

# SUNBEAM

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## BALLAD OF THE BABY.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

That are dimpled and pink,  
Whose roses bloom on a spray;  
Whose lips full of love to the brink;  
Whose soft glances that, pen-  
sive or gay,  
A world of sweet mean-  
ings convey;  
Whose fingers that flutter  
and cling  
In a snowdrift of crum-  
pled array—  
That is the Baby, the  
King!

Though he tips over  
my ink,  
And drives my five wits  
all astray?  
Oh! I grumble indeed,  
do you think,  
because, in his innocent  
way,  
He wakes me long  
hours before day  
And wants me to walk  
and to sing?  
Why not, if it pleases  
him, pray?  
That is the Baby, the  
King?

When fortunes they rise  
and they sink,  
And let the world wag  
as it may;  
When lines narrow down to  
the chink  
That encircles his Maj-  
esty. Nay,  
For lives and our for-  
tunes we lay  
His feet, with his rattle  
and ring  
Content to adore him  
and say,  
That is the Baby, the  
King!

For you may boast of your sway,  
That is but an ephemeral thing!  
The Empire of hearts is for aye,  
That is the Baby, the King.  
—Harper's Young People.

## A LUMP OF SUGAR.

One bitter cold morning as I was stand-  
ing with my little Charlie at the front  
parlour window, I saw a horse coming  
down the street, drawing a light waggon

The young man began whipping the  
horse. At last, when he found the horse  
would not go, he sent to the stable for the  
hostler, who came hurrying down. To-  
gether they whipped the horse, but to no

purpose.

At last I was worried,  
and said to my little boy:  
"Charlie, go down to the  
cook and tell her mamma  
wants her to give you a  
large lump of sugar, and  
take it out to the man  
and ask him to give it to  
the horse."

Charlie was pleased;  
and going quickly to the  
cook, got the sugar and  
carried it out.

"Mister, mister," I  
heard him say, "here is  
a lump of sugar to give  
the horse to make it go."

The driver gave him  
the sugar. Then the men  
waited until the horse  
had finished it; then the  
driver got into the wag-  
gon, pulled the reins, said,  
"Get up!" and the horse  
went on without further  
difficulty.

Charlie came in de-  
lighted. "If I were that  
man," said he, "I would  
carry a lump of sugar in  
my pocket when I had to  
drive that horse. And  
now," continued he,  
"please give me a lump  
of sugar too."

## MAKE THE PAPER SPEAK.

Moshesh was an Afri-  
can chief. He sent for a  
missionary, and among the  
wonders that were taught  
by him was the art of  
writing. At first the  
natives said it was ridiculous to hope that  
a black could ever be clever enough to  
make the paper speak. But they did  
learn to read writing and to write.

The old father of Moshesh said, "I will



HIS MAJESTY THE BABY.

and driven by a young man. They came  
on until they were just in front of our  
house, when the horse stopped, backed the  
waggon up to the curbstone, and refused  
to go any further.