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often, they would hold their mouths open very wide until a worm was dropped in. My, but the little father was busy! The mother had to stay at home most of the time to keep them warm. But as they grew older she too would go off for a little fly and to find food. One morning they both left the nest and the babies waited for their breakfast. The little brother bird grew,

tired of waiting; he was very hungry. So he tried to peep out to see if mother and father were coming. "Don't, don't," cried his little sisters, "you'll fall." But he wouldn't listen. Farther and farther he leaned out over the edge, and the next minute fell head-long down, down. But as he fell one of his sharp claws caught in the edge upon which the nest rested, and there he hung, his poor little leg almost pulled out of place. If he moved even the tiniest bit he would fall into that awful dizziness below and be crushed. The little sisters could do nothing to help him. Nor could his mother, when she came home a little later. She fluttered her wings and gave sharp, shrill cries which brought his father and by and by many neighbour birds. But none of them could lift the poor baby back in safety. And then the little girl came, feeling sure all those excited cries and so many birds flying about the nest meant trouble. When she saw the little brother she knew something must be done at once or he would die. She climbed upon the railing and tried to reach him, but he was far, far above her head. Then she called loudly, "John, John, bring a ladder quick, please." And John, the man who cut the grass, came hurrying as fast as he could with the ladder. The next minute the little brother bird was lifted gently back into the nest. My, but wasn't he glad to be safe home again with mother and father and little sisters! who chirped and sang with joy. And aren't you glad the little girl was on the porch?—New York Churchman.

GRANDMA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

It was the evening of Marjory's birthday, and now she and grandma were having their usual, cosy bedtime chat. Marjory was perched on the arm of the great chair, telling grandma all about the party.

"Oh, it was the loveliest party, grandma!—and just think how many pretty gifts they brought me! Ruth says each one of them is a forget-me-not! Isn't that a nice way to think of birthday gifts? O grandma, what kind of a party did you have when you were seven?"

Grandma smiled, and her eyes looked far away. "I had a very different party from yours, dear," she said, as she stroked the little girl's shining hair. "My parents loved me, as yours do you; but parties were few and far between in those days, and birthday gifts were as uncommon."


"I remember my seventh birthday.

Why doesn't she take

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I wanted a party more than anything else in the world, I think, but I did not ask for one: some way I did not think it would be of any use. There were so many of us, and so little time for mere play; but after a while I thought out a plan all to myself.

"I went out under the pine-trees and raked the old, dead pine needles up into a great, brown square. That was to be my house. I gathered with care bits of spruce 'gum' from the gnarled spruce-trees in the grove, and hoarded it carefully for my party.

"Then I picked wild gooseberries—not many, for the sharp thorns tore my hands dreadfully. Those with the gum, were to be my feast. Spruce gum and sour green gooseberries are not very like your pink ice-cream and pinky white cake, are they, dear?"

"And next there must be presents. Think of a real birthday party without presents! But where were they to come from? Suddenly I thought of a new way of present giving.

"I went to the little box under mother's bed where I kept all my treasures. In it there were the three queer, pretty buttons that my aunt Nancy had given me the day I stayed with her and gathered caraway seed for her spice box; and there were a few bright bits of calico, strung on a string, waiting for some far-away piecing time. They were very precious to me, for you see even small pieces of cloth were not plentiful when I was a little girl. Then there was my knitting spool—such a very nice spool, with pins stuck neatly in the end of it, and purple and red yarns started on it. There were a few pink shells, and other things that I have forgotten. It was but a little girl's treasure box, and they were treasures indeed.

"Out they went into my apron, and then out with me under the big, beautiful, shadowy pines. What a great time I had then, trying to decide which of my sisters should have the precious buttons, and to whom should the calico pieces go. Of course, it was easily settled that little Joe must have the pink shells, for they were the only part of my treasures that a boy would really care for, you know.

"At last my party was ready for its guests, and I ran in half timidly to invite them. They were to be your great-aunts, Elizabeth and Mary and Ann, and then little Joe.

"The girls were all busily sewing, and I remember Elizabeth saying, 'Oh, dear, I don't want to stop and go out to that foolish party!' You see she was just learning to sew, and she felt very big and important. But dear Sister Mary said: 'Bless the child! Come on, every one of you.' And so they came, little Joe hopping and skipping beside me as we went.

"When we came to the grove, there was a little pine house, and there were four large plaitain leaves on the ground, a place for each guest, and each leaf held the hoarded spruce

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gum, and a few of the little green gooseberries; then on each leaf there was placed a little gift for the guests.

"I had chosen the quilt pieces for Elizabeth; the buttons for Mary (such bright, pretty buttons they were); and Ann received the knitting spool. Little Joe turned a handspring in delight at becoming the proud owner of the wonderful pink shells.

"What fun we had, and how they laughed! But, when it was over, Mary held me close and said: 'Bless the child! To think of her giving away her keepsakes for her birthday gifts!'"

"But grandma," broke in Marjory, "didn't you even have a place at the table, and didn't you get a single thing?"

"Well, no," laughed grandma. "You see I was so busy fixing things that I forgot all about myself; but it didn't spoil my good time, and I didn't miss the gifts, for you see I was not used to them. It was my very happiest day, and I am sure I could not have enjoyed it more had I received a great armload of gifts."—Grace G. Crowell, in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Fatality of Whooping Cough


Many parents think lightly of whooping cough, and treat it as a necessary evil, not giving the child who has it any special attention.

The seriousness of whooping cough was emphasized by the Medical Health Officer in Toronto a few months ago, when he reported 14 deaths during the month from whooping cough, and only ten from scarlet fever, typhoid fever and measles combined.

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