



MY BIRD.

I wish you could see my dear little bird,
He's the sweetest singer you ever heard ;
If things go right, or if things go wrong,
He is just so happy all day long.

You would laugh, I know, to see him bathe ;
No labour or water does birdie save,
He'll duck in his head, how the water will fly
All round and above him ever so high.

When he is clean he will hop on his swing, [sing,
And smooth down his feathers, and then how he'll
Sing all day long, till we shut out the light,
Then he is quiet, and thinks it is night.

He teaches a lesson some never learn,
" Make others happy " if you would earn
Joy for yourself which will not depart,
The joy of a loving unselfish heart.

—Carley.



THE CANARY.

The origin of this famous songster, which delights the homes of many millions in nearly every part of the habitable globe, and is so greatly prized for its excellence of song, its symmetry of form, its beautiful plumage, its pleasing disposition, its aptness for learning, and the readiness with which it breeds in confinement, was the islands from which it derives its name. The Canary Islands are a small group,