

PERSEVERE.

THE fisher who draws his net too soon
Won't have any fish to sell;
The child who shuts up his book too soon
Won't learn any lessons well.

If you would have your learning stay,
Be patient—don't learn too fast;
The man who travels a mile a day
May get round the world at last.

SAVING A YOUNG BIRD'S LIFE.

I HEARD a little girl say one day that she found a young bird fallen from the nest, and though she put him up in the tree and on the fence again and again, at last a cat seized him, and that was the end.

"If I had only known what to do with him!" she said, tearfully.

So I wrote for the children of the way I saved one little bird, in hopes that it may help them to do likewise.

He was a baby finch, with bits of wings not half grown, and no tail worth mentioning—just a ball of feathers; and he lay in the gutter chirping sadly. Overhead flew the mother-bird, who could not help him. It was plain that he had fallen from the nest far up in the tree, for he was not able to fly at all.

It was nearly night, and I put him in a covered basket on the upper piazza, with crumbs for his supper. Before daylight I heard the mother-bird, and looked out. There she sat on the cover of the basket, with a worm in her beak, and such cries as both were making! The basket was so closely woven that she could not even see him, but they talked long and loud in bird language. I let him out, and in two minutes he lay in the grass again. With dozens of hungry cats around, that would never do. I found an old canary cage, and had him nicely housed on the piazza again before breakfast. After the meal I went to see my little boarder, and found him sitting on the top of the cage, outside! His round, fluffy body looked far too big to squeeze through the bars, but it was nearly all made of soft feathers, so he did it.

I put him in the close basket once more, and went to the attic to hunt up another abode for him. Finally I found an old-fashioned willow work-basket with close bottom but open-work sides, the reeds set closer together than the wires of the cage. This I turned upside down on the piazza floor, and there my little finch lived for two weeks. I put in fresh grass every day, twigs for him to hop on, and a little cup of water; nothing to eat, for he had not been settled in his home more than ten minutes before his mother was there. She must have been watching all the time, and she never left him long alone. I often wondered if his brothers and sisters in the nest had half so much

care. If they did she was a very hard-working mother-bird.

After a time she became so used to me that, while I lay in the hammock close beside the basket, she would come and feed her baby without noticing me in the least.

He was a greedy boy. One day I counted ten worms and eight bugs and spiders that she brought him and he swallowed within one half-hour.

When it was a very large worm, he would come close to the bars, and while he seemed to brace himself backward, she would push and cram it down his throat. Then he gasped for a minute, and peeped voraciously for more. Once a day I took him carefully in my hand, and carried him into the house. There, in a room with doors and windows closed, he spread his wings and took short flights, with many bumps and tumbles, but I knew he would never learn to fly if he stayed shut up in the basket.



THE LITTLE CARVER.

At the end of two weeks his tail feathers had grown about an inch long, and his wings seemed quite strong. So one day, while the mother-bird was near, I lifted the basket and set him on the piazza rail.

His mother came with one long chirp, and sat beside him. One minute I watched them, and then both flew off steadily, up into the trees, and I never saw them again.

But it was worth all the trouble to have seen the devotion of the mother-bird, and to know I had saved him from a cruel death.

"How did you learn to skate?" a little boy was asked. "Oh," was the innocent but significant answer, "by getting up every time I fell down."

GROWING A NAME.

LITTLE Luke Hays could write his name. He brought his slate to show his mother what round, clear letters he could make.

"Should you like to make your name grow, Luke?" said his mother.

"I never saw a name grow," said Luke.

Then his mother took him out into the garden. She gave him a stick with a sharp point, and made him write his name in large letters in the middle of a bed of black earth. Then she sowed mignonette seed all along the letters. "Now," said she, "in a few weeks you will see your name growing tall and sweet."

Luke went away the next day to visit his grandmother, and when he came home again, three weeks later, he ran at once to the garden. There was his name, "Luke Hays," in pretty green letters, just as he had written it. Luke was delighted, and has never failed to grow his name every year since.

"I ASKED THE ROSES."

I ASKED the roses, as they grew
Richer and lovelier in their hue,
What made their tints so rich and bright:
They answered, "Looking toward the light."

Ah, secret dear, said heart of mine;
God meant my life to be like thine—
Radiant with heavenly beauty bright,
By simply looking toward the Light.

A QUEER LITTLE FELLOW.

A QUEER little fellow indeed was Tommy Dick. Why, he would give away the last marble he had, if a boy wanted it. He would run on errands all day long, and never grumble. He would always give the best place to somebody else, no matter who, and feel so honestly glad in seeing other folks have a good time that he really forgot all about himself.

Don't you see he was a very queer little fellow?

But, somehow, everybody liked to have the "queer little fellow" around. Grandma always smiled all over her face when she saw Tommy coming. Aunt Lois, who was a very busy woman, used to say: "Well, now you've come in time, Tommy. Run, and"—

When Tommy went to spend the day with grandma or Aunt Lois, the folks at home all missed him. One would say: "Where's Tommy? I wish he would come home." And another: "Now if Tommy were only here."

You see, Tommy was one of the unselfish helpers; and what a tiresome world this would be if there were not a good sprinkling of such people!

Are there any Tommies at your house? It wouldn't do any harm if there were more than one, you know. Indeed half-a-dozen boys and girls with the spirit of Tommy Dick would make home a very pleasant place.