

The boys, all as one,
Said, "Now for some fun!
Let us pelt the young croakers, and give 'em no quarter,
Till there is not a frog
That, by stone, stump, or log,
Shall dare lift his yellow chaps* out of the water."

So with full hands and hats,
They brought stones and brick-bats,
And began the poor innocent creatures to slaughter;
Till one, they saw jump
To the top of a stump,
That stood under the reeds, in the edge of the water.

And thus—if we're able
To credit the fable,—
The thing must have filled every hearer with wonder.—
Mid a volley of stones,
That threatened his bones,
He spoke to the lads in a voice like the thunder.

"Let alone—let alone
Club, brick-bat, and stone,
Naughty boys! cruel boys! and pelt us not thus!
Consider, I pray,
Consider, *your play*,
To you though a frolic, is murder to us."

Moral. No boy should forget that each boy is his brother,
Or find pleasure in that which gives pain to another

LXI. LESSON SIXTY-FIRST.—*The Self-conceited Boy.*

1. Little William, though in some things a nice boy, had, I am sorry to say, got into a strange habit of contradicting people, and pretending he knew better; when it very often turned out that he knew nothing at all about the matter.

2. One day his aunt Mary and he went into a toy shop, and his aunt said, "I am going to buy this little boy a small present. Some time ago I gave his brother a humming top; I should like something different for him."

* *Pronounced chops*