

SUNBEAM

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CHRISTMAS TOYS.

I am afraid this little boy has received a not very suitable Christmas present. I don't think that real cannon, even if small, and powder, are just the thing for a parlour table. It's not a very nice game anyhow, pretending to shoot people. I expect the old gentleman has been a soldier, and likes to fight his battles over again by watching the children play at this game of war. I would be glad if it could be left to children, but when it comes to grown-up men using cannon to kill each other it is a dreadful thing. Thank God for the hope of the day when the nations "shall learn war no more."

SOME LITTLE NEIGHBOURS.

BY "PANSY."

Louise and Clara were on the porch with their dollies. The girls were not sisters, but neighbours. Clara's doll was large and new and beautifully dressed. Its name was Anita.

"Let me hold Anita a little while," said Louise.

"No, indeed!" said Clara, "I can't; Anita is afraid of strangers."

"But I'm not a stranger."

"Yes, you are to Anita; she has just come, and most everybody is a stranger, only me."

"Oh," said Louise, "don't let's play that. Let's play she did know me and let me hold her; I'll be just as careful!"

"I'm not going to do it, Louise Potter, and you needn't coax. She's my own new

dolly, and I love her and am going to hold her myself."

"Then you are a bad, selfish girl!" said Louise, "and I don't love you at all. I'm

her cheeks growing red, "and I wish you would go home. My mother doesn't let me play with girls who call names!"

Just then Clara's mother leaned from the upper window and called, "Clara!"

"There!" said Louise, "I guess your mother heard what you said. I guess she will whip you."

"No, she'll not, either!" said Clara, "and I want you to go straight home and never come here again. I don't love you one bit." Then she ran into the house.

"Little girl," said her mother, "I have a new verse ready for you to paint. Your things are all laid out on your little table."

"Oh, thank you, mother," said Clara, who loved to paint letters. She spelled out the words of her verse. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." The word "neighbour" was new to her and it had to be spelled two or three times. When she was painting it she asked, "Mother, what is a 'neighbour'?"

"Louise is your neighbour," said her mother.

Clara stopped in surprise. "Why-ee!"

"Yes," said her mother. "Any one whom you can reach with help and love is a 'neighbour'; and your new verse is a direction from our 'Father' about them. Do you love Louise as well as

going right straight home! my mother you do yourself?"

doesn't want me to play with selfish little girls."

"I'm not a selfish girl!" said Clara,

who had already forgotten what she had said.



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