

alas! Bebette could not mend her wing; she had sighed so much that she no longer could help it, and every time she sighed she broke the thin cobweb thread with which she was mending her torn wing.

One day, just before sunrise, she noticed an unusual stir among the birds, and as one of them just then came to get a drink at the fall, she asked him what it was about. "We are going to give a concert in honour of the unearthly beauty of the boy."

"What boy?" asked Bebette.

"Ah! that is just the question—'What boy?'" answered the bird, as he flew away.

All that morning the birds were busy practising their different parts, and, as it made them feel thirsty, they kept coming to the fall for drinks. Bebette asked each in turn whom it was the concert was given for, but none of them could tell her. They all answered that it was for the Boy, but who the "Boy" was, none knew, except that it was for the Boy whom everybody was talking about.

"I am sure I did not hear anything about him," sighed Bebette.

"That is because you hear nothing but your own sighs," said one of the birds, rather crossly. He was feeling cross, for some of the birds had said he ought not to sing at the concert as his voice was cracked.

Just as the sun dipped low in the horizon, a burst of melody rang over the meadows. "The concert has commenced," said Bebette, and as she listened she heard the birds sing this refrain:

"Come ye hither, who would know  
An antidote for care and woe;  
When this Beauteous Boy you see,  
And unfold the mystery  
Of his coming, you shall joy  
And bid farewell to all annoy."