

The pig heard them unlatch the gate leading into the garden, and his shrill screams seemed to rend the air; in fact, he did not cease to squeal until the boy set the bucket before him.

"The ungrateful thing!" cried Jessie, watching him snapping up his food. "He did not even look up at us as a sort of 'I thank you for bringing me my supper'; and look, Robby, he has both his feet in the pail. He is unmannerly as well as greedy."

"Oh, he is only a pig!" said Rob, looking about him.

He was tired of standing by the pigsty, and wanted to inspect the hedge behind it, in which he heard a twittering in the ivies.

"I b'lieve there is a bird's nest in the hedge," he said to Jessie; "and p'raps there are eggs in it."

"You mustn't look until piggie has finished his supper," said the little sister, guessing his intentions. "Grannie told us we were not to leave the door until he had had his supper, and you promised you wouldn't."

"Grannie won't know, and I'll be back in a minute."

"God will know," cried Jessie, shocked at the very thought of disobeying and deceiving their dear old grandmother.

She was a dear little maid with warm brown eyes, which had the power, somehow, of making people, when they looked into them, think more kindly of human nature. It was her own true little soul shining through her sweet eyes that impressed them. It would never have occurred to Jessie to disobey her grandmother.

"God can't see us," said Rob, still looking at the hedge.

"He can," cried Jessie again; and she lifted her dear little brown face to the great blue sky still filled with the melody of larks. "He is looking down upon us now, and —"

But Rob heard not; he was already climbing the ivy-clad hedge.

Jessie watched him with feelings one can scarcely put into words; and in her trouble at her brother's disobedience was quite unprepared for the rush of the pig, who, having satisfied the cravings of hunger and seeing only a small maiden to guard his exit into the garden, without a moment's warning sprang over the pail, knocked over the poor frightened child, and in another minute was trampling down the beds of onions, cabbages, and

other things, and doing as much damage as only a pig, perhaps, could.

"Oh, Robby, Robby, the pig is out!" she screamed, picking herself up.

Rob's hand was in the warm depths of a beautifully made nest, feeling for eggs, much to the distress of a pair of sparrows, when his sister's cry fell upon his ear. He dropped on the ground, and, catching up a stick lying in the path, tried to drive the pig back into his house. But that animal having tasted the sweets of liberty, to say nothing of broccoli and young peas clinging so gracefully to the brown sticks, did not see the wisdom of being shut into that close little house. And so he kept a wide berth, not only from his sty, but from Rob's big stick. The more the children tried to get him into his dwelling, the more determined he was not to go; and then, his cunning little eyes perceiving a small gate in the hedge at the top of the garden leading out into the road an inch or so open, he made for it, and in a few minutes was wandering down the lane.

Grannie, who had put away the supper things, and was preparing to iron Jessie's frock, happened to look up, and saw the pig running down the road, followed by Rob and Jessie.

She took in the situation at a glance, and was soon following the pig and the children.

It would fill pages to tell how that pig was got back into his sty; but it was accomplished at last. A man who kindly helped said he never had such a job in catching a pig in his life before.

The old woman was troubled at the damage done to her garden, but far more at the wilful disobedience of her small grandson. He and Jessie were the motherless children of her only son, who was a butler in a nobleman's family in the north of England; and, being in the position of father and mother to these little ones, she felt it would be very wrong to let the lad's sin go unpunished.

It was with a very sorrowful heart that she, after talking to him very seriously of the wrong he had done and how he had grieved the loving heart of the Great Father in Heaven by his disobedience, sent him to bed.

Now, to be sent to bed before his small sister, Rob thought a great indignity indeed, and would have preferred a whipping or any other punishment. Jessie was in floods of tears, and begged to be allowed to go to bed too; but this her grandmother would not hear of.