

THE
FLOCK OF SHEEP;
OR
FAMILIAR EXPLANATIONS
OF
SIMPLE FACTS.



NEW HAVEN.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY S. BABCOCK.

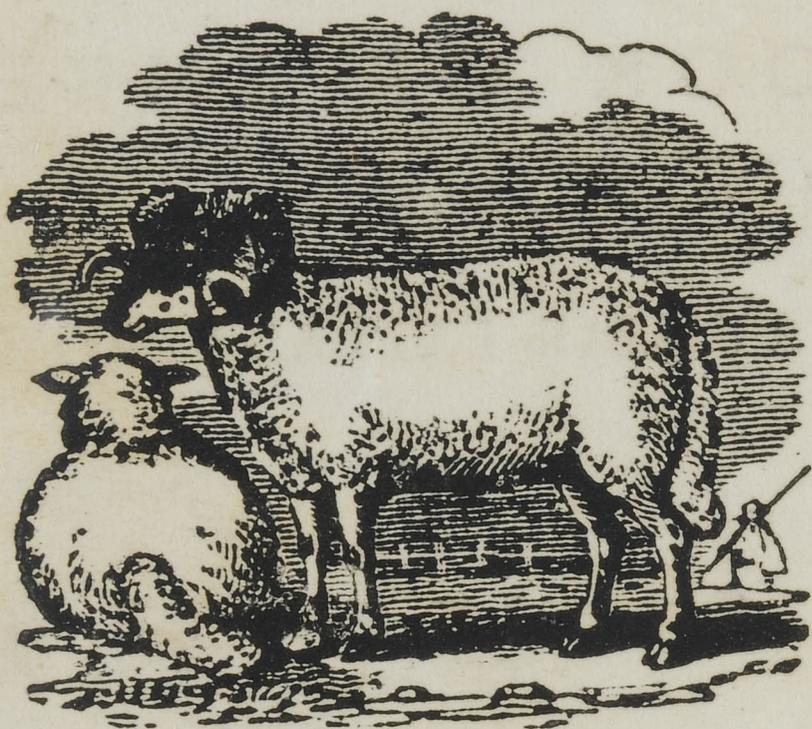
Free Will

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FLOCK OF SHEEP.

Ann Green went out one day to walk with her mamma, and they met on the road a large flock of sheep.

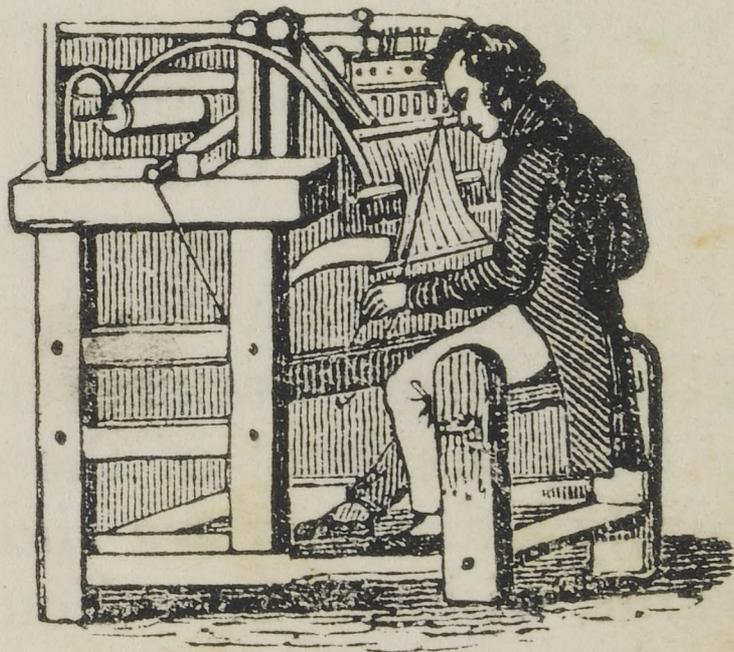
“Pray, mamma,” said Ann, “why do folks keep so many sheep? What do they want them for?”

“Sheep are of very great use to us, my dear, both when alive and when they are dead. The wool which you see on their backs is cut off once

a year ; it gives them no more pain than I give you when I cut your hair."

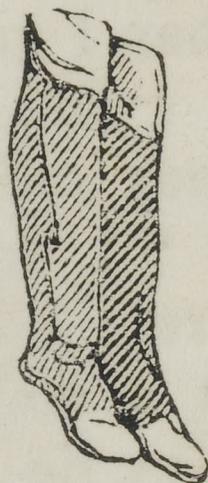
"But are they not very cold when they lose that great, thick coat of hair?"

"I dare say they are cold just at first ; but the wool is shorn, or cut off, at a warm time of the year, so that they do not miss it so much as they would do if it were cold weather. The wool is then spun into threads of



all sorts, and wove on a loom, by the weaver, into cloth, such as your papa's coat is made of, and into flannel, blankets, carpets, and many other things.

You have seen me buy yarn, spun from lamb's wool, to knit stockings with. Lamb's wool is the finest and softest kind of wool."



"But, mamma, the wool on these sheep is white, but the cloth I have seen is red, green, black and blue; how is this?"

"The wool is dyed, that is, stained with a color, or dye. You know you stain your paper with paint of all colors, to make what you call a gay picture; and wool is stained with color also, though not in the same way. Nearly all our warmest clothing is made from the wool of the sheep, and I hardly know how we should be kept warm without it. You must now, my dear, see that a great many sheep must be kept to furnish wool for all those who need warm clothing."

"And of what use are dead sheep, mamma."

“ We eat their flesh, which is called mutton, and which is a cheap, rich and nourishing food. Their skins are made into leather for the covers of books, and for many other purposes; and also into parchment, which is used for writing such things on as we wish to have kept for a long time; parchment being much stronger and more durable than paper, will last a great many years. The flesh of lambs, or young sheep, is not called mutton, but lamb.”



“ Your gown, mamma, is not cloth, like papa’s coat, nor is my frock, and my stockings are cotton; what are they made of?”

“ My gown, Ann, is silk. Silk is made by silk-worms, who spin it out of their own bodies. You have seen a spider make his web of little threads which it draws out of its body; now

these threads are much like those spun by the silk-worm, only they are not spun in the same way, for the worm winds them round and round his own body, till they form the shape of a small egg. If the silk is not wound off by those who keep silk-worms, after a while it eats its way out of the ball, and becomes a moth."

"I should not have thought a worm could make silk! What color is it, mamma?"

"Yellow; but, like wool, it can be dyed of all colors. Your frock is made of cotton, which is also spun into thread, like wool, and this thread is then wove into different kinds of cloth, such as calicos, muslins, sheetings, shirtings, and a great many other things. Cotton grows on a kind of plant, called the cotton plant. There are also two other kinds



of plants, the one called hemp, and the other flax, from which many sorts of linen cloth are made.

Flax is made into cloth which we use for shirts, sheets, towels, tablecloths, and a great many other uses. It is made into the coarsest sheets, and into the finest cambrics. Even after it has been worn into rags it does not cease to be useful. The rags are used by the surgeon in dressing wounds, for which it is much better than cotton. They are also made into paper



by the paper makers. Paper, you

know, my dear, is of great use to us. You have seen your papa write a great many letters on paper which was once nothing but a few rags. Your books, too, were made of the same things, and so, also, were the paper hangings which cover our walls."



"Our gloves are not cloth, mamma, what are they made of?"

"Some gloves are made of silk, some of cotton, and some of the soft and delicate skins of young animals. Our gloves are made of the skins of young goats, which are called kids. Goats are not very plenty in this country; they are somewhat like sheep, but have hair instead of wool. In many parts of the world they live in a wild state, where they





climb steep rocks, and leap from cliff to cliff without danger."

"What is papa's hat made of?"

"Of the fur, or hair, of the beaver; but the coarser and cheaper kind of hats are made of the fur of the rabbit. Your muff and cape are both made of the same. The rabbit is a little timid and innocent creature, which we often see in the woods about here; they feed on leaves, clover, grass, and



fruits; and dig deep holes in the ground for their nests. You have seen a pair of tame rabbits which your cousin Thomas keeps in a pen; and



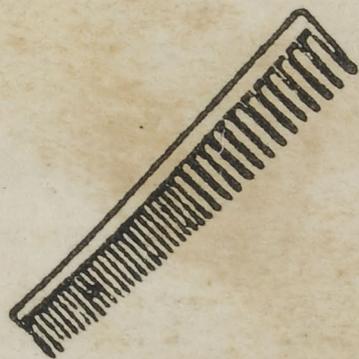
pretty little pets they are. Hats are also made of the fur of many other animals, and some are made of silk.

Thus you see, my dear child, that the goodness of God has given us the means of making all our clothes; plants, of which to make light things, fit for warm weather, and wool, or fur of beasts, to make warm things for cold weather. Also, the flesh of beasts for food, as well as the seeds and fruits

of many of the plants and trees. Wheat and rye give us flour for bread; oats and hay and grass and corn feed our horses, cows, sheep and hogs. The cow gives us milk



while alive, and from this milk we make butter and cheese. When killed, her flesh, which we call beef, is excellent food, and her skin, which the tanner makes into leather, supplies



us with shoes; her horns are made into combs, and her tallow, or fat, into candles.'

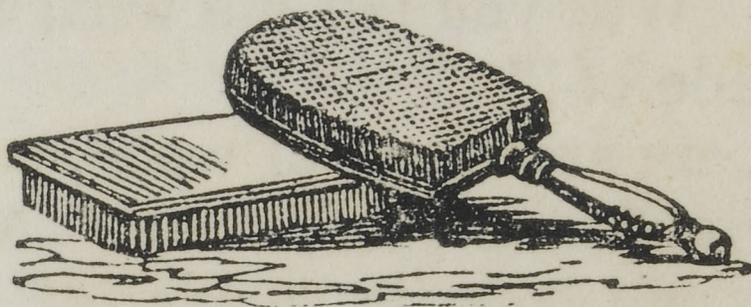
"Yes, mamma, God is very kind, indeed, and I feel we ought to love Him for all His goodness to us. How many good things we have! But, mamma, the horse is of great use to us when alive; is he of any use when dead?"

"Yes, my love, of much use. We do not eat his flesh, but his skin is made into leather, and the hair of his mane and tail into chair and sofa



s. s. The hog is of use only when

he is dead; then his flesh is good food; his fat makes what we call lard; his skin is sometimes made into leather for saddles, and his bristles, or



stiff hair, is made into brushes. But besides these, we have geese, turkeys, chickens, and other fowls; many of the trees give us fruit; and carrots, turnips, peas, beans, cabbages, potatoes, pumpkins, squashes and berries grow out of the earth for our use."

"Why, mamma, I did not think we had so many good things! Were all these made for our use?"

"Yes, Ann, and these are but a very small portion of the blessings which our Heavenly Father has surrounded us with. We have every thing we can desire for food and clothing, for shelter and protection,

for comfort and convenience; and should we not be grateful to Him who has supplied them all?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, we should indeed. Will you tell me what houses are made of?"

"Some are made of wood, some of brick, and some of stone. All the wood you see is made of trees. Bricks are made of clay, which is dug out of the earth. Coals, iron, copper, lead, tin, and gold and silver, are dug



ou of the earth. Iron is worked by the blacksmith into a great many dif-

ferent articles. He makes shoes for our horses and oxen, shovels and tongs, grates for coal, nails and spikes, many parts of our carriages, waggons and carts, large chains, and a thousand other things which we could not well do without. Coals keep us warm in the winter, and copper, lead and tin are made into pans, basins, kettles, and many other things which we use in cooking our food.

You find, then, my child, that all things grow in or upon the earth, and that the animals which are of so much use to us, are fed by what grows upon the earth."

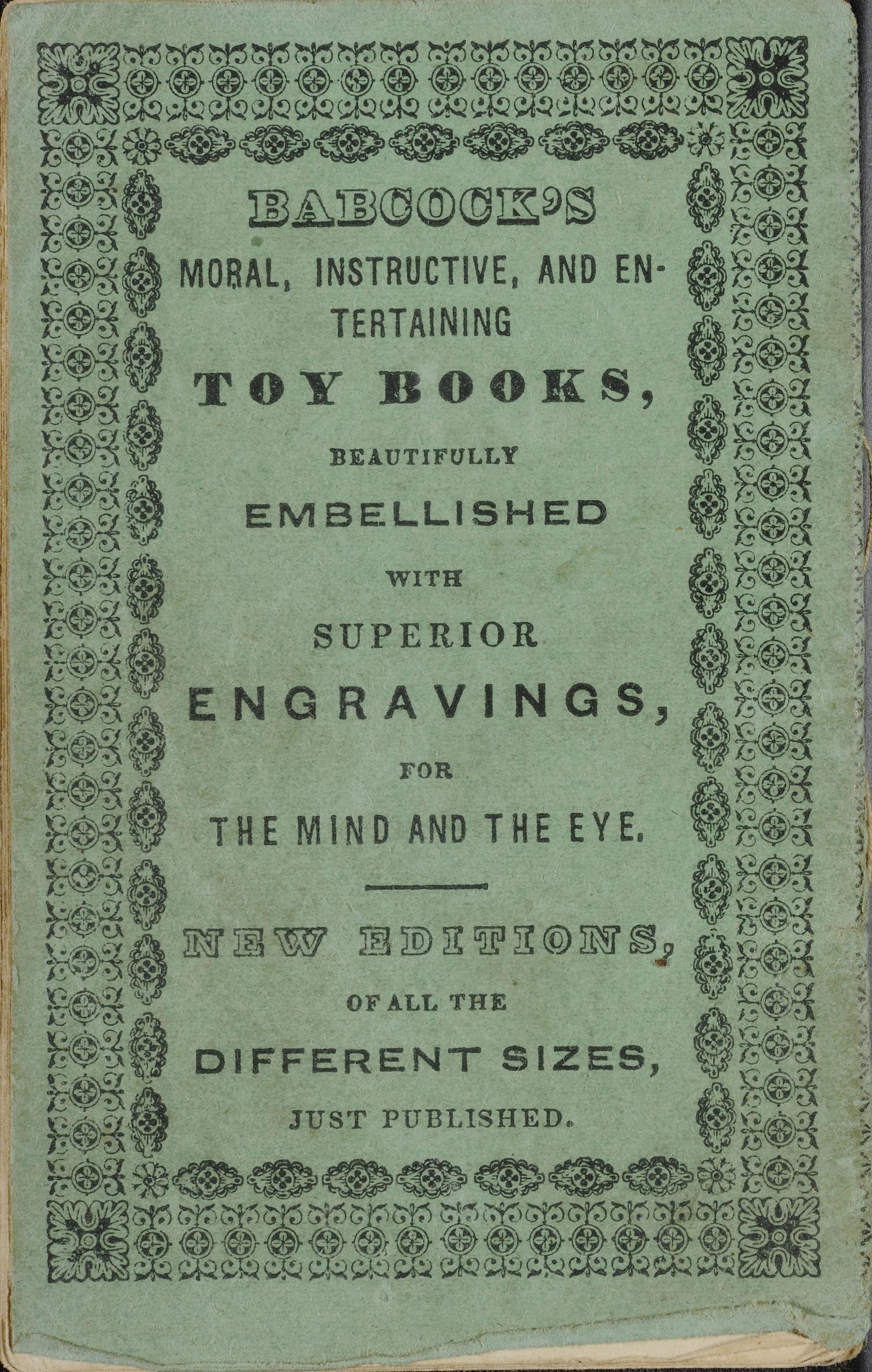
"But, mamma, you have not spoken of water, which is of much use to us"

"True, my love, for we could not do without it; but rivers, springs, and wells come out of the earth. We can not drink sea water because it is salt; it is of less use to us than fresh water, by which I mean the water of rivers, brooks, springs and wells, and

which has no salt taste. Fish, too, which also serve us for food, live in the water. We call water a part of the earth, or of that world which God made for us to dwell on, for there is always earth under the water.

When you are older you will know more of the great and good things which are on the earth, and these will show you the wisdom and goodness of God, who could contrive and make them all; and that men, were they ever so wise, ever so good, could make nothing, not even a shoe or stocking, a coat, a table, a house, a loaf of bread, if God had not first made cattle, sheep, trees, plants, clay, iron and corn, and given men sense and reason to guide and instruct them in their labors. Reflect often on these things, my dear Ann, and you will find that you can not sufficiently love and adore that great, and good, and kind Parent, who so bounteously scatters blessings on all his creatures."

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