

many little birds in it. I will get it for you, and you shall have many birds instead of one. Only come! come!"

The children have all gone to the old tree. The older boy has climbed it to get the nest. The other children watch him so intently that not one of them notices the hungry dog, who has followed them to the field and now stands quietly eating the bread the younger boy holds in his hand. When the little fellow turns round he too will find his bread—all gone. The elder brother has reached the nest. But what does he see? The nest is empty; the birds have all flown away. One little bird, however, flutters to the ground. "I shall have you, at any rate," says the younger boy, throwing his hat over it. "How glad I shall be to give you to my sister! Wait here, little bird, in the dark, under my hat, till I pick the beautiful raspberries growing on this bush. How good they will taste!" But a frolicsome breeze blows over the hat, away flies the bird, and the boy, coming back from the raspberry bush, cries out: "My bird is gone! my bird is gone!"

"Mother, I don't like this picture. I don't want to look at it again. Nothing in it stays, and no one keeps what he has."

"My child, if we want to keep things we must be watchful and careful, and we must not let ourselves be tempted by everything we see. In order to have things when we need them, we must plan for them beforehand. The boy forgot his bread in thinking of his drink; the little girl lost her

bird through carelessness. The boy was doing wrong who tried to steal the birds from their nest. I am glad their courage and strength saved them from being caught and put into a cage. The other boy lost his bread by forgetting it while he watched his brother; and because he could not resist the temptation of going for the raspberries, he missed the pleasure of giving a bird to his sister."

"Mother, let me look again at the little bird that is getting away from under the dark hat."