

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVII.

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1906.

No. 10.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Of all the flowers that bloom there are none sweeter or more beautiful than the first modest little blossoms that come with the early spring. Boys and girls always seem to know just where they are going to peep through the ground by some peculiar instinct. These little flowers are very shy, however, and have a habit of hiding beneath a number of moist, dead leaves of last fall, or of growing with drooping heads beneath a large protecting green leaf, to make the search for them more interesting. The children in our picture have had a very successful hunt and are coming home with a large number of bright bunches and with one very fine wreath. In our Canadian woods are to be found many pretty kinds of spring flowers — the little white bells of the "Lady's Slipper," bluish and pinkish white violets, known as the "Dog's Tooth Violet," the fragrant purple violets, the marsh mari-



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gold and lovely three-leaved trillium. Each of these flowers is given a number of names by boys and girls, who have a

happy way of christening these objects of their love to suit themselves.

SWEETENING MARY.

"I want a drink," said baby.

"Go to the kitchen; Mary will give you a drink," said mother.

"I do not want to," baby demurred; "Mary is cross."

"Why, what made her cross?" asked his mother, in surprise.

"I dess I did sumpin' to her," baby reluctantly acknowledged.

"Then, if you have done something to make her cross, you had better go and do something to sweeten her," suggested his mother.

Baby thought over it a minute, and then trudged to the kitchen. "You are a sweet Mary," he prattled, "and I want to hug you." Mary stopped her work and stooped, and he threw his arms about her neck and kissed her and called her his "dear, sweet Mary. I love you two hundred bushels," he said.