

THE CANARY AND THE MOUSE.

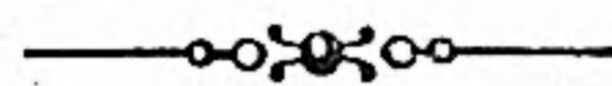
“How can I? Oh, dear!”
She cried with a tear.
But a chaise now is seen:
“Here comes Dr. Green!”
A moment or more,
And he stops at the door.

“What troubles my pet
With lashes so wet,
And apron so clean?”
Asked good Dr. Green.
Said Estelle, “I ran quick,
Because baby is sick.”

“We’ll cure him, my dear;
Get in, never fear:
Too high was the bell
For little Estelle?”
As she sat by his side,
With a smile she replied, —

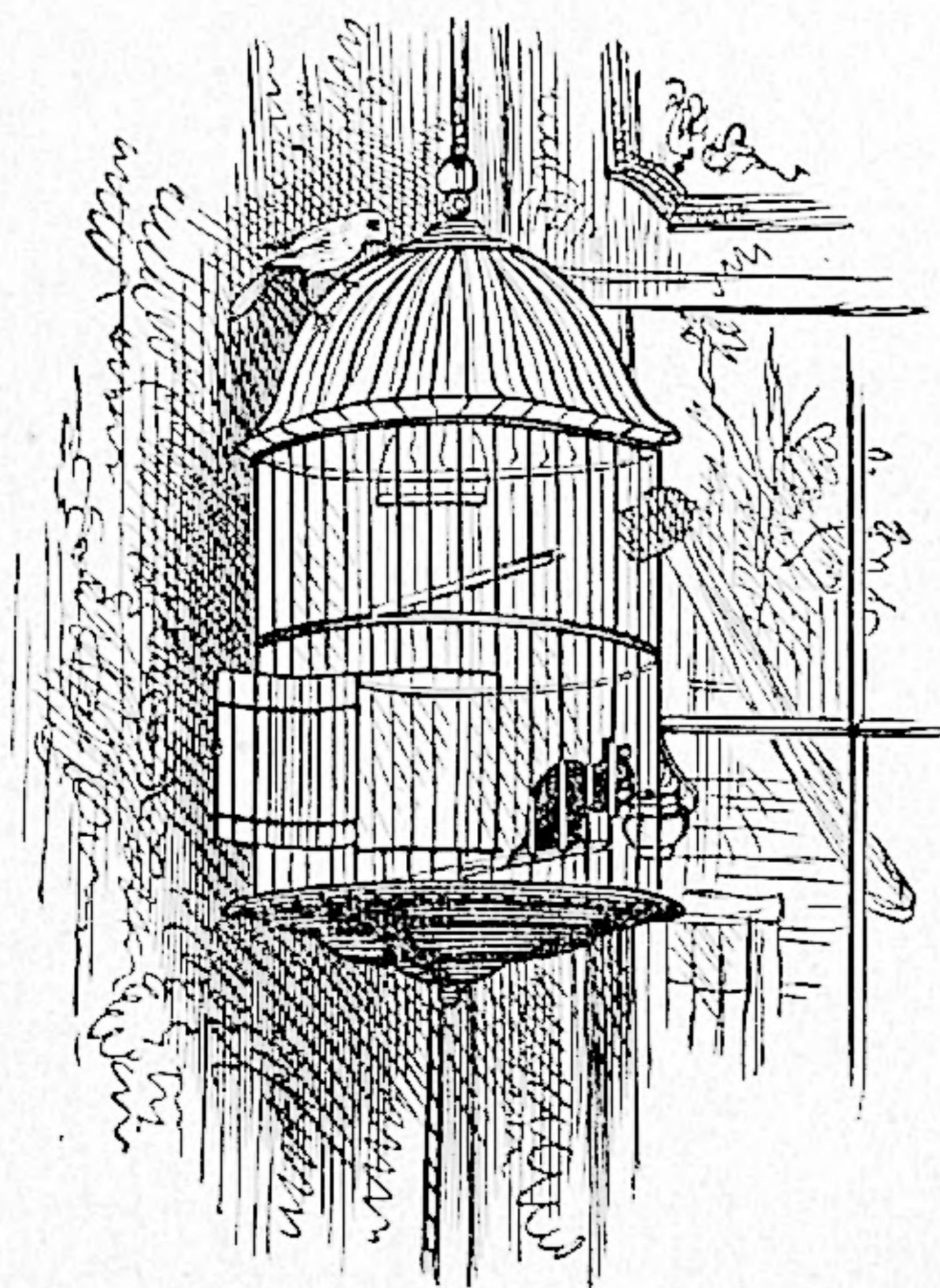
“Your bell is too high
For girls small as I:
So what I would say
Is this, if I may, —
‘Could you not, just as well,
Have a little girls’ bell?’”

M. B. HEATON.



THE CANARY AND THE MOUSE.

I HAVE a canary-bird.



He is a splendid singer, and very tame. He is allowed to leave his cage every day. When he is hungry or thirsty, he goes back, eats and drinks, and then comes out, and flies and hops about the room. Sometimes he hops on my knees, sometimes on my head. He is very fond of getting on my table, and pecking among my papers. He comes so close to my pen at times, when I am writing, that I have to push him away, which he does not like at all. He knows me, and will sit on my hand for several minutes, when I will let him.