

THE CANARY AND THE MOUSE.

His cage hangs by the window. When the shade is pulled up, the tassel of the string lies on the floor, and the string runs up past and close by the cage.

One day I was writing. The bird, whose name is "Parson," was hopping about the room; and every thing was as quiet as quiet could be.

Suddenly the bird began to run very fast towards the window, chirping as though greatly pleased. I looked, and there was a little mouse — just the prettiest mouse you ever saw — running towards the window, along the side of the room. He and the bird *played* with each other, — sometimes "Bo-peep," and sometimes running after each other under the bookcases and tables. Evidently they were old acquaintances.

Presently the mouse ran up the string of the window-shade, jumped into Parson's cage, ran along the perch, put his head into the cup, and took a good drink of water. Then he ran to the opposite side of the cage, put his head into the other cup, and went to eating the bird's seed. Wasn't that cute? Parson flew on top of the cage, and looked at the mouse all the time.

I kept very quiet, and watched the whole with great interest and pleasure. While the mouse was eating, I rose and went to the cage. What do you think the mouse did? Run away? No. He just turned round, and sat in the cup, and looked at me out of two little shining eyes, and with a little tremble about the mouth that seemed to say, "Please do not hurt me: I was very hungry."

And I couldn't find it in my heart to hurt the little thing.

This is a true story. If you like it, I will tell you some other time more about that mouse, — what he did, and what became of him.