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THE INVALID.

If this little puppy were a person, he would certainly feel highly flattered at the attention he is receiving from three dogs, much older than himself, as well as his loving mistress. We are afraid a human being would have his head turned by it all, but this poor invalid puppy is far too wise to allow such things to affect whatever vanity he already has in his little head.

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"MOTHER'S cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing; she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her—"the very time to be pleasant is when other people are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year; was so nervous

that if any one spoke to me I could hardly help being so cross; and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass on which she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution towards the room where her mother sat soothing a fretful, teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his

carriage, mother? It is such a sunny morning," she asked.

The hat and coat were brought and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the



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sofa, and take a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered: "Thank you, dear, it will do me a world of good. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk!

NOT THE REPLY EXPECTED.

A TEACHER was giving a natural history lesson. "Children," she said, "you all have seen the paw of a cat. It is soft as velvet, isn't it?" "Yes, mum." "And you have seen the paw of a dog?" "Yes, mum." "Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?" No answer. "The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger, but what does the cat do?" "Scratches," replied the boy. "Quite right," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly; "now what has the cat that the dog hasn't?" "Kittens!" exclaimed the boy in the back row.

HELPING A FELLOW UP.

TOMMY is tugging away at another urchin who is pitifully crying on the ground.

"What are you doing, Tommy?"

"Oh! only helping a fellow up!"

That is right, Tommy. Now, take that as your motto, to help a fellow up.

There is that drunkard who is down through drink, and there is the man that

is poor, or sick, or tempted. Give each a hand, and help a fellow up.

What would have become of Martin Luther, when he was a young man singing in the streets for his bread, if some one who had an eye to observe him and a heart to feel for him, had not put out a hand and helped a fellow up? There are thousands to-day who never could have stood where they now are if friendly souls had not extended aid and helped a fellow up.