

"he just might when it's the only thing I want."

"Frank," said his mother, "just come here and look at this little boy."

Frank came slowly over to the window with a frown on his face, because you see he had not got over being cross about the reindeer. When he looked out he saw a little boy about his own age leaning up against a tree, eating a large piece of scale, hard bread; his hands were so blue with the cold he could hardly hold the bread, and his clothes were so thin, and torn, that they could not have kept out much of the piercing wind that was blowing. His feet must have been very cold, too, for he was holding one foot up to keep it out of the snow, and you could see his little bare toes peeping out through the cracks in his boot.

"Now," said Mrs. Brunton, "what do you think that little boy would like his daddy to bring him?"

"My!" said Frank, "ain't he cold looking? I guess he wants some new clothes more than anything else; but he is a dirty little boy anyway."

"No," said his mother, "he is a very poor boy, but he looks clean. Run down stairs and tell Mary to ask him to come into the kitchen." So Frank ran off, and very soon the little fellow was seated by the kitchen fire, more comfortable than he had been for a long time. At first he was very shy indeed, and would hardly speak; but Mrs. Brunton spoke so kindly



A CANADIAN SUNBEAM.

From an amateur photo by the father.

to him, while Frank peeped at him from behind his mother's skirts with such wide-open, sympathetic eyes, that he soon began to tell them who his father and mother were, and how they came to be so poor. In the summer, a long time ago it seemed to poor little Freddie Kelf, his father, who was a bricklayer, had a dreadful fall from a high wall he was building, and was hurt so badly that he had been lying in the hospital ever since. And his mother had been sickly for a long time, ever since she had the fever in the spring, so she could not go out to work much. "And sometimes," said poor little Freddie, beginning to cry, "we gets awful hungry."

"What!" cried Frank, "Don't you have chocolates an' cookies, an' jumbles, an' things?" But Freddie shook his head and looked as if he had never heard of such things.

Well, Mrs. Brunton hunted him up some of Frank's warm clothes and gave him a little basket of good things to eat, and the next day she went to see his mother. When she came home she called Frank to her, and told him all about Freddie's poor, cold, little house, and asked him if he did not want to do something to make other people happy instead, of always expecting others to do things for him. You know Frank was really a

kind little boy, only he was getting selfish and too fond of having his own way; so he began at once to think how nice it would be to give Freddie a real good time.

Now the first thing he did was to go and choose some of his toys to send, but Mrs. Brunton told him that, though she knew Freddie would be very glad to get them, they must remember that he was a very poor little boy and needed other things more; so she helped Frank to look over his clothes, and they soon found a nice warm suit that would just fit Freddie. By this time Frank had quite entered into the spirit of the thing, and wanted to give Freddie almost everything he had.

"Now, mother," he said, "these are all old things, there must be ever so much money in my bank, with all my Christmas boxes, can't I buy something with that?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Brunton, "I think it would be very nice indeed for you to do so, and I am glad my little boy should think of such a thing." So they opened the bank and counted out the money, and then they had a long talk over what to buy. What do you think they decided to get?

When Frank remembered how cold the house Freddie lived in was, he said he would like to buy some coal, so that Freddie and his mother might have a good big fire and be warm, and Mrs. Brunton told him they would order a ton, and then they bought a great lot of things for a good dinner, more, I think, than Freddie and Mrs. Kelf could eat in a week, no matter how hungry they might be. I don't think three dollars ever bought so much before; indeed, I really think Mrs. Brunton must have helped to buy the things, though she let Frank think he was doing it all himself.

Well, Freddie and his mother had a lovely time, and when they went up to the hospital to see poor Mr. Kelf, he was so glad to hear about the kind little boy, and he said as soon as ever he was able to walk he was going to thank him himself.

As for Frank, he thought so much about what Freddie would do and say when he saw all the presents, that he forgot all about himself, and had the happiest day he had had for a long time. Indeed he found it so nice to do things for other people that I don't think he will ever again be the selfish little boy he used to be.

TORONTO, ONT.

L. E. SCHULTE.

The Three Explorers.

THREE jolly schoolgirls,
Each made up their mind
To turn three explorers,
And see where they could find.

So when school was over,
And dismissal time came round,
They wandered down a country lane.
Shall I tell you what they found?

In a ditch there lay a frog,
With skin a yellow white;
But not one of them would touch it
For fear that it might bite.

In a thick and thorny hedge
A bird's nest they could see;
At least 'twas Eva said so,
The bravest of the three.

They scratched their hands and to their dress,
They struggled might and main;
But yet they could not reach the nest,
Their toil was all in vain.

"Hurrah! I've got it," called out Kate,
With a gay laugh and hoot,
"I've got it, but it's not a nest,
Only a man's old boot!"



A HAPPY NEW YEAR! How funny it is to see the years pop up at stated intervals. Like the clown in the circus, they seem to say, "Here we are again." When we are young they are unsullied pages that we expect to keep clean and white throughout the year. As we grow older, ah, we know ourselves better! know where we stand or where we may fall. But the good resolves do no harm even when we know that they will not be kept more than a month. Every good thought for others, every pure desire of our own hearts is an upward step, though we fail in all we attempt. Defeat does not always lie in failure. Discouragement and disappointments and trials are the frictions that give to the blade its keenness, its power. A Happy New Year to you all, to all.

Just a few words for dear little "seventeen." I think it was so nice and sensible of you to say that you liked my column, even though you could not always follow it. Perhaps I am given to talking over people's heads. That is a serious fault of expression, a drawback when one wishes to help others. The Great Teacher brought His thoughts into words and parables suited to the simple fisher folks. You, with your seventeen years, have something that will fill your life and the lives of others with sunshine and content, something that most people live a lifetime without finding. It is the capacity of liking but one cannot understand. This is the gift that will make you tolerant of the faults and foibles of mankind; that will show you how to cover the sinner with the great mantle of charity; that will make you considerate in your opinions of the weaknesses of humanity; that will enable you to see good in all things; and last, the magic talisman that will make you lovable and loved.

THE little child sobs over a broken toy; a lonely woman weaves her heart-thoughts and soul-longing into the bright colors of a patchwork quilt or an ugly piece of useless embroidery; a dirty tramp lavishes his affections on the wretched looking cur that folk es him. I am far from these three—superior, I think, but blind, blind. I am all right in my pursuits, and their little world is all in all to them, even though I cannot understand it. How selfish it all is! How paltry this groping, maddening rush after one thing to the exclusion of everyone and everything else!

I FORGOT that I was trying to talk to a young girl of seventeen! That is there over a time in life when we are so misunderstood and neglected as at this age when the unconsciousness of the child struggles with new-born thoughts and feelings! At no other time is there such a craving for sympathy, so great a need of a friend. Well is it if these sweet buds have a mother who can overlook what is not quite proper in the world's spying, and have strict ideas of the fitness of things.

ON the other hand, there is a fault young people are prone to fall into. It is an "I-don't-care" kind of attitude towards everyone and everything. This is pure conceit and self-consciousness, for you do care for the good opinion and regard of others. It is only because you care so much that you affect this air of spurious courage. How the tears and bitter feelings and wishes of an instant and early death will come, when some action open to suspicion brings censure or ridicule from that great, awful eye—the public.

It is so hard to discriminate, for while in one way we must care for the world's



MAD'S TWINS.

opinion, in another way we must defy it. I can't tell you when you must keep a golden silence in thought and action, or when you can snap your fingers in its great face. This is one of the secrets the Sphinx holds fast and well. It is only by getting near to the Truth that you will gain any of this inner sight.

HERE I am away again, when I only had in my mind the desire to say something of use in your everyday life. Young girls dream too much as it is, but who can blame them when the dreams are so filled with love and rosy-tinted pictures.

I WANT to tell you to never be ashamed to be seen carrying a parcel, even a good sized one. What queer glasses we wear! Sometimes they make the same thing look so small, at other times so great. All through the eleven months of the year, so-called nice, fashionable, smart people, would think that they had broken every law of etiquette and social form if they had been seen in the street with a parcel containing two spools of thread. But in December the carnival breaks loose. Great unwieldy-shaped parcels stick from under fur-lined cloaks. Muffs are distorted out of shape by queer looking, brown paper-covered parcels. So, you see, the parcel does not make the lady.

ONCE, having a garden, I carried a good-sized basket filled with flowers and