

### Children's Department.

#### THE PETITION OF THE SONG BIRDS.

BY M. A. T.

Spare us, gentle ladies,  
We are very small,  
Innocent and helpless ;  
Wherefore must we fall ?

Lords of the creation  
Seek our tender lives,  
That our wings and feathers  
May adorn their wives.

Say, ye do not need them,  
Wives and daughters fair !  
Trophies of our slaughter,  
Say ye will not wear.

Don not, on your head-gear,  
Signs of pain and death ;  
Wear the buds and blossoms,  
Signs of spring-tide breath.

Do they fade soo quickly ?  
Art will, from her loom,  
Yield a lasting semblance  
Of the sweetest bloom.

Wear, on hat or bonnet,  
Triumphs of her skill ;  
Life is very precious,  
Song-birds do not kill.

Sweet it is to warble ;  
Sweet it is to fly ;  
Cut not short our pleasures.  
Make us not to die.

Some of us have nestlings,  
Food to find, we roam ;  
They must die of hunger  
If we go not home.

Spare us, gentle ladies,  
Let us live and sing,  
Choristers of nature ;  
Heralds of the spring.  
Philadelphia, April, 1891.

#### MY CANARY BIRD.

A Baltimore lady asks me to say  
something for canary birds kept in  
the hot sun, neglected and suffering.  
I believe that cruelty to a caged

bird is a sin in the sight of God, and  
if those who do it, or permit it, are  
not somewhere held accountable,  
there is no such thing as justice.

I have a canary myself. I permit  
him to fly about our rooms for  
several hours a day. I don't starve  
him on poor canary seed. I feed  
him on what I think he would like  
if he could help himself,—crumbs of  
coarse bread and flour bread, always  
a cracker in his cage, fruit, lettuce,  
chickweed, anything I think a bird  
would like, and he takes, like other  
people, just what he likes, and refus-  
es what he don't like, and is tough  
and strong and as happy as a bird  
can be. I have had him now going  
on three years. He plays with me,  
comes to my fingers, shoulders, head.  
I chase him and he chases me, and  
he sings little songs of triumph when  
I fail to catch him.

I never leave him in a hot sun.  
I never hang him up in a hot room  
to suffer and wilt. I never put him  
in a cold room to shiver. If he was  
sad, I should be sad, and if he  
should sicken and die, I should shed  
more tears than I should over some  
of those who abuse little birds and  
other so-called dumb creatures. I  
make him very happy when he is  
caged by giving him a little mirror,  
which I so hang that the sun or lights  
shall not dazzle him. When I want  
him to stop singing, I always give  
him the mirror, and he will stand  
and look at his pretty self hours to-  
gether, and keep perfectly quiet.

He sings in the morning his happy  
song of thanksgiving, and just before  
sundown his evening hymn and some-  
times later I hear his soft, sweet  
notes as though he were saying his  
little prayers to his Maker and mine.  
As I believe in an omniscient God,