

LITTLE FOLKS

The Bird's Nest.

Now the sun rises bright and soars
high in the air,
The hedge-rows in blossoms are
drest ;
The sweet little birds to the mead-
ows repair,
And pick up the moss and the
lambs' wool and hair,
To weave each her beautiful nest.

Oh, no; I am sure 'twould be cruel
and bad,
To take their poor nestlings
away ;
And after the toil and the trouble
they've had,
When they think themselves safe,
and are singing so glad,
To spoil all their work for our
play.



THE BIRD'S NEST.

High up in some tree, far away
from the town,
Where they think naughty boys
cannot creep,
They build it with twigs, and they
line it with down,
And lay their neat eggs, speckled
over with brown,
And sit till the little ones peep.

Then come, little boy, shall we go
to the wood,
And climb up yon very tall tree :
And while the old birds are gone
out to get food,
Take down the warm nest and the
chirruping brood,
And divide them betwixt you and
me ?

Suppose some great creature, a
dozen yards high,
Should stalk up at night to your
bed,
And out of the window away with
you fly,
Nor stop while you bid your dear
parents good-bye,
Nor care for a word that you
said :

And take you, not one of your
friends could tell where,
And fasten you down with a
chain ;
And feed you with victuals you
never could bear,
And hardly allow you to breathe
the fresh air,
Nor ever to come back again :

Oh ! how for your own mother dear,
you would sigh,
And long to her bosom to run ;
And try to break out of your prison,
and cry,
And dread the huge monster, so
cruel and sly,
Who carried you off for his fun.

Then say, little boy, shall we climb
the tall tree ?
'Ah ! no—but remember instead,
It would almost as cruel and ter-
rible be,
As if such a monster to-night you
should see,
To snatch you away from your
bed !

Then sleep, little innocents, sleep in
your nest,
To steal you I know would be
wrong ;
And when the next summer in
green shall be dressed,
And your merry music shall join
with the rest,
You will pay us for all with a
song.

'Away to the woodlands we'll merri-
ly hie,
And sit by yon very tall tree ;
And rejoice, as we hear your sweet
carols on high,
With silken wings soaring amid the
blue sky,
That we left you to sing and be
free.

—'The Prize.'

A Little Mission at Home

(American Paper.)

'I don't believe I want to go to
missionary meeting any more.'

Margie said it with a mournful
face and a doleful shake of her
head. She was riding home over
beautiful country roads, sitting be-
side Aunt Anna in the spring wag-
gon.

'Why, my little girlie ! You sure-
ly do not mean what you are say-
ing. Not wish to go to missionary
meeting ?'

'I do mean it, auntie. Some-
times I don't mind it at all, when
it's folks that just talk our duty to
us in big words and how we'll have
to answer for all our privileges and
tell why we didn't improve our op-
portunities. But when it's like
Mrs. Elliott, that's truly and really
been among the heathen, and tells
about little girls that nobody's ever