



JIMMY'S CHRISTMAS.

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BY H. P. F.

It was Christmas Eve, and on every side was heard the "Peace on earth and good will to men." Happiness seemed to reign everywhere, and joy shone in every face. It was not so, however, with little Jimmie Murray. A few days before he had fallen on the ice, and his ankle was badly sprained. There was to be a Christmas tree at the Sunday-school to-morrow; but he could not walk, and his old grandmother with whom he lived was too feeble to carry him. If the day should be clear, he might manage it in some way, he thought; but in the early evening snow began to fall, and when he awoke on Christmas morning the earth was covered with white. It was a sad disappointment to Jimmie, for he had so longed to be at school.

But God is good, and in the hearts of

many of his children he has planted the beautiful spirit of thoughtfulness for others. Near by the cottage of Jimmie's grandmother lived Katie Gray. She knew of Jimmie's hurt, and also of Jimmie's hope. When she saw the falling snow, one of her first thoughts was of the disappointment that would come to the poor crippled boy. In the morning there came an heroic resolve: she would carry Jimmie if her mother would let her. It is not hard to persuade those who love us to let us do noble deeds, and soon the strong-limbed, tender-hearted girl was trudging bravely through the snow, bearing on her back the happiest boy in all the country-side. God has given to us no greater privilege than that of being a blessing to others. What will the little readers of *THE SUNBEAM* do to make others happy during these glad days?

A CHRISTMAS STUDY IN STOCKINGS.

There was a little daughter once
Whose feet were—oh, so small!
That when the Christmas Eve came 'round
They wouldn't do at all.
At least she said they wouldn't do,
And so she tried another's,
And folding her wee stocking up,
She slyly took her mother's.

"I'll pin this big one here," she said—
Then sat before the fire,
Watching the supple, dancing flames,
And shadows dancing by her,
Till silently she drifted off
To that queer land, you know,
Of "Nowhere in particular,"
Where sleepy children go.

She never knew the tumult rare
That came upon the roof!
She never heard the patter
Of a single reindeer hoof!
She never knew how Someone came
And looked his shrewd surprise
At the wee foot and the stocking—
So different in size!

She only knew, when morning dawned
That she was safe in bed,
"It's Christmas! Ho!" and merrily
She raised her pretty head;
Then, wild with glee, she saw what
Old "Santa Claus" had done,
And ran to tell the joyful news
To each and every one.

"Mamma! Papa! Please come and look
A lovely doll and all!"
And "See how full the stocking is!
Mine would have been too small,
I borrowed this for Santa Claus,
It isn't fair, you know,
To make him wait for ever
For a little girl to grow."

A WISE BIRD.

A captain of a vessel had a canary who was much attached to him and was so tame he would frequently come and perch on the captain's hand or head.

One day the captain had company for dinner; the cage door was open, and the bird, after flying around the room, and perched on the head of the captain.

The party were drinking wine, and the captain held up his glass, when the bird hopped on the edge of it and drank of the wine. The little creature soon felt the effects, and returned to his home completely intoxicated.

The sight of the little bird, fluttering and staggering about drunk, was so amusing to them, that in a few minutes the captain tried to do the same again, but the bird, remembering what he had suffered before, would not taste the wine, and flew back to his cage.

How much better it would be if we were wiser and ought to be wiser, would profit by the example of the canary.