

# THE SUNBEAM

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## SUMMER IS COMING.

**A**S soon as we hear the birds sing, we know that summer is coming. All winter long we cannot hear them, unless we have them in cages; but when summer comes, the air is just full of their songs.

There is a tree just by my window, and early in the morning I hear quite a concert, for a whole tribe of birds sit on its branches. If one flies away to a neighboring tree, all the rest follow. One day I put some bread-crumbs on my eave-trough, and next morning they were all gone, so I supposed my friends the birds had eaten them up. About the first birds that ap-

