



# FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS

## SUNSHINE GUILD

Conducted by "Marie"



### Motto for the Month:

A little gold amongst the grey,  
That's sunshine.  
A little brightness on the way—  
That's sunshine.  
A little spreading of the blue,  
A little widening of the view,  
A little heaven breaking through—  
That's sunshine.

Dear Friends,—My heart has been gladdened by the many kind letters and offers of help that I have received this month. It is a great joy to know that the Guild is spreading steadily and surely, and that the gospel of love and sunshine has been gladly taken up by so many warm-hearted friends, and will be passed on to help and cheer our less fortunate mothers and sisters.

The Sunshine Convalescent Home Fund is not growing so fast as I should like to see. This has been a very hard winter for us all, and the children have felt keenly the piercing cold and icy winds; and now the hot days are at hand, when the little ones will droop and fail! Oh, that I could take these poor darlings to our "dream home," to give them every comfort, the simple good food, the pretty room and the pure fresh air they so sorely need. Even now several people have written to know when the home will be ready.

Dear friends, when I ask with all my heart, won't you all try to put away even one cent a week to help this glorious work? Think what it would mean to those friends who have had to undergo an operation or some other illness to go for three weeks' rest and care without expense of any sort. Would not their hearts beat with joy? Cannot you see the dear eyes brighten at the very thought of the trees and the flowers, and all the love and care made possible by the self-sacrifice of our Sunshine Guild members.

I have met many women and children, from the West, and they have said: "We are so interested in your Guild and intend to help." Don't intend, but make up your minds that you will do, and that each one of you will make a determined effort to establish our Convalescent Home Fund.

In the meantime, it is the intention of the founder to take into the country as many poor children as our means will allow for one long glorious day.

A concert is to be given in aid of this fund by two earnest sunshiners. May heaven bless their efforts!

"MARIE."

Dear Children,—You who are the true sunshine of our lives, who, by your smiles and happy laughter, can gladden all our days; don't keep your smile for outsiders, but give the best and brightest of your smiles for home and mother. In these days of rush and hurry there seems little time for the kindly courtesies and gentle manners which are the true stamp of a gentleman and gentlewoman, yet if you could only think of the joy

and brightness that a little thoughtful action or kindly deed brings to the hearts of your elders, dear children, you would try, I feel sure, to do them every day. Still, we hope the day will come when "love" and "kindness" will be more than gold, and the old world courtesy will flourish in our midst. First be home sunshiners, and in all your works of good cheer, consider and do as your parents or guardians wish.

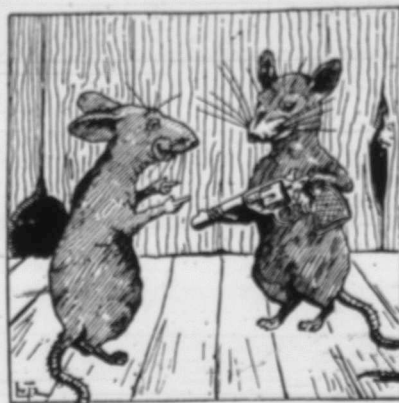
May this year be a happy and prosperous one and showers of blessings fall upon us all, is the wish of

Yours lovingly,

"MARIE."

### Sunshine Zoo

Queenie Sunshine has received several letters from dogs, cats, and even birds asking to be allowed to join our Zoo; also



"What are you going to do with that thing?"  
"It's a six-shooter. I'm going to kill Tom the house cat."  
"A six-shooter will never do; you've got to get a nine-shooter, at least."

a very nice drawing of a rabbit inviting a dog to bring in three cents for the Sunshine. Queenie is very anxious to welcome more friends and hopes by next month to have a large circle.

### Where to Send Sunshine

Mrs. G. Black, Minnedosa. This dear friend, while not quite an invalid is old and feeble, and letters and picture postcards would, I feel sure, cheer her up.

Master Grey R. Ryder (member of the Family Herald Sunshine Guild), Parkers Ridge, York County, New Brunswick, would be glad of letters, postcards or anything suitable for an invalid. As this dear boy is not well off, friends who write might enclose a stamp so that he can send reply. Having no brothers or sisters, he is sometimes very lonely.

Knowles Home for Boys, Bannatyne and Kate Sts., Winnipeg. Boys' clothes, shirts, boots, etc. (either worn or unworn), butter, milk, eggs, flour, etc., picture post-

cards, books. Dear readers, this is a most deserving charity, and you cannot do too much to help save these homeless boys. There must be many people without boys who would be glad to adopt one of these bright little fellows. If so, write to "Marie," or direct to Mr. Knowles.

### My Dear Children:

I must send you a line to thank you very much indeed for your kind gifts of dolls and scrap-books. The little ones appreciate them very much, and think it is so kind of you to have taken so much trouble. The dolls are just the right kind—ones that won't break are the best, and last longest, because I am sorry to say some of the babies take a great pleasure in tearing the arms and legs off the other kinds of dolls.

I hope one day you will come down and see our little hospital; the children would be so pleased to see you. With their love, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

ELEANOR HOPE SHAKLETON,  
Children's Hospital Asst. Supt.  
of Winnipeg.

March 31st, 1909.

### Dear Marie:

We all enjoyed ourselves very much at St. Charles, and got home without any mishap. Enclosed are the names of the boys. We are very grateful for the interest you are taking in the children. I should like to become a member of the Guild, as I have a very busy life here, and could do no outside work.

Yours sincerely,

M. IRVING.

### What the Choir Sang

B. HARRIETTE HAMMOND

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,  
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it.  
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,  
She thought she's go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,  
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;  
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,  
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;  
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.  
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head—  
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.