

SUNBEAM

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THE YEAR'S CROWN.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." Nannie read the words carefully, hesitating over the word "crownest."

"What can it mean?" "How could you crown a year?"

"I wouldn't crown it with goodness, anyhow," said Harry, kicking his heels against a chair, and looking very cross.

"Mean old year, I'm glad it's most gone!"

"I can think of ever so many nice things that we have had this year," said Nannie.

"I can think of lots of ugly ones," said Harry.

"Try it," said grandmother. "Get your blocks, Nannie, and build two towers. Put up a block for every nice thing that we can think of that has come to us this year, and have another pile for every bad one, and the tower that is the highest we will crown with that wreath of holly."

Nannie ran for her blocks. "I'll put one down for mother's getting well," said Nannie, "and another for Uncle Steven's new baby, and one for grandmother's picture of Jesus, and one for my new doll-carriage, and—O grandmother, there are so many!"

"I think it's Harry's turn," said grandmother.

"Well," said Harry, who still looked

cross, "put down a big one for this old sore throat that has spoiled all my fun."

"Shall I, grandmother?" asked Nannie.

"Because, if he hadn't played in the wet,

on themselves by being careless or naughty. "I don't care," said Harry, "there are plenty of others. Put one for the tree that blew down, and smashed the window in my tool-house."

"Oh, no!" said Nannie, "I must put one on the other tower for that. Father said if the tree had fallen the other way, it would have killed all the chickens."

"If you turn the bad things into good ones," said Harry, "of course you'll get the biggest tower. My sprained ankle was bad."

"Oh, Harry!" said grandmother, "the block for that ought to be crowned. Remember, you sprained it in saving Nannie's life."

So Harry found only two bad things, while the other tower was crowned with the holly wreath.



AFTER CHRISTMAS.

his throat wouldn't have been sore, mother thinks."

After a little talk, they agreed to leave out the bad things that they had brought

that pigweed had commenced to grow? Selfishness is its other name. A boy or girl who always picks for the largest apple has pigweed in his or her garden. The

PIGWEED.

Any farmer's boy knows what it is. It gets its name because the pigs are so fond of it. There is a sweet juiciness in its taste that makes others than pigs like it. When it shoots up from the earth, you might think it was a plant or vegetable. The garden that you need to watch most carefully is your heart and life. Did you know