

FARMER BRIDGE'S HORSES,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



A Quiet Meal.

THE whole countryside rejoiced in the brightness of a summer's day. The sun shone radiantly, making everything look joyous and glorious, and Farmer Bridge's horses, after several hours' work, were enjoying a quiet meal, and, deep in the contents of their nosebags, seemed scarcely to notice a little bird perched upon a gay-coloured blackberry branch which trailed across the fence beside them. But the

little songster sang on, a merry joyous strain, making music for them while it waited patiently for its own share—the few scattered grains which it knew it would get when the larger animals had finished their meal. Farmer Bridge noted the little creature's bright eyes and expectant look, and threw out a few extra oats as he removed the nosebags and patted the patient horses. The little warbler flew down,