

SUNBEAM

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MAKING A CALL.

These little would-be "big folks," as the picture itself so prettily suggests, are imitating their mamma in the interesting role of making a social visit. They have doubtless had a pleasant "little chat" (which too often, however, in the instance of the elders, is anything but "pleasant" in some of its qualities), and now they have come to the exciting finale of leave-taking. The excellences of the respective babies having been duly discussed, the little make-believe mothers are making their affecting adieux to the "sweet creatures" in orthodox fashion. To be sure, the baby dolls are just as good as they are represented to be, but is this always so of the live little ones, past baby-hood, too, that real mothers often boast about? We are afraid not. Certainly boys and girls ought not to see themselves outdone in good behaviour by only pretended children, but should always try to behave properly.

CONTENTMENT.

"I don't want my oatmeal. It hasn't enough sugar on it," whined Mildred, one morning.

"I have already put more sugar on it than is good for you, so eat it or go without," answered mamma.

Later in the day, Mildred threw her dolls in the corner, and whined, "I don't like my dolls. None of them can talk, and Nellie Bates has one that does."

"Go and play with your pets,

Mildred," suggested mamma.

"Oh, I'm tired of the stupid things. I want something new," she pouted.

By and by mamma came to dress her for a drive. But nothing suited Mildred. Her dress wasn't handsome enough; her sash not fresh enough; her shoes were not quite new; her hat was a perfect fright, and so on, until mamma's patience was quite exhausted.

Toward the end of the drive mamma stopped at her washerwoman's to give some instructions about some work, and she brought Mildred in with her.

There were two children in the backyard who were playing with some rabbits, a cat, and a duck. The children were very coarsely dressed, and one had on no shoes and stockings, but they were so happy that Mildred could not help asking them what pleased them so.

"Why, we have these darling pets, and the apple-tree is so pretty, and mother is so good to us, we could not help being happy," they answered.

"Have you any dolls, or pretty clothes like mine, or birds, or parrots, or toys?"

Their mother smiled and said to Mildred, "They have a grateful heart. Contentment is better than riches."

Mildred saw how very ungrateful she had been, and she determined to cultivate contentment.



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