

is perhaps best for people to stay at home and do their own work—the trouble of hunting for the place where it would be done for them being so great, and the results so uncertain.

But here I sit preaching away, and the man doesn't listen. Ho! you under the tree, there; do you see those pigeons flying away over your head? How are you to cook and eat them, if you don't catch them first? Well! only don't complain of your "fate," when you wake, that's all. Don't blame "destiny," if you get nothing for dinner. And do not try to carry it off by declaring you had the most miserable luck in the world, "not a single shot the whole day"—the whole *sleep*, you ought to say. The luck has flown over your head.

