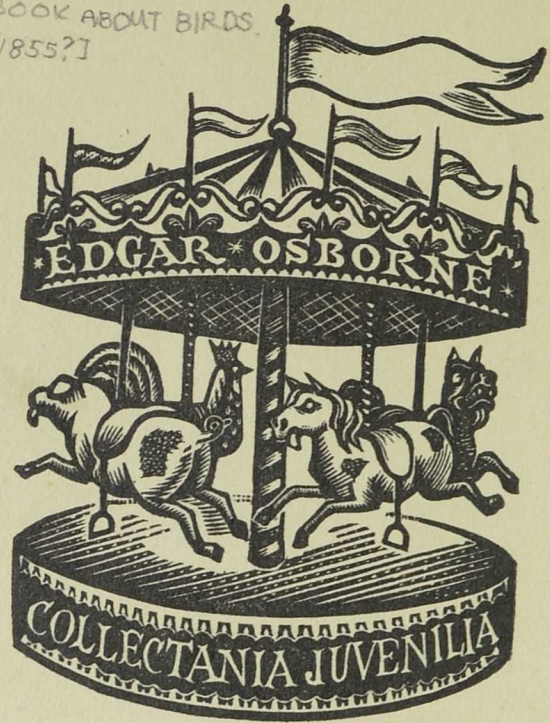


THE
BOOK
OF
BIRDS

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

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BOOK ABOUT BIRDS.
[1855?]



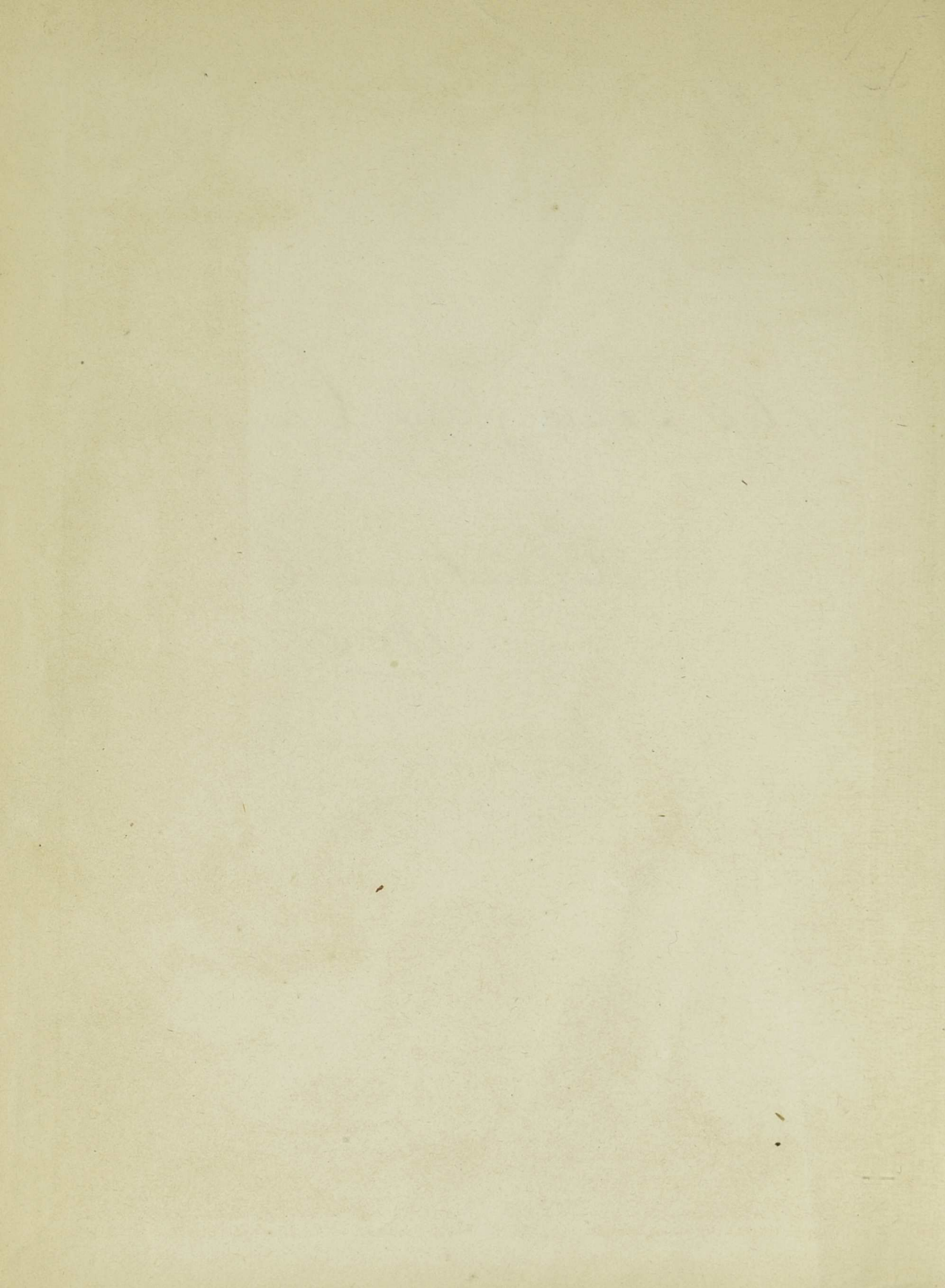
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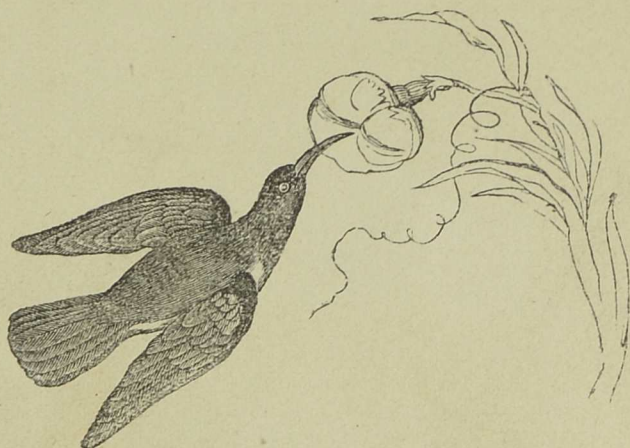
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A

BOOK ABOUT BIRDS.



THE SUN BIRD.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY:

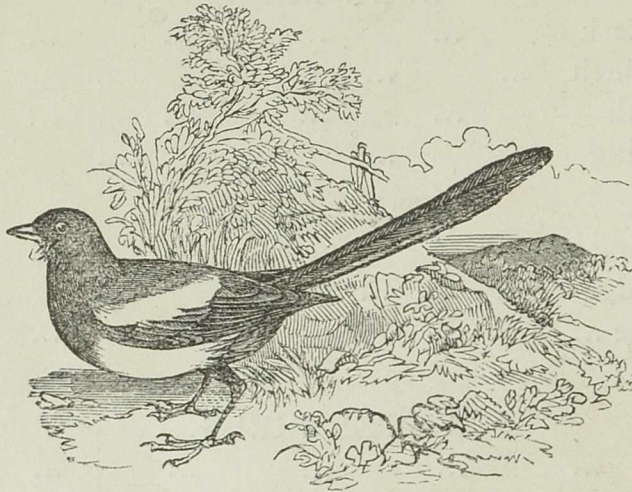
DEPOSITORY, 56, PATERNOSTER-RROW, AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD:

AND SOLD BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Birds' Nests	1
HOME BIRDS.	
The Peacock... ..	7
The Cock	10
The Turkey	13
The Barn Owl	16
WOODLAND BIRDS,	
The Golden-crested Wren	18
The Turtle Dove	19
The Ring Dove	23
The Jay	24
SONG BIRDS.	
The Sky-Lark	26
The Goldfinch	28
The Thrush	30
The Redwing	32
FIELD BIRDS.	
The Lapwing	33
The Partridge	35
The Magpie	37
The Raven	39
WATER BIRDS.	
The Duck	41
The Gull	43
The Pelican	44
The Cormorant	45

	PAGE
WADING BIRDS.	
The Heron	47
The Crane	48
The Flamingo	50
BIRDS OF PREY.	
The Osprey	52
The Kite	53
The Falcon	55
The Golden Eagle	56
FOREIGN BIRDS.	
The Hoopoe	58
The Rose-crested Cockatoo	59
The Argus Pheasant	60
The Secretary Bird	61
The Lyre Bird	63
The Ostrich	64



THE MAGPIE.

A BOOK ABOUT BIRDS.

BIRDS' NESTS.

WHEN the pleasant spring is come, and white May-blossoms cluster upon the hawthorn bough, and the fields are gay with buttercups and daisies, we hear the cheerful song of birds in every wood, hedge, and orchard. It is a busy time with them, for they are building their nests. Some in the topmost branches of a tall tree, like the noisy Rook; others, like the little Wren, under the broad ivy-leaves at the side of an old arbour, or on a bank by the water, where the green turf hangs over the stream. The Robin makes his nest in some little hollow of the ground, among grass or moss, on a bank or at the root of a tree. The Martin, with its bill and claws, digs a deep hole in some sandy hill, or under a chalk cliff, and builds its snug little home quite out of sight. The Swallow likes to make its nest under the corner of a window, or below the tiles of

a barn. The brisk, chirping Sparrow will build almost anywhere; sometimes he chooses a small hole in the roof of a house: but he is a sad rogue, and will often get into the nest of another bird, and fight for it boldly just as if it were his own. The Sky-Lark builds on the ground, between two clods of earth, or beside a stone, to shelter her nest from the wind; and very often it is in the middle of a high tuft of grass, which covers it on every side. Other birds like better to hide their nests in a tree, under a roof of thick, shady leaves.

Sometimes a nest is made of a few loose twigs, laid across each other, and covered over with moss; or pieces of hay and straw are twisted together with the fine roots of some withered plant. The inside is smooth and warm, that the tender little birds may not be hurt, nor feel the cold night wind. Many of the nests are lined with horsehair, and feathers, or the down of the thistle. Little tufts of wool, which have been torn from the sheep in thorny hedgerows, are of great value to the birds, who pick up all that

they can find to make their nests soft and snug. It is a pleasant task to them, and their sweet songs seem meant to tell us that they are happy.

Where do these little creatures learn wisdom to build their nests? Who taught them to prepare the tiny dwelling for their young, and gave them skill to lay the twigs across, and weave together the moss and down for their warm bed? God taught the birds to make their nests. He gave them wisdom and skill. No one but God could teach them; and whenever we see a bird's nest, we should think of his goodness in thus caring for the little creatures that he has made. We also should show kindness and mercy to them, and never give needless pain to the smallest or the weakest thing that lives.

It is very cruel to rob a bird of its nest, as boys so often do. What distress the poor mother must feel, when, coming home with a morsel of food in her beak, she gets back just in time to see her dear nest and its young ones carried away! No kind heart could bear to cause such grief. There is no harm in looking for the nests

in trees and hedges, but we should only take a quiet peep, and be careful neither to disturb the little dwelling, nor to alarm the parent birds.

Now look at the pictures. There is the nest of the Tailor Bird, nearly hidden by its curtain of leaves. You would think that a needle and thread must have sewn those leaves together. Yet the bird had nothing to work with but his long bill and slender feet. He chooses a plant with large leaves, and then makes a kind of cradle at the end of some hanging twig, to form a proper place for the nest, which is very light and small. And where does the Tailor Bird find his thread? If you hold up a leaf to the light, you will see some fine streaks spreading over it, which are called fibres. These fibres the Tailor Bird spins into thread, and draws it through and through the leaves with his bill. Stitch after stitch he takes, till the little cradle is made. The nest is made of down and feathers, and the light gossamer which we may sometimes see floating in the air.

You would like to find such a nest as this



some morning in your walk. But the Tailor Bird is never seen in England. It lives in India, a very hot country, a long way over the sea. It is a very small and pretty bird, with bright feathers of purple, and green, and gold. The colour of the mother bird is not so gay.

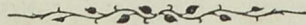
There, too, at the left hand of the bottom of the page, is the nest of the Reed Bunting, woven like a little basket, with broken rushes, and a sprig of moss placed here and there. The Reed Bunting chooses the water-side, where there are plenty of rushes, reeds, and sedges. It lives upon the seeds of these plants. It builds its nest among the tall reeds, fixing it between them, and making the stems serve like pillars for supporting the little abode. There the eggs lie close and warm above the water, and the mother bird sits safe, though the reeds bend with the wind, and the nest rocks to and fro. The Reed Bunting lives in England, and may be often seen beside a stream. Some birds leave us before winter comes, to seek a warmer country; but the little Reed Bunting stays with us all the year.

Now turn to the nest of the Weaver Bird, at the top of the page. What a strange little house it must be! It hangs from the end of a leaf, and is made of dry grass and reeds. The entrance is from below; and in the round part there is a snug little chamber. A great number of these birds will build their nests in one tree, as we see the rooks do here. The Weaver Bird lives in Africa, thousands of miles away. How odd we should think it to sit on a hot summer day under the shade of a tree, with such droll-looking birds' nests hanging over our heads!

It is pleasant to know something about these little dwellings, which are so complete, that we could not add anything, or take anything away, without doing harm. And let us not forget that God, who provides for the birds, and gives them skill to build their nests, will care much more for us. He watches over little children, and keeps them from harm both by night and by day. And he has promised, that he will never forsake any who put their trust in him.

Though even "the birds of the air have nests," yet when Jesus was upon earth, he had not where to lay his head. Why did he leave his glory in heaven, and come down to this world of sin and sorrow? Why did he suffer grief and pain, and die a bitter death upon the cross? It was to save us from our sins. And now he speaks to us in his word, and by his Holy Spirit in our hearts. He says to us, "Come unto me." Listen to his kind voice, my child, and ask him to be your Saviour and your Friend.

"A little lamb, dear Lord, behold:
Oh, make me one of Jesus' fold!
And may I from this day begin
To love thy ways, and keep from sin."



HOME BIRDS.

THE PEACOCK.

You know the name of the stately bird that stands on the top of the fence, with his long train of fine feathers glittering in the sunshine. He does not choose to confine himself to the

poultry yard, but loves to wander about over the lawn and the park, or you may sometimes catch sight of him in the shrubbery, mounted on a branch of the tallest tree. Any one may tell that he is a bird of consequence, as he marches down the smooth gravel-path, his long plumes sweeping behind. On a sudden he stops, spreads out his train, and looks proudly round, as if he would say, Did you ever behold such a beautiful creature before?

In former times, the Peacock was called the bird of Media, or Persia, because it first came from those eastern countries. King Solomon, the wisest and greatest of kings, whom we read of in the Bible, had peacocks brought over to him in ships, with other precious things, to ornament his pleasure gardens. And now, in England, we may often see one about the grounds of a country house. All must admire its splendid plumage. Its head is adorned with a crest of feathers. Its breast is of purple and green, which seem to change colour and grow brighter as it moves in the light of the sun.

But its chief beauty is its train of long feathers, which it spreads out like a fan; each feather having a rich circle, like an eye, near the end. These bright feathers fall off at certain times, and then the poor bird seems quite ashamed, and tries to hide itself from sight until they are grown again.

Peacocks roost on the branches of trees, but they make their nest on the ground, among low close bushes that may hide it. The nest is not made with much care; only a few sticks and twigs put together with leaves. The Peacock is a bad father, and will break the eggs or kill the young chicks if he can find them: but the Peahen watches over her nest like a careful and tender mother.

No one likes to hear the Peacock's voice, for it is a shrill, strange, noisy scream. So he has nothing but his beauty to recommend him. Proud, indeed, he is of that, if we may judge by the airs that he gives himself. Look at him in the picture. How he seems to despise the white hen that is going by; while

he does not even see the busy little chicken at his feet.

We laugh at the Peacock because he is so vain of his good looks : but there are many children just as proud of a new frock, or a rosy face. We cannot expect the Peacock to know better, for he is only a silly bird : but children should learn that good temper and a kind heart are worth more than all the outside beauty in the world.

Oft there may be gay attire,
 And yet little to admire.
 More that we can love we find
 In a meek and simple mind,
 When the dress is neat and plain,
 And the wearer is not vain.

If true honour you would win,
 All must be made right within ;
 Sin be conquer'd every day,
 Naughty tempers put away.
 Then the conduct will be bright,
 And the heart with joy be light.



THE COCK.

IF you have ever been into a farmyard, you have seen the Cock and his troop of Hens running

here and there, picking up every scrap of food that lay in their way. You have seen him scratching up the earth for insects, and when he has found a grub, or a fallen seed, or a grain of corn, you have heard him call the hens to take his dainty morsel. The Cock is not a selfish bird, and may be a pattern to the child who loves to keep to himself every bit of the sweet cake, or ripe, red apple.

You have also seen the Hen, with her brood of chickens, under the hencoop, perhaps, if they were very young. She is a good mother, and though timid at other times, will fly at anything which seems likely to hurt her children. Even the bold yard-dog would be afraid to go near her. She calls to them when she sees any danger at hand; and at the sound of her cluck-cluck the little creatures run quickly and nestle under her wings. Here is another lesson to be learned, even from the tiny chickens. They come when they are called, and, as well as they are able, do as they are bid. Is it so with you, young reader? Do you ever stand with a sullen face, when

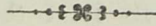
mother or nurse is calling you? And when you are told the way to be good, do you try at once to obey?

When Jesus was upon earth, he said to the sinful people who would not obey him, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" These people were hard of heart, and would not listen to the Saviour's words of love. Let us pray that our hearts may not grow careless and hard. Let us pray for grace to hear and obey that gracious Lord, who came into the world to die for us.

In the country, the first sound that we hear at early morn is the shrill crowing of the Cock. He seems to bid us awake and admire the lovely world which God has made. He wastes no time in needless sleep, for before the sun has risen in the sky, his day begins. The crowing of the Cock is spoken of in many parts of the Bible.

The little bantam fowls are very pretty and lively. They soon know the person who feeds them, and are very tame. Children in the coun-

try are often allowed to keep them as pets; and they will come and hop about the open window at breakfast-time, picking up the crumbs of bread. If you have a pet of any kind, be sure that you do not neglect it, nor leave it to starve for want of food. There was once a little girl who kept a bird in a cage. She was very fond of it at first, but after a time she grew tired of the trouble of feeding it. She forgot it for two or three days, and when at last she went to give it seed and water, the poor little thing lay dead at the bottom of the cage.



THE TURKEY.

THE Turkey is a large, handsome bird, and struts about with his tail spread out, and his head thrown back proudly, as if he were king of the poultry yard. The common fowls do not like him, and will not be in his company more than they can help, for he is a noisy fellow, not very good-tempered, and ready for a quarrel at any time. One thing will always put him in a rage, and that is

the sight of Betty the dairywoman crossing the yard on a cold day in her old red cloak, for he does not like the colour of red or scarlet. This seems but a silly reason for getting into a fury: yet many a little child, when his face is swelled with passion, and his eyes are red with crying, could give no excuse for such conduct.

Turkeys are fond of wandering about; and if they are not watched, the hens will make their nests, and lay their eggs, a long way from home. If they do this, the young ones are almost sure to die, for they are very troublesome to rear; and the Turkey-hen is not a sensible mother like the common fowl. She does indeed sit closely on her eggs, and does not like to leave the nest, even when hunger drives her to seek for food: but when the young chicks are come, she shows neither the tender care nor the courage of the common hen. She has no idea of calling them round her when danger is near, nor of teaching them to scratch the ground and pick up food. What makes the matter worse, the young ones very soon take cold and if once their soft down

is wetted in a shower of rain they are seldom known to live.

The Turkey comes from America, and great numbers of wild ones are often seen in some parts of that vast country. The wild Turkey is larger and much more handsome than those we see in England: the feathers are gayer and brighter. They are very fond of acorns; and at the season of the year when these fall from the trees, they come in such flocks to look for them, that people call it the turkey-month. In this wild state they are often caught in small numbers, but they run so very fast that no hunter can keep up with them for any distance, and therefore it is easy for them to get out of danger.

No boastful speech, nor angry word,
Was ever from the Saviour heard:
Humble he was, and meek and mild,
A pattern for the youngest child.

Lord, help me by thy grace to be
Lowly, and kind of heart, like thee:
Gentle and peaceful, meek and mild,
Thy servant, though a little child.

THE BARN OWL.

THE Owl chooses for his abode some quiet nook in an old church-tower, or takes for his house the hollow of a decayed tree. Very often he lives in the dark corner of a barn, where he pays well for his lodging by catching the mice—so that he ought to be a welcome guest to the farmer. When the Owl has young ones, it will carry to them a mouse or a small bird three or four times in an hour. It also feeds upon young rats, bats, and insects. Some owls will even take fish from the water. This was once done in some pleasure gardens where gold and silver fish were kept. The gardener missed the fish from time to time, and one night he hid himself near the pond to watch for the thief. He found that it was the Barn Owls, who came every evening to help themselves to a dainty supper.

The feathers of the Owl are soft and downy, so that it can fly through the air without the least noise, and thus take its prey by surprise. It is a

grave-looking bird, of a light colour, with staring eyes, and a circle of white feathers round them that looks like a ruff. It sees best at night, for it is dazzled by the sunshine, so that it seldom ventures out in the daytime. But its hearing is very quick; and the least rustle among the dry leaves on the ground will bring it to the spot, in the hope of finding something to eat. It may be made very tame if taken young.

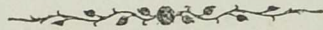
The Owl is very fond of its young ones; and when a nest has been taken away, the old birds have been known to follow it with food. One young owl was thus taken, and put under a hencoop. Every night, when all was still, the parent birds brought a bird or a small rat, and laid it beside the hencoop for their young one; and this they went on doing until he was old enough to provide for himself.

If you happen to find out the hiding-place of an Owl, and go to it very softly, the bird will appear to be asleep—

But call just when the shades come on,
At even, and you'll find it gone,

In search of some poor little mouse,
Which in the dusk has left its house,
Freed from its usual troubling fears,
To feed among the yellow ears.
The Owl sits still, and shuts his eyes,
As if asleep; then, by surprise,
Pounces upon his tiny prey,
And bears it to his young away.

Of evil we are often sure,
Just when we think ourselves secure.



WOODLAND BIRDS.

THE GOLDEN-CRESTED WREN.

THIS pretty little creature is the smallest bird that we have in England. It likes to live near fir-trees, and builds its nest under one of the thick branches. The nest is fixed in such a way that the long sprays hang over it like a bower, and keep off the rain, or the hot sunbeams, besides hiding it from sight. The walls of this little house are very thick; the moss covering is closely woven, and it is well lined inside with downy feathers, so that it is very soft and warm.

The Wren is not afraid of cold weather, and picks up a living through the long winter by looking out for insects. It is very fond of its young ones, and bold in defending its nest.

A Wren's nest was once taken away when the young ones were about a week old. The nest was put into a basket, and placed on the window-sill. The parent birds came after it, and brought food for their young ones, as they had done when the nest was snugly hidden in the fir-tree. After a time, they became still less afraid, and the mother bird would fly into the room and feed her young ones there.

It is a very pretty bird. Its colour is a kind of olive-green; and on its head it has a stripe of pale orange, with a black border on each side. It begins to sing early in the spring, but has only a few low simple notes in its song.

THE TURTLE DOVE.

I HAVE a great deal to tell you about the Turtle Dove. It is a gentle, peaceful bird, with soft,

mild eyes, and a low, cooing voice. Have you never heard its tender notes on a summer evening, when rambling near some shady wood? It loves the peaceful, silent grove, and builds its nest on the branches, or among the ivy, of aged oaks.

Turtle Doves are sometimes kept in a cage, but they are not happy there. Would you be happy, do you think, shut up in a prison from which you could never get out? The birds like air, and sunshine, and freedom, as well as we do.

The Dove is a bird of passage; that is, it goes away from this country at a certain time of the year, and comes again when the right season returns. Many other birds do the same. God teaches them when the right time is come.

The Turtle Dove comes to England in the spring, and is one of the signs that summer is near. So it was in the days of Solomon, the wise king, whom I have told you of before. For he says in one of the books that he wrote: "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the

flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the Turtle is heard in our land." It goes away to a warmer country very early in the autumn, before the leaves begin to fade.

The Dove is often spoken of in the Bible. Our Saviour tells his people to be harmless as doves. Little children should be like them, gentle and loving. Will you try, dear child? Pray that God would put his Holy Spirit within you, to make you meek and lowly in heart, for the sake of his dear Son.

There is a Scripture story about a dove. The world was once so very wicked, that God sent floods of rain, and drowned every living thing, except one good man, named Noah, with his family, and the creatures that God had told him to take into the ark. The ark was a kind of house, made so that it would float upon the water like a ship. It was very large, and Noah had taken into it two of every kind of bird and beast.

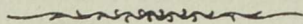
When the rain was over, and the waters seemed

to be going down, Noah opened a window of the ark, and sent out a raven and a dove, to see if the flood was going away from the earth. The raven did not come back, but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned to Noah into the ark, for the waters were over the whole earth.

Then Noah waited seven days longer, and again he sent the dove out of the ark. And the dove returned to him in the evening, and in her mouth was an olive-leaf plucked off the tree; so Noah knew that the flood was going down. He waited again seven days, and then sent the dove away for the third time. The waters were now gone away, and the dry land and the trees were there, so the dove found shelter among the woods, and did not go back again to the ark.

After this, Noah and his family went out of the ark, and gave thanks to God, who had saved them from the flood. And God showed to Noah the rainbow in the sky, and he said it should be for a sign that he would not again send floods of rain to drown the world.

You may think of all these things when you see the gentle Dove, or hear its soft cooing in the woods.



THE RING DOVE.

THE Ring Dove is a large bird, and very pretty. The feathers on its neck and breast are tinged with green and copper colour; and on each side of the neck is a large patch of glossy white. It is sometimes called the Wood Pigeon, or the Cushat.

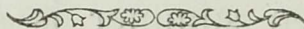
The Ring Dove does not leave us, like the Turtle Dove, when summer is going away, but stays in England all the year round. In winter, these birds gather in large flocks; and they feed on insects, acorns, and berries. They will also eat turnip-tops and young clover, or green corn.

At night, the Ring Dove goes to roost in the woods, and for this purpose always chooses the highest trees. He likes the ash-tree, with its spreading branches and light, waving leaves.

Ring Doves will sometimes build their nests in a hawthorn bush, or among the low brush-wood in some quiet copse; but more frequently they choose to hide them amongst the ivy which grows over an old tree, deep in the woods. The nest is very slightly built of a few twigs laid across.

The Ring Dove is not so shy as the Turtle Dove, and is much oftener seen. There is a pretty verse about this bird:—

Dear is my little native vale—
The Ring Dove builds and warbles there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.



THE JAY.

THIS bird is not fond of company, but wanders about alone in the thick woods. It is very handsome. Its body is a beautiful grey. It has black wings, with a white spot in the middle of each; the shoulders are bright blue, crossed with narrow bars of black. On the head is a

crest of feathers, each feather having a streak of black.

The Jay builds its nest in a lonely part of the wood, and among the lower branches of an oak, or else hidden in the creeping woodbine that grows round the hazel. The nest is woven like a basket, of matted roots, and is fixed upon a kind of platform of birch and other small twigs, very loosely put together.

It is a cunning, crafty bird, and a great thief, not only stealing cherries and peas, but getting into the nests of smaller birds, and eating up the young ones. Sometimes it will even pounce upon one of the old birds, when in want of a dinner.

The notes of the Jay are very harsh: but it can imitate other sounds, such as the bleating of a lamb or the mewling of a cat, so closely that it would deceive any one at a little distance. When kept in a cage, it may be taught to utter some words very plainly; and for this reason, as well as for its beauty, the Jay is often caught and tamed.

SONG BIRDS.

THE SKY LARK.

EARLY in the spring, when the weather is mild, with bright gleams of sunshine, we may hear the clear notes of the Sky Lark, as we walk through the lanes, or beside the springing corn-field. We look round for the little songster, but he is not perched on the hawthorn bough, nor hidden among the bushes. High over our heads, we see him like a speck on the sky, trilling forth his morning song.

The Lark builds its nest on the ground, and lines it with dried grass and roots. You might easily pass it by, for it is nearly hidden between the clods of brown earth. But often we may see the blythe little fellow darting upwards from his home in the green April corn, and hear him singing as he flies. His sweet notes bring to us thoughts of the fresh, dewy morn, and of pleasant spring-time. They should also bring happy thoughts of the great and good Creator, who has made so many things for our enjoyment in

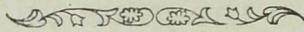
this world, and, above all, who sent his Son to die for our sins, and gives his Holy Spirit to them that ask him, to make them fit for heaven.

The Sky Lark is a most tender parent, and the hen will not forsake her young, even though she sees that danger is near. Some mowers in a hay-field once shaved off the upper part of a Lark's nest, and cut down the grass all round about her, while she sat watching them, and nestling over her young. About an hour afterwards, one of the party went to look at her again, when he found that she had made a round roof of dry grass over her nest, with a little opening on one side, to allow her to go in and out.

This bird may be tamed without much trouble, and will learn to pick up crumbs from the table, or, if you are very gentle, from your open hand. A young Lark may also be taught the notes of other birds, and therefore they are often kept in a cage. But the song of a captive bird is never so joyful; and though we may treat one ever so kindly, he must long for freedom, and "fresh fields and pastures new."

The Lark is an early riser, and you will do well to follow his example, and let your heart join with him in cheerful songs of praise.

“ Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high :
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye.”



THE GOLDFINCH.

THIS is one of our prettiest English birds, having a white bill with a black point: the face a rich scarlet, with black feathers on the head. Its breast is a pale brown, and the wings are black, with bars of bright yellow across. The Goldfinch is a favourite with all who have seen him lightly hopping from spray to spray in the orchard, copse, or grove. He is a gay little fellow, and loves to frolic in the sunshine, picking the seed from the thistle, or sipping a dew-drop from the Mayflower.

The Goldfinch is easily tamed and very sociable, and may be taught many amusing tricks, such



as standing on its head, making believe to be dead, or drawing up water by means of a tiny bucket. But such things cannot be taught without putting the little creature to much pain, and therefore it is not right, and a kind-hearted person cannot take any pleasure in the sight.

The Goldfinch loves company, and, when kept in a cage, has been seen to take its food, one grain after another, and eat it before a small looking-glass which was put near him. No doubt he mistook the bird that he saw in the glass for a friend. What an example is given by these innocent creatures to selfish and quarrelsome children! Do not be too proud to take a lesson, if you need it, from the good-tempered and sociable Goldfinch.

The nest of this bird is found in the high branches of an old apple-tree, or sometimes in a tall, bushy evergreen. It is a very neat little dwelling. Outside are fine moss, and stalks of grass, and inside are wool, hair, and down, all nicely placed together.

The song of the Goldfinch is sweet, but not

equal to that of many other birds. We admire it for its beauty, grace, and gentle ways.



THE THRUSH.

SOON after Christmas, while there is not a leaf on the trees, and before the pale snowdrop peeps out of the ground, we may hear from the copse the sweet trill of the cheerful Thrush, who is ready to welcome with his song the first sunshiny day. He stays with us all the year round, and his clear mellow notes are the earliest sign of the coming spring. No singer of the woods has a sweeter voice than he; and it is very pleasant to listen to his music at early morn, or in the still evening twilight.

The Thrush is one of the largest of our singing-birds; he has brown plumage, and a white breast with spots of brown. He is very bold, and may be seen on a summer day hopping under the fruit-trees, holding his head on one side with a saucy air, or carrying off a ripe cherry in his beak.

If there is a strawberry-bed in your garden, he will be sure to find it out: but as he is also very fond of snails and other insects which do much mischief, we must not be too severe with him, nor grudge him his share of our dainties.

It will build its nest and bring up its young in a tree or a low bush quite close to the house, or beside the garden pathway: but when this is the case, it too often happens that puss finds out the happy little family, and eats them up without mercy.

The Thrush is fond of bathing, and at sunrise, or after sunset, goes to shallow brooks, and flutters about in the water. But he is careful to keep out of danger; and seldom ventures into the brook until he has seen Robin Red-breast, or some other bird, take his bath in safety.

In some parts of the country the Thrush is known by the pretty name of Mavis; also it is called the Throstle.

THE REDWING.

THE Redwing is a kind of thrush, and very much like it in its habits: but it is a smaller bird, and only comes to us in the autumn, after spending the summer in Norway or Sweden, which are colder countries than ours, up in the north. It stays with us all the winter, and for the first month or two of spring: but, before the warm weather comes, takes flight, to build its nest and rear its young ones far away.

This bird has a sweet song, and is called the nightingale of Norway. It chooses for its perch the topmost branch of a tree, and then begins its pleasing strain. In the fine days of winter, it may be heard running over its notes in a low, soft tone. Let it give us a hint.

It is right, when I've read what is pleasant and good,
Not, as some do, forthwith to refrain;
But, that it may be quite well understood,
To go through it and through it again.
As water rolls off from the marble or glass,
Once read, it may soon pass away:
But, again and again, let it through the mind pass,
And then it is likely to stay.

FIELD BIRDS.

THE LAPWING.

“PEE-WIT—pee-wit,” is the cry of the Lapwing as it skims over the common, flapping its wings, and calling its young ones to run after it in search of food. Unlike most other birds, it lays its eggs on the bare ground. The little Lapwings have no snug nest of their own, and as the parents do not feed them, they have to pick up their living at a very early age. I do not mean that the Lapwing is an unkind or careless mother. So far from that, she has many clever ways of drawing persons from her nest, if they come too near; and she has even been known to attack a dog in its defence. It is not her nature to build a nest, or to bring insects to her young; and as they are able to use their legs as soon as they are hatched, she does her duty in another way, by leading them to look for food.

In autumn, these birds gather in large flocks, and are found in fens and marshy places. The Lapwing is such an enemy to earthworms, that some people keep one in a garden to destroy them. When this is done, the Lapwing must be fed in winter with bread or meat, because at this season the worms keep close in the ground.

There was once a Lapwing that lived in a garden, and when winter came on, hunger and cold drove it near to the house, though it had been always shy and timid before. A kind servant heard its pitiful cry, "Pee-wit—pee-wit," and opened the kitchen door to let it come in. It did not venture far at that time, but in a day or two, by little and little, it took courage, and though a dog and cat were there, it made friends by degrees with them both. The dog and cat behaved very civilly, so that the Lapwing went up every night into the chimney-corner, and settled itself snugly beside them on the warm rug. It went away in the spring, but came back to the chimney-corner when winter

returned; and instead of being afraid of the dog and cat, it now gave itself airs, and would have the best place.

I am sorry to add, that this little pet came to a very sad end. It died in the home it had chosen, being choked by something which it had picked up from the floor.

THE PARTRIDGE.

THE Partridge is a well-known bird, a little larger than a pigeon. It has a small and pretty head, and a very strong beak. Its colours are brown, fawn, and grey, and each feather has down the middle a stripe of buff. The Partridge likes corn-fields and well-planted grounds; and makes its nest on the earth, among the high grass or corn. It just scratches a hole in the soil, then lays a few twigs across, and that is all the nest that is needed. The young ones begin to run about as soon as they are hatched, and are taken by their parents to the ant-hills,

which are never far off, to look for food. There is nothing that they like so well at first as the grubs of those insects.

These birds are very kind parents. They often sit close together, covering their young with their wings; and if anyone happens to disturb them, a great stir and outcry is made. The male Partridge, like a good, brave father, throws himself in the way of danger, flutters along the ground, hangs his wing as if hurt, and thus keeps the stranger's attention to himself, while the hen quietly steals off with her brood to a safer place.

The Partridge is known all over the world—in warm countries, and in the cold kingdoms of the north. If we were to go to these distant parts of the earth, we should wear thin, light clothing in the hot east, and thick, warm furs in the north, to keep us from dying of cold. How, then, can the Partridge live amid ice and snow? God has provided for its wants. His goodness reaches even to this helpless bird. In warm countries it wears its usual plumage; but

in Sweden or Greenland, it is thickly clothed beneath with a warm down, and its feathers are white, like the snow in which it seeks for food.



THE MAGPIE.

THIS is a cunning bird, that does not bear a very good character. He is a fine, handsome fellow, with his long tail, and glossy plumage of black and white; and in spite of his sly ways and bad habits, he has many friends. If he does wrong, we can make an excuse for him, because a bird cannot be taught what is right, like a child who has a mind and reason.

The Magpie seldom goes far from the dwelling of man, and is common in every park or coppice where he can find shelter and a place to build his nest. He likes a clump of trees near to a farm-house or cottage; or the tall hedge is often chosen for his nesting-place. He makes a great uproar if anyone comes near his retreat: but he is himself a noted thief, eating the eggs or

the young of pheasants, partridges, and small birds of every kind. Even the little chickens and ducklings of the farm-yard are not safe from him.

Tame Magpies are very amusing, and many odd stories are told about them. There was one at a village in France, which used to go with the maid-servant every day when she took a brood of ducks into the fields for their food. Day after day, Mag used to place herself in waiting at the door of the place where the ducks were kept. One morning, just as she had let them out, the servant was called away—when Mag took her place, driving them off to the fields, and pushing with her beak those who wanted to lag behind. As she had shown herself so clever, she was from this time left to take out the ducks under her command, and to bring them back at night.

The number of her scholars grew less, as they were killed for the master's table: but Mag did her duty till the last, and when only one was left, she took it to and from the field with the

same care which she had shown to the others. Before long, it came to this duck's turn also to be killed; but when it was caught for this purpose by the servant, the Magpie flew at her in a rage, and tore her face with her talons and beak, then flew away, and was never seen in the village again.

THE RAVEN.

THE Raven is a greater rogue even than the magpie, and when tamed, as he often is, has been known to carry away silver spoons and other things of value, and hide them in some cunning place. He is a large, handsome bird, with a coat of glossy black. His voice is a loud, harsh croak.

The Raven is to be met with in all parts of the world. It feeds on the dead body of any bird or beast that it can find in the wood or on the cold mountain-side; and always begins its feast by pecking out the eyes. The wise king Solomon, who knew this custom of the

Ravens, gives a solemn warning to children who do not obey their parents, and who often come to an untimely end. He says, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out."

You remember the story of Noah in the ark, sending out the Raven and the Dove. The gentle Dove came back, because she could not find a resting-place: but the Raven could stay among the slime and mud which the waters had left upon the tops of the mountains, and feed upon the dead bodies which were floating about.

There was once a good man, named Elijah, who was obliged to hide himself in a lonely place, for fear of a wicked king who wanted to kill him. The good man had no food to eat in that wild and lonely place: but God sent meat to him by the Ravens, who brought it every morning and every night. For God can make what use he pleases of the creatures that he has formed by his power.

There are many droll stories about the Raven

also, as well as about the magpie, which you may read in larger books. He is easily tamed; and some persons like to have one hopping about the yard.



WATER BIRDS.

THE DUCK.

THE common wild Duck may be often seen in quiet places, swimming over the still, deep pond. Its nest is made of dried rushes, grass, and coarse stalks, and is almost always hidden on the ground, under low brushwood, never very far from the water.

If anyone goes near her nest, the wild Duck, like the Lapwing and the Partridge, has many tricks to draw the stranger away. She will flutter along as if lamed, and you would think that in a minute you would be certain to lay hold of her; but as soon as she has led you far enough from her nest, away she goes,

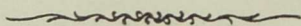
and you may catch her then if you can. When she leaves her nest in search of food, she covers the eggs with warm down which she has pulled from her own breast, and then spreads dry grass over all, to hide it from sight.

The tame Duck, which we see in our farmyards, is larger than the wild bird, but slower and more awkward in her ways. The drake goes proudly at the head of his family: but he is neither so bold nor so polite as the cock, and never tries to defend the ducks from any danger, nor calls to them when he finds a dainty bit.

I dare say you like to watch the young ducklings running after their mother; little, yellow, downy things, with their long, flat bills, and broad feet. It is those broad, webbed feet that help them to swim about in the water, which the little chickens cannot do.

Sometimes a troop of ducklings are brought up by a hen. She makes a very good mother to them: but is in sad trouble and fright when she sees her young ones dash into the water,

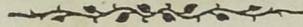
without heeding her cries of warning and alarm.



THE GULL.

IF you have ever been at the sea-side, you have seen this bird skimming over the waves, and now and then dipping into the water for its food, or, when the sea was very smooth, looking for it upon the beach. It builds its nest of sea-weed, on the ledges of rocks close to the shore; and in one little island, hundreds have been seen at once, sitting upon their eggs. They make a great noise and uproar if anything disturbs them. Their bodies are light, and they have long wings, so that they can fly very fast. When the sea is rough, it is the best time for them, because the high beating waves bring up their food, and it is then that they are most active and joyful. They have a dismal, wailing cry, which may be often heard with the dash of the waves, and the hustling of pebbles on

the shingly beach. The Sea-Mew is another name for the Gull.



THE PELICAN.

THIS bird is only found in warm countries, and is about the size of a swan, and much like it in shape and colour. Its large black feet are webbed, like those of all water-birds: and it has a very long, broad bill, turned into a hook at the end, and tipped with scarlet. This bill is very curious. Under it is a loose skin pouch, or bag, which, when empty, is drawn up and can scarcely be seen; but when it is let down, it is of great size.

I will tell you the use which the Pelican makes of this bag. It is a bird that lives upon fish; and it flies over the waves, turning its head, with one eye downwards, till it sees its prey rise to the top of the water. It then darts down very quickly, and seldom indeed can the poor fish get out of its way. But instead of



eating it at once, the Pelican drops it into its pouch, and again looks out for another. It goes on fishing in this way until its pouch is filled, then slowly flies off with its load. Sometimes it empties out the fish on a lonely rock, and enjoys its feast by itself. At other times it goes to its nest in the wilderness, and deals out its store to its young. In order to get out the fish, it presses the bill against its breast.

The Pelican is a bird that may be tamed. One was brought to a king's palace, and lived there forty years. It was very sociable, and liked the sounds of singing and music. It would stand by the men that blew the trumpet, stretching out its head, and turning its ear to the sound.



THE CORMORANT.

THE Cormorant is about the size of a large duck, and though fierce-looking, is a handsome bird. Its head and neck are of a deep black; its body dark green. Its feathers are very glossy, and it is

fond of dressing them, as you may see a duck do, when it comes out of the water.

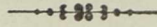
The food which it likes best is fish, and it is a capital diver, keeping its head under water, and not, like the gull and the pelican, only skimming over the waves. From this cause, its wings often become so wet that it cannot fly. Cormorants may be seen, sometimes twenty together, upon the rocks by the sea-coast, spreading out their wings, and drying themselves in the wind.

They build their nests of sticks and sea-weed, well matted together, on the very top of a crag, hanging over the sea. A number of their nests may be often found in one place.

The skin of the Cormorant is very tough, and in Greenland, a cold country, which you may find upon the map, the people make clothing of these skins, when they are sewn together and cut into shape.

It is a bird which may be very soon tamed. A gentleman once kept one as a pet, which would walk into his study, and take its place at the fire-side with the most friendly air, dressing its feathers

and making itself quite at home. This bird agreed well with swans, ducks, and geese that were about the place; but the sight of fish always caused it to forget its tame habits, and to become again for a short time wild and fierce.



WADING BIRDS.

THE HERON.

THE Heron lives in lonely places, where there are trees for shelter, and ponds or marshes to which he may go for food. The Heron lives upon fish. In the day-time he roosts on some bough in the thickest part of the wood; but when the sun is gone down, and the moon rises in the sky, he wades with his long legs deep into the water, and stands there without noise or movement, watching for his prey. When some small fish passes by, or a frog hops in the way, he pounces upon it with his claw so quickly that nothing can escape.

The wisdom of God, the Maker of all things, is shown in the form of the Heron, which is so

well fitted for its way of life. It has long legs to wade into the water, a long neck to reach out to its prey, and a wide throat to swallow it. Its toes are long, with strong, hooked talons, and one of the claws of each foot is notched like a saw, the better to lay hold of the fish.

The Herons make nests on the tops of very tall trees. They build together in one spot, like the rooks, and the place thus chosen by them is called a Heronry. These birds are very attentive to their young until they are able to seek their own food; but when they are strong enough for this, the parents drive them out of the nest.

If taken young, the Heron may be tamed; but an old bird will pine away, refuse its food, and rather die of want than submit to live without its freedom.



THE CRANE.

IN former years these tall, odd-looking birds were common among the marshes and fens of England; but now that most of these places have been dug

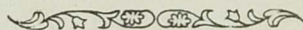
over and planted, it is very seldom seen. They are found in warm countries, where they feed on insects, snakes, and other things which would be hurtful to man. God has made nothing in vain, for every creature has its proper place and use. He has also given to every creature a kind of wisdom, that we call instinct, which teaches it what to do. It is this instinct which causes the birds to build their nests, and to seek the right kind of food for their young.

Cranes build their nests among reeds in marshy places. They live together in flocks; and when at rest, or feeding, they set one of their number to keep watch, and he lets them know if any danger is near. We may suppose that the watch-bird takes his turn afterwards for his dinner or his nap.

The Crane is a bird of passage. When the time comes for them to go to a warmer country, they like best to travel by night. They mount very high in the air, so as to be nearly out of sight, but they have a loud cry, which may be heard at a great distance. Some birds act as

leaders to the flock, and by their screams urge the rest to follow. Each bird answers to the cry, as if to give notice that it is safe and in its place, just as children are sometimes taught to do in school.

A young Crane was once brought up quite tame. It used always to come into the house at dinner-time, and of its own accord took its place behind its master's chair. The servants had to watch it closely, and beat it off with sticks, to prevent it from taking the food from the table: but, with all their care, it would often help itself to a nice dish. At one time it snapped up a boiled fowl, and swallowed it whole in a moment. I do not think you would like such a pet as this.



THE FLAMINGO.

THIS is another bird that lives upon fishes and water insects. A strange-looking bird it is in shape, for its body is not so large as that of a

goose, while its long, long neck, and tall thin legs make it more than four feet high. Ask some one to show you how far from the ground four feet would be, and then you can judge of the height of the Flamingo.

The Flamingo is a wading bird, and, like the heron and the crane, goes into the water to seek for its food. But there is a difference between those birds and the Flamingo, besides the difference in their shape. Look again at the picture, until you have found out the difference that I mean.

You see that the feet of the Flamingo are webbed, like those of a duck: but the feet of the heron and the crane are not webbed; so that the Flamingo is able to swim in the water, which they cannot do. He is not afraid of being drowned by getting out of his depth.

Flamingoes live in the very hottest parts of the world. For many months of the year they flock together; and as their plumage is very rich and gay, a fine deep scarlet on the back, with wings of bright crimson and black, it is a splendid sight

when a number of them are moving in the sunshine. They have not this bright and beautiful plumage until they are three years old.

BIRDS OF PREY.

THE OSPREY.

THE Osprey is a bird of passage, sometimes seen in this country, but very common in America, where there are great rivers and lakes, in which it finds its food. Its colour is dark-brown on the back and wings, with feathers of bluish-white in front. It looks very fierce, with its large talons and strong beak; but it is not so cruel as other birds of its tribe.

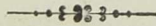
The Osprey feeds upon fish, which it seizes with its claws. It flies round and round over the water, and when it sees a fish come near to the top, down it darts upon it, and soon may be seen carrying it away to its nest. But there is a strong, fierce bird, called the White-headed



Eagle, which often meets the Osprey on his way home, and takes his prey from him by force.

The Osprey builds its nest in a large tree, not far from the water. It is a great size, and is made of large sticks laid across, with sea-weed, grass, and other things which may be picked up near. The parent birds are very fond of their young, and of each other, and will defend their nest with great fury.

The Fish-hawk is another name for the Osprey. It is so called from the manner in which it darts upon its prey.



THE KITE.

THE Glede, or Glide, is the old name of this bird, given to it on account of its gliding motion when flying through the air. It is a well-known English bird, though not so common now as it was in former years.

The Kite is fond of open downs, or hills, near to a wood, where it can find a hiding-place, for

it has many enemies, because of the mischief that it will do in the farm-yard. Young poultry, rabbits, and pigeons are its favourite food, and great is the uproar when the watchful hen sees one hovering in the air. The mother birds call loudly to their brood; the chickens hasten to take shelter under their parents' wings; and the farmer runs for his gun. But the Kite is often too quick for him, and before he comes back is halfway to its nest with a plump little duckling in its beak.

Early in the spring, the Kite builds its nest in some large tree in the thickest part of the wood. It is made of sticks, and lined with feathers and wool. Though it is not a bold bird, the Kite will fight in defence of its young. A boy who climbed up to a nest, had a hole pecked through his hat, and was much hurt by the old birds, so that he was glad to make haste down the tree. We need not be sorry that a cruel boy should be put to some pain in such an attempt.

THE FALCON.

THE Falcon builds its nest in wild places, on the top of a craggy rock, or on tall cliffs near the seacoast. It flies very high, and darts down upon its prey while it is on the wing. It is the great enemy of the heron, though it is a much smaller bird. With its sharp beak it pierces its head, and after a struggle, brings it down to the ground.

Many long years ago, Falcons used to be kept at a great expense by kings and princes, and men were paid large sums of money for training them to do as they were bid. In those days, lords and ladies used to go out on a sunshiny morning to see the Falcon bring down the heron. It is a very handsome bird, with a quick, keen eye, that sees its prey in a moment. All the smaller birds are afraid of it; and you will not wonder at this if you look at its beak and sharp claws.

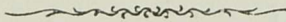
THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

THE Eagle is called the king of birds, because of his great size and strength. He is a noble bird, building his nest on the steep rocks, where few are bold enough to climb; and soaring high up in the sky, in the full blaze of the noonday sun, not dazzled by its brightest rays.

The nest, or eyrie, as it is called, of the Golden Eagles, is not only a cradle for their young, but their own home year after year, as it is not usual with them to forsake it. To this nest it brings its prey, if it is not too large and heavy; and here it drinks its blood and feasts upon its flesh. It seizes the larger kinds of poultry and other birds: it will also pounce upon young lambs, kids, and hares; and even the fawns and calves are not safe from it, though they are too heavy to be carried away. The Eagle is seldom, if ever, seen in England, but may be found in the mountains of Scotland and Wales.

The Eagle is often spoken of in the Bible, which you know is God's holy word. This bird

takes great care of its young, in defending and feeding them, and is said to help them with its wings when first they try to fly. And God in his word says, that he will take great care of his people, and lead them through every danger. Who, then, would not wish to be one of God's own people? But if you would belong to him, you must turn from every sin, and love to keep his commands. You cannot do this of yourself, for you have a sinful, naughty heart, which loves to do wrong. Jesus has died upon the cross for the pardon of your sins, and if you pray to him, he will change this naughty heart, and give you his Holy Spirit to put good desires into your mind. Pray to Jesus, then, little child, and he will hear you, and keep you safe while you live, and take your soul to heaven when your body is laid in the grave.



FOREIGN BIRDS.

THE HOOPOE.

THIS pretty bird is about the size of a Thrush, and its plumage is very finely marked. Its great beauty is in the crest upon its head. This crest is of orange feathers, tipped with black, and the Hoopoe can raise it or let it fall down as it pleases. When it is startled and afraid, it lifts up its crest, and spreads out its tail like a fan, in the same manner as the Turkey-cock. It holds itself very upright when it walks, and struts like the fowls in a farm-yard.

The Hoopoe feeds on tadpoles, beetles, and other insects, which are found in moist places. It builds its nest in holes of trees or of rocks, and among old ruins. It likes to perch among osiers and low bushes in marshy places.

Though the Hoopoe is not an English bird,

it has been sometimes seen in this country. One year, a gentleman had a pair in his garden that used to march about in a stately manner, feeding in the walks many times in the day. He was in hopes that they would have built a nest in one of the old trees, but the idle boys of the village found out these strange birds, and would let them have no rest; so the Hoopoes, not liking such treatment, flew away one fine summer morning, and made choice of some other place.



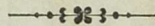
THE ROSE-CRESTED COCKATOO.

THE Cockatoo comes from the east, and you may often see one kept in this country as a pet. The Cockatoo is not kept in a cage, but has a stand, with a perch at the top, and the bird is fastened to the stand by a light chain round its leg. In summer time it is kind to take it out upon the lawn, that the poor bird may enjoy the sunshine. It has a loud, harsh

voice, like a scream; and often calls out its own name—"Cockatoo!"

This bird, like the Hoopoe, has a crest upon its head, which it can raise or lower when it pleases. Its tail is very short and square. The colour of the bird is pure white. The Rose-crested Cockatoo has a tinge of yellow on the wings and tail, and its crest is of long feathers, of a deep, orange red.

The Cockatoo, when tame, is fond of being noticed, and when talked to, or petted, will raise its crest, and twist itself about its perch, screaming with pleasure. Since it is so grateful for a little kindness, how cruel it would be to tease or neglect a poor, helpless creature, that is kept for our amusement.



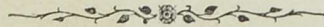
THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

LITTLE is known of the habits of this splendid bird, as it has never been brought alive to England; and even in Asia, which is its own



country, it soon dies if kept in confinement. It is found in wooded mountains, and likes to be alone. Its voice is said to be gentle and sad.

The Argus Pheasant is almost as large as a Turkey, and its colour is a rich brown, dotted with small spots of white. Its tail is very beautiful, and the middle feathers are often more than four feet long. You have been told how far four feet will measure. Each of these feathers has a row of large spots, like eyes, down one side, and on the other side are a number of smaller spots of brown. It has a fine shape and beautiful head, with short, black feathers on the top, like a little crown.



THE SECRETARY BIRD.

THIS bird is found in deserts and sandy places, in very hot countries, and its long, thin legs are well fitted for making its way through the tangled

brushwood which grows in places wild. It feeds on snakes and other reptiles, which are found in great numbers under a burning sun. For this reason it is much liked and well treated by the people in hot countries. Some of these people call it by a name which means the Serpenteater. It strikes its prey with its wing, takes it in its claws, and dashes it on the ground, or kicks it forward with its long leg, and at last kills it by crushing the skull with its sharp bill.

The Secretary Bird is so called because it has a tuft of long feathers at the back of the head, looking something like pens stuck behind the ear. These feathers can be raised to form a beautiful crest. It is not a shy or timid bird, and when met with, just hops away on its long legs. It can run very fast when afraid of anything, but does not often take to its wings.

This bird is easily tamed, and if well fed, will live on friendly terms with the poultry. It is even said, that if it sees any of them quarrel or fight, it will run to part them, and restore

order. How often do children act in another way, and when any of their playfellows differ, make matters worse by repeating each unkind word that may have been said! Such children should learn the words of Christ, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God," Matt. v. 9.



THE LYRE BIRD.

EVERY one must admire this graceful bird, with its tall, spreading tail, which is in shape very much like an instrument of music called a lyre. It is found in New Holland, a country very far away. Do you know that the world is round, like a ball or an orange? New Holland, where the Lyre Bird is found, is on the other side of the world.

This bird has a fine voice, and early in the morning it begins to sing. It goes up to some rocky height, scratches up the ground with its

long claws, spreads out its tail, and tries to imitate the notes of any other bird that is within hearing. After singing for about two hours, it goes down again to the valleys, or lower grounds.

It will sometimes perch on trees, but is more often seen on the ground, and is like our own poultry in many of its habits.



THE OSTRICH.

THE Ostrich is often called the "Camel Bird," because, like the Camel, it lives in the hot, sandy desert, and can go a long time without water. It is the tallest of birds, and often measures eight feet in height. The feathers of the wings and tail are large and white, and of great value in every part of the world. On this account the Ostrich is often hunted and killed by the Arabs, who wander about the great desert in which they are found.

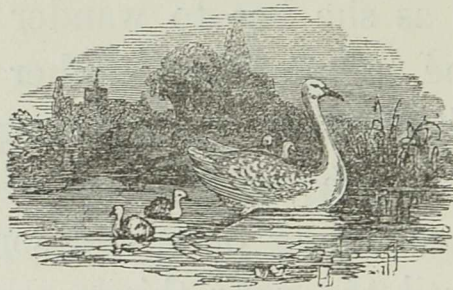
This bird can run so fast, that though the horses of the Arabs are the swiftest in the world,

they cannot overtake it. It spreads out its great wings, flaps them in the wind, and away it goes at full speed; but, instead of going straight on, it runs round and round in a circle, by which means it tires itself, and is caught, after a chase of eight or ten hours. Though a very strong bird, it is mild and timid, and when it finds there is no hope of escape, will often quietly submit to death.

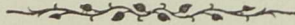
The nest of the Ostrich is simply a hole in the sand, and as she has to wander far in search of food, if she meets with another nest in her way, she will sit upon it, and forget her own. On the least noise or fright, she will forsake her eggs, or her young ones, and sometimes does not return until the poor things are dead. The Arabs often meet with a few of the little ones roaming about, and moaning like orphans for their mother. Many of the habits of this bird show that it is very dull and stupid. Sometimes, when it is running away from an enemy, it will hide its head in the sand, as if by this means it put its whole body out of sight. It

will also eat anything that comes in its way—pieces of wood, stone, glass, or iron.

The Ostrich has been sometimes brought to England, and in this country is very tame and quiet.



TO THE YOUNG READER.



YOUNG reader, you have been told much of the power and goodness of God, as shown in some of the creatures that he has made. Remember that the same God made you, and that he has given to you a soul, which the birds have not—a soul which will live for ever, either with God and happy angels, or in endless pain and woe. It is only those who love the Saviour here, and try to serve him, that will go to heaven when they die. There is no sin in heaven. Children who love to quarrel, who do not speak the truth, who disobey their parents, and use bad words—such children cannot enter there. Pray, then, that God, who of his great love has sent his Son to be the

Saviour of the world, would pardon your sins, for his sake, and take the evil from your heart, and make you fit for his heavenly kingdom above. And now may you be useful and holy in this world, and happy for ever and ever.

How good and how kind is the Father of all
To the humblest of creatures that lives;
Without him a sparrow's not suffer'd to fall—
His hand every benefit gives.

On me may he smile, may he make me his own,
And then no good thing he'll withhold:
For to none such rich blessings can ever be known
As the sheep and the lambs of his fold.



