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SELFISH AND LEND-A-HAND.

By Mary F. Butts.

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying up and down
the land;
On Lend-a-Hand the sunshine
smiled,
The wild-flowers bloomed for
the happy child,
Birds greeted her from every
tree;
But Selfish said, "No one
loves me."

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-
a-Hand
Went journeying home across
the land;
Miss Selfish met with trouble
and loss—
The weather was bad, the
folks were cross;
Lend-a-Hand said, when the
journey was o'er,
"I never had such a good
time before."

A BRAVE MOUSE.

The other day, on my
travels, I met a field mouse
that interested me. He was on
his travels also, and we met
in the middle of a mountain
lake. I was casting my fly
there, when I saw a delicate
V-shaped figure, the point of
which reached above the mid-
dle of the lake, while the two
sides as they diverged faded
out toward the shore.

I drew near in my boat and
beheld a little mouse swim-
ming vigorously for the other
side. His little legs appeared
like swiftly revolving wheels
beneath him. As I came near,
he dived under the water to
escape me, but came up again
like a cork, and just as quick-
ly. It was laughable to see
him repeatedly duck beneath
the surface, and pop back
again in a twinkling.

He could not keep under
water more than a second or
two. Presently I reached him

my oar, and arranged his fur and warmed him-
self. He did not show the slightest
my hand, where he sat for some time
and ever shaken hands with a human
being. He was what we call a "mea-
dow mouse;" but he had doubtless

