

a worm or two. Mr. Robin minds the eggs while his wife is away.

CHAPTER VIII.

The eggs are hatched, and three baby robins keep their heads up and their mouths open all day long Mr. and Mrs. Robin work hard to get worms enough for the greedy little babies. The babies are not at all pretty, but don't tell Mr. and Mrs. Robin that I said so, they think I am their friend.

CHAPTER IX.

The babies grow so fast, today they left the nest and are hopping around the lawn, following the old birds, with their mouths still open. If it were not for the open mouths, one could hardly tell the young birds from their parents. They have grown so quickly.

CHAPTER X.

The young birds have gone, and Mr. and Mrs. Robin are free to do what they like. They fly around the orchard, singing and hunting worms, and seem to be very happy, although of course they must miss their children very much.

GEORGIE AND THE CROWS

By Louisa A'hmuty Nash

"See the rose I've picked for Mama!
It's so sweet;
Her own garden-tree dropped it,
White and sweet!
See by that there long, long shadow,
What a tall boy!
Tall as the fir-tree, you see standing,
So tall am I!"

Georgie laughed as loud as the crows
That were cawing up high;
The rose's stalk, he put in his mouth,
That was opening wide.
Then the stick he threw up in the air,
Waving ever so high;
And soon it lodged high up in the fir,
That pointed up to the sky!

And it hit a nest of baby-crows;
They came tumbling down.
"I am so sorry!" said little Georgie;
"For away their Mother's flown!
"O, Mummie!" he called and she came out,
Hearing poor Georgie cry.
Birdies, she took up in her soft, warm hand:
We'll mother them, you and I!"

So she made for them a comfy nest,
Georgie brought them crumbs to eat.
They grew like Mother-crow,
Were birdies ever so sweet!
When Spring-time came, he let them fly out
And one day Mother, she told him,
"Look above the porch, where the roses climb,
There are the nests they've made 'em!"
"They know we're their friends!" said Georgie
"And we will always help 'em!"

THE CANARY'S LULLABY

Louisa A'hmuty Nash

When Mother laid her Baby in its cradle,
She hummed a little song.
Canary heard it; quick he flew and lighted
Soft coverlets among.

To peep at Baby's face, it stept a little nearer
With tiny, gentle feet.
It hushed its song, and now with lightest twitter
It crooned "tweet, tweet!"

If little sister came in play, and wake him,
It stopt its Lullaby;
And pecked her little hands to make her leave him
For fear the Baby'd cry.

And hour on hour it staid and watched so quiet,
With just its whispered "tweet,"
But when the Baby woke, O, joy and gladness,
Its song was loud yet sweet!

TOMMY TUMBLE-OVER

Margaret MacGregor

Tommy Tumble-Over
Was like a rubber ball,
He never walked a block
But what he'd always fall.

He fell down in the yard,
He fell upon the floor,
He always got a bump
When passing thru a door.

He tumbled off his bed,
He tumbled off the chair,
He tumbled on the sidewalk,
He tumbled on the stair.

He bumped his little head,
His little knee he'd crack,
It really was a wonder
He never broke his back.

He couldn't go on errands
For he stumbled on his feet;
Whenever he went riding,
He bounced right off the seat.

His mother couldn't send him
Into a darkened room,
For he would cause a clatter
Just like the crack of doom.

She said, "Oh, Tommy Tumble,
You're clumsy, don't you see?"
He said, "Can't help it, Mother,
Till things stop tripping me."

You reap what you sow—not something else, but that. The thing reaped is the very thing sown, multiplied a hundredfold.—F. W. Robertson.