

And Duskie gave Ruffie a peck, which Ruffie returned.

"Coo, coo, coo, coo!" said Pearlie, sweetly, trying to keep up the character of the family as the two girls who had passed before came by again. They were walking up and down learning their lessons.

"Do hear those sweet creatures," said one.

"What gentle voices they have," said Mary. "They always live at peace, I am sure."

"Of course," said Jenny, "but they seem to be fluttering in their nests, nevertheless. Look, Mary, if you stand here you can see them."

Pearlie, who had been pleased with the fluttering of the first speaker, made grimaces at Duskie and Ruffie to keep quiet, but in vain; peck followed peck, and flutter followed flutter, till there was nothing to be done but to leave the nest and have it out in the air.

And so they did, and Mary and Jenny watched them with tearful eyes, for it seemed truly sad to see those pretty, soft, and graceful birds fighting, with ruffled feathers and angry glances.

At last the parent bird came back, and administered sharp correction to the naughty young ones.

"Duskie," said the father, "it ought to make you gentle to know it is expected of you to be 'as gentle as a dove.' And Ruffie, you ought to be ashamed to have the character of being gentle and peaceful, and not to deserve it."

"Yes indeed!" said Pearlie, indignantly. "And if you had only seen how those saucy sparrows laughed! You were too angry to hear them, but they enjoyed your disgrace, and said something which I did not understand about profession and practice."

"Yes, dear, those are long words used by men, and they mean that we ought to be what we seem to be, or what we have the character of being."

"Ruffie, go outside the nest and smooth yourself; you naughty bird!" said the mother. "You look positively ugly. And, Duskie, you and your brother must not go to the pea-field for a week. In fact, I shall be obliged to keep you close by me. It is not only the harm you do to yourself by being

angry, but the harm you do to others."

"Why, those sparrows will make a mock at goodness always now, and you will find they will find they will say, 'Oh, doves put on a meek and gentle manner, but they know how to fight and quarrel as well as others.' How sad! it seems worse to see doves fight than other birds. They look as if they ought to live at peace—as if God meant to teach us a lesson about the beauty of gentleness, and meekness, and innocence and they have spoiled the picture. I shall never see doves again without a painful feeling."

"Did she say that," said Duskie, in a choky voice. "That's worse than all; I thought it didn't matter much just being naughty once. But if she will never forget it, it has done her harm, too; and she is such a dear little girl; she often throws me peas."

"Ah, Duskie! you can never be naughty without hurting others, and you never know how much harm you do. Besides, you cannot undo what you have done. That little girl will always remember the sad picture of two doves fighting and tearing each others feathers in rage. But now go to sleep; I am tired and sorry."

"Coo, coo, coo!" came from the tree, and those who could recognize the slight modulation of the coos, and who could understand what they expressed, would have discovered affection and penitence in Duskie and Ruffie's coos," and tenderness and forgiveness in those of the parent birds.

CURIOUS LETTER OF NAPOLEON I.

A curious letter, said to have been written by Napoleon I., to his father when the future Emperor was a mere child and a pupil at the military school at Brienne, has just been published in France. It is dated April 5, 1781, and runs thus: "Father if you or my protectors cannot afford me the means of living more honorably in this house, bring me back home at once. I am tired of proclaiming my indigence, and of seeing the sneers of insolent scholars whom nothing but their fortune elevates above me, but there is not one who is not a hundred 'pikes' below the noble sentiments which animate me. Is your