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A BIRD JURY.

The fact seems to be settled that some birds, crows among them, have a way of trying and executing one or more of their number who has offended against what we must suppose to be bird-law.

An English gentleman tells of a scene that he witnessed among some rooks, birds something like the crow. This gentleman hearing an unusual commotion among the rooks of the neighborhood, crawled to a gap in the hedge where he could see all that was going on. In the midst of a circle of forty or fifty others was one rook who at the first appeared "very perky and jaunty." The others seemed to be very indignant at him, but at first he did not seem to care. After a few minutes his manner suddenly and wholly changed. He bent his head, cawed weakly, as it were imploringly, and drooped his wings as if pleading for mercy. But it was useless. The circle closed upon him, and, picking him to pieces, left a mangled carcass in less time than one could write it. Then they all flew away with an exulting scream.

Let us hope that the birds did justly and did not act in mere revenge.—*Child's Paper.*

THE ROBINS' NEST.

BY JUDITH BYRNE.

Jessie gave it its name; in one of our afternoon drives we passed the shabby little house at the end of the long village street. It had been empty for some months; now it seemed alive from threshold to roof-tree. Little heads protruded from the low chamber windows, two or three children were playing on the door-step, and inside the open door "the cunningest baby in the world," as Jessie averred, lay amusing itself with a rattle.

"A family from the East named Robins," was Job's answer when we inquired who were the new occupants. Job's real name, by the way, was Hiram; we had given him the nickname on account of his manifold trials, real and imaginary. He was one of the people—not so

few in number as they should be—who look at their blessings through near-sighted eyes and survey their miseries with a magnifying glass. Being constantly in the depths of despondency, he had fallen into a fashion of speaking of mankind in general in a commiserating tone of voice, and the new pro-

prietor of the cottage came in for a share of his sympathy.

"He's a poor unfortunate, that Robins. He'd a good property once at the East, but the specylatin' fever took him and he's lost everything he had in the world, but jest enough to buy this house and lot, and he

goes out to day's works. Well, sech is life!" And Job heaved a sigh and drove leisurely on.

We used often afterward to see the little Robins at church; neat, pretty children they were, tastefully though plainly dressed, and with manners that told of careful home-training. The mother, we have heard, was an invalid, and the bright, pretty fourteen-year-old girl, who marshalled the children into the pew regularly every Sabbath morning, was the real head of the family.

"She is worked half to death," the sympathizing neighbors said. "She ought to be in school, instead of trudging as she does for those children"; but Jay—that was her name—only laughed when anyone ventured to sympathize with her; gathered the baby up in her arms and went singing about her work. Her heart was too full of love for discontent to find a place therein.

As the mother grew stronger and able to assist in the household tasks Jay began to ask for little bits of work outside; helping the neighbors with their fruit picking and canning in the busy season, or making children's clothes when she could procure the work. She was a dainty little seamstress, and so conscientious and independent that one could not feel that the work given her was in any respect an act of charity, though many employed her for the pleasure of the giving. All her receipts went to swell the family income, which seemed to need replenishing sadly, for the father, though industrious and kind, had no gift for money making.

So a couple of years went by. The shabby little house had become almost transformed. The vines Jay had planted and tended covered the gray old boards with livery drapery. A climbing rose ran over the little porch her father had built, and showered down its petals upon the children playing in the shade beneath. There were blossoming plants in the windows, and the boys kept the bit of lawn smooth and clean as a carpet. They had cleared away the brush and rubbish



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