you have acted with such singular generosity, it would be wrong on my part to let it go unrewarded. I will therefore make you a present in return—one which cost me twice, aye thrice as much as your calf is worth"—and so saying, he gave to the peasant who stood astonished and aghast the large turnip which he knew well.

Requitals rich are won by generous deeds,  
But lurking selfishness to scorn succeeds.

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### 19.—THE CABBAGE.

An industrious woman had a garden wherein she cultivated vegetables of every description. One day she said to her little daughter Eliza, "Look there at those little neat yellow things on the outside of the cabbage leaf. Those are the egllets from whence come the beautifully marked but destructive caterpillars.—Look at every leaf this morning and destroy the eggs: by doing this our cabbages will always remain green and uninjured.

Eliza thought she could perform this duty at

some other time, and in the sequel forget it altogether.

It so happened that during some weeks her mother lay ill and never came into the garden. But when she had recovered she took the careless child by the hand, and led her to the cabbage bed, and behold all the cabbages were eaten up by the caterpillars. Nothing remained except the stalks and the skeletons of the leaves. Eliza, astonished and ashamed, wept over the consequences of her neglect. Then her mother said to her, "In future do what you have to do *at once*, and never postpone it to another day. But more important," said her mother "is another precept which you see imprinted as it were on these evil stricken cabbages, viz.

"'Gainst evil make an early stand,  
Else will it gain the upper hand."

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## 20.—THE LARGE HEAD OF CABBAGE.

Two journeymen, named Joseph and Benedict, chanced to go into the market-garden of a village. "Look now," said Joseph, "what enormous greens those are," for so he called the heads of cabbage. "Eh!" said Benedict, who was accustomed to boast freely, "they are not by any means large; in my travels I have, before now, seen one much larger than the minister's house." Hereupon Joseph, who was a coppersmith, said, "That is saying a good

deal ; nevertheless, I have helped to make a saucepan which was as big as a church." " But, in the name of heaven," said Benedict, " what possible use can anyone have for such a large saucepan ?" Joseph replied, " In order to boil your large head of cabbage in, of course." Benedict, ashamed, then said, " Now I see what it all comes to ; you generally speak the truth ; and you have now so timed your speech as to turn my boasting into ridicule. I must submit to this, for

" A man who shameless boasts has made—  
With the same coin shall be repaid."

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## 21.—THE EARS OF CORN.

A farmer went with his young son, Tobias, into the plough-field, to see whether the corn was ripe. " Father," said the boy, " how is it that some of the stalks bend themselves so low towards the earth, while others hold their heads so high ? No doubt these last are of some consequence, but the others which bow themselves so low are I presume much inferior."

The father plucked a couple of ears, and then said, " Look here at this ear, which bends itself down so modestly, it is full of beautiful grains of corn ; the other, however, which struts itself so proudly aloft, is altogether barren and empty."

With pate erect there's such an one  
Who's known to be a simpleton.



## 22.—THE PEAS.

A juggler solicited permission to exhibit before a certain prince a performance which had not as yet been seen. The artist was allowed to perform, and came into the room with a cup full of peas which had been soaked in water, caused a needle to be held in front of him, and then threw the peas so accurately, that when thrown, the pea each time remained stuck on the point of the needle.

The prince then spoke thus, "Worthy man, you have taken great trouble and expended much time in acquiring such perfection in your art, you shall receive a fitting reward." He then said something privately to an attendant, who went away and returned presently afterwards with a heavy sack. The performer congratulated himself very much, believing the sack to be full of gold. But when, at the order of the prince, the sack was opened, nothing but peas was found therein.

The prince again spoke as follows:—"Since your performance is in no respect useful to mankind in general, and consequently will hardly meet with any reward at their hands, you might very soon be in want even of the peas themselves which are so necessary a part of it. Therefore, I gave orders that you should be supplied with a goodly stock of them."

T'is labour lost for things to strive  
That benefit no man alive.

### 23.—THE FIELD.

The cottage of a poor man named Nicholas happened to stand in a place which was overgrown with wild briars and hazel bushes. Upon a hot day, about the time of harvest, Nicholas lay down under the shade of a hazel tree. A farmer passed close by him with a cart heavily laden with corn. With envious eye Nicholas looked at the cart full of corn, and barely said "Good morning" to the farmer.

The farmer, however, stopped, and said to Nicholas, "If of this land, which is your property, you would daily cultivate as many feet as you cover with your lazy body, you would reap every year much more corn than you see upon the cart here."

Nicholas paid attention to this advice. He rooted up the briars and the bushes, and worked upon the soil. By this means he became the possessor of a field, which cost him not a single penny, and placed himself and his family in affluent circumstances.

The bitterness of want the idle feel,  
While the industrious never lack a meal.

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### 24.—THE VINEYARD.

A father upon his death bed spoke thus to his three sons,—“My dear children I can leave you nothing behind me save this cottage and the vineyard which adjoins it; in this last, however, a

treasure lies concealed. Dig diligently in the vineyard and you will assuredly find it." Upon the father's death the sons dug the whole vineyard over with the greatest diligence, but found neither gold nor silver therein. But on the other hand the vineyard having been so industriously cultivated yielded a far greater quantity of grapes than formerly, and they received from its produce double the usual sum. Then the sons understood what their deceased father meant by the treasure, and they wrote over the door of the vineyard in large characters as follows:—

No gold diggings like industry—  
As all may know who only try.

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## 25.—THE MUSHROOMS.

Catherine's mother once upon a time enjoined upon her to look for mushrooms in a wood because her father was fond of them. "Oh, mother," cried the girl as she came back one time, "I have found some extremely fine ones. Look there, now," said she, as she opened her basket, "they are all beautifully red, like scarlet, and bordered, like as it were with white pearls. There were a good many too of those brown mean looking ones, like those you recently brought home, but they appeared to me to be worthless, and so I let them remain."

"Oh, you simple foolish child," exclaimed her mother, struck with terror—"these beautiful mush-

rooms are, notwithstanding their scarlet and pearly appearance, simply poisonous toadstools, and whoever eats of them will assuredly die. But these brown ones, which people call real mushrooms, and which you despised, are esteemed, notwithstanding their mean appearance, among the best that exist."

So, dear child, is it with many matters in this world: there are some virtues which make but little show, and there are glaring faults which fools are wont to admire. Ah, how easily are we lured by the deceptive splendour of sin into the commission of sin.

The promis'd joy of sin is—what?  
A sugar'd poison—trust it not.

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## 26.—THE GOURDS AND THE ACORN.

A peasant was lying down under the shade of an oak, and fixed his eyes upon the stem of a gourd which grew up luxuriantly by the side of a neighbouring garden hedge. Whereupon he shook his head and said—"Humph! Humph! I do not like to see a little insignificant stalk like that bearing such a large handsome fruit, while the great stately oak produces only a poor miserable acorn;—had I created the world I would have caused the oak tree to be loaded with large golden gourds, of about a hundred weight each—that would be a sight worth looking at."

Scarcely had he said this when an acorn fell down and hit him straight upon his nose, so that it bled. "Oh, woe is me," exclaimed the astounded man—"Now have I, in consequence of my self-conceit, experienced a severe blow on my nose; had this acorn been a gourd my nose would have been crushed to atoms."

God's wise and providential care  
Created all things as they are.

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### 27.—THE OAK TREE.

Once upon a time, many years ago, two young men, named Edmund and Oswald, appeared in a court of justice.

Edmund addressed the judge as follows: "Three years ago, when I was setting out on my travels, I gave into Oswald's charge, considering him then as my best friend, a valuable ring set with a precious stone; but now he will not give me the ring back again."

Oswald raised his hand to his breast, and exclaimed, "I swear by mine honour that I have not the least knowledge of the ring: my friend Edmund cannot be in his right mind as to this fact."

The judge said: "Is there no one to testify on your behalf, that you really did give him the ring?"

Edmund said, that "there was no one, nothing in fact except an old oak tree, under the shade of which we took leave of each other."



Oswald said, "I am ready to take an oath thereon, that I know no more about the tree, than I do about the ring."

The judge then said, "Edmund, go from hence, and bring me a twig from the tree, I should like to see it. As to you, Oswald, wait here till Edmund comes back."

Edmund accordingly went.—When some time had passed the judge said, "What makes Edmund remain away so long? Oswald open the window and see whether he is not coming?" Oswald replied, "My lord, he cannot come back so soon as this. The tree is more than an hour's walk from hence."

Wherefore the judge exclaimed—"Oh! thou impious liar, who wast about to take an oath of thy lie in the sight of God, the judge of all who looks into all hearts. You know as much about the ring as you do about the tree."

Oswald was compelled to give up the ring, and was sent to prison for a year.—"There," said the judge, "you will find time to reflect on a great truth, namely this.

"At length will come a day of terror,  
Detecting every lying error."

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## 28.—THE OAK AND THE WILLOW.

One morning after a fearful stormy night, a man named Richard W. went with his son Anselm

into their field to see if the storm had inflicted any damage.

Little Anselm exclaimed—"Oh! look father, yonder lies the great strong oak prostrate on the ground, and the slim willow by the brook here stands as straight as ever. I thought that the storm of wind would more easily have made an end of the willow than of the proud oak, which, till now, has defied every blast."

"My child," said his father, "the strong oak must needs break because it could not bend itself; the pliant willow, however, yielded to the storm, and thereby escaped uninjured."

Stiffness and pride are out of place  
When condescension suits the case.

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## 29.—THE BOUNDARY STONE.

Ulrick inhabited a fine house which was surrounded by a beautiful green plot filled with fruit trees. His neighbour's field was adjoining thereto. Devoid of all principle, Ulrick wished to increase his own plot at his neighbour's expence, and in the night time secretly removed the boundary stone a considerable space further inside the field of his neighbour.

Some time afterwards Ulrick got up by a ladder into a tree to pluck cherries. When he was at the tip top he fell together with the ladder (which stood perpendicular) backwards to the ground and

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broke his neck upon the boundary stone. Had Ulrick not removed the boundary stone, he would have fallen beyond it, and by falling on the soft turf would have experienced but little injury. Hence they say metaphorically.

How little dreams the careless knave  
The stone he rolls will mark his grave.

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### 30.—THE CANARY BIRD.

Esther begged her mother to buy her a canary bird. Her mother said, "you shall have one if you will give up your inquisitiveness of disposition as regards things that are unnecessary or injurious."

Esther promised to obey. One day when she came home from school, her mother said to her, "On the table here there stands a new box: on no account open it, and do not even touch it. If you pay attention to my wishes, I mean to do something which will delight you very much."

So saying, her mother went out in order to pay a visit to little William, her godson, who lay ill. She had hardly gone out when the inquisitive girl had already taken the box in her hands. "How light it is," said she, "and in the lid are little holes. What can possibly be inside it?"

She opened the box, and behold a remarkably beautiful yellow canary bird immediately hopped out of it: and flew, chirping with delight, all round the apartment. Esther would fain have caught the

bird again, and shut it up, so that her mother might not perceive what she had done; but as she, now completely out of breath, and with cheeks like scarlet, in vain was chasing the nimble bird round the room, lo! and behold, her mother came in and said "Oh! you disobedient inquisitive girl—I was about to give you the beautiful little bird; I wished, however, to prove you first, and see if you deserved it. Now, however, I shall give it to that good boy William, who is more obedient, and less forward in his manners than you."

Inquisitiveness will be taught,  
It's folly best by suffering for't.

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### 31.—THE SWALLOWS.

In spring time when the swallows returned, and with joyous chirping took possession of their old nest situated in the house porch of a farmer, he said to his children, "Be sure you do no harm to the good little birds. Whoever expels the swallows from his floor, drives away all luck from his house. My neighbour has destroyed the swallows' nest outside his window, and broken the eggs; and, since the time he did so, his affairs have gone backward, and he himself has gone to ruin."

Little Christian asked his father what he meant? The father answered, "Our neighbour has abandoned the good simple customs of his ancestors.

For many a year his forefathers and his own parents fostered with kind indulgence, the inoffensive, aye, and I may say exceedingly useful swallows, and gladly allowed themselves to be waked in early morn for their labour, by the lively twittering of the birds. But our neighbour, who was hard-hearted towards man and beast, and who used to sit half the night in the tavern, preferred to lie and dream during the beautiful morning hours; and because the swallows disturbed him in his morning sleep, he destroyed their nests. Thus the unfriendly, lazy, and extravagant man drove away, together with the swallows, all good fortune and happiness from his house."

Yield to the birds their homely nest,  
And God above shall make thee blest.

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### 32.—THE PIGEONS.

Emmeric and Leopold, two lively boys, were neighbours. Emmeric being rich, had many beautiful pigeons: but Leopold, being poor, had only a few of the commonest description.

One day a couple of Emmeric's pigeons flew down into Leopold's pigeon-cote, and settled to build there. Poor Leopold thought within himself, "How happy should I be if these pigeons belonged to me: they are of so pure a white, just like snow. The top of the head and the tip of the

tail are, however, as black as a coal. Of all the pigeons which Emmeric possesses, these take my fancy most of all." He felt an inclination to keep them, and to shut them up, "But no," said he, "I dare not: t'were a sin to do so. I will overcome the temptation which assails me." Accordingly he shut up his pigeon-cote, caught the pigeons, and brought them to Emmeric.

Emmeric, being greatly pleased at the honesty of the poor boy, went and took away, as soon as they were laid, the first eggs which his beautiful pigeons produced, and placed them, secretly, in Leopold's pigeon-cote, in the nest of a common grey pigeon, having removed its own.

As soon as the young pigeons burst their shells, and their feathers came, Leopold was greatly amazed that they should be so beautifully white and black like Emmeric's handsomest pair of pigeons. Full of joy, he ran to Emmeric and related to him the supposed wonder.

Emmeric smiling, related, that he had changed the eggs in order to prove himself grateful towards the honest Leopold: and he concluded by saying, "Remain always equally honest, dear Leopold, then you will learn the truth of the sentence

"How blest are they,—how blest for aye  
Who turn their feet from evil's way."

### 33.—THE FARM YARD COCK.

An industrious housewife was in the habit of waking her two housemaids for their work every morning, as soon as the cock crew. The servants conceived a violent aversion to the cock, and said to one another: "If it were not for that detestable cock, we might be permitted to sleep longer." They accordingly made away with him. But the housewife who was already very old, and always awoke very early, knew not any longer what o'clock it was. So she called up her servants earlier still—aye, often when it was just about midnight.

To bear with patience trifling ills give heed,  
Lest in their place a greater one succeed.

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### 34.—THE PARTRIDGE'S NEST.

Two boys happened to find a partridge's nest in a cornfield, hard by a wood: and they also succeeded in catching the hen which sat upon the eggs.

"Do you," said the biggest of them to his companion, "take the eggs, and I will keep the hen, the eggs are worth as much as the hen." "If that be so," said the younger boy, "give me the hen, and do you keep the eggs."

They presently began to quarrel and laid hold of one another by the hair. During the scuffle, the hen escaped from the bigger: and the younger un-



thinkingly trod upon the eggs. So both of them had nothing at all, and they said to each other, "Our father was right when he said,

"The greedy soul who craves for more,  
Shall lose the gains he made before."

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### 35.—THE SINGING BIRDS.

A pleasant little village was surrounded on all sides by a plantation of fruit trees. In spring time, the trees being in blossom, scented the air with their sweet perfume in a manner truly delightful. Round about their branches, and in the neighbouring hedges, all kinds of lively birds sung, and built their nests. When autumn came, every twig was richly laden with apples, pears, and plums.

Once upon a time there came some evil disposed boys, who took the nests and destroyed them. In consequence of this the birds were frightened away, and, by degrees, took flight altogether from that tract of country. Then was heard no longer in field and garden, the melody of the little birds. All was still and mournful. Moreover, the destructive caterpillars which were formerly consumed by the birds, got the upper hand, and ate up all the leaves and blossoms. The trees stood quite bare, just as in midwinter, and the wicked boys, who

formerly had delicious fruit in abundance, had no longer one single apple.

Would'st thou the birds molest? then say farewell  
To woodland song, and fruits that round thee dwell,  
Let the sweet songsters rear their gentle brood,  
Which clear away vile insects as their food.

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### 36.—THE YELLOW HAMMERS.

Two village children went, in a time of severe winter, to the mill, and each carried a little bag of corn on their head. As they came past the miller's garden they perceived some yellow hammers which sat upon the hedge covered with icy dew, apparently very hungry. Little Bertha was moved with heartfelt pity for the poor little yellow birds: she opened her sack, and strewed for them a couple of handfuls of corn.

Robert her brother, began to chide her, and said, "you good natured simpleton, just observe, you are sure to get less flour, and then our parents will, no doubt, reprimand you for it."

Bertha was frightened, and said, "Perhaps I ought not to have done it; meanwhile our excellent parents will not misconstrue my good nature, and God can, in other ways, bless us on account of it."

When the two children came again to the mill to take away the flour, there was in the bag of the compassionate Bertha, as much again as there was



in that of Robert. Robert was astonished, and Bertha was very much inclined to look upon it as a miracle.

But the noble-minded miller, who had listened to the conversation of the children by the hedge, said to Bertha, "The compassion which you manifested towards the hungry little birds has pleased me so much, that I have given you double measure. Notwithstanding however the fact of *my* having put the flour into your bag, you may, nevertheless, consider it as a blessing which *God* has bestowed on you in order to requite your good nature."

Whose heart compassionates distress,  
Him God above shall surely bless.

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### 37.—THE TITMOUSE.

"Look at that beautiful black titmouse up in the apple tree," said Lawrence to his sister Lucy. "I will soon have it." He climbed up into the tree, placed a trap in it, and hid himself, with his sister in the arbour, in order to watch the creature. The titmouse went right into the snare, and Lawrence was presently up in the tree, but while he was about taking him out, he fell down, together with the trap. The creature got loose and Lawrence had his hand injured by a decayed bough.

Lucy said, "Oh! my poor brother, your hand is bleeding. You will not be in a hurry to climb up

into the tree, a second time with the view of catching the titmouse: for, if you did, you might break an arm or a leg."

"Eh," said Lawrence, laughing, "In spite of that I *will* try again. But at the present moment it's useless to take any trouble: for a titmouse shuns the trap in which it has already been once caught."

"If that is so," said Lucy, "the creature evinces more discretion than you: for it does not venture a second time into a position of danger. But will you, who have been injured this very moment, and have barely escaped a still greater danger, nevertheless be so thoughtless as to expose yourself to it a second time?"

If slight mishaps afford no warning,  
You'll reap the fruit of senseless scorning.

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### 38.—THE STARLING.

An old huntsman named Morris had in his room a clever starling, which had been taught to speak certain words. If, for example, the huntsman cried out, "Little starling, where are you?" the starling would always reply, "Here I am."

His neighbour's little boy Charles took a great fancy to the bird, and frequently paid him a visit. Once when Charles came the huntsman happened to be out of the room; Charles immediately snatched up the bird, put it in his pocket, and was about to slink away with it.

But just at that moment, the huntsman came in. Thinking to please the boy, he exclaimed as usual, "Little starling, where are you?" and the bird in the pocket of the boy cried out as loud as as he could, "Here am I."

Your thefts you cleverly conceal,  
Which *Time* and *Truth* shall yet reveal.

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### 39.—THE CUCKOO.

One lovely May morning, George and Michael went into the wood where the lively cuckoo's note was then heard for the first time.

"That is a lucky bird," said the superstitious George, "his cry is an omen of luck to me; I am sure to get a pocket full of money."

"Why should you be so fortunate?" said Michael, who was equally superstitious, "I don't see why you should stand higher in favor with the cuckoo than I do; I am far superior to you, and I maintain it is an omen of luck to me."

Instead of enjoying themselves on the beautiful morning, they fell to quarrelling; from words they came to blows, and, at last, they separated angrily, in a miserable plight and highly offended with each other.

Both the boys being wounded, met again at the house of a surgeon. While their wounds were being dressed they related to him how the quarrel

arose, and enquired of him to which of the two the cuckoo must be considered as announcing good luck.

The surgeon however smiled, and said, "Oh ! ye simpletons—to neither of you, but rather to me. For the cuckoo has been the means of sending you both to me with broken heads, and has, thereby, been the means of putting money into my pocket."

Parties who quarrel always rue it,  
Besides diverting others through it.

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#### 40.—THE COW.

A widow, named Farina, lived with her two daughters, in rather necessitous circumstances. What they earned, during the week, that she was compelled, during the week, to expend. Moreover, one day, they happened to lose their only cow, and were, in consequence, greatly distressed. "Ah !" said they, "Oh that Providence would only bless us again with a cow, for it is impossible for us to procure money enough to purchase another."

"Exert yourselves," said a neighbour, "then God will not fail to send you help."

"But what can we possibly do ?" said Farina.

The neighbour replied, "You must, in the first instance, try to increase your income by industry. There are three of you, and you, each of you, are

expert in spinning, knitting, and sewing. Work every day two hours over time, and you'll not fail to earn extra wages.

"In the second place, you must diminish your expenditure by economy. Hitherto you took for breakfast, every day, a species of broth, which you call coffee; and, although you take but little coffee and sugar with it, still it costs you more than it ought to do. Instead, whereof, eat some soup, which is, assuredly, more nourishing, thereby each of you will save, at least, a couple of kreuzers. Follow these two rules, put by what you can earn and save in this way, and, in a short time, you will have sufficient money to purchase a fine cow."

Farina and her daughters followed the good advice, and, when the year had elapsed, they had twice as much money as was necessary to purchase the cow—aye, and what was of more consequence, they had thereby learnt to improve their needy circumstances by industry and economy, and were now tolerably well off. Their neighbour then said, "You see now that I was right. So true it is it, that—

"Who strive to help themselves, shall find  
God's friendly ear to them inclined."



## 41.—THE COW'S BELL.

## I.

A peasant boy, named William, was employed in tending the cows in the wood. All were furnished with bells, but the finest cow had the finest bell.

There came a stranger through the wood, and said, "That is a splendid bell, what may be the cost of it?" "One thaler," said William. "Is that all?" said the man, "I will readily give you two for it." William gave the man the bell, and put the two thalers joyfully into his pocket.

But, when the cow had no longer any bell, William no longer heard whereabouts in the thick forest she was. The cow having strayed from the rest of the herd, the strange man, who had kept himself concealed amidst the bushes, laid hold of her by the horns, and led her secretly away.

Poor William now saw to his chagrin that the rogue had deceived him.

When you're offer'd exorbitant profits to share,  
The meaning is never straightforward, beware!

## II.

William came home with weeping eyes, and related what had happened. "Ah!" said he, "I never dreamt that the thief paid me such a high price for the bell, merely because he wanted to steal the cow."

But his father replied, "Just as the knave has deceived you so will sin deceive us all. At first, it brings with it some little advantage, but, in the end, severe loss. Mark, therefore, well the old saying—

"If sin you trust in part,—in whole  
'Twill rob you of your blessed soul."

### III.

His mother then said, "But, dear William, did you not reflect why it is that we retain the old custom of providing cows with bells?"

"Ah!" said William, "it was the money which blinded my eyes. My thoughts were nearly as follows—now I can, without the least trouble on my part, gain a thaler in the neatest manner possible; the bell is only a useless ornament; the cow does not, by reason of it, give a drop more milk. But, as soon as the cow was gone, then I at once perceived what purpose was served by the bell." "So it happens," said his mother, "with many thoughtless and hasty men. They reject many old customs as unprofitable and useless, but, in the sequel, they learn wisdom by their own mishaps; and find, when it is too late, that such customs rest upon a solid foundation."

When good old customs are laid by,  
Their value's prov'd immediately.



## 42.—THE SHEEP.

An intelligent and honest old shepherd had many sons and daughters. Once they had a desire to go to the fair, which was held in the town, in order to dance there. Their father, however, replied, "That is no place for you. I have, hitherto, tried to preserve the purity of your manners, but there you might very soon become corrupted." The children replied, "Yes, father, but why should not we do as others do?"

Whereupon their father replied, "Many have been there already, who have paid for it in their health, life, honour, and purity. Will you, for that reason, imitate them? Do not act just as the sheep do. You know that if one of their number jumps over a precipice they all jump after it—that's why they are called silly animals. But for a man to rush headlong into destruction, because others do so, is a species of conduct equally absurd."

Mark'st thou yon heedless, senseless one,  
Be warn'd—and bad example shun.

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## 43.—THE GOAT.

Mrs. Hill resided in a beautiful house in front of the town. One morning she said to her maid, "Crescence, I am now going to Church. If you go across the street to draw water, or into the garden to pick beans, be sure and shut the outside

door. I have often, before this, desired you to do so, and I expect that this time you will pay attention to my wishes. If not, anybody might easily slink into the house, and occasion me much mischief."

The lady went. Crescence cleaned the room, and then went to the well, leaving, as usual, all the doors standing wide open. "There is no one to be seen," said she, "either up or down the whole length of the street;" and with that she laughed within herself, that her mistress should be so over particular. But, while Crescence stood chatting with a girl at the well, a he goat ran inside the house door, jumped up stairs, and went into the drawing-room. In it was hung up a large mirror, in a gold frame, reaching down almost to the floor. The he goat saw himself in the looking-glass, and thinking there was a goat there he drew back and put himself in a threatening attitude. The goat in the mirror did the same. Whereupon the real goat suddenly rushed at the imaginary one, and butted so impetuously against him, that the mirror was shattered into a thousand pieces.

Crescence came with her water-tub on her head inside the house door and heard the crashing of the broken pieces of glass, ran immediately into the room, and, seeing the catastrophe, wrung her hands over her head, and drove the goat, with many blows, out of the house. But all this did not restore the broken looking-glass.

When the lady came home the careless girl was dismissed on account of her disobedience, and, in order to make some restitution for the damage done, her wages were kept back. When she obtained another situation, there was no necessity for any one to desire her to shut the doors. She had found out by this time the truth of that proverb—

Careless folks are often taught,  
By paying dear, to take more thought.

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#### 44.—THE STAG.

Hubert was as yet of tender age, when his worthy father, the huntsman of Tannstein, was, in the heart of the forest, shot down by an unknown poacher. His mother brought up her fatherless boy as well as she could, and, at the age of twenty, when he had become a skilful forester, he obtained his father's situation.

It happened that one day, when Hubert was hunting in the forest with many hunters and hunting friends, he shot at a large stag and missed it. Presently a voice exclaimed piteously, in the copse, "Oh! heaven, I am shot." Hubert rushed forward and found an old man, who was uttering loud groans, as he lay covered with blood. The whole company of hunters gathered round the dying man. Hubert, however, knelt down beside him, took him up in his arms, and with loud

lamentations begged his forgiveness, protesting that he had not perceived him. The dying man, however, said, "I have nothing to forgive you; for that which hitherto has been concealed from all the world shall now come to light. I am the poacher who shot your father, just here, under this old oak. The very ground where we now are was dyed with his blood; and it has, evidently, been destined that you, the son of the murdered man, should, on this precise spot, without any thought or intention of such a thing, avenge the act on me."

"*God is just!*" exclaimed he, and presently expired. A shudder ran through all the bystanders, and one of them exclaimed,

Though evil doers long may stand,  
They're sure to meet th' Avenging hand.

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#### 45.—THE WOLF.

Hans was keeping watch over some sheep, not far off from a large forest. One day, being bent upon making a joke, he cried out, with all his might, "The wolf is coming! the wolf is coming!"

The peasants came immediately, in a large company, from the neighbouring village, armed with axes and clubs, prepared to kill the wolf. When, however, they saw no wolf, they went back home again, and Hans secretly laughed at them.

The next day Hans cried again, "The wolf! the wolf!" The peasants came again towards him, though not now in such large numbers as on the preceding day. When, however, they saw no trace of a wolf, they shook their heads, and went home highly indignant.

The third day the wolf really came. Hans cried out, in a most pitiable voice, "Help! help! the wolf! the wolf!" But this time not a single peasant came to help him.

The wolf broke into the fold, killed many sheep, and amongst them the prettiest little lamb, which belonged to the boy himself, and of which he was extremely fond.

. A liar we can never trust,  
E'en though he speak the thing that's just.

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#### 46.—THE MONKEY.

A rich miser, who never gave a farthing away in alms to any poor person, had a monkey for his companion. He expected, however, to dispose of him for much more than he had paid for him.

One day the hard hearted man went out. The monkey, by chance, got at a chest full of money, and threw entire handfuls of gold and silver out of the window into the street. The people, who saw it, ran thither. They assembled together from all quarters, and were fighting and contending with each other; and, while scrambling together, they



thought only of collecting as much money as they could.

When the chest was already nearly emptied, the miser came up out of the street, and saw, to his horror, what had happened. "Oh! the nasty, abominable, stupid beast," cried he, and threatened the monkey a great way off with his clenched fist.

A neighbour, however, spoke thus to the angry man. "Don't put yourself in such a passion. No doubt it is foolish to *throw money out of the window*, as this monkey has done; but is it now more rational for a man simply to shut it up in a chest, and to make *no use of it at all?*"

Wealth and possessions I alone commend,  
When they to your's and others' welfare tend.

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#### 47.—THE LION.

A poor slave, who had escaped from his master, was caught again and condemned to death. He was brought into a large wide court, surrounded by walls, and a savage lion was let loose upon him. Many thousands of people came to see the sight.

The lion, when let loose, rushed furiously at the poor man. But all on a sudden he stopped still, wagged his tail, sprung, full of joy, at him, and licked his hands with every symptom of delight. The people, on beholding this, were extremely astonished, and asked the slave to explain the matter.



The slave then said, "When I had escaped from my master, I concealed myself in a cave in the desert. There came then this lion moaning to me inside and shewed me his paw, wherein a sharp thorn was sticking. I drew out the thorn for him, and from that time the lion supplied me with venison, and we lived together in the den in the most friendly manner. But, not long ago, when a great hunt took place, we became separated from each other, and both were caught, and now, the worthy beast testifies his joy at finding me again."

All the people were in raptures at the gratitude of the generous beast, and cried aloud, "Let the kind hearted man live! Let the grateful lion live!" The slave was set free and received many presents. The lion became henceforward his inseparable companion just like a tame dog, and never did the least harm to any one.

When gratitude wild beasts can tame,  
Ungrateful man is put to shame.

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#### 48.—THE EARWIG.

Anselm had a sad fault: he took delight in listening. Often did his father warn him of it, but to no purpose. One evening, a citizen came from the town to his father in the garden and said he had something which he wished to tell him privately. The father went with him into the summer-house, and shut the door.

Anselm approached slyly to the key-hole, and held his ear against the door. But, all at once, he experienced a strange sensation in his ear. It seemed to him as though something was creeping within it, and presently he felt such excruciating pain that he shrieked aloud, and became nearly mad.

His father, accompanied by the citizen, came in alarm out of the summer-house. A doctor was soon fetched who syringed Anselm's ear. At length an earwig crept out of his ear; it had concealed itself in the key-hole, and had from thence crept into Anselm's ear.

"Are you now sufficiently punished for your listening?" said his father. "In future, let this serve as a warning to you. Many who have played the part of listeners have had much worse things than earwigs creeping into their ears—aye, even into their heads and minds—for instance, misunderstandings, hatreds, and animosities."

A man of sense and probity  
To listen at the door, oh fie!

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#### 49.—THE LOAF OF BREAD.

In a time of scarcity, a certain rich man gave permission for twenty poor children of the town to come to his house, and said to them—"Here in this basket is a piece of bread for every one of you. Take it, and come again, every day, at the same hour, until God sends us better times."

The children rushed at the basket, fought and disputed for the bread, each of them desirous to secure the nicest and largest piece, and, in the end, went out without one word of thanks. Frances alone, a poor but neatly clad maiden remained modestly standing at a distance, took the smallest little loaf which remained in the basket, thankfully kissed the gentleman's hand, and then went home quiet and well behaved.

Next day the children were equally rude, and poor Frances secured this time only a little loaf which was scarcely half so large as the rest of the loaves. But when she came home, and her sick mother began to cut it, a great many pieces of newly coined silver fell out of it.

Her mother cried out, and said—"Carry the money back again this instant, for it must, assuredly, be through an oversight that it has got mixed up with the flour."

Frances carried it back. But the kind hearted man spoke thus—"No ! No ! It was no oversight. I suffered the money to be baked within the little loaf in order to reward you, my dear child. May you be ever as easily contented, gentle, and compliant. Whoever is contented with a little loaf, rather than wrangle for a greater one, secures, thereby, a richer blessing than if he had money baked in with his bread."

What God bestows, enjoy content,  
Thus shall your life in peace be spent.

## 50.—WATER AND BREAD.

In a time of great scarcity, a poor boy, named Paul, came down from the mountains into a neighbouring village and begged before the houses of wealthy people for bread.

Peter, the son of a rich farmer, was sitting before the door of his house, and had a large piece of bread in his hand. "Give me a bit of it," said poor Paul, "I am so hungry." But Peter said, hard heartedly, "Go away; I have no bread for you."

A year afterwards, Peter went up into the mountains to seek for his goat which had run away. He wandered a long time among the rocks which were round about him on all sides. The sun shone very warm, and he almost fainted with thirst, but found no spring anywhere.

At length he saw poor Paul sitting under the shade of a tree, with a pitcher full of water standing near him. "Pray give me some drink," said Peter, "I am very thirsty." But Paul said, "I have no water for you."

Then Peter recollected that he had once, unmercifully, refused poor Paul a bit of bread, and was about to go away, but Paul begged that he would stay, and presently handed him the jug of water.

When Peter had drunk as much as he required, he spoke thus, "God will surely reward you for this kindness both here and hereafter."

Gladly to give, and gladly to forgive,  
This is the way a Christian ought to live.

## 51.—THE MILK.

Ferdinand, a rich boy from the town, walked, on a certain day in spring time, to a neighbouring farm house; procured with his money a bowl of milk, sat himself down on the grass under a shady tree, crumbled his bread in the milk, and eat to his heart's content.

Frederick, a poor boy from the next village, who appeared very pale, through hunger and poverty, was standing close by him, looking wistfully on, and would have been glad to have some of it, but he was ashamed to beg for it.

Then it came into Ferdinand's mind that he ought to leave part of it for the poor boy; he gave, however, no heed to this good emotion of his heart, but went on greedily enjoying himself. When he had already consumed the milk, he perceived a verse written at the bottom of the bowl. He blushed as he read it, went immediately and got the bowl filled again, and a large piece of bread with it. Then he called poor Frederick to him, crumbled the bread for him himself, and expressed his wish that he might heartily enjoy it.

"The sentence," said Ferdinand, "which was contained in the bowl is one that should be written in the dishes of all wealthy people."

The purport of it is this:

"They that forget the poor, it is not meet  
That they should even have enough to eat."



## 52.—THE SOUP.

“Our soup is not by any means savoury enough, I can’t eat it,” said little Gertrude, during dinner, and put her spoon aside.

“Well,” said her mother, “if that is so, I will provide some better soup at supper-time.”

Her mother then went out into the kitchen garden, dug up thence some potatoes, and Gertrude was obliged, until the sun went down, to pick up the potatoes and collect them in sacks.

After they were both of them come home, her mother brought out the soup for supper. Gertrude tasted, it and said, “This is, indeed, something different—it tastes nicer.” She ate up the whole platter full. Her mother, however, laughed, and said, “This is the very identical soup which you left standing at dinner time; now, however, it tastes nicer because you have got an appetite by your industry during the afternoon.”

Perform your work with industry,  
And every dish is savoury.

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## 53.—THE PRECIOUS SPICES.

A prince, whilst out walking, happened to be surprised by a shower, and betook himself to the nearest farm cottage. The children sat at their meal, and by them was placed a large bowl full of oatmeal. All seemed to enjoy themselves right well, and looked as fresh and as blooming as roses.



“But how is it possible,” said the prince, to the mother, “that people can eat such coarse fare with such evident pleasure, and withal look so well and healthy?”

The mother replied, “That comes from three kinds of spices which I put into their food. *Firstly*, I take care that my children should deserve their dinner by their labour. *Secondly*, I give them nothing to eat before dinner time, in order that they may bring hunger to the table with them. *Thirdly*, I accustom them to contentment by preventing them from being acquainted with delicacies and dainties.”

Know'st thou the costliest spices? yes,  
Toil, hunger, and contentedness.

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#### 54.—THE HONEY POT.

Margaret's mother was busily engaged with work in her kitchen, and called out, “Margaret, fetch me a lemon—there is the key of the larder.”

When Margaret was come into the larder, she looked greedily around to see if it contained any delicacies for her to nibble. There she perceived the honey pot upon a shelf overhead. She stretched herself out as high as she could in order to reach the top and to dip her outstretched finger in the honey.

But, all on a sudden, something pinched her finger terribly, and, as she, with shrieks and moans,

drew her hand out, behold there hung thereon a large cray-fish, which had seized her finger with his claws, and would on no account, loose his hold.

The fact was that her mother had, unknown to Margaret, sold the honey a few days previously, and, while the pot stood empty, had put some cray-fish into it.

She rushed, at Margaret's cry, into the larder, set the bloody finger of the child loose from the claw, and said, "Let this little punishment be a warning to you, for your love of dainties might lead to fatal consequences. Many people already, who in their youth have accustomed themselves to live daintily, have squandered their money, injured their health, and what is far worse, perilled their salvation."

Beware of gluttony! It brings  
A varied train of sufferings.

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## 55.—THE PEARLS.

### (I.)

A traveller lost his way in the midst of a desert in a distant quarter of the globe. During two days and nights he found nothing to eat, and was well-nigh spent with hunger and thirst. At length he reached a shady tree and a fresh spring, but on the tree there was no fruit; however, by the spring there lay a little bag. "God be praised," said the man, as he felt the contents of the bag, "these are,

perhaps, peas, which will save me from dying with hunger." He eagerly opened the bag and despairingly exclaimed, "Woe! Woe's me!—they are nothing but pearls!"

The morsel of bread upon which man subsists  
Is worth all the silver and gold that exists.

(II.)

The poor man had very nearly died of hunger, notwithstanding that he had by his side the pearls, worth many thousand thalers. But he prayed fervently to God, and saw, upon a sudden, a Moor coming to him upon a camel in hot haste. The Moor had left the pearls and was delighted at their recovery. Seeing the half-starved man, he was moved with compassion, gave him bread and delicious fruits, and finally took him up upon his camel. "See," said the Moor, "how wonderfully Providence ordains every circumstance for our good. I reckoned my losing the pearls as an *unfortunate* event, but it was a *fortunate* event for you. For Providence has so ordained it, that my coming back hither should be the means of saving your life."

When days are dark and friends are few,  
Our God shall prove our succour true.

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56.—THE PRECIOUS STONE.

A goldsmith was desired to make, for a lady of rank, a magnificent ornament, for which purpose

she gave him very expensive jewels. Robert, his apprentice, felt great delight in looking at the clear sparkling stones of all colours, and watched them very often.

All at once the master observed that two of the most beautiful stones were missing. He suspected his apprentice and searched his bedroom. There he found the precious stones in a hole which was in the wall just above an old chest of drawers.

Robert protested that he had not taken the stones: nevertheless his master chastised him very severely—said that he deserved the halter, and bid him begone.

The next day another stone was missing, and the goldsmith found it in the same place. He now took great pains to discover who had hid the precious stone there. Ultimately he observed a magpie, which the apprentice had brought up and domesticated, come and fly upon the work table, take up the precious stone in his beak, and put it in a hole in the wall.

The goldsmith now regretted, with all his heart, that he had done the poor boy injustice. He took him back again, treated him very kindly, and never again suspected anyone upon insufficient grounds.

Uncheck'd suspicion light as air,  
Becomes a load too great to bear.

## 57.—THE PEBBLES.

A young carrier named Florian had, in consequence of gin drinking, fallen into a dangerous sickness. A physician spoke thus to him: "If you do not entirely give up gin you will certainly die; it is downright poison for a youth."

The sick lad said: "That I cannot do; I am now become so much accustomed to it I can't do without drinking up this little bottle full every day." The physician said—"Ah! well! I must try some other means." The following day he brought him a little coloured box full of pebble stones, and said—"You drop every day one of these little pebble stones into your spirit bottle, but let it always remain there—then the spirits will do you no harm."

The sick man believed that the little stone had the property of rendering the spirits harmless, and every day put one into the bottle. Thus, day after day, without being aware of it, he drank a few drops less, and when the bottle at last became full of stones, he had broken himself of the destructive habit of spirit drinking.

Would you attain to faultless good? the way  
Is to do somewhat t'wards it every day.

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## 58.—THE SACK FULL OF EARTH.

A rich man defrauded his neighbour, a poor widow, of her only field, that he might thereby enlarge his own garden. Some days after, as he



went over the field the poor widow came with an empty corn sack, and with weeping eyes spoke thus to him, "I beg of you to allow me to take from the inheritance of my father only so much earth as this sack will contain." The rich man replied, "What a foolish request; I will, however, readily concede it to you."

The widow proceeded to fill the sack full of earth, and then said, "I have one more request to make. Be so good as to help me to take this sack on my shoulder." The rich man had no inclination to do this, and indignantly refused to comply. But the widow did not desist from her request, until he at length consented. When, however, he was about to lift up the sack, he exclaimed, "It is impossible, it is too heavy for me."

"Now," said the widow, with great emphasis, "If this one sack full of earth is too great a load for you, how will you be able to bear the burden of the entire field—which cannot be comprised within a thousand such sacks—in the world to come?" The man was startled at this speech, and gave her the field back again.

Eschew unrighteous gain, a weight 'twill be  
Upon thy soul to all eternity.

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#### 59.—THE THALER.

A pious farmer named Fridolin used to say, "Whoever truly loves God in his heart finds it easy to do what is good, and to avoid what is evil."



It so happened that he had a servant who was very passionate, and when excited gave way to violent language. Fridolin admonished him often, for the sake of God, to restrain his passion. But the servant said, "That is not possible; both men and beasts cause me so much vexation."

One morning Fridolin spoke to him thus—"Mathias, look here is a beautiful new thaler; I will give you this if you will remain quiet throughout the day, and do not suffer a passionate word to escape your lips." The servant closed joyfully with this offer.

The rest of the servants, however, agreed among themselves that they would deprive him of the thaler. Everything which they did and said throughout the entire day tended only to put him in a passion. But the servant held on so firm that not one single angry word escaped him.

In the evening Fridolin gave him the thaler. But he said, moreover, "Shame upon you, who, for the love of a miserable piece of money, can restrain your temper so well, but are not, in the least degree, influenced by the love of God."

The servant reformed himself, and henceforward became quiet and gentle in his disposition.

When with the love of God the heart's imbued,  
All difficulties are with ease subdued.

## 60.—THE WELL-APPLIED MONEY.

An industrious joiner, who earned a great deal of money, contented himself with very simple fare, clothed himself and his family with no more than was strictly necessary, and carefully avoided every useless expense.

“Where do you put your superfluous money, Mr. joiner?” said a neighbour of his, a turner, upon one occasion to him. The joiner replied—“One portion goes to pay a debt, another portion I lend out at interest.” “Surely you jest,” exclaimed the turner, “you have neither a debt to discharge, nor capital to lay out at interest.”

“It is so, nevertheless,” said the joiner, “permit me to explain the matter to you.

“Observe now—all the money which my excellent parents have expended on me since the time when I first saw the light, I regard as a debt, which it is my duty to repay: on the other hand, the money, which I expend upon my children, in order that they may learn something useful, I look upon as a capital which they ought, at some future time, when I am grown old, to repay me again with interest.

“Just as my parents spared nothing in order to educate me well, so I also act in regard of my own children; and just as I consider it a filial duty to recompense the kindness of *my parents*, so I hope that *my children* will pay their obligations to me; and this I look forward to with as much certainty

as if they had signed and sealed a bond to that effect."

The kindness parents do their children, they  
Should in due season faithfully repay.

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### 61.—THE PURSE OF MONEY.

A poor collier boy named Norbert sat under a tree in the forest moaning, weeping, and supplicating aloud. A gentleman of distinction, in a green coat, and with the insignia of an order on his breast, who happened then to be hunting in the forest, approached him and exclaimed—"My boy, what are you crying for?" "Ah!" said Norbert, "my mother has been ill a long time, and my father has, in consequence, sent me into the town to pay the doctor, and I have lost the money on the road, together with the little purse which contained it."

The gentleman spoke aside with a hunter who accompanied him, then drew out a little purse of red silk, wherein were some new gold coins, and said, "Is this like your little purse of money?" "Oh, no," said Norbert, "mine was much smaller, and the money in it was not so bright and glittering."

"Perhaps, then, this is yours," said the hunter, drawing out of his pocket a mean looking little leathern purse. "Oh, yes," cried Norbert joyfully, "that is it." The hunter accordingly gave

it to him, and then the gentleman said—"Since you have made such earnest supplications, and have proved yourself so honest, I will present you with this purse full of gold, in addition to your own."

By prayer all danger 's put to flight,  
And honesty shines ever bright.

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## 62.—THE DIAMOND RING.

A merchant named Williams, who had travelled across the seas into a distant part of the globe, and had there acquired, by industry and skill, a large fortune, returned back after many years of absence into his native land.

When the ship came to shore he heard that his relations were collected together at a merry supper in a country house close by.

He immediately ran thither, and, in the joy of his heart, did not even give himself time to put on more suitable apparel in the place of his grey coat, which was pretty much worn through the sea voyage. But when he entered the hall, which was splendidly illuminated, his relations, both male and female, manifested very little joy at seeing him back again, for, observing his sorry attire, they thought he was returned in poor circumstances.

A young negro servant whom he had brought home with him was very indignant at this behaviour of the relatives, and said—"These must be wicked people who have not condescended to re-

ceive their friend after so long an absence with even an affectionate greeting."

"Wait awhile," said the merchant to him in a subdued voice, "they will soon alter their tone." He put, in a conspicuous manner, on his finger a diamond ring, which he carried about with him, when, behold! they one and all of them brightened up, and each and every of them thronged around "dear Cousin William." One squeezed his hand, others embraced him, all strove together who should have the honour of receiving him into their house and entertaining him.

"Has the ring any secret power of bewitching people?" inquired the astonished negro man. "Oh, no," said William, "but in consequence of the glittering diamond ring which is worth its thousand thalers, they clearly perceive that I am rich, and they prize riches above everything."

"Oh, you deluded men," exclaimed the negro again, "it is not then the ring but your avarice which has bewitched you. Would it else be possible that any one could prize the yellow ore and a transparent pebble more highly than a noble man, such as my master is?"

Jewels and gold with fools alone  
Bear higher sway than virtue's throne.

### 63.—THE GOLDEN BOX.

A colonel showed to his officers, whom he had invited to supper, a new and very beautiful snuff-



box. After a little while he wished to take a pinch of snuff, but after fumbling in every one of his pockets, he said with consternation, "Where is my box? please to look, gentlemen, whether some one of you, has not, inadvertently put it into his pocket."

All stood up immediately and turned their pockets inside out, but the box was not forthcoming. An ensign alone remained sitting, and, with evident embarrassment, said: "I decline to turn out my pockets, but let it suffice that I declare on my honour, that I have not got the box." The officers shook their heads as they went away, and each considered him to be the thief.

Next morning the colonel sent for him and said: "The box is found again; there was in my pocket a seam, which had burst, and so it fell down into the lining. But tell me now why it was that you would not show your pockets, as well as the other officers did?"

The Ensign replied: "To you alone, Mr. Colonel, I will readily own the reason. I give half my pay to my parents, who are poor people, and consequently I cannot afford to give myself a hot dinner. When I was invited to your table I had my next day's dinner in my pocket, and I should have felt ashamed if, in turning my pockets inside out, a piece of black bread and a sausage should perchance have fallen out."

The Colonel said with emotion: "You are a very good son. To enable you with greater ease



to support your parents, you must now come and dine with me every day." Then he proceeded to invite all the officers to a banquet, proclaimed before all of them the innocence of the Ensign, and in token of his esteem, made him a present of the golden box.

Give honour and love to your parents, and then  
You'll be honoured and lov'd by God and by men.

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#### 64.—THE SILVER WATCH.

A poor student, named Albert, happened once to spend the night in a mill. A bench in a lower apartment served him for a bed. In the middle of the night he woke up and heard something ticking on the wall near him. He looked in that direction, and, by the light of the moon, perceived a silver watch. Now a temptation seized him to take the watch and escape through the window. Although his conscience reminded him of the commandment—"Thou shalt not steal," his desire to possess himself of the beautiful watch increased every moment, so, in order to avoid the temptation, he sprung up and rushed out of the window.

But when he had run about a hundred yards he regretted that he had not taken the watch, and he would fain have turned back for it. But his conscience warned him, once again; and he gave heed to this warning and wandered further on his way.

The moon went down and it became very dark.

Albert wandered from his way into a marsh, but at length reached some rising ground. There being overcome with fatigue, he lay down and fell into a sound sleep. At break of day he was awake by a horrible shriek, and as soon as he had opened his eyes he was overcome by fright and terror. For he was lying under a gallows, and over his head was hanging a corpse, and around him a large multitude of ravens had collected. Then he felt just as if a voice in his heart whispered to him—"Such would have been your end if you had begun to steal." Then he kneeled down and vowed to God solemnly that for the future he would immediately and resolutely resist every temptation.

Temptation fain would be your master,  
But hold you on to God the faster.

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#### 65.—THE LITTLE WATCH-GUARD.

The pupils of a knitting school determined to dispose of a portion of their work in hand for the benefit of the poor. A trading woman in the town, who had a large warehouse, benevolently undertook to manage the matter.

Adelgunda, a very vain pupil, who considered herself a first-rate hand in pearl embroidery, thought thus within herself: "On this occasion I shall be sure to find out how highly my skill is prized. My school companions every one, and my governess herself, are not over well-disposed towards

me, but the shop-woman does not know one girl's work from another, and will no doubt tell me the truth."

She went into the shop and pointed at a very handsome watchguard which one of her school-fellows had knitted, and enquired the price of it. "I cannot part with this," said the woman, "for less than 36 kreuzers."

"And what is the price of this?" enquired Adelgunda a second time, as she pointed at another still more beautiful, made by another friend. "The cost of this," said the woman, "is 48 kreuzers."

"But how much may this be?" enquired Adelgunda, as she pointed at one which she had worked herself, and which she considered the most beautiful of all. "Ah, as to that one there," said the woman, "If you take the two others, I will give you that one into the bargain."

Adelgunda could not conceal her confusion. She became as red as scarlet. The woman then said: "Now I perceive that this guard is your own work. I am sorry that it is so indifferently made. However, you seem to have come here simply to ascertain the *real truth*, and *that* I have told you with perfect sincerity."

Folly will let itself be caught  
By flattery and pretence,  
But reason will give ear to naught,  
But honest truth and sense.

## 66.—THE LOOKING GLASS.

Matilda was very passionate ; her mother often put before her emphatically how sinful, how hateful, and injurious it was to give way to temper, and exhorted her to cultivate gentleness.

One day Matilda sat herself down at her knitting table, upon which stood an elegant vase of flowers. Her little brother pushed accidentally against the vase, so that it broke into many pieces. Matilda was almost distracted with anger ; her eyes flashed with fire, her forehead veins became swollen, and her whole countenance was disfigured.

Her mother quickly held a looking-glass to her face. Matilda was frightened on beholding herself. Her anger departed and she fell to weeping.

“ Do you not see now,” said her mother, “ what a hateful thing anger is ? If you allow it to become a habit, then all these horrid looks will, by degrees, become fixed in your face, and all grace will vanish from it.”

Matilda took this to heart, and took all possible pains to master her passions. She became entirely changed, and gentleness gave additional charm to her countenance.

Her mother said often afterwards, “ Just so great as is the contrast between anger and gentleness, so in like manner is it with *all other virtues and vices*.”

The countenance portrays the mind ;  
*Vice* makes it harsh and coarse, we find,  
 But *virtue*, lovely, soft, and kind.

## 67.—THE CLOAK.

Some soldiers came in time of war into a village and demanded a guide. A poor day labourer was compelled to go with them. It was bitterly cold and snowing, and the wind blew frightfully. He begged of the farmers most earnestly to lend him a cloak, but they gave him no hearing. Only one old man who, in consequence of the war, was driven away from his home to that neighbourhood, and earned for himself a scanty pittance as a journeyman smith, was moved with compassion for the day labourer, and gave him his old cloak.

The soldiers went forward, and behold! late in the evening, there came riding into the village a young and handsome officer in a splendid uniform, with the cross of an order upon his breast, and desired to be conducted to the old man who had lent the guide the cloak. The kind hearted old man, on perceiving the officer, gave a loud shout. "Oh heavens," cried he, "this is my son Rudolf," as he rushed to him and embraced him with both his arms.

Rudolf had, several years before, been compelled to enlist, and, on account of his superior abilities, coupled with his probity and bravery, was become an officer. He heard no more from his father, who formerly had been a master smith, in a respectable market town. The son, however, had recognised the old cloak, and, from the account given by the guide, was convinced that his father was, at that

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very time, sojourning in that village. Father and son wept for joy, and all the bystanders wept with them. Rudolf remained with his father throughout the entire night, continued in conversation with him until the dawn of morning, gave him, before he rode back, a large sum of money, and engaged that, for the future, he would provide for him.

Many of the people who witnessed this scene, said: "Because the old man was so compassionate God has in like manner been compassionate towards him, and ordained that he should find his son again, who has put an end to all his troubles."

When you relieve the stranger's need,  
God in return will bless the deed.

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#### 68.—THE SHOES.

A poor boy, named Meinrad, had the care of the goats. His wages, however, were so small that he was not able even to provide himself with shoes. He felt very cold in his feet, and it was already late in autumn, and the weather very damp and cold.

There came a man out of the copse, who, on account of robbery, had already been twice put in jail, and kept to hard labour, and said, "My trade is tolerably profitable, come into my service, and I will soon get you some new shoes. If you accept my proposition you shall no longer undergo all this misery, and shall never again go barefooted."

But the boy replied: "No! I will rather go barefooted and keep my honesty, than acquire



wealth and riches by the wages of iniquity ; for it is much better to soil one's feet with dirt and blood than by doing evil with one's hands to stain one's soul with evil deeds."

The just and upright man though poor, in worth  
Precedes the richest villain upon earth.

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### 69.—THE SHOE NAIL.

An industrious nailsmith named Kirby sat throughout the day in his workshop, and hammered there so loud that the sparks flew out all around. The son of his rich neighbour, the Lord of the Manor, used to come every day and look on at his work for hours together.

"Well young master," said the smith to him one day, "you ought to learn to make a nail, if it were only for your amusement ; for who knows whether this may not be of advantage to you some day."

The young gentleman, having plenty of spare time, readily agreed to this proposal. With a laugh he sat himself down by the anvil, and, before long, he was able to turn out a good serviceable shoe nail. The old Lord, Mr. Berg, died, and his son, in consequence of a war, lost all his possessions, and came as a poor emigrant into a village at a great distance from his home. In this village there lived many shoemakers, who had to spend a great deal of money for shoe nails in the town, and very often, when they took their money, they could

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not get them for love or money, for that locality had to supply annually many thousand pairs of shoes for the use of the army.

The young Mr. Berg, who was in great distress, recollected within himself that he thoroughly understood the art of making shoe nails. He offered himself to the shoemakers to manufacture nails in large quantities, if they could aid him so far as to erect a workshop. This they very readily did, and now he was able to support himself comfortably.

"It is a good thing," he often said, "when a man can make even so much as a shoe nail. The knowledge of that art has been of more service to me than my estate, for which I once would not have taken a hundred thousand florins."

A handicraft well understood,  
Ensures a man his livelihood.

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## 70.—THE HORSE SHOE.

A countryman went with his son Thomas through the fields. "Look," said his father, as they went along, "there lies a piece of a horse shoe in the road, go and pick it up and keep it."

"Eh," said Thomas, "that is not worth the trouble of stooping down for."

His father, without more ado, took up the piece of iron, and put it in his pocket. In the next village he sold it to a smith for a few half-pence, and bought some cherries with the money.

The two went further. The sun shone very hot, and for a great distance there was no house, no tree, and no spring to be seen, and Thomas almost fainted with thirst.

Whereupon his father let a cherry fall, as it were by accident. Thomas took it up eagerly, as if it were gold, and presently put it in his mouth. Some time afterwards his father let fall another. Thomas stooped down equally quick after that also. So his father let him, by degrees, pick up all the cherries, and when Thomas had devoured the last his father addressed himself to him, and said, with a smile, "If you had but stooped down, one single time, to pick up the horse shoe, you would not have been obliged to stoop so many times to pick up the cherries. Learn from thence how sound and true are the words of the old proverb :

" By small neglects 'tis my belief—  
You're sure, at last, to 'come to grief.' "

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### 71.—THE HORSE SHOE NAIL.

A countryman saddled his horse intending to ride to town. He plainly saw that a nail was wanting on one hoof, but he said " a single nail is of no consequence," and so rode on.

He had not ridden half his way when his horse cast its shoe. " If there were a forge in the neighbourhood," said he, " I would get the horse shod ; meanwhile I think three horse shoes will be .

quite sufficient." But the horse now got injured in his hoof, through the stony ground, and fell lame. Soon afterwards there sprung forth out of the forest two robbers to deprive the traveller of his goods. His horse being lame, he could not possibly escape, and they took from him his horse, together with the saddle and bridle, and his knapsack.

"I never should have thought," said he, "that for want of one single horse shoe nail I should have lost my horse." Slowly and dejectedly he wended his way home on foot, and, from henceforward repeatedly inculcated on his children the proverb—

Neglect in small things  
Great injury brings.

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## 72.—THE SEVEN STICKS.

A father had seven sons, who often lived at variance with each other. In consequence of strife and disputes they neglected their work. Moreover some evil disposed men were minded to turn their dissension to account with the view of depriving the children of their inheritance after the death of their father.

The venerable old man one day had all his seven sons gathered together, placed near them seven sticks, which were bound firmly together, and said, "Whichever of you breaks this bundle of sticks asunder shall have a hundred thalers paid down by me."

One after another exerted all their strength, and every one said, after a long and fruitless attempt, "It's utterly impossible."

"And yet," said the father, "there is nothing more easy." He loosened the bundle and broke one stick after another with very little trouble. "Aye," exclaimed the sons, "that is indeed easy, so much so that a little child could do it."

The father then said, "Just as it is with these sticks, so is it with you, my sons. So long as you *hold firm together*, you will be able to maintain your ground, and no one will be able to overcome you. But if the bond of union which ought to bind you together becomes loosened, it will be with you as with the sticks which lie here broken on the ground before your eyes."

Each house, each city, and each land,  
By union must expect to stand.

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### 73.—THE SPLINTER.

An honest messenger, who carried a large quantity of money with him, was assaulted on a rough winter evening, robbed and murdered. His body was found lying in the snow, which was stained all around with his blood.

The Mayor of the town, that very same night, had torches lighted and inspected the bloody spot. There he saw lying a splinter out of a thorn stick, which he secretly put aside.



When, on the next morning, he entered his office, he perceived, with terror, that the thorn stick of his beadle, which was standing outside the door, was deficient in just such a splinter, and when he put to it the splinter which he had found, it fitted exactly.

The Mayor, forthwith, gave orders to apprehend the beadle as the murderer, and to conduct him to prison.

The villain, at first, stoutly denied the deed, but the silent evidence of the little splinter of wood testified loudly against him. Then he turned pale, and confessed. He had known that the messenger had on him a considerable sum of money belonging to the office, and it was merely the love of money which incited him to murder the good man who had never done him any harm.

The murderer had put the bag, containing the money, unopened, under a pile of wood, and, therefore, had not even seen the money on account of which he had committed the murder. He was beheaded in the midst of a vast assemblage of people, and every one expressed their wonder that so small a circumstance had been the means of bringing a hidden crime into the light of day.

If so many foul deeds even now are exposed,

Will not *all* at the great Judgment-day be disclosed ?



Two beggar boys, Vite and Claus, found upon the high road an old rope, and fought and quarrelled about it till they made hill and dale re-echo with their noise. Vite held the rope by one end and Claus held it by the other, and each of them endeavoured to take it, by force, out of the other's hands. All on a sudden the rope broke, and both the boys fell down and got covered with mud.

A man, who happened to pass by that way, said, "Such is always the case with quarrelsome people. They make much noise and contention over some wretched little thing, and what does it profit either of them in the end? Nothing! except the covering of themselves with shame and contempt, just as you two are now covered with mud."

"Seek peace and ensue it." To quarrel and fight  
Is a thing that can end in no sort of delight.

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#### 75.—BRUSHWOOD AND STRAW.

A poor widow and her boys were one evening wending their way back to town from some neighbouring copse where they had been collecting brushwood. The mother carried a large, and each of the boys a little bundle of twigs on their head, which they had tied together with a band of straw.

On the road there met them a rich merchant of the town, and they asked charity of him. The rich man, however, said to the widow, "You have no

need to beg. Let me take the charge of the two boys ; they shall learn to make gold out of the twigs and the straw."

The mother thought he was making a jest of her, but when the merchant assured her that he was really in earnest she consented, and the merchant had one of the boys taught basket making and the other straw plaiting.

After three years they came back into the humble cottage of their mother. They manufactured, industriously, the most beautiful baskets and the handsomest straw hats, and handed over their goods to the merchant. One day the merchant came into their house and paid them for their work in bright ducats ; and, smiling, addressed the mother thus : " Was I not right, and have not I kept my word ? "

Let work your child's affections hold :

Work will turn sticks and straws to gold.

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## 76.—THE FAIR.

A wealthy lady in the country had no children of her own, and wished, therefore, to adopt an industrious and well-behaved girl of her kindred, in the town, in the place of a child.

With that view she repaired thither, and scarcely was her intention become known than she found herself surrounded by a number of girls who introduced themselves to her on the plea of being her relations. The lady, in the first instance, did not disclaim them, and, giving each of the girls a piece

of money, she addressed them thus, "To-day is the day of the fair: go and procure each of you something for yourselves with it, whatever you please and fancy. Then come back and let me see what you have purchased."

The young girls went forth, and came back full of joy. Nearly all of them brought variegated ribbons, strings of glittering pearls, head-dresses embroidered with gold, and similar ornamental articles, and exhibited their fancied magnificence to their relative.

Only one single girl—poor Augusta—had purchased nothing of this description, but got a little prayer-book and a spinning-wheel, together with a dozen of rolling pins.

The lady was pleased at this. With delight she took Augusta by the hand, and said, "It does my heart good to see, dear child, that you have, at your early time of life, sufficient good sense to give yourself to prayer and labour. The others have, by means of their foolish purchases, only too clearly evinced that they put more store upon dress and frivolity than upon piety and industry. Henceforth, you shall be as a daughter to me. Go on as you have begun, be good and pious, and be always industrious, so will the blessed God ever be with you, and his blessing will always follow you everywhere."

A man's full value to be known  
In prayer and labour will be shewn.

## 77.—THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE.

A young lady, named Gertrude, dwelt in a magnificent castle, and her exalted station made her not a little conceited.

One morning, Maria, a poor bricklayer's daughter, came to her and spoke thus: "My father, who is on his death-bed, begs you to come to him, because he has something of importance to tell you."

The young lady answered scornfully, "That must be something *very important indeed* which so poor a man as he can have to tell *me*. Get away with you, I have nothing to do with your wretched miserable cottage."

After a little while, Maria came again, and, almost breathless, exclaimed, "Oh, my dear young lady, pray, come as quick as you can. Your deceased mother, during the time of the war, caused a large quantity of gold and silver to be buried, and enjoined upon my father not to mention the spot to any one but you, but to inform you of it when you had attained your majority. But now, he is at the point of death, therefore, there is no time to be lost."

The young lady—Gertrude—having heard this, hastened there as quick as she could, but when she entered the room the good man had already departed this life. She nearly lost her senses through terror and vexation. The walls of the castle were, by her command, opened in different places. No trace, however, of any treasure was found.

Oh, how she grieved that she had, through her pride, distressed so honest a man, even in his last moments, and had deprived herself of a large portion of wealth. Although this repentance arose partly from *self interest*, and on that account was not worth much, still she now appreciated the truth of the old saying,

“The hard of heart, the proud in mind,  
Supply with torments all their kind.”

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### 78.—THE PRAYING CHILD.

One morning, a poor widow spoke thus to her five young children: “Dear children, I can, this morning, give you nothing to eat. I have no bread, no flour, nor a single egg in the house. Ask, therefore, the blessed God to help us, for he is rich and powerful, and has himself declared, ‘Call upon me in the time of trouble and I will deliver thee.’”

Little Christian, who was scarcely six years old, went on his way to school, fasting, and very much distressed. He happened to pass the church, the door of which stood open, went inside and knelt down before the altar. There, when he saw no one in the church, he prayed with a loud voice, “Dear Father in Heaven, we little children have nothing whatever to eat. Our mother has no longer any bread, or flour, and has not even an egg. Give us now somewhat to eat so that we and our dear mother may not be starved. Pray



help us ; for thou art rich and mighty, and can'st easily help us, and, moreover, thou hast promised to do so."

So prayed Christian, in his childlike simplicity, and forthwith went to school. When he came home, he perceived upon the table a large loaf of bread, a bowl full of flour, and a little basket of eggs. "Heaven be praised," he joyfully exclaimed, "God has heard my prayer. Tell us, now, dear mother, has a little angel brought all this inside the window."

"No," said his mother, "but, nevertheless, God *has* heard your prayer. When you were praying beside the altar, the mayor's lady was kneeling in her curtained pew. True—you could not possibly see *her*, but *she* saw *you*, and heard your prayer. For that reason she has bestowed all this upon us. *She* is the good angel by whose means God has helped us. Children, let us all thank God, and be of good cheer, and forget not, all your life long, the beautiful sentence which says;—

"In wondrous ways our God above  
Can aid his creatures with his love :  
Oh trust his hand—his goodness prove."

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## 79.—THE PAGE OF HONOUR.

A page of honour, named Augustus, had the night watch in the king's ante-chamber. The king could not sleep, and rung his bell for him



to bring him a book. But Augustus was fast asleep, and did not hear it.

The king rang repeatedly, and every time louder ; but in vain. At length he came himself out of his bedroom into the ante-chamber, There he found the lad, who was still of tender age, fast asleep by the writing desk, whereon there stood a wax-light burning. A letter, which he had not yet finished, lay beside him.

The king read the note, which was in these words : " Dear mother, this is the third night that I have undertaken the night watch for the other pages. The fatigue I had to undergo has nearly exhausted my strength. But what a subject of joy is it to me that I have, by this means, in some weeks, earned ten thalers. I make you a present of them, in order that you may have some comforts in your needy circumstances."

This filial affection pleased the king exceedingly. He fetched a quantity of gold coin, and put it into the pocket of this good son. The king was convinced that Augustus would make his mother a present of them, and so went to bed again.

When the page of honour awoke, and found the money in his pocket, he at once perceived who it was that had been so bountiful towards him. So when, in the morning, the king came out of his bedroom, Augustus fell at his feet, thanked him for his handsome present, and begged forgiveness for his negligence. The king commended the filial

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affection of the good son, and, from that time, put great confidence in him; and, subsequently, advanced him to honour. Augustus discharged the duties entrusted to him with the utmost prudence, inspired by a pious reverence for God, and a sincere attachment to the king.

Children who to their parents honour pay,  
Love for their God and Sovereign will display.

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#### 80.—THE SHEPHERD'S BOY.

One bright spring morning, a light hearted shepherd's boy was keeping watch over the sheep, in a flowery vale which lay at the foot of two thickly wooded mountains, and sung and danced for joy. The prince of that country, who was hunting in the neighbourhood, saw him, and called him to his side and spoke thus to him, "What makes you so merry my boy?" The boy, not knowing that it was the prince, replied, "Why should I not be merry, our noble sovereign is no richer than I am?" "Indeed!" said the prince, "now do tell me what possessions you have?"

The boy replied, "The sun in the beautiful blue heaven shines for *me* as brightly as he does for the prince, and hill and vale delight *me*, with their beautiful verdure and flowers, not less than *him*. As for my two hands I would not part with *them* for one hundred thousand florins; and as for my two eyes I would not lose *them* for all the precious

things in the prince's treasury, Moreover, I have everything that I desire ; for I desire nothing more than I really want. I eat daily what satisfies me. I have clothes wherewith I am suitably clad, and I earn by my toil and labour, annually, a sum of money sufficient for my every need. How can you assert that our prince has more than that ?”

The kind hearted prince smiled, made himself known, and said, “ You are quite right, my worthy lad, and you can now say that the prince himself has agreed to your sentiment. May you always retain your cheerfulness.”

A calm, contented, thankful heart,  
From every murmur free,  
Will every earthly bliss impart,  
No prince more rich can be.

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### 81.—THE SHEPHERD'S FLUTE.

A king's chancellor was accused, before his sovereign, that he had embezzled the public money, and that he had kept the stolen money and precious things in a secret vault with an iron door.

The king betook himself to the treasurer's palace ; had the iron door pointed out to him, and commanded that it should be opened. But how was he astonished, when he walked within. Nothing was visible, save four empty walls, a common country table, and a straw chair. On the table lay a shepherd's flute, side by side with a shep-

herd's crook, and a shepherd's pouch. Through the window you might look on green fields and wooded hills.

The chancellor then spoke thus, "In my early days I was accustomed to tend the sheep. You, O King, brought me to your court. Here, into this vault, I betake myself, for an hour, every day, to recall, with joy, my old occupation, and repeat the songs, which, in praise of my Creator, I used to sing while tending my flock. Ah ! at that time I was far happier, in the midst of poverty, beside the plains of my ancestors, than I am in this palace, surrounded by all kinds of wealth which the favour of my sovereign has so richly bestowed upon me."

No money gives such happiness  
As piety and cheerfulness.

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## 82.—THE GOOD SON.

Antony was an apprentice : his father was a clerk in a first-rate shop. The father was obliged to make a journey beyond the seas upon the business of the head of the firm.

All at once, the melancholy intelligence came that the ship was captured by pirates, and that Antony's father was carried away nobody knew where.

Antony completed the period of his apprenticeship faithfully and honestly ; then he became a clerk himself, and acquired, through his industry and ability, some property for himself.

At length he heard that his father was taken as a slave in Turkey ; and immediately he resolved, within himself, to set him free. He drew out all the money he had saved, disposed of his best clothes, and everything which he then could turn into money, hired himself out as a servant on board ship, in order to pay his fare across the sea. Having arrived at his destination he found out the wealthy Turk whose slave his father was, and offered a sum of money for his father's ransom. The Turk, however, demanded so large a sum that all that Antony brought with him did not suffice to make up the half of it. " If that is so," said Antony, " take me as a slave, instead of my father. I am young, and can accomplish more work than my father, who is already growing old."

At the desire of the Turk, the father came and fell, astounded, on the neck of his son : and both of them cried bitterly. When, however, the father heard that his son was resolved to become a slave in his stead, he gave vent to his grief still more, and would on no account consent to it.

The son, however, with many tears, said, " Beloved father, I am not only prepared to wear, for you, the fetters of a slave, but, if need be, to sacrifice even my life. Take the redemption money, which I brought with me, for your travelling expenses, and farewell !"

The Turk himself was then moved to tears, and said to Antony, " You are a true hearted, noble



son ; I will present your father with his freedom without any ransom ; and will give you as much money as will be sufficient to set both of you up in business. For you, worthy Antony, have acted in a manner such as a good son should, according to God's commandment, conduct himself towards his father."

The bounds of filial love who can define?  
A duteous son will e'en his life resign.

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### 83.—THE PIOUS SISTER.

Jacob and Anne were once left at home alone. Then Jacob said to Anne, "Come along, let us go and look for something good to eat, and we shall enjoy ourselves right well."

Anne replied, "When you can find out a place where no one can see us, I will readily go with you." "Now then," said Jacob, "come along into the dairy ; there we can get a dish full of sweet cream." Anne replied, "There we shall be seen by our next door neighbour as he is splitting wood in the lane." "Come along, then, into the kitchen," said Jacob, "In the larder there stands a pot full of honey in which we can dip our bread."

Anne replied, "There our neighbour's wife can spy us as she sits at her window and plies her spinning wheel." "Well then we will go down below, to eat apples in the cellar," said James, "There it is pitch dark so that no one can possibly



see us." Anne replied, "Oh, my dear James, do you really think that no one can see us there? Have you never heard of that heavenly Eye which pierces through walls and penetrates the very darkness itself?"

James was frightened and said, "You are quite right, beloved sister, God sees us where no human eye can possibly see us; we ought therefore to do evil in no place."

Anne rejoiced within herself that James took her words to heart, and gave him a beautiful picture; on it was represented the Eye of God, surrounded by rays, and underneath it was written as follows,

Almighty God thy piercing Eye,  
Strikes through the shades of night,  
And our most secret actions lie  
All open to thy sight.

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#### 84.—THE TRUE BROTHERS.

In the time of harvest there came two stout strong built lads down from the hills, into the table land where labourers were required, and said to a farmer, "We two will work for you throughout the whole of harvest time, and get your grain in, if you will give us our board and ten thalers as wages."

"Ten thalers is too much," said the farmer, "I think that ten florins is more than enough." "No," said the young lads, "it must be precisely ten

thalers : less than that is of no use to us. If you will not give us as much as that, we must offer our services to some one else."

"What is the reason of your requiring so much money?" said the farmer.

"Look here," said they, "we have, at home, a younger brother who has already reached his fourteenth year; a skilful wheelwright is ready to take him as an apprentice, but he requires full ten thalers as a premium. Our old father knows not where to procure so much money as that, so we, his two eldest sons, have agreed together to earn this money." "Very well, then," said the farmer, "I will on account of your brotherly affection, give you ten thalers provided that you work with sufficient diligence to satisfy me."

The two brothers laboured in the height of harvest indefatigably. They were the first to come in the morning, and they were the last to go to rest in the evening.

When the harvest was satisfactorily accomplished the farmer paid them their ten thalers, and said, "You have fairly earned your wages and I will give to each of you a thaler over and above them."

'Tis a fair sight, when brother lives with brother,  
And each one does his best to aid the other.

## 85.—THE AFFECTIONATE SISTERS.

A wealthy lady had adopted a poor orphan girl. The girl was pious, tractable and diligent, and always cheerful and piously disposed.

Once upon a time the lady said to her, "Theresa, since you are so good a girl, I will let you have new clothes next Christmas. I have already spoken to the dressmaker. There is the money: go and get for yourself some pretty stuff, of sky blue colour, which becomes you so well."

Accordingly the lady gave her two dollar pieces. Theresa looked at the money and said, "Beloved foster-mother, I have, already, as many clothes as I want, but my sister Frances is not so well situated as I am. She is very poorly clad, and would be distressed if she saw me wearing a beautiful new dress. Would you give me your permission to give her these two dollar pieces? She loves me much, and when I was ill she immediately came here and nursed me very affectionately." "You dear good child," said the lady, "write to your sister to come to us, I will readily clothe you both. The affection you bear to each other deserves a fitting reward."

Sure sisterly love is a tie,  
That is knit by God's fatherly love;  
Dear children, be loving, and try  
To resemble His angels above.

**86.—THE LITTLE BASKET WEAVER.**

A little boy named Edward, had very rich parents. Relying on their wealth, he abandoned himself to indolence, and would learn nothing. Little James on the contrary, who was the son of poor parents, acquired with great industry the trade of basket making.

One day Edward stood by the shore, and was fishing for his amusement. James had cut a large bundle of willow twigs; and was about to carry them home. All on a sudden some pirates sprung out of the bushes, and carried off the two boys to their ship, intending to sell them as slaves. A storm arose, and the ship was tossed about, and, at length, was dashed to pieces against the rocks of a distant island. Only the two boys escaped safe to the land, which happened to be inhabited by negro savages.

James thought that his trade might, possibly, secure him favor at their hands. He drew out his knife, cut some willow twigs with it, and set himself down to make a neat basket. Many black men, with their wives and children, came near, and watched his progress with much curiosity.

When the basket was completed he made a present of it to the chief. Then the whole tribe of them, high and low, would fain have similar little baskets. They cleared out for James a hut which was shaded by fruit trees, so that he might work

undisturbed; and, also, promised to supply him, abundantly, with the necessaries of life.

Hereupon they desired Edward to make a basket also. When, however, they found that he had learnt nothing, they fell to beating him, yea and would have killed him outright if James had not interceded for him. Edward was obliged, at their desire, to give his velvet coat to James, and to take James' coarse smock frock instead, to be his servant, and to fetch willow twigs for his use.

The diligent and skilful hand  
Procures its bread in every land.

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### 87.—THE FISHERMAN AND THE LITTLE FISH STEALER.

Dionis, a thoughtless boy, slunk away to a fish preserve which was well stocked with fish, and not far off from the village, with the intention of stealing a fish. He put his hand into the water, as deep as he could, and searched for a large fish. "Hah!" said he, "I have got a lovely fish at last: I actually believe it is an eel." He drew his arm out, and lo! a horrid water snake was wriggling in his hand. With terror he uttered a loud shriek, threw off the snake, in a twinkling, back into the water, and was about to make off. But just as he was turning round, a new terror seized him, for old James, the fisherman, stood before him. "For this time," said the fisherman, "I will, in consideration



of the double terror you have experienced, let you go. Mark well, however, all your life long, the good advice of an old man. Ever have the same aversion for goods dishonestly obtained, as you have for a venomous beast. Stolen property will always turn into poison in the hand of the thief."

What by unrighteous means you earn,  
Will ever to your ruin turn.

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### 88.—THE GARDENER AND HIS ASS.

Once upon a time a gardener went to town to the weekly market, and loaded his ass with so many vegetables of different descriptions, that little of the poor beast was visible, except his head.

His road led him by some willow bushes. The gardener cut from the willows some twigs suitable for binding purposes. "Such a little load as this cannot press upon the ass," said he, as he loaded him with it.

A little further on were some hazel bushes. The gardener looked himself out a couple of dozen of slim twigs as flower sticks. "They are so light," said he, "that the ass will scarcely feel their weight," and, with that, he put them also on the beast. Meanwhile the sun had risen higher, and shone uncommonly hot. This made the gardener draw off his green coat, and throw it also on the rest of the load. "It is not much further to the town," said he, "and the beast will not sink down with



the additional weight of the smock frock which I can lift with my little finger." But scarcely had he said this, when the ass stumbled over a stone, fell to the ground, and, overpowered by the heavy load, could stand up no longer.

Then the gardener, much shocked, exclaimed, with a lamentable voice, "Now I see, to my great loss, that we ought not to lay either on man or beast a greater burden than they are able to bear."

When once overladen, the least burden more,  
Superadded, you feel as an injury sore.

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### 89.—THE HUNTSMAN AND HIS DOG.

A huntsman, once upon a time, chased a hare with his dog. "Hie! Hie!" cried the huntsman, and the dog rushed forth with all his might, hunted the hare all over the fields, seized it at length and held it between his teeth. Then the huntsman seized the hare by its ears, and said to the dog, "Let go! Let go!" Whereupon the dog presently let him loose, and the huntsman put the hare into his knapsack.

Many people of the village had gazed at the sight, and an old farmer of their number spoke thus, "This hunting dog is a representation of the case of a miser. Avarice calls out to the miser, 'Hie! Hie!' and the infatuated man obeys it, and hunts, with all his might, after earthly goods.

But, at the end of all, comes death, and says, 'Let go! Let go!' and the poor man must leave behind him, unenjoyed, all the riches which he has hunted after with so much toil."

Gather what treasures upon earth you may,  
Death comes at last and sweeps them all away.

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#### 90.—THE MILLER AND HIS SON.

Once upon a time a miller and his son drove their ass to the town in order to dispose of him in the market. A man on horseback met them, who said, laughing, "It is not wise of you to let your ass go empty without either of you sitting upon him." The father then made the son get upon the ass's back. After a little while they were met by a waggoner, who exclaimed aloud, "Are you not ashamed, young fellow, to be riding there, while your old father must needs go, by the wayside, on foot?" The son on hearing these words, immediately jumped off the ass, and made his father take his place.

After they had gone some distance along a sandy road, a farmer's wife met them carrying a basket of fruit on her head. She spoke thus, "You are a most unmerciful father to make yourself so comfortable there, on the ass's back, and to allow your poor little son to trudge along in the deep sand." The father, hearing this, made his son mount be-

hind him. When however a shepherd, who was watching over his sheep by the wayside, saw them passing by, in this condition, he exclaimed aloud, "Oh, poor animal! under the double burden he must, assuredly, break down. It shews a most unfeeling disposition to treat an animal in that way." Whereupon they dismounted, and the son said to the father, "What shall we now do with the donkey, in order to please people? It only remains that we tie his legs together, take a pole, and carry him to market on our own shoulders."

But the father replied, "You see now, my son, that one can never please everybody, and that the counsel is very wise which asserts

"To do what's just and right—be this your sole endeavour,  
Tho' senseless scoffers rail or laugh at you for ever."

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### 91.—THE CANNIBAL.

Two boys from the town lost their way in a wild forest, and were forced to remain in a mean looking desolate public-house during the night. At midnight they heard some one talking in the next room. Both held their ears to the partition and listened. They heard distinctly the following words, "Wife, be sure you get the copper ready, the first thing to-morrow morning, I will kill our two little fellows who came from the town."

The poor boys experienced a deadly terror. "Oh, heavens, the landlord of this inn is a canni-

bal," said they, in a subdued tone, to each other, and sprang, both of them, out of the chamber window, thinking to escape. But, imagine their horror, when they found the door of the yard locked.

Then they crept into the pig-stye, and passed the night in the anguish of death. In the morning, the landlord came, opened the door of the pig-stye, set his knife, and exclaimed, "Now, my boys, come out, your last hour is come."

Both the boys uttered a lamentable cry, and supplicated him, on their knees, not to kill and eat them. The landlord was not a little surprised at finding them in the pig-stye, and enquired of them whence it was that they took him for a cannibal?

The boys then said, with tears, "Why, yesterday night, you said, yourself, that you would kill us in the morning." But the landlord replied, "Oh, you foolish children, it was not *you* that I meant, I merely spoke jestingly, of my two little pigs (because I purchased them in the town) as of '*my two little fellows from town.*' Such, however, is always the consequence of people's listening. By it are produced frequent misunderstandings, false suspicions, needless cares, anxieties, and troubles."

The list'ner oft, by what he hears,  
Is made the dupe of anxious fears.

## 92.—THE APPARITION.

Martin slunk away, about midnight, into the Squire's garden, filled two sacks with fruit, and was about to carry one sack home. Just as he was going with the sack over the garden wall, the church spire struck "twelve." The air, which rustled in the leaves of the trees, filled him with terror, and Martin perceived, on a sudden, near him, a black man, who seemed, officiously, to carry away the other sack.

The terrified thief uttered a shriek, let the sack fall, and sprang away, as well as he could. The black man also let the sack fall, and sprung, equally quick, along with Martin, until he reached the end of the garden wall, where the apparition disappeared. Next morning Martin related the story of the frightful apparition, only he was silent respecting his own theft. But that very identical day the bailiff desired Martin to come to him, and spoke thus—

"Yesterday night you stole some fruit in the Squire's garden, the sacks, which had your father's name on them, betrayed you. I will have you shut up in the tower. The black apparition, however, which you declared you saw, was nothing more nor less than your own shadow, which, in consequence of the moon's rising at twelve o'clock, you perceived on the newly white-washed garden wall."



He who does unrighteous acts is never free from fear. The evil-doer is frightened at a rustling leaf, and he runs away at the sight of his own shadow.

Keep your mind and conscience clear,  
And you'll have nothing else to fear.

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### 93.—THE TIDY HOUSEWIFE.

A cooper, from the town, repaired some casks for the landlord of a country inn. When he had finished his work he came into the parlour, and the landlady brought him a stoup of wine.

“Now, Mrs. Landlady, of the ‘Sun,’ how go matters with you?” said the cooper. “Not over well,” said the landlady. “The people from town turn, nearly all of them, to my neighbour, the landlord of the ‘Star,’ and despise my wine, though it is notoriously better. I don’t know at all whence this is.” The cooper said, “I can tell you, Mrs. Landlady, quite well, if you will not be offended with me for doing so.” “Quite the reverse,” said the landlady, “I should look upon it as a very friendly service.” “Now then,” said the cooper, “if you wish to hear the truth, I shall speak my mind freely. It is true that the landlord of the ‘Star’ has no wine equal to yours, but his glasses are as bright and as clean as crystal. The landlady of the ‘Sun’ has, undoubtedly, better wine, but her glasses are not bright, and look as if they were never washed. However good the wine



may be, still, nobody likes to drink it out of smutty glasses. Take care, now, Mrs. Landlady, and let your glasses be as clear as your wine is good, and let the people always find, in your house, well cleaned windows, tables, and floors, so you will soon find a sufficient number of guests come and put up at your house."

The landlady paid attention to this advice. She presently set to work at sweeping and cleaning. All the rooms, with the tables and glasses, were cleaned, and not a speck of dirt was to be seen. Scarcely had the townspeople heard of this change, when they came, in large numbers, to drink clear bright wine in clean glasses, and in a tidy looking parlour; and on many days there were so many guests that the landlady could scarce provide for them. "See," said she, often, subsequently, to her sons and daughters, "what cleanliness does. It has made us well to do and contented, while, through the want of it, we were already far gone towards ruin."

If your *dwelling* should ever be garnish'd and swept,  
How pure and unspotted your *soul* should be kept!

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#### 94.—THE CHARITABLE POOR WOMAN.

Elizabeth, a poor widow, was accustomed to say her morning prayer every day before she set herself down at her spinning wheel in her solitary

room, and then to read one of the beautiful sentences which her prayer-book contained.

One day she read a sentence which invited her to works of charity, and which moved her much. "But, heavenly father," said she, "in what way can *I* do good to others? *I* have nothing in the world, wherewith to support *myself*, save my spinning wheel, and with it I can but just procure, for myself, my daily bread. Winter is at hand, and I have not even the necessary amount of fuel. Already my fingers have become so stiff, in the cold room, that I can hardly go on with my spinning. The rent of the house, too, is not yet got together. I shall be obliged, *myself*, to ask charitable people for alms." Then she reflected awhile in what way she could, possibly, do any good. It so happened that there was a person, who was the friend of her youth, lying ill, and who lived at the other end of the town, and was old and poor. "I will go and seek her out," said she, "I can spin just as well there, and very probably I may be able to say something which will comfort her."

She took out of her chest a couple of apples, which she had, recently, had sent her, intending to take them to her friend, and went on her way with her spinning wheel.

The sick woman, when she perceived her old friend, was greatly rejoiced. "Only think, now, Elizabeth," said she, "I have lately had one

hundred florins left me. Couldn't you lodge with me, and become my nurse in sickness? You would save firing and house rent, and your spinning wheel and my little legacy would be sufficient to support us both." Elizabeth joyfully accepted the proposal, removed what few goods she had immediately, and, for the first time, was able to sleep in peace again, and free from care. She would often refer to the sentence which had arrested her attention. It was this—

Your life let it daily in good works abound,  
By day you'll be cheerful, at night you'll sleep sound.

— —

### 95.—THE DEVOUT GRANDMOTHER.

During a recent war, the inmates of a house, which stood secluded from all others, were placed in circumstances of great alarm. The enemy drew near to that part of the country as the night was coming on. The fire of burning villages lit up the nightly sky with a flame as red as blood, and the roar of artillery was frightful. Moreover it was winter time, and the weather very cold and stormy. The whole family were in great dread of being plundered, and of being now, at the roughest time of the year, driven from house and home.

Only the pious and devout grandmother, having a firm dependence upon Providence, was free from

fear and anxiety. She read to her children and grandchildren, out of her old prayer book, a prayer, wherein was contained the following words—"God will raise up a strong wall, so as to keep off the enemy from your habitation."

One of her grandchildren, who had listened attentively, was of opinion that the erecting of a wall was too much to ask of the beloved God, and that people ought not to ask such things as were impossible.

The grandmother, however, said, "These words are not to be taken literally. They merely imply that God may defend us, from the enemy, as securely as if our house were surrounded by a wall. As respects, however, the fact of God actually building up a wall for our protection, do you mean that such a thing is impossible to him?"

Meanwhile the night wore on. To their great surprise not a single soldier of the enemy's forces had come near their dwelling. But, in the morning, when they ventured to go to the door, they saw that the snow had been drifted by the wind towards that side where the enemy stood, and raised up like a wall. It was utterly impossible to pass through.

All of them praised God, and gave thanks to him. Then the grandmother said, "See, now, how God *has* raised up a wall for us, in order to keep the enemy from our habitation. For he is gracious and merciful, and his power to deliver us from every

danger is boundless. Let us, therefore, be neither faint-hearted nor discouraged. It is my firm belief that—

“Whose trust in God is most profound,  
Shall stedfastly maintain his ground.”

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### 96.—THE PIOUS MOTHER AND HER SONS.

On a high festival day, a certain noble lady said to her two sons, “Ah! would that I could be present in church to day, and could, in concert with the thousands who are collected there, worship God the Almighty. But it is too far for me to go to town, and our carriage is of no use to us now, because we have been obliged to part with our horses, on account of our needy circumstances.” The sons, presently, brought out the carriage, and offered themselves to draw their mother to the church, which was a good way off from the place. The mother jumped in, and the noble young men drew the carriage instead of the horses.

All the people were moved to tears, to see the piety of the mother and the filial love of her children; they strewed all the way from the city gates with green leaves and fresh flowers, and exclaimed, with ecstasy, “Hail to the happy mother and her high-minded sons!”

Kindness to parents—love to God—by these,  
Virtue, in all her charms fulfill’d, one sees.



Amidst the joyful acclamations of the populace the good sons arrived at the church. The good mother knelt, weeping, on the steps of the altar, and prayed in her heart thus:—"Heavenly father, bless my two sons, and give them that which thou knowest to be best for their real welfare." The young men drew their mother back home again, and, in the evening, went cheerfully to bed. When, however, their mother went to awake them in the morning, there they lay, both of them lovely and beautiful, with a heavenlike appearance of countenance. But their sleep was the sleep of death.

The mother was, at first, very much shocked at the death of her beloved sons. But she speedily recovered herself again, and said, "Heavenly father, thou hast heard my prayer; now I perceive that an easy, happy death is the best thing which mortal men can wish for themselves. My sons are now with thee. The earth was too poor to recompense their filial love; for this reason thou hast taken them to thyself in heaven."

From death's approach you'll never shrink,  
When on a better life you think.

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### 97.—THE DYING FATHER.

A worthy father was very sick, and near unto death. So he called together, on the last morning of his life, his children to his death bed, and ex-



horted them to all good works ; particularly, he enjoined them to seek out diligently for Christian instruction, and to pay attention to it. “ Beloved children,” said he, “ I have lived fifty years, and have, in this world, experienced many joys ; however, the purest, happiest, yea, assuredly, the most celestial joys, were those which religion has afforded me. They purified all my earthly joys, they elevated and ennobled them. I certify you of this as in the face of heaven.

“ I have lived fifty years, and have suffered much in the world, and had to endure many a hard conflict ; in all my sorrows, however, I have found the best comfort and the surest support in our holy religion alone. This I certify you of as in the sight of God.

“ I have lived fifty years. Often have I been near death—yea, I am quite sure, that, even now, I shall not live till evening—and I certify you, by experience, and as in the sight of God, that nothing but the divine power of religion can disarm death of its terrors—nothing but a heavenly belief in our Redeemer can give us courage and strength to make, with confidence, the all important step into eternity, and to appear before God’s judgment-seat. Strive, therefore, each of you, for a perfect knowledge of our Divine Redeemer, and follow his holy precepts. By so doing you will please God, live contented, and die happy.”

The children listened to these words of their

father amidst a flood of tears. Their father died the next hour ; but his children fixed his last words in their hearts all their life long, attended to them, and learnt, by experience, their truth and force.

God's Word conducts to heavenly rest ;  
Who follows that, has chosen best.

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### 98.—THE FRIENDS EVEN UNTO DEATH.

Once upon a time a father related to his children the following parable. The Governor of a certain island, having been slandered by his enemies, was recalled by his sovereign, in order to render an account of his administration. Those of his friends, in whom he had reposed the greatest confidence, allowed him to take himself off, and did not even go a single step with him. Others, in whom he had confided not a little, contented themselves with accompanying him to the ship. Some, however, whom he had thought very little of, accompanied him during the whole extent of his journey, even to the king's throne, where they spoke up for him, and brought it to pass that the king took him into favour again.

The children understood not who might be meant by these three kinds of friends. Whereupon the father said, " Every man has three kind of friends upon this earth, the real value of whom he discovers, for the first time, when he is recalled from this

world, and has to render an account of all his doings. The first of these friends—money and goods—remain behind. The next—his relations—accompany him to the grave. The third—his good deeds—follow him even to the throne of God. There every one will be dealt with according to his works, and even a draught of cold water, with which the thirsty have been comforted, shall receive its due reward.”

What a foolish act is it for men to treat the best friends of theirs with the greatest indifference.

With all the deeds of good you can,  
Fill up this life's brief span;  
For they alone your friends will be,  
Through all eternity.

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### 99.—THE BETTER LAND.

A father and mother passed their life, with their two children, upon a rough uncultivated island of the main ocean, where they were accidentally cast by shipwreck. Roots and herbs served for their food, a spring was their drink, and a cavern in the rock was their habitation. Frightful storms and tempests used to roar around the island.

The children ceased to think how they first came on the island; they recollected nothing more about the large mainland. Bread, milk, fruits, and all other sorts of valuable things, which it yielded, were unknown to them.

There landed, one day, on the island, four black men, out of a little vessel. The parents were greatly rejoiced, and hoped to be delivered from their misfortunes. The little vessel was, however, too small to carry them away all together, over to the mainland, and the father was, at once, desirous of venturing first on the passage.

Mother and children wept as he stepped on the frail planked bark, and as the four black men were about to carry him away. He said, however, "Weep not, it is better on the other side, yonder, and you will, all of you, soon follow me."

When the little ship came and carried off the mother, the children wept still more. But she said, "Weep not, in the better land we shall all see one another again."

At length the little ship came to take away the two children. They were very much afraid of the black men, and trembled at having to go over the boisterous sea, which appeared so alarming. Midst fear and trembling they drew near to the shore.

But how greatly did they rejoice within themselves as their parents stood by the shore, took them by their hands, brought them under the shade of lofty palm trees, and, upon the ground blooming with flowers, feasted them with honey and precious fruits. "Oh, how foolish was our fear," said the children. "Instead of being afraid, we ought,

rather, to have rejoiced when the black men came to carry us off into the better land."

"Dear children," said the father, "our passage from the desert isle into this beautiful country has, for us, even a yet higher signification.

"We must, all of us, take a long journey into a much more beautiful land, far away from hence. The whole world in which we dwell is like an island; the delightful land we are now in is, as it were, a feeble representation of heaven itself. The passage hence over the stormy sea is death. That little vessel reminds us of the bier, upon which, men in black clothes, will, at some time, carry us out. But if the hour comes, when we—that is, I, your mother, and you,—must leave this world, then let us take courage. Death is, to pious people, who have loved God and done his will, nothing more than a passing over into a better land."

Shudder not to cross the flood,  
Which shall lead thee up to God;  
Not one object of His care,  
Ever suffered shipwreck there.  
See the haven full in view,  
Love divine shall bear thee through.

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#### 100.—THE THREE BEST BOOKS.

A poor old man, who lived in a poor lonely hut, had so large a share of wisdom and sagacity that



he knew how to give every man good counsel and wholesome advice.

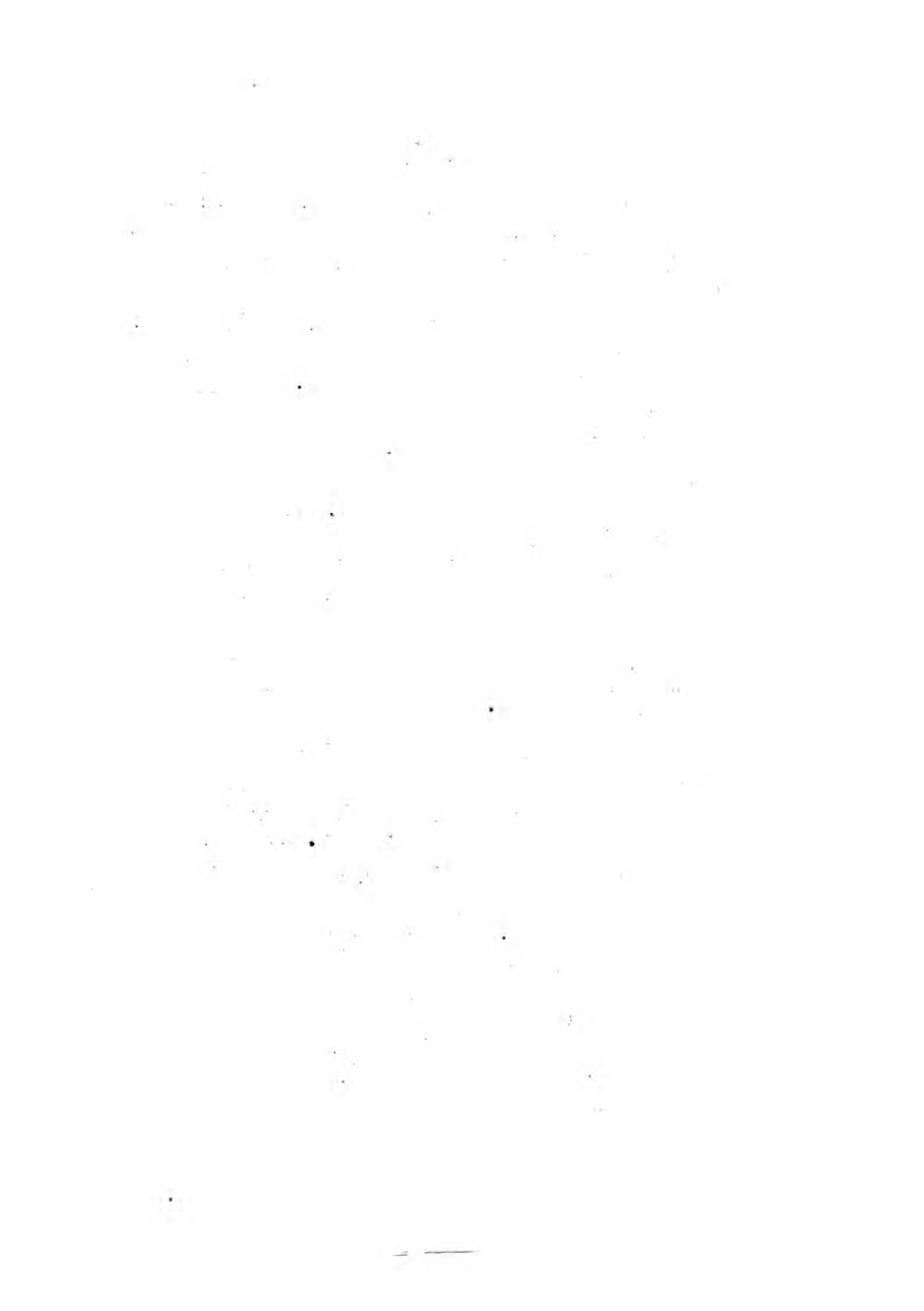
A learned man, who sought him out, expressed his surprise at his wise sayings, and said to him, "Whence have you this wisdom? I see in your cottage no books which could have taught you so much that is good and excellent." The old man said, "Still I have *the three best books which are to be had*, and I read them daily. These books are, 1. The works of God over me and around me. 2. My conscience, seated in my heart. And, 3. The Holy Scriptures.

"The works of God, heaven and earth, are like a great book spread open before us; they proclaim the power, wisdom, and goodness, of the heavenly Father.

"My conscience tells me what to do, and what to avoid. The Sacred Scriptures, however,—these books above all other books,—teach us how God revealed himself to mankind, at the creation of the world, and how the Son of God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, came into this world, and what he has commanded, done, and suffered, to make us holy and blest."

What to believe, to hope, to love,  
 What we should do,  
 And what eschew,  
 Creation shews,  
 And conscience knows,  
 And 'tis in Scripture writ by God above.





## APPENDIX.

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The following account of Christoph Von Schmid may perhaps, not inappropriately be introduced here :—

CHRISTOPH VON SCHMID, Dean of Augsburg, and one of the best known writers of books for children, was born at Dinkelsbuehl, Aug. 15, 1768, and received his University education at Dillingen. Having concluded his course of theological study, he was for some years Curate at Nassenbeuren, near Mindelheim, then at Seng in the district of Algau (Bavaria). During his engagement here, he was appointed by Count Von Stadion School-Inspector, and Rector of Thannhausen on the Mindel. Whilst he was discharging, with the utmost efficiency, the duties of these posts he wrote his “Biblische Geschichte für Kinder” (“Bible History for Children”), then his “Erster Unterricht von Gott” (“First Religious Instruction”), and the “Lehr und Lesebuechlein in hundert kurzen Erzählungen”—“Lesson and Reading book, containing 100 short tales”, (the work now submitted to the reader). All these books were introduced into the Bavarian Schools.

After having had the care of the School at Thannhausen for twenty years, the above-mentioned Count gave him the Rectory of Stadion, in the Kingdom of Wurtemberg.

Soon afterwards he was offered the Professorship of Moral and Pastoral Theology at Tuebingen, and afterwards the Direc-

torate of the Clerical Seminary at Rothenburg ; but he could not persuade himself to leave his Rectory, although it was suggested that he might discharge the duties of his parish by means of a substitute.

In 1827, King Louis of Bavaria presented him to the Deanery of Augsburg, and conferred on him the Order of the Bavarian Crown ; and in 1850 he made him Commander of the Order of St. Michael. In 1848 the University of Prague conferred on him the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

Besides his " Bible History " Schmid has distinguished himself by a series of excellent books, especially adapted to the capacities of children, and distinguished by their depth of feeling and felicity of expression. Amongst those which have enjoyed the greatest popularity may be specified his " Ostereier " (Easter Eggs), " Genoveva," " Der Weihnachtsabend " (Christmas Eve), " Rosa von Tannenburg," " Das Blumenkoerbchen," (The Basket of Flowers), and " Erzählungen für Kinder und Kinderfreunde " (Tales for Children and their Friends.)

These as well as the " Bible History " have been translated into several languages, and were particularly well received in France and England, and North America. His entire works have been edited by himself in 24 vols. (Augsburg, 1840—46), and since the last named period he published " Pauline," " Matilda and Wilhelmina," and lastly " Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben " (Memoirs of my life,) 2 vols., Augsburg, 1853.

*From Brockhaus' " Conversations Lexicon."*

