

DEAN S

Illustrated Farthing Books.

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**THE OAK TREE,  
AND THE PLANTS.**



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## THE OAK TREE, and THE PLANTS.



THERE once was a king who had a very beautiful garden, and grounds arranged with taste to please the eye, and afford refreshing shade, retired walks, commanding views, and, besides, all the

delightful points that could be produced. There was one superb old oak, so high and grand, that it could be seen for miles around. There were roses and lilacs, and flowering shrubs of every kind; in short nothing was wanting to make it a perfect spot.

One day, the king's head gardener came in, and exclaimed, "O, king, pray come out and see what is the matter with your garden; everything is withering, and drooping, and dying." While he spoke, the other gardeners came rushing up, and all had the same sad thing to tell. So the king went out, and there, to be sure, he found it all as they had said.

He went first to his grand old oak-tree, his pride and admiration, and said, "Why, oak, what is the matter with you, that you are withering and dying?"

"Oh!" said the oak, "I don't think I am of any use, I am so large and cumbersome; I have no flowers or fruit, and I take up so much room; besides, my branches spread so wide and thick that it is all dark and shady under them, and

no flowers or fruit can grow there. Now, if I were a rose bush, it would be worth while, for I should have sweet flowers;



or if I were a peach or pear-tree, or even like the grapevine, I could give you fruit."

Then the king went on to his favourite rose bush and said, "Well, rose bush,

what is the matter with you? why are you drooping?"

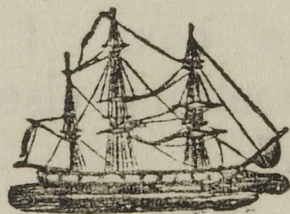
"Why," said the rose-bush, "I am of no use; I have no fruit, I have nothing but some flowers. If I were an oak, like that grand one in the middle of the garden, I should be of some use; for then I should be seen for miles around, and should do honour to your garden; but as it is, I might just as well die."

The king next came to a grapevine, no longer clinging to the trellis and the trees, but trailing sadly on the ground. He stopped and said, "Grapevine, what's the matter with you? why are you laying so dolefully on the ground?"

"Ah," said the vine, "you see what a poor weak creature I am; I can't even hold up my own weight, but must cling to a tree or post, and what good can I do? I neither give shade, like the oak, nor bear flowers, like the shrubs. I can't even so much as make a border for a walk, like the box. I must always depend on something else, and surely I am of no use."

So on went the king, quite in despair, to see all his place going to destruction; but he suddenly espied a little heart's-ease, low down by the ground, with its face turned up to him, looking as bright and smiling as possible. He stopped and said, "You dear little heart's-ease, what makes you look so bright and blooming, when everything around you is withering away?"

"Why," said the heart's-ease, "I thought you wanted me here; if you had wanted an oak, you would have planted an acorn; if you had wanted roses, you would have set out a rose bush; and if you had wanted grapes, you would have put in a grapevine. But I knew that what you wanted of me was, to be a heart's ease; and so I thought I would try and be the very best little heart's-ease that ever I can.





## CHEERFULNESS.

A HAPPY heart will ever be  
A crown of richest blessing ;  
Life is deprived of half its ills,  
A happy heart possessing,  
Then who, oh ! who will troubles bear,  
Nor choose a happy heart to wear ?

A cheerful smile will drive away  
Each want so bleak and dreary ;  
'Twill soothe the pangs of sickness, too,  
And cheer the sad and weary.  
Then who will proudly scorn, oh ! who,  
The good a cheerful smile can do !

A cheering word will ever be  
A well of pleasure springing ;  
Like a joyous spring, all bright and gay.  
Sweet buds and flow'rets bringing ;  
Sweet flowers of Hope, then let, who may,  
A cheering word in kindness say ?



## BUDS.

FOLDED in its tiny leaflets,  
Unrevealed to mortal eyes,  
Many a flower most sweet and graceful,  
In its modest beauty lies ;  
Waiting but the charming sunshine,  
And the gently falling dew,  
To ope to life its matchless beauties  
To the world's admiring view,

And the child—its hidden graces—  
Like the bud with folded leaves,  
Lingers but for smiles and sunshine  
Which a friendly face can give,  
Ere it burst the clasping petals,  
Ere the human bud expands,  
And reveals the wond'rous favours  
Given by Eternal hands.