

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIII.

TORONTO, AUGUST 9, 1902.

No. 16.

A HARD BATTLE.

"A box? A box for Reeve and Marcia!" exclaimed papa, as he opened the mail from the North. "And all the way from Chicago, too. From Aunt Emma, I do believe.

When the box was opened, there, in a nest of soft, white cotton, lay two large eggs, ornamented in beautiful colours. And, wonderful to tell, these eggs had covers which, when lifted up, showed them to be full of sugar-plums. But these

"I don't wish to think about it! I don't wish to think about it!" he replied, excitedly. "I want the good one." After that no more was said. He began to walk about the room. His face was flushed, and he looked very unhappy. If he chanced to come near papa, papa did not seem to see him, he was so busy reading the newspaper.

After walking awhile, he went to the other side of the room, where mamma was bathing and dressing his little sister. He

her "blessed boy!" But now, alas! she was so busy with her knitting that she took no notice of him whatever. This was dreadful!

He climbed up into a chair, and sat down. An evil spirit seemed to whisper, "Don't give up;" and so he began again his miserable walk. For nearly one hour did this little boy fight his terrible battle with selfishness, until at last he could stand it no longer. He came to mamma and said:



FOND OF PICTURES.

lovely boxes were very frail, and in their long, rough journey, one of the covers was badly crushed.

"Sister can have that. I'll have the good one," said the little boy.

He was looked at with surprise, for he had always seemed a generous little fellow.

"My dear," asked mamma, "would you do so selfish—so unmanly a thing as that? Go away, and think about it."

was very fond of his mamma. When she was sometimes obliged to punish him, as soon as it was over he would say:

"Wipe my tears! Kiss me!"

So now, when his dear mother did not seem to see that she had a little boy any more, he was cut to the heart.

At last he went into grandma's room. Now, he and grandma were great friends. Many happy hours did he spend in her lap, hearing stories; and she called him

"I will take the broken one; sister can have the perfect one." Then, when papa and mamma had kissed him, and he had rushed into grandma's loving arms, what a load of unhappiness was lifted from his heart!

The scholar who expects to get his lesson on Sunday morning is apt to forget all about it as soon as the recitation is done.