

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1906.

No. 26

SANTA'S BUNDLES.

By A. W. M.

About four weeks before Christmas a queer letter was left at the Crane house. It was in a large square envelope, addressed to Master Bertram and Miss Hazel Crane. The postmark was very odd. Instead of "New York" or "Boston" printed in a circle, the name "Santa Claus Land" was on the envelope, big, black and plain. The letter read: Dear Children:

I have a new plan this year. I'm going to ask you to put all the old toys that you can spare into bundles and leave them out on the door-step two nights before Christmas. I will take them to poor children who might have no Christmas. Please tell all the boys and girls in your neighborhood to do the same. On every package the words, "A Santa Claus Bundle," are to be written.

Yours ever,
Santa Claus.

What a chattering and a guessing this caused in the Crane house and in all the other houses in the neighborhood.

"I wonder if it really is from Santa Claus," said Hazel, over and over again.

"Well, let's see what old toys we can spare," said Bertram, pulling out a drawer in the play-room closet and tossing its contents all in a heap.

Orderly Hazel sat down to sort the things, putting broken toys in one pile and whole ones in another. She also found missing parts, and laid them with the toys to which they belonged.

"Let's ask mamma to let us have a bee and all the boys and girls work together mending these."

Mamma thought it a good plan, and before long they had, with great pains and a number of blots, written some cards to

This card lets you in to the Christmas Making Bee. Bring your old toys to



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

mend for the Santa Claus Bundles. Meet every Tuesday and Friday.

Hazel, Bertram

The children of the neighborhood worked with a will, and by the night before Christmas eve there was a fine large bundle packed for each house.

That it was really and truly Santa Claus who collected the bundles was

proved on Christmas morning. For many boys who had never had real steam engines or musical toys or sets of soldiers were wild with delight over some that might be called a trifle shabby, but to them were altogether perfect. And many girls whose arms had just ached for dolls to hold and real little beds and carriages to tuck them in, and dishes to set out for tea were doing just that this wonderful year when some good fairy put into Santa Claus' head the idea of "Santa Claus Bundles."

Youth's Companion

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By Alma Mary Duguid.

Mrs. West started down town the day before Christmas to complete her purchases. Her children were left in care of a neighbor. She reached one of the big department stores, bought candy and nuts, put them into her shopping bag and started on.

Mrs. West was not rich, but her husband received salary enough to keep his family comfortably. She had prepared for Christmas, and was buying some forgotten things. It was about 5 o'clock when she was ready for the homeward trip. When she reached the corner where the car passed she was halted by a seven-year old girl.

"Won't you buy some matches o' brother?" the girl asked. "He has sold nearly all he had, and if he sells the rest we can have some meat for dinner to-morrow."

Mrs. West looked down with compassion on the little speaker and her brother, a lad of about 12.

"Where do you live, my dears?" she asked.

"Mamma, Jeanie and I live over on Steele Street," answered the boy.

The kind-hearted lady went with the children to the fourth floor of a tenement. The mother was busy plying her needle when they entered the humble home. Mrs. West introduced herself and asked about