

LITTLE FOLKS



A JEALOUS MAGPIE.

A Jealous Magpie.

(‘The Prize.’)

Yes, Pickles was a jealous bird,
And therefore wished to be
The most admired and dearest pet
Of little Marjory;
He really thought it quite a shame
If with her cat she had a game.

‘Carack! carack!’ in angry tones
This naughty magpie cried,
When out of doors one sunny day
His mistress he espied;
For, oh, dear me! it ruffled him
To see her carry Pussy Tim.

He hurried after them, of course,
And when he got quite near,
The noisy chatter that he made
Was horrible to hear;
And even Pussy Tim’s green eyes
Were opened wider in surprise.

‘Oh, Pickles, I am very vexed
With you,’ his mistress said,
As with a frown at him she shook
Her pretty curly head.
‘You do not wish me to be kind
To any but yourself I find.

‘Be quiet, sir; go back at once,’
Then sternly added she;
‘Until you are a better bird
You shall not follow me.’
And Pickles slowly hopped away,
As if ashamed and in dismay.

But this was not the case; oh, no!
For when our Marjory
Had started off again with Tim,
He followed stealthily;
On mischief he was surely bent,
To do a spiteful trick he meant.

He did it, too! He made a dart
At Marjory’s legs behind,
He gave her quite a nasty peck—
Oh, was it not unkind?
Right through her stocking went
his beak,
The pain it gave her made her
shriek!

‘Carack! carack!’ he gaily cried,
As out of reach he sped,
And once again poor Marjory shook
At him her curly head;
‘You cruel, jealous bird,’ said she,
‘Well punished you will surely be.’

And so he was. The fact was
this—

He went and hid away,
And was not seen again until
The ending of the day;
He would not answer any call,
He would not show himself at all.

He sat upon a fir-tree branch,
And when the light grew dim
He heard his mistress and her
friends

About in search of him;
But even then he did not go
In answer to their calling. No!

And when he heard them drawing
near

He took another flight,
He meant to keep himself, you see,
Still longer out of sight;
So to a gloomy nook he flew,
Beneath the branches of a yew.

And there it was that Pickles
found

His punishment, for he
Flew straight into a horrid trap,
And met with agony;
By iron teeth his legs were caught,
And hiding was no longer sport.

And very glad was Pickles when
His cries of woe were heard,
And he was found and carried
home—

A sadly crippled bird.
Both legs were broken, so, you see,
That in a dreadful plight was he.

* * * * *

From this we learn—‘If jealous
thoughts

Are kept within the heart,
They certainly will cause a wish
To act a naughty part;
And then will follow grief and
pain,
And not a single pleasant gain.’

A Little King’s Daughter.

(Mary Poanna Porter, in ‘Christian
Intelligencer.’)

‘Whatever work Thou hast for
me to do, give it into my hands.
‘If there are those Thou wouldst
have me to help in any way send
them to me.’

Ruth Miller repeated slowly and
thoroughly these words from the
‘King’s Daughters’ Prayer,’ as she
sat in her bedroom waiting for the
ringing of the breakfast bell.

It was her habit to rise in time to
have a few moments for prayer and
reading before breakfast. ‘What-
ever work Thou hast for me to do,’
thus ran her thoughts, ‘the work for
me to do to-day seems very easy
and pleasant. In the morning I
will help the girls to collect flowers
and plants for decorating the
church, and in the afternoon, if mo-
ther is willing, I will walk over to
Mrs. Todd’s and read her that pret-
ty story I found last night in the
new magazine. Poor old lady! it
must be very hard for her to be
growing blind! and then to live all
alone! After awhile she won’t be
able to cook her food or to dress