

SUNBEAM

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THE MORNING KISS.

Mamma's darling does not cry
When out of her sleep she wakes,
But holds up her mouth for her morning
kiss
And then her break-
fast takes.

She romps and plays
about all day;
But I want to tell
you this,
That every morning
she wakes up
She must have her
morning kiss.

Her face and hands get
very smeared,
But she never looks
amiss,
And it does not hinder
mo-her from giving
Her darling a morning
kiss.

TEDDY.

One cold, rainy day
I was in the steam cars,
on my way to see a
friend. How cross
everybody looked! The
rain dashed against the
window, the wind blew
in every time the door
was opened, two or
three babies were cry-
ing, and there was no
fire in the stove. No
wonder everybody was
cross. I felt cross my-
self as I looked around,
and was just going to
let an ugly frown come
between my eyes, when
the door opened again,
and a lady with the
dearest, sweetest little
boy I had ever seen
walked in.

The little boy was
not cross. His face
was so smiling and bright that the frown
that was coming between my eyes grew
ashamed and smoothed itself away.

"What nice, soft seats there are in this
car!" he said, in a sweet, clear voice
that was heard all through the car.

I hadn't thought of it before, but they
were soft and easy.

"See what pretty little marks the rain
makes on the windows, just like glass
beads playing tag," and he laughed

a drink. As he came back he looked
around and said: "What nice people there
are in this car!"

I looked around too, for I had thought
when he came in, "What cross people there
are in this car," but
now every face was
smiling and gentle.



THE MORNING KISS.

Suddenly the cross baby began to cry.
The little boy called over to it, "Peek a-
boo!" and he smiled so brightly that the
baby changed its mind about crying and
"goo-goo-ed!" instead.

After a while he went to the tank to get

good rules, and is rude, what do you
suppose his mother says to him? I am
sure you can never guess. She says:
"Why, you act like a little white child!"
Can it be that these little red men can
teach us lessons in politeness?—Selected

LITTLE RED MEN.

An Indian baby's first
year is spent strapped up
in a tight little cradle,
such as you have seen
in pictures. When the
little feet get out of the
cradle they will soon
learn to run about.
Then the little red man
will mount on a corn-
stalk and take such
rides as you take on a
cane or a broom.

As soon as the little
red woman is out of her
cradle she begins to
carry a doll or a puppy
on her back just as her
mamma used to carry
her.

But the little red
boys and girls do not
play all the time. They
learn to help their
mothers, and a good
Indian mother takes
great pains to teach
her children to be
polite. She teaches
them that they must
never ask a person his
name; they must never
pass between an older
person and the fire;
and they must never,
never speak to older
people while they are
talking.

When a little red
man forgets these very