

SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1892.

No. 23.

BRAN NEW BABY.

This is our bran new baby,
He's come down from the skies,
And oh, he is so lovely,
And has such bright blue eyes!

I know he is the sweetest
Wee baby in the world,
Tho' perhaps, they have in heaven,
Some babies like Arnold.

You see, he has a rattle,
'Twas I who gave him that,
With all the pennies I could earn
By selling my old cat.

And do you see my mamma?
Well, she's just awful good,
And tells us lovely stories,
Just like all mammas should.



BRAN NEW BABY.

USING THE PIECES.

SOME years ago there lived and worked in a city a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of pounds.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and always did his work well. That was the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly, "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?" "Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing."

derful work of art.

Do you catch the hint, little people? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying all about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.

Day after day, then the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side, and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and found him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a storeroom little used, and in looking around he came upon a piece of work carefully hid behind the rubbish. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

"What great artist could have hidden his work in my studio?"

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here."

"O master," faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you throw away."

The child with an artist-soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently and lovingly wrought them into a won-