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THE BEST LOVED OF ALL.

Three new dolls sat on three new chairs,
Waiting for Christmas Day;
And they wondered, when she saw them,
What the little girl would say.

They hoped that the nursery life was gay;
And they hoped that they would find
The little girl often played with dolls,
And they hoped that she was kind.

Near by sat an old doll neatly dressed
In a new frock, black and red;
She smiled at the French dolls—
"As to that,
Don't feel afraid,"
she said.

The new dolls turned their waxen heads
And looked with a haughty stare,
As if they never had seen before
That a doll was sitting there.

"Oh, we're not in the least afraid?" said one,
"We are quite too fine and new;
But perhaps you yourself will find that now
She will scarcely care for you."

The old doll shook her head and smiled:
She smiled although she knew
Her plaster nose was almost gone.
And her cheeks were faded, too.

And now it was day; in came the child,
And there all gay and bright
Sat three new dolls in little chairs—
It was a lovely sight.

She praised their curls, and noticed, too,
How finely they were dressed;
But the old doll all the while was held
Clasped close against her breast.

—St. Nicholas.

OBEYING MAMMA.

Mary, Ella and John went out in the garden to play. John rolled his hoop. But Mary and Ella looked at the flowers, and gathered a few. Just as Ella was going to pluck one from the bush by the fence, John said, "Mother don't want us to pick any from that bush." I am glad to tell that the little girls went cheerfully away, and did not worry about the one they might not have. This was cheerful obedience. Do you always obey papa and mamma in that way? I hope you do.

MARY AND DOG CARLO.

Little Mary and her great black Newfoundland dog, Carlo, were a familiar picture to me. I often stopped to look at them as they ran about the yard. If it was a warm afternoon they lay asleep under the large evergreen trees. Mary's light curls made a fine contrast to Carlo's shaggy black sides. His loving gentleness made him seem as good as he was handsome. Little Mary had a naughty habit of running away from home. Carlo would not leave her for a moment. He seemed to try hard to get her home again. He ran before her, keeping her from off the walks, and trying to coax her to turn about. Sometimes he would succeed, and then I heard his joyful bark when he saw her once more safely in the yard. If he could not get her home he would never desert her. When she was tired out she laid her curly head against his neck, ready to go wherever he led. Then you may be sure he led her home just as straight as she could go. One day when I came out of the gate, Carlo met me, barking and jumping about in a most anxious manner. He ran a little way and then came back to me, as if coaxing me to follow him. I thought



IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

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These two young men have managed to find their way into somebody's studio, and whether they ought to be there or not is hard to say; but anyhow we are sure they will be very careful not to make a mess of the paints and pictures which are lying all around them. Perhaps some day they will both become artists themselves and paint beautiful pictures, or perhaps they have already begun and are in their own little studio in the picture. If so, all the better for them to begin so early.

him too wise a dog to be mistaken; so I followed him, though a little slowly. He seemed to notice this and to beg me to hasten. In a moment more I saw dear little Mary toddling along the railroad track. I felt sure the dog's quick ears must have heard the train which was coming around the curve. I hurried fast enough I can tell you. Carlo had never allowed me to pick her up, even for a moment. Now, he seemed fairly wild with joy when I caught her in my arms. He led me home in a perfect dance of delight. After that I was a privileged friend, for Carlo never forgot that morning.