

The Corn-Crake.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Corn-Crake,"

Said the busy little bee.

"I've brought some cells of honey,
Of the brand we call 'lime tree.'

"Our queen bee bids me tell you,
When *her* throat is rough and sore,
She finds this brand most useful,
And she always keeps a store."

"I thank you," said the corn-crake,
"For I certainly am hoarse,
And to your lime-tree honey,
I will gladly have recourse."

The corn-crake sipped the honey,
But it hasn't cured his throat.
Last night when I was wakeful,
I heard the same harsh note.