

CHILDREN'S CORNER

HELPING THE BIRDS.

BY H. HUDSON.

All day I've been hunting For ends of scarlet bunting, For pieces out of rag-bags, whose colors make a show.

Fragments of red osage, Bright bits of doll-house treasure, And faded bows and ribbons worn many years ago.

From sill and from projection I hang this gay collection, I fringe the lawn and garden path, I fringe each bush and tree, I dress the door and casement, The garret and the basement, Then watch to see if birds, perchance, will use my charity.

There comes a pretty chatter, There comes a fairy patter Of tiny feet upon the roof and branches hanging low, And chirps of wing and feather, And little strifes together, And sheers and flights and fluttering and wheelings to and fro.

There is a dash of scarlet On yonder saucy warbler, And this one, just beside me, is dressed in blue and gray; This one is golden color, And that one's coat is duller, And here's a bird whose crest and tail have orange tippings gay.

A shadow and a flutter! A chirp above the shutter! See this swift oriole that wheels about the window, here! Now flitting sidewise shyly, Now, with approaches wily, Circling and circling closer, between desire and fear.

Oh pirates, dressed in feathers, Careless of winds and weathers, How you begin to plunder, how bold you all have grown; How each among the number His claws and beak will cumber, And carry off the strings and rags as though they were his own.

The stock is fast diminished, And when the nests are finished, The nests of orioles and wrens, of robins and of jays; In pleasant summer leisure, I'll watch the rag-bag treasures, Swing in the wind and sunshine above the garden ways. —Wide Awake.

THE DUCKLING.

Trim stood on the top of a barrel that had been turned into a house for the old hen, and two dolls very grandly dressed, were seated in front of it. Patty, Susan, Harry, and all their cousins, were there; Jack flourished a stick, and Willie was holding the gate open.

What was going to happen? The old hen was on the other side of the gate. "Cluck! cluck! cluck!" said the old hen again.

And out stalked a little frightened bird from the barrel, with his head up and his wings stretched out; he took such long strides that he nearly fell over. When he had got a little way he became bolder, but when he got to the net-work that was stretched round the barrel on pegs, he could not get over.

Harry stooped and lifted him. Then the little bird ran to the hen, shook out her feathers, and strutted along with the little bird beside her. They went down the meadow, with the children and Trim after them. At last they came to the brook, when in tumbled the yellow bird, whilst the hen stood on the bank in great distress.

"Get him out, get him out!" cried Willie; "he will be drowned." But the little bird, instead of drowning was swimming about, enjoying himself greatly; and though the hen clucked and clucked, he would not come to her.

"Why, after all," said Patty, "it is not a chicken but a duckling. And the old hen has hatched it with her own chickens.—Little Folks.

CURLY AND KITTY.

One day, Curly, looking out of the window, saw a boy riding along in a little cart, drawn by a big black dog harnessed to it.

"Ho hum!" said Curly, who had a cold and felt unpleasant, "I wish my kittie was a doggie." "Purr, purr," said kittie rubbing against Curly, and poking her soft nose into his hand. "Purr,—don't you love me, little master?"

"Yes, I do love you, kittie," said Curly, lifting her up to the window, "But see that dog; You can't do that, Kitty Clover."

"Could Kitty draw a little tiny cart?" he asked. "You might teach her to drag a very light one, if you were gentle and had great P for patience," said mamma.

"Of course I would," said the little boy. So mamma made a dainty wagon of painted card-board, with spools for wheels, and a ribbon harness for kittie, and by coaxing and feeding her, Curly taught her so that, by the time his cold was well she could draw it all about the room.

In all that time mamma never had to say: "Remember great P Curly," for Curly loved his pet too well to be harsh with her when she was learning her lesson. It was a pretty sight to see Curly walking about, calling "Oranges! oranges!" with kittie following him harnessed to the little wagon, and seeming to enjoy the play as much as anyone. They always stopped at mamma's chair, and she bought a dozen for tea, and Curly would be very particular in making change! Was it not a nice play?

Once Curly went away with his mother to pay a visit. He told Bridget to take care of kittie, and feed her every day. "You a big kittie now," said Curly, kissing her soft fur, "a great big kittie, and you can get along without me. You must cry if you are lonely, and I will write you a letter."

Kitty rubbed her head against him and purred, but did not cry. In fact, I think it was Curly who did that,—just a little,—when he looked back from the carriage and saw Bridget holding his cat up to the window for a last look at him. This is the letter he dictated for mamma to write:

MY DARLINGEST KITTY CLOVER.—There is not a cat so beautiful as you are. The cats here are named George Washington and Martha Washington, 'cause they were born on Washington's birthday, and he had a hatched and told a lie.

He he didn't tell a lie, and we won't either. But I love you best, and I would not name you such names for anything. When I come home I will give you a million twenty kisses.

Poor little Kitty Clover, I 'spect you are lonesome! So am I when I think about you. But not at other times. It is pleasant here.

Your obedient servant and respectfully yours, CURLY. Curly thought this was a very grand way to end his letter, and did not see why mamma should smile at it. When he reached home again, after four weeks his first question was for kittie. Bridget told him she had made sponge cake for tea.

"I want kittie; I don't want cake," said Curly. "Have you lost my kittie, Bridget?" "Bless the little heart of ye," said Bridget, "don't put up a lip to cry! kittie is all well and safe."

"I want to see her," persisted Curly. "I want my kittie Clover now. She always slept on the cushion, and she isn't here. Tell me where, please Bridget."

"She has got a new chamber," said Bridget,—laughing. "Maybe she was lonesome to sleep there and you away." So she led Curly into the kitchen, and there, in a basket, was kittie Clover, and—what do you think? Two beautiful little bits of gray kittens sleeping beside her.

"Oh! Oh!" shouted Curly, and he kissed them each one. "Do you think, mamma, God gave Kitty Clover these little baby kittens cause she was so lonesome without me? He was very kind to me and Kitty, and we're 'stremely much obliged," said funny little Curly.—Youth's Companion.

SENDING HIS LOVE BY THE SUN.

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C. J. BRYDGES, General Supt. of Government Railways. MONCTON, 7th June, 1876.

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