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LITTLE PAUL'S NEW SUIT.

LITTLE Paul was having a "spell" That was what nurse always called it when he was as cross as an X.

What was the matter? Why, he did not want to wear a girl's dress any more. He was five years old. So there he was in his chamber "sulking" behind the closet door.

"Papa didn't have to wear dresses!" he thought, for there was a whole suit over at grandma's house, in the back chamber, that he had worn when he was a little boy.

Paul thought hard for a minute; then, as soon as nurse had gone to the kitchen, he ran down-stairs, out of the hall, and over to grandma's house.

Grandma was in the dairy, making cheese, so he crept quietly up the back stairs.

Yes, there they hung on a high wooden peg by the chimney. He got up on the meal-chest, and then he had to jump to reach them.

But such a nice time as he had dressing! The buttons would not stay buttoned, and there was a hole in the jacket sleeve-lining through which his hand would slip every time. And the trousers came away down



MORNING PRAYER.

beyond his shoes. Then he rolled the legs up like Jake, the hired man. But the jacket hung nearly to his heels, for papa was ten years old when he wore it.

Yet Paul went down and looked at himself in the duck-pond, and was well pleased.

He had not gone far on his way home when Jerry and Dick Dean, two rude boys, ran cut after him from behind a high fence, and made sport and shouted, "Daddy Long-legs!"

O how he ran! And they did too. The trousers legs unrolled and tripped him, and he fell in the dirty road.

Well, he got to the home gate at last, but Rover would not let him come in. He barked and growled, thinking it a little beggar, for I'm sorry to say that Rover did not like beggars.

Then Bridget came to the door and bade him go away.

Poor Paul! He could not bear any more. He leaned his head on the fence and cried.

Pretty soon mamma came out. How she laughed when she saw who it was! And she took him in and washed him and put on his pretty blue-cloth dress with the white braid,

and Paul was himself again.—*Companion.*

A LITTLE child hearing a sermon, and observing the minister very vehement in his words and gestures, cried out, "Mother, why don't the people let the man out of the box."