



The sparrows are come, as they've oft come before
To rob the poor rabbit, and empty their store.
For the birds 'tis a pleasant adventure—O vary ;
'Tis the rabbits who somehow don't feel quite so merry.

By George! 'tis their dinner that's fast disappearing,
In spite of their efforts to get a fair bearing,
Heads poked 'tween the bars, (though they never so tight)
be,
And the thieves are 'nt so penitent half as they might be.

Nay, quite the reverse. " Pray don't make such a fuss,
We know that the table was not laid for us ;
But still, in this world of contention below,
One must live and provide for one's young 'uns, you
know."

A wee drop of moisture distils from the eyes
Of Jeanot, who with stifled emotion replies :
" Eat on without stinting ; the grain you may fare at,
If you'd just have the kindness to—pull us a carrot."

From the French of ERNEST D'HERVILLY.

THE JOYS AND MISERIES OF THE LITTLE BIRDS.—BY GIACOMETTI.