

henhouse of. But when one rose to drive them away, they would fly up to one particular picture in the room, from which roosting-place it was almost impossible to remove them.

At last they were voted a nuisance, and mother had to give them away to a friend. But he did not keep them very long, for they fretted and pined away. After their death he had them stuffed, and they now ornament his hall.—Ralph Williamson, in 'Child's Own Magazine.'

Beg, Sir, Beg!

(Friendly Greetings.)

'Toby! beg, sir, beg! No, sir; you are not to eat the bread on your nose till I tell you.'

And there he stands, the pretty fellow, his eyes winking and blinking with the weariness of his posture; but he won't drop his paws, nor will he touch the bread, though it smells very good, and he is hungry enough, till his master gives him leave.

He doesn't understand why he is to do it—how it can be any amusement to his master to see him trembling on two legs when he ought to be on four, or to watch him smelling the bread that he must not eat—but he concerns himself only with doing what he is told.

'I don't see why I should do this!' says one (may be a servant, or a laborer). What if you don't?—is that any reason why you shouldn't do it if it comes in your work?

'I don't see why I should go to school, or go to work, or go to bed, when I don't like it!' says the unruly child; but is that any reason why the child shouldn't do it?

'Children, obey your parents in the Lord,' says the bible; and the same authority says, 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' to parents. It would be a great blessing to the rising generation if parents would see the importance of their duty in this respect; we might hope for more 'best' men and women in every rank and capacity, as well as 'best soldiers,' than it is to be feared we are likely to see.

An old Scotch woman had brought up her grand-children to look on disobedience as an offence of the highest kind against God, and one she could not overlook.

Going out one day she left her little grandson Donald at home, and

gave him strict orders not to open the door to anybody till she returned. She was kept away long beyond his usual dinner-hour, and he grew very hungry; she had left him nothing to eat, expecting to be home in time. He looked about, but saw nothing but an oatcake which she had made the day before, and had told him not to touch. Presently

never be missed. Why did his grandmother bid him not to touch it? He didn't know; but she had said it, and he must obey.

'Donald,' said the old woman when she came in 'has old Meg been here—Meg Cameron?'

'I think it was her as wanted to come in, but I said no, grandmother.'

'Gude bairn! she came to rob, for



HE CONCERNS HIMSELF ONLY WITH DOING WHAT HE IS TOLD.

came a woman and asked through the window to be let in.

'I canna do that,' said Donald, 'my grandmother told me to open to nobody but her.'

The woman asked why, assured him she was a friend of his grandmother's; in fact, told many false tales, till he began to think he ought to open the door. But as his hand was on the bolt he suddenly recollected himself and drew it back, and said through the window, 'Ye must wait till grandmother comes; I canna tell why, but she said, "Don't open the door," and I canna do it.'

Still it grew late and dark, and the oatcake looked very tempting. He smelt it—a bit off the end would

she knew I was away; I spied her on the road, but I trusted you'd be obedient.'

While Donald was eating his porridge with hearty appetite, she said, 'I'll just put this oatcake in the line o' the rats; Donald, it's a supper for them; there's poison enow in it for a score of 'em.'

She had once or twice during her unwilling stay away been troubled lest the child should eat the cake in his hunger, for she remembered she had not told him it was poisoned; but she comforted herself with the knowledge that he would surely obey her at all costs.

'Eh, Donald, my bairn,' she cried, 'ye see what a good thing it is to obey; if ye had not minded my word this day ye'd have robbed me of my substance, and yourself o' the breath of your nostrils.'