

# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 22, 1884

[No. 24

WHAT THE LOOKING-GLASS SAID TO THE BABY.

How many wonders has  
 Johnnie to-day?  
 I'm a wonder, dear  
 child, in my way;  
 Look at me well; do you  
 know what you see?  
 Only a baby-faced pic-  
 tured on me,  
 Done by a beautiful  
 fairy, called Light;  
 She can paint rainbows  
 With brushes snow  
 white,  
 And brother Harry's dog,  
 Cora, the pug,  
 And toiseshell pussy, coil-  
 ed up on the rug,  
 And round-headed Bully  
 here, piping his  
 song—  
 These she can paint on  
 me all the day long.  
 Anything else, too,  
 Small Johnnie has  
 seen—  
 Red, blue, and yellow,  
 Pink, purple, and  
 green.  
 Light's lovely pencil can  
 mark on my face  
 Nearly wherever sweet  
 sunshine has place.  
 Light shows the dimples  
 when Johnnie is good;  
 Can he be naughty? be-  
 cause, if he should,  
 That would be sure to flame red on his  
 cheek,  
 Telling the truth, quite as though she  
 could speak.  
 Beautiful fairy! her hand white as snow,  
 Shows all the wonders this wide world can  
 show.



WHAT THE LOOKING-GLASS SAID TO THE BABY.

## A BIRD CHARMER.

A FEW years ago there was a man in the city of Paris who was called the "bird-charmer," from the great power that he had over birds. He could be seen almost every day in some one of the great city gardens.

Standing by himself very quietly, he would take small bits of bread from his pocket, and throw them into the air. The sparrows soon came around him, and for each piece of bread was thrown, one or another of them would catch it before it fell.

Pretty soon the pigeons came to get their share. The bird-charmer put a morsel of bread between his lips, and held out his hands. One of the pigeons would settle on his hand, and take the bread from his mouth.

The bird-charmer then gently threw off the pigeon by a slight movement of the hand, and another pigeon would take its place. So the birds would come, one after another, and some of them, while waiting their turn, would perch upon the arm of the charmer.

Of course, people would gather round to see this strange sight, but the birds did not mind them in the least. They seemed to have so much faith in their friend

the bird-charmer that they feared nothing while he was near them.—*Exchange.*

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Rom. xiv. 21.