

mossy trunk, and its wide-spreading arms, its glossy foliage, and shining fruit; but he gave no heed to the birds, or the insects, or the blue violets, and went on his way. Then there was a murmur of discontent. The birds were indignant that their songs had been unheeded; the insects, that their bright wings had not been noticed; and, most of all, did the violets complain, that their beauty and perfume had been disregarded. Envy and hatred filled their jealous hearts, and they lifted up their voices with one accord, to reproach the mighty monarch of the wood, and clamorously desired that the woodsman would come with his axe, and level the oak with the ground. Then the oak was moved with anger at the injustice and malice of his ungrateful dependants, and said, "Have I not sheltered you and your children from the summer's scorching heat—from the gales of autumn, and the bitter frosts of winter? The thunderbolt that would have smitten you, has fallen upon my head—my arms were spread over you—my leaves nourished and sheltered you—from my own vitals have I fed you—O! ungrateful children!" and the sighing breeze that swept sadly through the branches seemed to lament the rebellion among the dependants of the mighty Forest King. But the birds, and the insects, and the violets still sighed for the destruction of the oak, that they might rise into public notice. That day, the stranger returned, and with him, many woodsmen, with axes and hatchets. "Let us cut down this glorious old tree," they said, "that he may help to build a mighty ship to navigate the seas." And the axe was laid to the root of the tree. The turf, torn and bruised, no longer hid the violets from the iron heels of the choppers, who trode them beneath their feet, and crushed their slender stems. The oak fell, and, in its fall, buried the envious flowers, never again to rise. The birds no longer sang among its branches—the cradles of their unfledged younglings were broken, and scattered to the winds of heaven—the squirrels saw their magazine of food destroyed, and, with the mighty monarch, perished the happiness and prosperity of his dependants.

---

My children—Our Lord has commanded us to render honor unto whom honor is due—to honor and obey the king, and all that are placed in authority under him—and to be meek and lowly, that, in good time, He may exalt us.