



THE ESCAPED BIRDIE.

Grace's thrush has flown away. She had opened the door, just a little, to put something in his cage, and, somehow or other, Pete had all that morning been thinking of his first home in the woods, and longing, oh, so intensely, for his freedom. So the minute Grace opened the door of his cage, the naughty bird saw his chance, and away he flew before his little mistress could move to prevent him. In the picture we see Gracie, with the open cage before her, beseeching the truant to return. He did not come that day nor the next, but the day after that, when they had almost given him up, what should they hear but a few sad little "cheeps," and, looking towards the cage, for the door had been left always open, there he was, very much the worse for his travels, and, like the prodigal, very, very glad to get back. And Gracie was just as glad as he.

JESSIE'S NEW FRIENDS.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

Pretty little Jessie Hopkins lived in a big, crowded city. When the summer came she drooped like a flower without sunshine. Dr. Barr looked at her and said, "This little girlie ought to be in the country. She cannot stand the long, hot summer here."

Jessie's mother hardly knew what to do. She was not rich and she could think of no relative or friend to whom she could send her little girl. Then something happened. A letter came from Cousin Amy Blair, whom Mrs. Hopkins had not heard of for years. She wrote that she had heard that little Jessie was not well and

begged them both to visit her at her home in a little village near Lake Lemon.

Jessie had never been in the country, and she had three friends she didn't like to leave.

"Why, mother, Cousin Amy hasn't any little children; I'd be very lonesome," she said.

But she did not seem to feel the lack of playmates when she reached Cousin Amy's. Such a big, big yard near a meadow, with a little lake not far away, with flowers to find, fruit to eat, and so many new things to see every day!

One day she rushed into the house very much excited at one of these "new things."

"Come, quick," she cried, "there are lots of little ants out here building a house."

"Just think how many friends I have!" Jessie said one day. "There are the ants, the birds and the flowers, and the cunning little stones in the walks and a funny frog I call 'Grumpy,' and there are little wriggley worms and caterpillars—oh, they're the nicest friends. And there are

Cousin Amy and Cousin Artie and old Aunty Barnes.

When the beautiful summer came to an end, Jessie went back to her father, a bright, plump, healthy girl.

Next summer, Cousin Amy says, they must come again

RABBITS.

Our picture shows a grown-up rabbit and five little bunnies. How pretty their eyes are, and their long, sleek ears! They are very gentle, affectionate animals and make very nice pets. They are very fond of sweet, fresh clover, and it is a sight that boys and girls always seem to enjoy to watch the rabbits as they nibble with such evident pleasure the green clover and grass. Though rabbits always have long ears those of the rabbits in our picture are unusually so, for they belong to that species that some little boys call the "lop ears."

IF I WERE YOU.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

If I a little girl could be,
Well just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue, and hining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That every one would turn to say:
"Tis good to meet that child to-day."
Yes, yes, my girl, that's what I'd do
If were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know;
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—

Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive with all my might
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero—as in days of old.

'Twould be a joy
To hear one, looking at me, say:
"My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy I know
I would be so.

"Ma," said a little girl, "Willie wants the biggest piece of pie, and I sink I ought to have it, 'cause he was eatin' pie two years 'fore I was borned."



RABBITS