

shake and rub themselves clean among the bracken fronds and in the fine pasture grass under the trees; and there stands the happy company, taking their wholesome meal off the clean green herb, instead of gobbling it, scaly-backed and hurried, out of a trough.

But let that pass. You want the moral, and it is not far off. The simple pleasures which God gives you to enjoy, enjoy and be satisfied with. Covet no man's silver or gold, or food or drink, or clothing. There may be luxury in kings' palaces, no doubt, and for those who are born to it, it has its purpose; but acorns in the fresh air taste better than the finest meal-mash out of a trough.

