



## MARY'S SEARCH.

### I.

THERE was a little girl whose name was Mary. She was about five years old ; and she had been reading so many fairy-stories, that at last she grew almost to believe them. She hoped she might live to see a fairy.

One day, as she was walking through the woods, she saw a nest of five little birds on a bush. She bent over them, and touched their soft little heads. They opened their bills, and seemed to ask for food. She found some worms, and gave them ; and the little birds swallowed them eagerly.

But Mary saw the mother anxiously flying from bough to bough, and chirping as if afraid her little ones would be harmed. "I will not distress you, dear mother-bird," said Mary. So she walked away, and, after picking some fresh blue violets, went home, and gave them to her grandmother.

The old lady was much pleased, and said, "Thank you, you good little fairy !"