

THE SUNBEAM

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THE STORY OF AN EASTER EGG.

I WENT over to see
 a very one pleasant
 morning in April.
 He was alone, and
 was busy tucking her
 all in bed in the big
 chair—so busy that
 he scarcely looked
 round as I entered.
 "Bessie is sick; I've
 a plaster on her
 neck, and now she's
 going to sleep," she
 said.
 "Guess what I've
 got for you in my
 pocket," said I.
 She left her doll
 and came to my side,
 smiling.
 "An apple?"
 "No."
 "A cake?"
 "No. Put your hand
 on it, and feel; don't let
 me bite you."
 I laughed, and pres-
 ently she drew out a
 lovely Easter egg. It
 was a pink one, with
 a forget-me-not
 on it.
 "Is it for me?" she
 asked.
 "To be sure," said
 I, "and here is one
 of my coat-pocket for
 you to give away."
 It was pale blue with
 yellow buttercups.
 "Now what will my
 little girl do with it?"
 "Kitsey thought of
 my Lesley, but she
 already had a sugar
 doll for her; so I
 suggested: "Suppose
 I take it to the little boy who cut his foot
 the other day. He has to lie still in bed,
 and gets so tired; he has no pretty
 dolls and toys such as you have."



EASTER LILIES.

Let
 thy
 Garments
 be
 Always White.

Eccles. ix. 8.

She then showed me Bessie's plaster stuck on with pins.
 "Suppose your mother should stick one on you that way," said I.

Help him in any way that you can, for Charlie's sake." The man then forgot how busy he was, and he could not do enough for the weary soldier.

"Oh Bessie don't mind," said she.
 The next day we went to take the gay Easter egg to Joe, the little boy with the lame foot. Kitsey also took one of her own oranges, although she loved them dearly herself; but the little boy looked so bright and pleased that I am sure she was glad she had not eaten it.
 Cannot you think of someone whose life you can brighten at this glad Easter-time by some little kind deed?—*Observer.*

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE

A MAN was very busy looking over some papers on his desk. The door opened, and a stranger in poor, soiled soldier clothes, walked in. The soldier reached out his thin hand, and laid a dirty, pocket-worn letter on the table. "I have no time to read that," said the man. He looked a little closer, and saw that the writing was that of his only son, who was also in the army. Seizing it and eagerly tearing it open, he read: "Dear Father The bearer of this is a soldier. He was wounded in saving my life. He is going home to die.