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A DONKEY-BOY'S STORY.

Hafid had already had an unusually eventful history for an Egyptian boy, and now he was many hundred miles from the sunny land of his birth.

Few Egyptian boys ever travel as far from their homes as Hafid had, but then he was an unusually bright boy, and by his obliging and quick-witted ways had won for himself his advantages.

Hafid was once our donkey-boy in Egypt, and we always think of him as we first remembered him—his dark, intelligent face and bright smile peering from under his gay turban.

A few words of English he had already picked up from the travellers who had patronized him, and we soon found that he was always eager to learn more. Had he been lazy or indifferent, like many donkey-boys, he would not have found the same good friends who would help him to study. As it was, our party brought Hafid with them on their return to our own country, and he is now in a Christian school, making his way to be a famous man.

A CAT OF PRINCIPLE.

This cat story, given by an exchange, goes directly against the common belief that a cat *will* kill birds, and it is of no use to try and prevent her. It is not an uncommon thing for puss to show signs of a guilty conscience when she has just finished eating a nice bird, but this cat had a conscience beforehand.



AN EGYPTIAN DONKEY-BOY.

In the mountain districts of Pennsylvania two wrens had built their nest under the eaves of an old farm-house, and there they reared a small and interesting family. Among the members of the farmer's household was a white cat, and when the wrens became so tame that they used to hop around the piazza in search of crumbs, the cat would lie in wait for them, and several times came within a bit of catching the adult birds. When the farmer noticed this he punished the cat, and she finally learned that it was danger-

ous to fool with the wrens, and let them alone.

When the baby wrens grew larger, one of them fell out of the nest one day, and being too weak to run and unable to fly, lay helpless on the grass. The cat saw the accident, and ran rapidly to seize the bird: but seeming to remember the lesson taught her, when she reached the helpless little thing she only touched it daintily with her paw, and then lay down and watched it. Presently there came a black and yellow garden snake toward the fluttering birdling. The cat was dozing and was awakened by the fluttering of the bird. Instantly she rose and struck at the reptile with her paw. This was an enemy the snake had not expected, but it was hungry, and darting forward, attempted to seize the bird under the very shelter of the cat's head. Like a flash the cat seized the snake just at the

back of the head, and killed it with one bite.

When the farmer happened along in the afternoon he found the cat crouching in the grass sheltering the bird, and ten feet