

SUNBEAM

XXVI.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 23, 1905.

No. 26

A NEW PLAY-MATE.

"Merry, merry Christmas!" Six-year-old Marion was the first in the house awake, and her voice was heard at everybody's door calling out "Merry, merry Christmas!"

A wonderful Christmas it was to Marion. She had never had a little brother or sister in all her life. And always when Christmas came she had prayed that God would send her a little sister.

Last night when the snow was falling her papa had returned from the city, after an absence of several days. He brought with him a little girl almost as big as Marion, with the loveliest blue eyes.

"Here, Marion," said papa, "is a little sister I have brought home to you. Her name is Margaret. I hope you will love her very much."

There was no need to tell Marion to love her. She had wanted a sister so much always. She just went right to her and put her arms around her neck.

But the strange thing was that little Margaret had never had a Christmas stocking before. She had lived in an orphanage with a lot of other little girls who were never taught to hang up their stockings. You may be sure Marion en-

joyed helping Margaret empty her stocking this Christmas morning, almost as much as she enjoyed emptying her own.

If you want to save souls, take the lead toward heaven and immortal glory yourself. You can pull more than you can push.



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

A NEWSBOY'S SERMON.

He was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction in a way that showed him well-used to the business and a temperament not easily daunted.

The train started while he was making change, and the conductor, passing him, laughed. "Caught this time, Joe!" he said. "You'll have to run to Fourteenth Street."

"Don't care," laughed Joe in return. "I can sell all the way back again."

A white-haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy, and questioned him concerning his way of living and his earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported, it seemed. Jimmy was lame, and "couldn't earn much hisself."

"Ah, I see! That makes it hard—you could do better alone."

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the

denial was prompt and somewhat indignant.

"No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to—he's lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck if nobody was glad, or of gettin' things if there was nobody to divide with?"

"Fourteenth Street!" called the conduc-