



### 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 Bessie 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'll 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 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 Auntie 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.

### UNDER THE HAYCOCK.

"Please, sister, give me your rake, it all slips through mine."

"No, no," said Mildred, shaking her big sunbonnet, "this is mine, father gave me this one; you mustn't take mine, that would not be fair;" and the little haymaker bustled hither and yon, dragging a scattering trail of new-mown hay after her.

But Dora stood still and whimpered; she was the little sister, and she always thought Mildred's things were better than hers; she wanted to drink out of Mildred's cup, and eat from Mildred's plate, and wear her sunbonnet, and sleep on her pillow. But she loved the bigger sister with all her warm heart and thought her the greatest person in the world.

Mildred went on raking, but the distressed little face under the other sunbonnet spoiled all pleasure for her, and it was not long before the two rakes had changed hands and the little rakers were flying about the haycocks.

Now the sun was hot and the field was wide, and long before sunset the farmer found his two little workers, like Boy Blue, "under the haycock, fast asleep."

Mildred woke with a start: "Why, here's Dora!" she cried.

"Where did you expect her to be?" asked the farmer.

"Oh-h-h," said she, with a sigh of relief, "it was all a dream."

Farmer asked about the dream as his two little girls walked home across the sweet-smelling fields, with their hands in his.

"I thought I had lost Dora," Mildred told him. "Then I thought God must have taken her to heaven, and I felt lonesome, oh, just dreadful lonesome! But Dora," (and the little face was bright with smiles) "I certainly was glad I had given you my rake when you asked for it!"

"Ah, my little girls," said the farmer, "I've often heard of people being sorry, yes, heart-sorry, for kind deeds they had not done, but no one was ever yet found who was sorry for having done a kind and loving act!"

### THE BOY WITH TWO TEMPER.

A little bad boy with a little cross face

Came slowly down-stairs in the morning;

Of fun or good nature he showed not a trace;

He fretted and cried without warning; He'd not touch his breakfast, he'd not play!

If you spoke, he just answered by snarling;

He teased his pet kitty; and all the long day

He really was "nobody's darling."

A little good boy with a little bright face

Came down in the morning time, singing,

And indoors and out, and all over the place,

His laughter and music went ringing; He ran grandpa's errands; his orange shared

With Sue; and he found mamma's thimble;

To do what was asked he seemed always prepared,

And in doing it equally nimble.

These two little boys who are wholly alike,

Though they live in one house, are brothers;

That good little lad and that bad little boy; Have not two kind fathers and mothers

But there are two tempers to only one boy; And one is indeed such a sad one

That when with the good one he brings all joy,

We ask, "Has he really a bad one?"

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