

bird'ie peep rēst lōn'ger
limbs till bēd strōn'ger

BIRDIE AND BABY.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie.
"Mother, let me fly away!"

"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
And then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away!"

"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger."
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, may fly away.

right fās'ten a gain' hārd brō'ken
count ēggs strāw fēath'ers build



THE BIRD'S NEST.

One day in summer Frank and his sister Rose took a walk into the woods. All at once Frank stopped and said, "Come here, Rose, and look in this bush."

Rose ran and looked. "Oh, Frank!" she said. "A bird's nest! Let me count the eggs. One, two, three, four. Four little blue eggs!"

"May we take the nest and show it to mother?"

Q "What would the bird do, sister, if she should come back and find her nest gone?"

"Oh, we would bring it right back, Frank. We would not keep it long."

"Yes, but we could not fasten it in its place again. If the wind should blow it over, the eggs would fall on the ground and be broken. And then what would the birdie do?"

"How does the bird build her nest, Frank? Of what does she make it?"

"She uses straw and dry grass and many other things. She lines it with soft feathers."

"She must have worked very hard to find so many things and carry them here. And see what a pretty, round nest she has made. How very busy she must have been!"

"Yes, I think she must have been at work for a good many days to build a fine large nest like this. Shall we take it away from her, Rose?"

"Oh, no, brother! We must let it stay right where the bird has put it. But we will come and look at it again some time."

be fore' crumb flew old picked

THE LITTLE BIRDS.

It was two or three weeks before the children saw the bird's nest again.

One morning when Rose was feeding her pet rabbit a little brown bird came and sat on the tree above her.

It looked at her a minute or two. Then it flew down and picked up a crumb.



"Oh, Frank," said Rose, "did you see that pretty bird?"

"What bird, sister?"

"A little brown bird. It picked up a crumb from the ground, and then flew away with it."

"Where did it go, Rose?"

"I could not see where it went. It must have gone to the woods."

no more in nest
"Oh, I wonder if it is not the bird that made the pretty nest we saw the other day."

could
"It may be the same bird, Frank. Let us go out to the woods and see the nest again."

So the children ran out to the woods and found the green bush where the nest was.

"Stop, Rose," said Frank. "I saw the old bird fly out of the bush. It was a brown bird. I think it must have been the one that took the crumb."

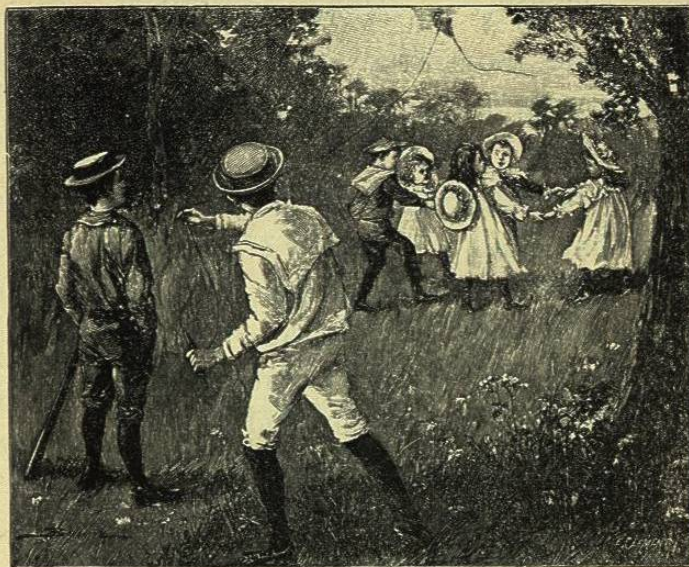
"Oh, Frank, what if there are little birds in the nest!"

"I am sure there are some little ones in it. But we must not go too near. Yes, I see the nest now. Come here, Rose, can you see?"

"Oh, Frank! And I see the little birds in it, too. What funny little things they are! There are no feathers on them."

plumps in all
"They will soon have feathers. Then they will be brown like their mother, and they will fly far away in the green woods."

brooks mē'rŷ rīng talk lāugh



HAPPY CHILDREN.

Come, my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright to-day;
Little children, come with me,
Birds and brooks and flowers to see.
Bring the kite and bring the ball,
Come with happy faces, all;
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and play and laugh and sing.