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MY BABY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE FROST CURTAINS.

"OH, mamma, see how beautiful the windows are. Here are the most lovely curtains of lace. But, mamma, they cling close to the windows; I cannot turn them back." All this Robbie said in an excited

way to his mother. And just so it was. The night had been severely cold. And in the morning there was the most beautiful tracery of frost on the window panes, just like the loveliest curtains of lace. Robbie's mamma explained to him that it was all

the work of the frost. She told him that the light vapour in the room, so thin that nobody can see it, is taken up by the cold window panes, and made into this beautiful work. And then she told Robbie, too, that this is the wonderful work of God