

**A YEAR OF COUNTRY  
LIFE; OR, THE  
CHRONICLE OF THE  
YOUNG NATURALISTS**

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A Year of Country Life; Or, the Chronicle of the Young Naturalists by Various

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**VARIOUS**

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A  
YEAR OF COUNTRY LIFE;  
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OF  
THE YOUNG NATURALISTS.

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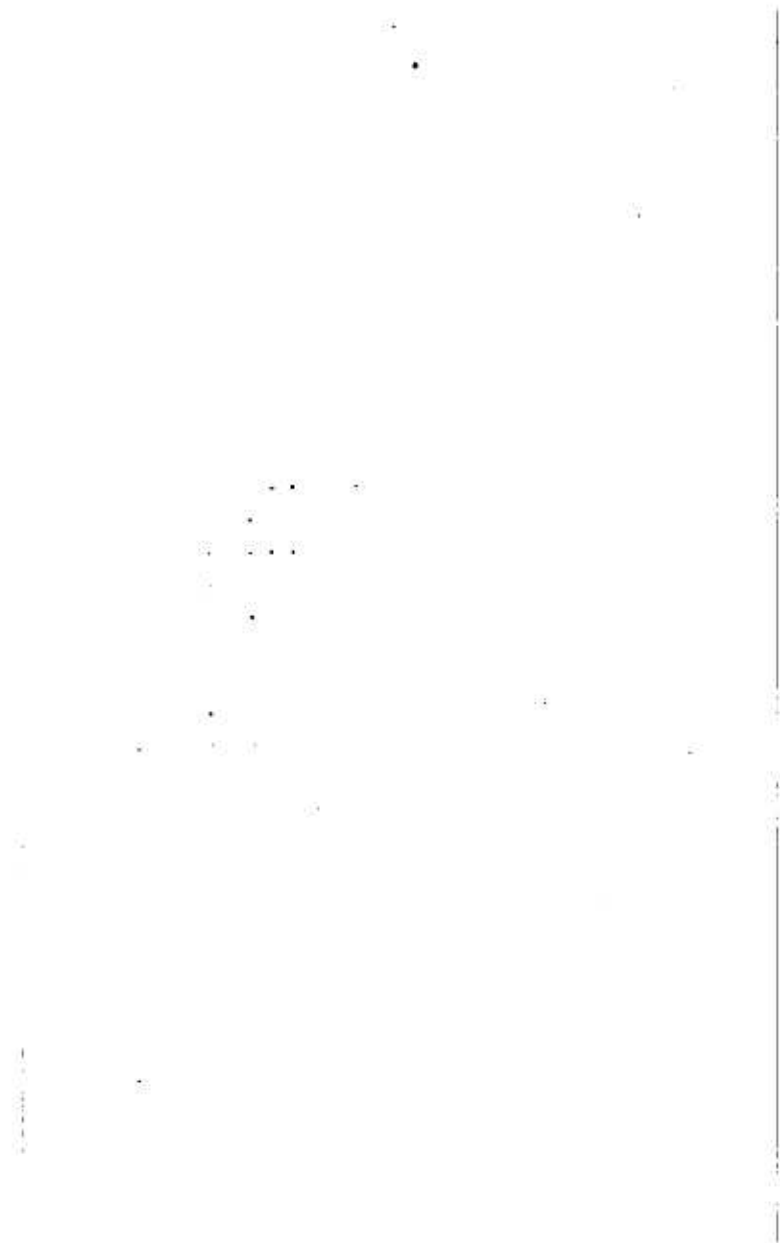
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## A YEAR OF COUNTRY LIFE.

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### JANUARY.

“WELL, now that tiresome long-division sum is done at last, we are all ready, Mamma,” said George Leslie, as his bright face appeared at the open door of Mrs. Leslie’s room.

“Hurrah! now for a walk,” exclaimed Harry, whose lessons, earlier finished, had given him time to braid a new lash for his whip, while he waited for his brother. Their sister Emily had just finished her morning’s task, and she, too, prepared with pleasure for the noon-day walk. It was one of those fine days which sometimes occur in the month of January. The weather was clear, and the air milder than it usually is later in the season.

The children brought out their hoops, and Harry observed, “What a nice thing it is to have hoops to run after, when there is nothing worth looking for in the fields and hedges!”

“Do not speak too positively on that point, my boy,” said Mrs. Leslie, “I am by no means sure that we may not discover some treasure before we reach home. Now, stop! hush! just watch that little wren,—see how rapidly she moves in search of the insects on which she feeds.”

“Oh, the little fairy!” exclaimed Emily, “Is she not beautiful!” Each had some whispered observation to make as they watched the bird with eager eyes.

“I wish she would sing!” “If we could but



WREN.

hold her in our hand for a minute!” A forward movement of one of the party, as if intent on

realizing the wish, alarmed the little creature, and away she flitted.

"Ah! she is gone," said Mrs. Leslie, "what a pity! and now on, boys."

"But, Mamma, how I wish I could have a wren in a cage," said Harry.

"I do not think it would live in a cage," said his mamma, "you could not give it a full supply of insect food, and though something might be found to supply its place, I should not wish you to try the experiment. Besides, you know how much papa dislikes caging birds, whose habits we can watch so pleasantly without robbing them of freedom. The song of the wren is sweet and powerful; you will soon learn to distinguish it. A few years ago, when I was a great invalid, I found it difficult to rest before morning. It happened that a wren had fixed on a clump of evergreen shrubs under my chamber window for her home. Very early in the morning, long before other birds were abroad, it seemed to me, the little wren would mount on the shrubs, and begin her sweet and powerful song. It was so powerful as to awaken me at once. Then she was silent for awhile, and I dropt asleep. But soon my little bird began to sing again with all her might, and to sleep was impossible. It is said, that no other native bird has such a volume of song, in proportion to its size, as the common wren. Many a time have I wished that my tiny neighbour were a less early riser, or