

TWO LITTLE BIRDS.

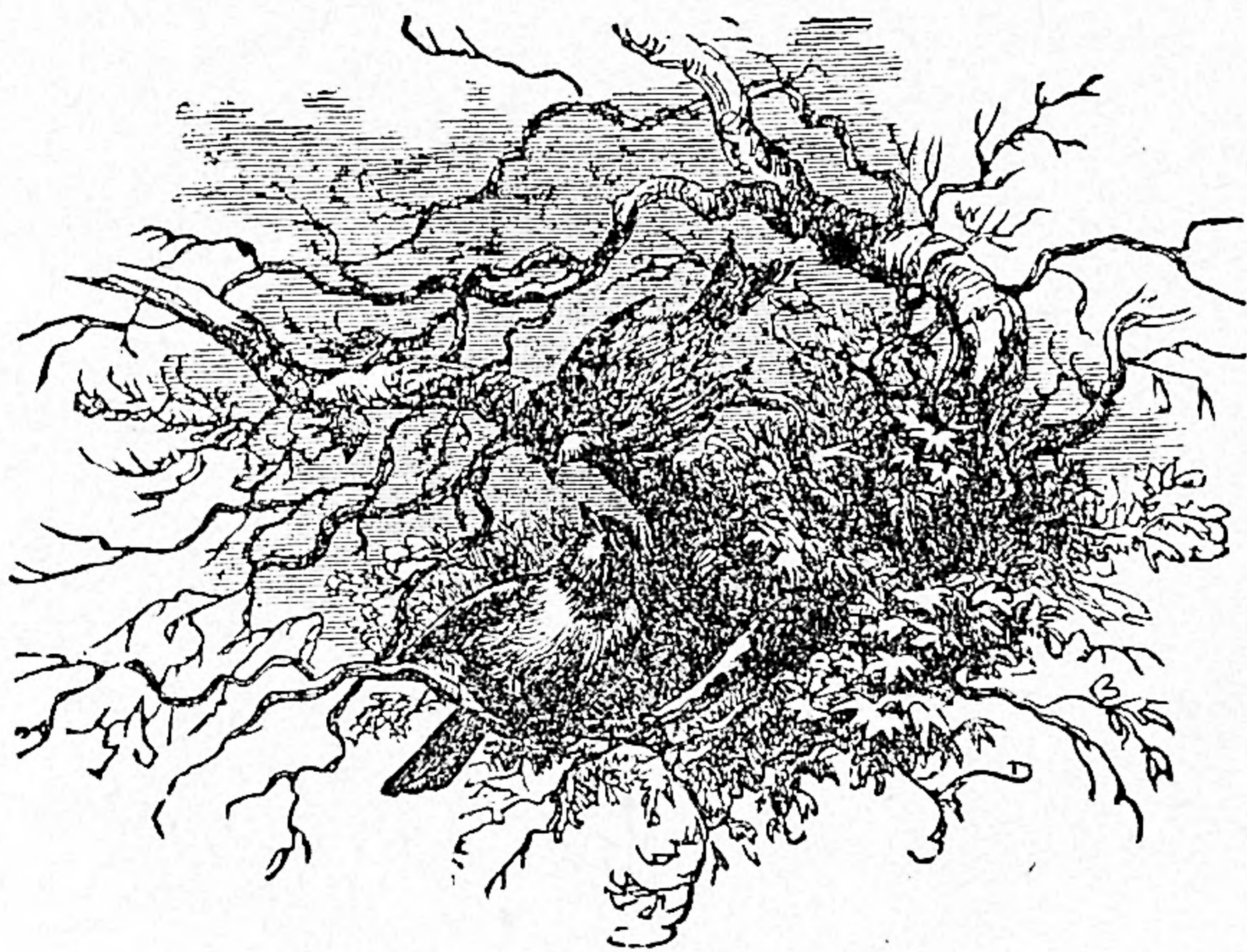
enough to come down stairs and sit at the dinner-table. Her mother and sister Susan were very glad indeed to see her. Rachel climbed into her mother's lap, kissed her, and said she would never walk with damp, wet shoes again, if she could help it.

"That's right, my dear, and never sit on the damp ground, even in summer," said mamma: "I have known many little girls to take bad colds in this way."

"I will try and think," said Rachel.

"That is what is wanted, — thought," said mamma. "We must learn to *think* if we would do right."

DORA BURNSIDE.



TWO LITTLE BIRDS.

Two little birds, one autumn day,
Sat on a tree together:
They fluttered about from bough to bough,
And talked about the weather.

"The wind is blowing so cold," said they,
"It chills us as we sing:"
Then away they flew to the sunny South,
And there they staid till spring.