

"Must what?" questioned George.
 "Lie in bed and sleep."
 "Yes," said George, thoughtfully.
 "And she's as cross as cross," grumbled Freddy.
 "Well, I suppose you wouldn't be very pleased if you had to do it."
 "Do what?"
 "Lie in bed all day and sleep."
 "No, thank you," said small Freddy.
 "You'd be savage; I know I should," confessed George.
 "And I called her Crosspatch," said Freddy.

Both boys were silent; and George threw stone after stone in the brook.
 "I'll pick some flowers for her," said Freddy; and the little fellow began to gather a bright posy of flowers, George adding a flower now and then, but thinking it rather girlish work.

"Whe-e-ew! Fred! Fred! Fred!" he shouted presently; and Fred hastening, flowers in hand, to his side, found him with very round eyes, and a real live mouse in his hand. Mr. Mouse opened his mouth in a very threatening way, as if not half liking to be held a prisoner after that fashion.
 "Where did you find him?" questioned Freddy.

"Among the green leaves," said George.

"How did you catch him?"
 "Grabbed hold of him."
 "What will you do with him?"
 "Take him home, and tame him."
 "Let us go at once," said Freddy, in transports; and so they did, running helter-skelter all the way, Mr. Mouse going likewise, whether he liked it or not.

"Tramp they went up stairs, flowers, mouse, and all—but Annie had slept off her fretfulness, and smiled on and welcomed them all, even Mr. Mouse. The sight of a field-mouse was some change from the monotony of a sick-room, so she smiled and stroked the poor little prisoner's head. The boys thought her a sensible girl, and promised that when they had made him a house he should stay in her room for her to look at. So Annie was glad, and lay all the evening in a glamour of pleasant expectation, while George made a cage of wire lattice.

The next day Mr. Mouse began his work of amusing Annie, and in amusing her he began to cure her. The light came back to her eyes, the fretfulness died out of her voice. Crosspatch! She was no such thing with Mr. Mouse for company—she was Annie the lark, Annie the sunbeam; Annie the mouse-lover, the doctor called her; declared Mr. Mouse to be a better Doctor than he was, and pronounced the little girl getting well as "a perfect mouse-cure." Poor captive Mr. Mouse! he had done a great work, but one could fancy there was a wistful longing in his bright black eyes for his sweet, pleasant out-of-door life. And do you know what Annie asked her brothers the first day she was able to go down to the brook? "Let us take Dr. Mouse with us!"—they had named him Dr. Mouse, with the real doctor's approval. So down to the brook they took him—cage and all.

Oh, it was pleasant to be alive and well again, out among all the glad sights and sounds of summer! Annie's heart yearned over Dr. Mouse; it would be cruel to take him back again and keep him in bondage.

"Let me open the cage, and set him free; I know he wants to go to

his old real home," she pleaded with wistful eyes.

Would you believe it? They allowed her to have her way. Good little sisters can coax their brothers to do almost anything sometimes. So, the doctor was set free, and went back to his old life among the reeds and rushes. Dear old Dr. Mouse! You had done a great work—cheered a small sick girl. I wonder if any of the little folks who read this will take a lesson from your life, and try to shed a ray of gladness somewhere, for somebody, as you did.

The Robins.

Poor little robins! They went to sleep comfortably on the branch of a tree one night, and, when they awoke early next morning, quite ready for breakfast, lo! everything was covered with a thick layer of snow; and of course there was no breakfast for them.

But Mr. Robin Redbreast was of a cheerful disposition; so he decided to sing his usual morning song, and then have a look around to see if there was food or shelter to be had anywhere.

Mrs. Robin felt depressed. She could not keep her little feet warm. She stood on one leg, and put the other under her feathers as far as it would go; but she lost her ballast, and nearly toppled over. So she gave that up, and as soon as Mr. Robin had finished singing what she considered a ridiculously long, and cheerful song under existing circumstances, they flew off to try and find breakfast and bed.

Snow, snow everywhere! Even the friendly ivy could afford them no shelter, for its leaves were bent beneath the weight of the snow. At last Mrs. Robin felt as if she could fly no longer. Just then Mr. Robin gave a cheerful chirp, as much as to say, "Cheer up! our troubles are over." And so they were; for amidst the endless fields carpeted with snow, and bounded by hedges of dazzling whiteness looking like thick walls, was a cottage with a thatched roof. There, under the friendly shelter of the overhanging thatch, the robins rested their tired little bodies; and they had some supper, too, if they hadn't had any breakfast, for some kind children scattered crumbs for hungry birds every day, and our little friends came in for their share.

There are hundreds of cold, hungry, and homeless children in our cities, who, like the robins, know not where to look for food or shelter. We hope that our young readers will think of them, and try to gather together a little money towards feeding and clothing them; for, "It is not the will of Our Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

Pride and It's Fall.

"Look at me! ain't I a handsome bird, and haven't I got a fine voice?" crowed old Farmer Rye's Chanticleer as he proudly perched upon a hamper in the farm-yard.

"Ah!" said a fox that was passing at the time, "you're nice and fat, that's what I admire in you; your gay feathers are no attraction to me; but, if I can only get an opportunity to carry you off, my wife, my little ones, and I will have a capital supper off your nice plump body."

But Chanticleer was too intent upon making his voice heard, and proclaiming his charms to the world, to hear this soliloquy. He spent a happy day

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strutting about the farmyard, as he imagined, the admired of all beholders, and went to roost in a perfectly self-satisfied frame of mind. He was awoke from dreams of the splendid scarlet tint of his comb, and the charming curve of his glossy black tail feathers, by a deep sigh.

Looking down he perceived the fox gazing at him with an expression of admiring awe. He felt flattered. "Why do you sigh, my friend?" said he.

"Ah!" said the fox, "I am trying to get a sight of your handsome self, but in this dim light I can scarcely see the beauty of your feathers."

"I shall only be too happy to come down, that you may have a better view of me," said the silly bird.

"Do, there's a good fellow," said the sly fox.

Of course no sooner had Chanticleer descended from his perch, than the fox pounced upon him, and carried him off to his den, where he and his family soon disposed of him for supper.

This little story teaches us that pride and vanity lead to spiritual death. How careful we should be to check them as soon as they appear.

The love of dress and love of praise in children, if not guarded against, become almost unconquerable in the man or woman. How many, like Chanticleer, have listened to the voice of flatterers; and how many, like him, have been destroyed by so doing!

A Busy Colony.

Rooks belong to the family of crows, for which they are occasionally mistaken. They have over the base of the bill a roughish skin, which grows whitish in old age. They build their nests on the top branches of high trees, and people call a colony of rooks a rookery, and the birds like to come to the same place year after year. Sometimes these rookeries are in the middle of a city, and they also like groves of trees near old fashioned mansions. They start off in flocks to get their food, and if they return early in the day, it is a good sign of a coming storm. The young birds are used for food. Sometimes they are tamed, and then they acquire cunning tricks like crows.

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