

SUNBEAM

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No 2

FROZEN OUT.

poor little
 things seem
 frozen to
 death don't they?
 languid-
 peep out
 half-closed
 the severe
 weather is
 fatal to
 the little
 Just out-
 my win-
 number
 pick the
 of the
 creeper.
 when these
 every thing
 is frozen
 hope my
 readers will
 some grain
 and crumbs
 these little
 and friends
 they will
 grateful,
 you.



FROZEN OUT

GER.
 "EAR!" said
 "I have
 headache,
 you will not
 sleep."
 "o-o-o-o!"
 by, wide
 when Brid-
 in. "Mrs.
 is waiting in the parlour, mum."
 Roger, I must see her. Will you
 go, dear?"

So Roger looked up from his blocks and
 took that naughty baby.
 "Now, Bunty," said he, "you needn't go

really go to sleep? Thank you, dear"
 Roger caught up his hat and ran out,
 but wasn't he glad he had waited!

to sleep one bit.
 We will play sol-
 diers. D. rub de
 rub, de rub-a-dub-
 dub Here we go
 marching to war"

Baby liked to
 march, so he said,
 'bud-u-ba,' and
 listened to Roger's
 "dub-a-dub," and
 pretty soon he
 leaned his head
 on Roger's coat
 and then in a
 minute he gave a
 little snore Roger
 held him very
 quietly for a
 while, but before
 long he heard
 Willie Lee whist-
 ling for him.

"Oh, bother!"
 said Roger to
 himself. "Baby is
 no fun now. I'll
 just put him down
 and run out to
 Willie; mamma
 will hear him if he
 wakes and cries."

But he thought
 of mamma's head-
 ache, and somehow
 he did not go. The
 baby felt heavier,
 and it seemed as
 if mamma would
 never come. But
 she came at last.

"Why Roger,"
 she said, "did he