

know, are great thieves and they went into the house and stole the eggs.'

'Yes, Mungeril, I know the crows are great thieves, but who ever heard of a crow coming in the night and breaking into a hen house? I think you will have to sit up to-night and watch for that crow. I don't think you will find any feathers on him. No, that excuse won't do, you will have to find a better one.' Greatly excited, he rushed away again, and in a short time he came back with two eggs, and said, 'You know, sir, that in this country the hens sometimes bury their eggs, and I found these buried beneath the nest.'

'Oh, yes, I see,' said I, 'but there is one thing I don't understand. You got these eggs in the room next to the hen house. Now you just explain to us men how those hens broke out in the night, and did they carry the eggs on their backs, or what? Now, see here, you stole those eggs and you are no longer my servant until you fully confess the whole matter.' Then for about three hours he tried to get me to accept his confession in about this way: 'If you say I am guilty, then I am, for you never told a lie.' Afterwards he confessed the whole matter in tears and loud wailing at my feet.

'You have confessed to stealing my eggs now I must have two eggs every day or you will be charged the price of them.' 'But, but, Sahib, if they don't give them?'

'That is your burden. You have been dishonest, and now I must have the eggs.'

This is the reason why we had two eggs a day for a long time. They never increased, however, and after a time they stopped, and now I will have to catch him again some day.

'Oh, the white man's burden
And the black man's care.'

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The Fox and the Goat.

A Fable.

Do you know what a fable is? The word is sometimes used to mean a falsehood or untruth, but it has another and a better meaning—a short story that is intended to teach some good lesson.

Once a fox and a goat were walking together along a road and saw a sack lying against a hedge.

'What do you think is inside that sack?' said the goat.

'I will go and see,' replied the fox; and, putting his nose into the mouth of the bag, tied tightly by a cord, he shook the bag about so much that the string at last gave way, and the finest carrots one could wish for fell out.

'They are for me,' said the fox, 'for I opened the sack.'

'Yes,' said the goat, 'but I gave you the idea, and if you touch them I will tear your sides with my horns.'

The fox looked at the goat's great horns and showed his teeth.

The goat, on seeing the fox's teeth, thought within herself, 'I don't much like that kind of weapon.'

And the fox said to himself, 'I will not expose my sides to those terrible horns.'

After a minute's silence, the fox said: 'Why do we stand looking at each other? What is the use of that? Let us see which is the stronger. See, there are two heaps of stones. You shall take one and I the other. He who shall first throw down his heap shall eat the carrots.'

'Very well,' said the goat. So they went to their heaps of stones.

The goat put her legs firmly together and struck with her horns so hard as to make a great noise, but the heap did not shake.

'Ah, you did not hit hard enough,' said the fox.

The goat went three steps backward and ran at the heap with all her might. But, crack! her horns broke!

When the fox saw that he began to skip about. 'Oh, my dear friend, the carrots belong to me now!'

'Not yet,' said the goat; 'you have not succeeded in your task yet. If you touch the carrots I will

tear your sides with the stump of my horns.'

The fox looked at the goat and said to himself: 'She has one left still which is almost whole; she will tear my sides with it.'

'Well,' said he, 'I will knock down my heap, then; it is nothing for me.'

The fox began to dig with his forepaw until he had made a great hole in the ground close to the heap. The stones soon fell into the hole; but, alas, they fell on the fox and broke his left paw.

Then the two looked at one another—the one with the broken horns, and the other with his broken paw.

'Run after the carrots,' said the goat, with a sneer. 'I will give them to you.'

'I cannot,' answered the fox; 'my paw hurts too much. Take them yourself.'

'That is just what I am going to do,' said the goat, and she ran for the sack; but neither bag nor carrots were to be seen; while they were disputing, a man had come along and carried all away.

'Alas!' cried the goat, 'how stupid we have been! If we had divided the treasure we should have kept whole—I my horns, you your paw, and each of us would have had more carrots than we could eat.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Little Mary's Faith.

At a time of long-continued drought, several farmers agreed to hold a special meeting to pray for rain. When the appointed time came, the clergyman was surprised to see one of his little Sunday-school children bringing a large umbrella, and asked her why she did so on such a lovely morning. The child gazed at him with evident surprise at the enquiry, and replied, 'Why, sir, I thought as we are going to pray to God for rain, I'd be sure to want the umbrella!'

Said Rogue to Honesty, 'To thrive
A man must cheat—we've got to
live!'

Said Honesty, with searching eye,
'Not so, my friend—we've got to
die!'

—Marie Young.