



A CHILD WHO CHARMED BIRDS.

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THERE is a little girl in Ohio, five years old, who has the power of charming birds at will. Her mother was the first to notice the exercise of this strange power.

The little girl was playing in the yard where some snow-birds were hopping about. When she spoke to them, they would come, twittering with glee, and light upon her shoulders.

On her taking them in her hands and stroking them, the birds did not care to get away. They seemed to be highly pleased, and, when let loose, would fly a short distance, and soon return to the child again.

She took several of them into the house to show to her mother. The mother thinking the little girl might hurt the birds, put them out of doors. But the little birds were not to be cheated in this way. No sooner was the door opened than they flew into the room again, and alighted upon the girl's head, and began to chirp.

The birds staid about the house all winter. Whenever the door was opened, they would fly to the little girl. The parents thought that this might be a bad omen, and that the little girl would die.

But she kept her health, and did not die. She still makes pets of the birds, and they come and play with her. She handles them

so gently, that even a humming-bird has been known to come to her several times.

Last winter a whole flock of birds kept near the house all season. She would feed them, and then play with them for hours at a time. Every morning the birds would fly to her window, and chirp, as much as to say, "Good-morning, little mistress! Wake up, wake up!"

I think the child must be a near relation of that "Little Bell," of whom the poet Westwood sang,—

"Whom God's creatures love," the angels
fair

Murmured, "God doth bless with angels'
care:

Child thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm; love deep and kind
Shall watch around and leave good gifts
behind,

Little Bell, for thee!"

—Emily Carter.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD saw his parents preparing for church, and asked them to take him with them. He was told that he was too little, and must wait till he should grow bigger. "Well," returned he, "yo'd better take care of me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go." They saw the point; he was taken.

THE BEST BEAUTY.

I KNOW a little fellow,
Whose face is fair to see;
But still there's nothing pleasant
About that face to me;
For he's rude and cross and selfish,
If he cannot have his way;
And he's always making trouble—
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow,
Whose face is plain to see;
But that we never think of,
So kind and brave is he.
He carries sunshine with him,
And everybody's glad
To hear the cheery whistle
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see, it's not the features
That others judge us by,
But what we do, I tell you;
And that you can't deny,
The plainest face has beauty,
If its owner's kind and true;
And that's the kind of beauty,
My girl and boy, for you.

THE KINDLY FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

LOUIS went to a fruit-store in the city one day with his mother. There he saw many kinds of fruits which he had never even heard of before, for Louis was a country boy. He asked a great many questions, and had quite a lesson in geography before he knew it.

After he went home he told cousin Fred what he saw, and what he thought about it.

"The world's bigger than I supposed," said Louis, "and somehow it seems as if it was better. Just see the dirty ground, and what nice things come out of it!"

"Yes, there's all the flowers: they come out of the dirt, don't they?" said Fred.

"Of course, and all the different kinds of trees, some just made to look pretty, and some to give shade, and some to bear fruit. I don't see how God ever thought of so many kinds of things!"

A GOOD BOY.

A LITTLE boy was reading to his mother in the New Testament, and when he came to the words, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," his eyes filled with tears, and at last he sobbed aloud. His mother inquired what was the matter, when, as well as his sobs would let him, he said: "I am sure, mamma, if I had been there, I would have given him my pillow!"