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THE LITTLE NURSE.

How carefully Nora is holding her baby sister and how interested is Walter in watching the funny ways of this wee creature, who, according to his description, is more clothes than anything else. The baby has just had its bath and is looking particularly rosy and sweet. Nora always loves to hold the baby just after its bath because it is so good-natured then, and has the prettiest way of cooing and laughing and flapping its little arms just as the birdies flap their wings after they have been in the water. Nora and Walter declare that their little sister is so sweet that they are afraid they will eat her up some day, but, of course, they would never do that.

A FIT OF SULKS.

Helen and Dorothy had been playing together all the afternoon. They are cousins, and they have such good times.

On this particular afternoon they had swung each other in the hammock until they were tired. Then they had dressed dolls for nearly an hour. Then Helen had given Dorothy a ride in the doll's carriage. It is a large carriage for a doll, but a little girl has to curl up as snug as a kitten to sit in it. Dorothy, who is half a year older than her cousin, had played teacher, with Helen for a scholar. Then—O, joy!—Maggie, the



THE LITTLE NURSE.

maid, had brought out two saucers of ice cream for the little girls, and that was when the trouble began.

You see, Helen thought that Maggie had given Dorothy the larger share of cream. There really wasn't any difference to speak of, but you know there are some people who are so discontented that they always think their own things aren't quite so good as another's. That was the

oured to impress on his mind the necessity of early piety.

When the child uttered these words, his mother said. "But my dear, suppose you do not live to be a man!"

He remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as in deep thought, and then, with a resolute countenance added. "Then, mamma, I had better begin at once."

way with little Helen. She began to look very glum. Then her lips began to pout, and when Maggie noticed it and asked her what ailed her, she burst out crying and said Maggie was "partial" to Dorothy, and she was 'a mean old thing, anyway.' With that she set down her saucer and went and stood by herself against the wall in as silly a fit of sulks as one would often see.

It was quite a while before the silly little girl calmed down enough to go back to her saucer of cream, which was very nearly melted by that time. So it happened—as it usually does—that the discontented child was worse off for making a fuss. And how much more lovable is a person who is content with his own share?

BEGIN AT ONCE.

"Mamma, when I am a man I will begin to love Jesus"

These words fell from the lips of a little fellow scarcely six years old. His mother had endeav-