

# SUNBEAM

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## IN THE NURSERY.

Dolly is having a bath, but we hope her little nurse will not make it too thorough to be healthy for a person of her peculiar constitution. It is pleasant, indeed, to peep in upon a scene like this, where little ones play so nicely together. Sometimes a nursery is more like a battle-ground than the very dove-cote it ought to be. It is painful, indeed, to see the fierce conflicts and ugly disputes children will often engage in. Savages of the same capacity could scarcely be more vindictive and violent than we sometimes find the little ones of cultivated—yes, Christian, homes. Why this is so seems at first glance difficult of explanation, for surely, of all the sweet and gentle things of earth, a little child should rank the foremost. To try to solve the riddle would not benefit; the study for you, young reader, is to avoid the disagreeable contrast this reflection presents.

## BE TRUTHFUL.

"Harry," said little Annie one day, after working a long time over her slate, won't you tell me what this means? I forget what Miss Acton said about it."

"I can't," replied Harry, "I've got lots to do to get ready for my lessons to-

morrow. I shall not have a minute to myself all the rest of the day."

"O dear!" sighed Annie, as she bent her little tired head over the slate again.

"All right! Of course I have time," cried Harry. "I'll put off studying my lessons until this evening;" and within five minutes this little boy, who had so much to do, was on his way to the woods.

Should you call Harry a very truthful and generous little boy that afternoon?

## THE NEW KITTEN.

Our dear old doggie's name is Jack. He is the best-tempered old doggie you ever saw. He lets us pull him about just as we like; and he'll run after sticks for us, and carry parcels, and do all sorts of things. But once I saw him—well, if not exactly in a bad temper, very, very sulky, and I think that he really was nearly cross. I'll tell you all about it.

Auntie gave us a little kitten; such a dear little thing! It was only six weeks old; and it would run after its tail and play about, so that it set us all laughing. When Jack saw it he did not like it at all. I suppose that he was just a little bit jealous. Father said that his nose was out of joint, but I couldn't see any difference; it looked just the same as ever. Well, we gave kitty some milk; and it was in Jack's saucer, too. Jack did not say anything; but he looked, and he looked, and seemed so miserable that I felt quite sorry for him. But



DOLLY'S BATH.

Just then Edward Ellis came rushing into the room.

"Come on, Harry," he said; "we're all going to Mr. Jones' woods for flowers. You've got time to go along, haven't you?"

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