

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,  
 Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould;  
 It takes no spot, but still refines;  
 The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

In this on earth would I appear,  
 Then go to heaven and wear it there.

## LESSON VII.

### THE DOG AND HIS RELATIONS.

mas-tiff	an-ces-tor	cor-di-al
vi-gi-lant	sus-pi-ci-ous	lei-sure
re-la-tion-ship	Rey-nard	o-ri-gi-nally
ac-know-ledg-ing	keep-er	Ar-me-ni-a

Keeper was a farmer's mastiff, honest, brave, and vigilant. One day, as he was ranging at some distance from home, he espied a wolf and a fox sitting together at the corner of a wood. *Keeper*, not much liking their looks, though by no means fearing them, was turning another way, when they called after him, and civilly desired him to stay. "Surely, sir," says *Reynard*, "you won't disown your relations. My cousin *Gaunt* and I were just talking over family matters, and we both agreed that we had the honour of reckoning you among our kin. You must know that, according to the best accounts, the wolves and dogs originally were one race, in the forests of Armenia; but the dogs, taking to living with man, have since become inhabitants of towns and villages, while the wolves have retained their ancient mode of life. As to my ancestors, the foxes, they were a branch of the same family, who settled farther