96. *The Stag drinking in a Brook.*

A Stag that had been drinking at a clear spring, perceived his image in the water, and wondered at his majestic branching horns. Pleased with the prospect he stood surveying his shape from head to foot. „Pity it is," says he to himself, „that I have such a set of miserable legs, they are so thin, were they but half so strong and graceful as those antlers hanging over my head, how should I triumph over my enemies." He had scarce uttered these words, when he was alarmed with the noise of some huntsmen and a pack of hounds coming in rage and full cry towards him. Away he scours over the plain, and hills, threw dogs and men at a vast distance behind him, and gains the thicket of a wood, but preſsing through, he had the ill fortune to be entangled by his horns in a very thick copse, where in spite of all his endeavours he was held fast till the hounds following the scent came in, pulled him down, and tore him to pieces. In the pangs of death he is said to have uttered these words. „What an unhappy fool was I, to pride myself in what has been the cause of my undoing. I took my friends for my enemies. I disdained my legs, that without my horns, would otherwise have saved my life, and praised the latter, that brought death upon me."

Application.

So men often take the hurtful for the useful, and vice versa that what would have been useful to them, they disregard, till they are but too late convinced of the mistake. Many consider often the substance as an incident, and neglect the former, by tarrying too long at trifles, which they treat as objects of consequence. How neceſsary is therefore, not only a right knowledge of ourselves, but also a general, clear and just insight in the multifarious situations of our practical life.

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