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Little Jasper and the Snail.

A little boy, after a long walk, came to a shady place under a tree, where he laid himself down to rest; and not far from him, on a damp pathway, he saw a large snail lying.

He had often seen the empty shells of the snails, but he never before had seen one with the living animal in it; and he touched the shell with a little stick he held in his hand, that he might make the snail move off with his house on his back.

But when the snails are a little frightened, they probably think the best thing they can do is to keep quiet and still in their little snug houses; so the more the boy touched him with his stick, the more quiet lay the snail. At last the boy began to repeat all the rhymes, of which there are a great many addressed to the snail,

which he could call to mind. He began with the rhymes in Mother Goose, which go thus:—

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you black as a coal.
Snail, snail, put out your horns:
Here comes a thief will pull down your walls."

But the snail did not move for that, and then the boy repeated another rhyme, which a little German boy had taught him:—

"Snail, snail, come out of your door;
Show me your horns, one, two, three, four,
If you do not show them soon,
I will put you under the heavy mill-stone;
The mill-wheel, will grind you all to flour,
So snail, snail, come out of your door."

While he was repeating these rhymes in rather a sleepy manner, he perceived what he had never seen before in the