The Blessings of Freedom.

What pleasure have we experienced in plucking a bit of wool from a sheep's back, in searching for moss, in selecting the best feather where numbers were left to our choice, in stopping to rest on the top of a tree which commanded an extensive prospect, in joining a choir of songsters whom we accidentally met! But now our days pass with repeated sameness; variety, so necessary to give a relish to all enjoyment, is wanting. Instead of the songs of joy we formerly heard from every spray, our ears are constantly annoyed with the sound of mournful lamentations, transports of rage, or murmurs of discontent. Could we reconcile ourselves to the loss of liberty, it is impossible to be happy here unless we could harden our hearts to every sympathetic feeling."

"True," said his mate; "yet I am resolved to try what patience, resignation, and employment will effect, and hope, as our young ones will never know what liberty is, they will not pine as we do for it." Saying this, she picked up a straw, her mate followed the example, and they pursued their work.

At this instant a hen goldfinch brought forth her brood, who were full fledged. "Come, my nestlings," said she, "use your wings; I will teach you to fly in all directions." So saying, the little ones divided; one flew upwards, but emulous to outdo a little