

tor, and as the boy plunged out into the gathering dusk, the old gentleman remarked to nobody in particular: "I've heard many a poorer sermon than that!"

[So have I. And what a noble lesson this is for you, for me! How much better good things become if shared with others! and how much happier it makes us feel to know we are helping some one else! Are you trying this plan, little reader?]

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**Sunbeam.**

TORONTO, DECEMBER 23, 1905.

**A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLE.**

Charlie's two pets were great friends. Chico was a spaniel and Max a mustang pony. Max gave Chico a warm corner of his stall to sleep in. Whenever Charlie came home from a ride Chico was sure to be watching for them. I think the dog was almost as glad to see Max as to see his little master.

But by and by Max grew very lazy; so father sold him and bought another horse named Mollie.

Charlie bore the parting bravely; but Chico was very unhappy. He looked lonely enough. He walked about with his head down and would not eat. He did not even try to get acquainted with Mollie. At last Chico could not be found. Charlie whistled and called: "Chico! Chico!" but he did not come.

It was Thanksgiving Day. Charlie had counted the days till it came. Now it was a sad merrymaking for him. His dear uncles and aunts and cousins all were there. More than that, he wore his first pair of trousers on that day. At any other time he would have felt very proud and happy. But he could not enjoy noth-

ing now, because poor Chico would get no Thanksgiving dinner.

Two or three days after, Jacob took Charlie over to see Max, who was in a stable not far away. And there, snugly curled up in the stable, lay Chico fast asleep.

He looked lean and hungry. But he liked Max far better than the choicest bone in the world; so he was content.

Everybody petted Chico more than ever because he was such a faithful friend.

**DON'T BE CROSS.**

Dick came down to breakfast in a very bad humor. He had not combed his hair, nor even washed his face.

"What is the matter, Dick?" said mamma pleasantly. "Why do you come downstairs looking so untidy?"

"The water is cold," grumbled Dick, "and the comb pulls my hair. I don't feel like bothering with them."

"Very well," said mamma; "then do as you please."

"I'm hungry," said Dick, and he sat down at the table.

Mamma did not pay any attention to him. She went on eating breakfast and talking to papa.

"I want my breakfast!" said Dick crossly.

"But I don't feel like giving any breakfast to an untidy, cross boy," said mamma. "If you like to act in that way, you can do as you please; but I do not please to wait on a boy who acts so badly. Be a little gentleman, and then you can have your breakfast." That cured Dick.

**SHE TOOK THE CHILDREN WITH HER.**

A little boy was deeply interested in reading "Pilgrim's Progress," the characters in that wonderful book being all real living men and women to him. One day he came to his grandmother and said: "Grandma, which of all the people do you like best?"

"I like Christian," was the reply, giving the little boy her reasons. "Which do you like best?"

Looking up in her face with some hesitation, he said slowly: "I like Christiana."

"Why so, my son?"

"Because she took the children with her, grandma."

**CHRISTMAS EVE.**

Secrets, secrets everywhere,  
Swarms of secrets in the air!  
Something's hid from papa's eyes,  
May and Slyboots look so wise,  
Even baby's lips are close,  
Folded like a crimson rose;  
Wee, sweet secrets everywhere,  
I can feel them in the air!

**WHICH LOVES THE MOST?**

Three children brought a gift one day to the hospital for sick children.

Percy Wilson brought a splendid rocking-horse, for which his rich father had paid. Every one said, "How kind, how generous, of dear little Percy!"

Elsie Payne brought a doll, a musical top, a tea-set, a toy organ, a farmyard, and a doll's house. She had cleared out an old cupboard, and packed up for the poor children a number of toys she did not care for and did not miss.

Willie Bloom was a poor boy himself. He had saved two pennies in his money-box to buy himself a little plant, but he made up his mind to go without the flower himself; and he carried the little plant to the hospital, and left it there for a crippled child.

Who gave the most? Let us try to bear this little tale in mind when we are inclined to think ourselves liberal and generous; let us ask ourselves whether our present has meant any self-denial.

**WOLVES.**

What a terror do wolves present to our imaginations! Their loud, dismal howling at night sends a cold chill to the heart of the traveller through the winter forests.

This universal terror gives us the expression, "Keep the wolf from the door," which means, hard work to keep us from poverty and starvation.

But wolves are not generally as dangerous as they are supposed to be. Living alone in my "shack" or log hut away out near the Rocky Mountains for months, there was hardly a night that I did not hear outside the long bloodhound-like howling of the "coyotes" or prairie wolves, wild and weird enough to make the blood run cold in one's veins, yet they are most cowardly animals—frightened by their shadows on a moonlight night.

It is only during the long, cold winter, when the poor brutes are driven mad by hunger, that they are dangerous. Then in packs they come down from the woods and hills, and attack the belated traveller. The great wood wolf is the most savage. In the great forests of North America, in the Black Forest of Germany and in northern Russia he is generally found, and many fierce fights have the backwoodsmen had for their lives. When attacked by one alone, man is generally the victor, but from a starved pack of these gaunt fiends there is little chance of escape. In the Russian scene above, the wolves are following two benighted travellers—summoning up their courage for an attack.

As they advance, others are attracted by the howling from the neighboring woods, and if the travellers do not soon reach friendly shelter, they will be attacked by the reinforced pack, when nought but the sleigh and a few scattered bones will remain to tell the story of their fate.