

II. THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.



A Dog crossing a river on a plank, with a piece of flesh in his mouth, saw its re-flec-tion in the stream, and fancied he had dis-cov-er-ed another and a richer booty. Ac-cord-ing-ly, dropping the meat into the water, which was instantly hurried away by the current, he snatch-ed at the shadow ; but how great was his vex-a-ti-on, to find that it had dis-ap-pear-ed ! Un-happy creature that I am ! cried he : in grasping at a shadow, I have lost the substance.

soft music

With moderate blessings be content,
 Nor idly grasp at every shade ;
 Peace, competence, a life well spent,
 Are treasures that can never fade ;
 And he who weakly sighs for more,
 Augments his misery, not his store.