

SUNBEAM

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IN MISCHIEF.

These playful kittens are having a fine time. I am afraid they may do some damage to the lace curtains so finely shown. How sedate the old cat is, and how bright their eyes are. I guess she is like other mothers—she likes to see the youngsters have a good frolic.

One afternoon, the week of the fire, a cloud of fluttering wings moved wearily up the street. Presently these homeless ones caught sight of their happy cousins in the beautiful glass house. It gave them fresh courage. Some even tapped for admittance. It was a pitiful plea for rest and food from these their kinsfolk.

them, and nearly all canaries. They had joined each other by the way, in this pathetic search for protecting love and care.

When these tender wayfarers had rested and eaten supper, the home birds—and there were nearly fifty of them—fluttered briskly in, with hearty greetings. It was



IN MISCHIEF.

PILGRIMS OF THE AIR.

At the time of the great fire in Chicago, some years ago, a very pretty incident happened. A family living near the lake shore had a large number of pet birds. They had added to their parlour a long, narrow room, with glass windows reaching from ceiling to floor, for the pleasure of these feathered friends. People often stopped to see the pretty creatures fluttering about, to hear their songs, or to watch them as they bathed. At daybreak the house was full of music. It was like a concert in the wildwood.

The ladies of the house, without delay, shut off the home birds into what might be called their back parlour. But through the glass door they could see all that went on. With eager eyes they noted every movement. Then, opening a window, they stepped aside, that the tired travellers might feel free to enter. Ready to drop from fatigue and hunger, they went in. Some would have fallen but for hands held out in welcome.

They could not at once eat or bathe. They lay panting, grateful for rest and safety. There were perhaps twenty of

charming to see what cheerful, nay, even tender welcome they gave.

Fortunately there was a goodly store of bird seed, and shelter was given to these plummy guests until other homes were found.

This is a true story, for the somebody who writes it saw it all.

Find out what God would have you do,
And do that little well;
For what is great and what is small
'Tis only he can tell. —Selected.