

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1904.

No. 24.

OUR BRAND NEW BABY.

This is our brand 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.

HOW SHE PAID BACK.

"O dear! mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt, says the writer, who tells this story in "The Young Reaper," was busy ironing.

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful," she looked up and told Maggie. "Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her



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hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her: "The very time to be pleasant is when other people are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year, I could hardly

of good. My head aches awfully."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk! She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words:

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when others are cross."

help being cross; and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

She jumped up from the grass on which she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother, it's such a sunny morning?" she asked.

"I should be so glad if you would," said the mother.

The hat and coat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I'm gone. You are looking dreadful tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered:

"Thank you, dear; it will do me a world