

# SUNBEAM

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## MY DOLLIES.

This is my oldest dolly, you know,  
That grandma gave me a long time ago,  
When I was only a very small girl,—  
She was the grandma that named me Pearl.

I had the one in the sweet blue suit  
Because I was good not to cry for fruit  
Once, when I was sick; and I  
had the next  
Because I was good to remember  
the text.

The one with the parasol, over  
there,  
Uncle John bought at the last  
Ladies' Fair;  
And here are my twins, and  
both of these  
Santa Claus hung on the Christ-  
mas trees.

And this is my beauty—she  
came from France;  
She has springs in her feet, and  
knows how to dance,  
And some in her head, so she  
laughs and cries,  
And shuts up and opens her  
pretty black eyes.

But I don't love her any more  
than the rest,—  
I believe I love my old dolly the  
best;  
We've been together so long, you  
see,  
I know all about her; she knows  
all about me.

## THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE

Beatrice is a little English girl who lives in a dear old-fashioned manor-house in one of the quaint old towns of England. The house was built by her great-great-grandfather nearly two hundred years ago. It is, therefore, ancient looking and in places is falling into decay. But as it is built so firmly of rough grey granite it is likely to withstand the ravages of time for a great while yet.

It is surrounded by a magnificent park in which are many grand old oaks and stately poplars. From the old library window with its quaint diamond-shaped panes, one obtains a very fine view of a

bit of rural England. The window faces the west, and in the distance are the beautiful Berkshire hills. Often little Beatrice comes with her doll and enjoys the lovely sunsets. Not far off is the parish church and we see through one window part of the church-yard, "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering mound."



THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

## THE BOY THAT GRABBED.

I heard Robert McIntyre tell an incident as follows:

"While travelling in the Orient in company with several others we drove up to a beautiful spring on the roadside. Three or four boys were standing there with gourds in hand, and they immediately began to pass water to our company; and

when we all had had water, I pitched a quarter out on the ground, and the four boys began to scramble. One of the boys, smaller than the other, was struggling with all his might to get hold of the silver, and the scramble was prolonged and fierce. Finally the small boy got hold of the quarter, and, as his companions tried to wrench it from him, I watched his face, and I called the attention of my companions to it. There was written upon it such a demon of avarice and greed as I never saw before. I said: 'Can it be that one so young is so completely possessed of the devil of greed?' But the little fellow held on to the money.

"We drove on up into the town near by, and the face of the boy haunted me. We were sitting in front of the hotel, and I saw the same boy pass by. He had a paper sack in his hand. I said to myself: 'I will watch him, I must see more of that boy.' I saw him go into a cottage near by. I went immediately over to the cottage, and in answer to my knock some one said: 'Come in!' I pushed open the door, and the little fellow was standing by the bed of his sick mother, and he was taking oranges from the sack, and saying: 'Mamma, I heard you say this morning that you wanted some oranges so bad, and I went to the spring and waited there for some persons to stop and ask for water; and when we gave water to a company of gentleman, one of them pitched a quarter on the ground. The other boys were larger than I was, but I struggled, and I got the money to buy my sick mother the oranges.' As he looked at his sick mother and ministered to her wants he had the face of an angel." It is not always best to judge from appearances.

A little girl was once punished for doing wrong, when she said, "O, those commandments do break awfu'y easy." And it is true that it is very easy to sin. This is the reason we should ask Jesus every morning to keep us from sinning through the day.