

# THE SUNBEAM

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## FOUR LITTLE RABBITS.

As I sat under a beechen tree,  
 Four little rabbits peeped out at me ;  
 Their eyes were brown and their coats were  
 gray,  
 They were going to have a game of play ;  
 They peeped from under the  
 bracken green,  
 The prettiest rabbits that ever  
 were seen.  
 So I sat quite still, and they  
 shyly advanced,  
 And they leaped, and frolicked,  
 and frisked, and danced ;  
 They pricked up their ears, and  
 they ran a race,  
 And then they stopped and  
 looked in my face.  
 I had in my pocket some crusts  
 of bread,  
 And I thought p'r'aps the bun-  
 nies would like to be fed ;  
 So softly I placed the bread on  
 the ground,  
 And the rabbits came nibbling  
 round.  
 They looked at me sideways, as  
 much as to say,  
 "Many thanks for the treat  
 we are having to-day ;  
 We seldom get bread, and we  
 trust for our food  
 To the grass in the fields and  
 the herbs in the wood."  
 Then away they all scampered  
 back into the fern  
 Before I had time what their  
 names were to learn ;  
 So I named them myself, Puss,  
 Trot, Bess and Bun.  
 There were never four rabbits more brimful  
 of fun ;  
 And I said, as I watched them, " Could any  
 one do  
 Any harm to such innocent creatures as  
 you ?

You have just as much right your lives to  
 enjoy  
 In the warmth and the sunshine as girl or  
 as boy.  
 And I hope all the children who pass by  
 this way



FOUR LITTLE RABBITS.

Will treat you as kindly as I've done to-  
 day."

A CHEERY smile, a kindly word,  
 Alone to me were given ;  
 By them my very soul was stirred,—  
 They made earth seem a heaven.

## MILLY'S HARD PLACE.

"MAMMA," said Milly, coming in from  
 school with a flushed face and eyes which  
 bore the traces of tears, " I wish you'd let  
 me leave Miss Mathews' school. I've been  
 kept in again, and my diary is disgraceful.  
 Miss Susie Mathews says she is ashamed of me."

Mamma put down the work she was busying  
 herself with and gathered her little girl into her lap.

"What have you done to-day?" she said  
 tenderly.

"O," said Milly sobbing, " I  
 whispered in my geography class, and I wrote  
 Mary Haywood a note, and when I missed my  
 grammar lesson I pouted, and said I didn't care."

"So my little girl deserved the bad marks,  
 and the keeping in, and the teacher's reproof,"  
 said the mother sorrowfully. "Milly why  
 are you so often troublesome at school ;  
 you are a good girl at home."

"I hate rules," said Milly, opening her  
 blue eyes very wide.

"So do the convicts in the great stone prison,  
 where papa goes on Sundays to teach the  
 Bible, Milly. One of them said last Sunday  
 afternoon, that if the law hadn't been so  
 strict he wouldn't have broken it. It is  
 hating rules which has brought most of  
 those poor men to their gloomy prison."

Milly looked serious. She had never  
 thought of comparing herself with the  
 prisoners.

"Unless we keep rules, dear, and love to  
 keep them, we are always unhappy. Only  
 those people who learn to mind, ever be-  
 come fit to command. By-and-by, if you