

but "in deed and in truth." And so we can ask nothing better for THE SUNBEAM boys and girls than that they may love one another so much that all may know they are indeed Christ's disciples!

This will make sure a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"A bright, a blessed Christmas,
And a glad New Year be thine,
And may the Sun of Glory
Upon thy pathway shine;
Each season show thee clearer
The path thy Saviour trod,
And each Christmas find thee nearer
The Paradise of God!"

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 24, 1904.

LITTLE KNIGHTS AND LADIES.

There might never have been any Little Knights and Ladies of the West School, if Clare Penrose hadn't been afraid of the cows that morning, and Neal Vernon had not gone to her aid. This is the way it happened.

Clare was a little city girl, staying with her grandmother while her people were in Europe, and she was not used to cows. She had climbed the bank beside the road, and was crying softly when Neal came along.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"The—cows!" she sobbed.

"They wouldn't hurt you," said Neal kindly. "Hi, there! Go on!" and he drove away the animals nearest her. "Now take my hand," and he led her gently down the bank, and between the big, mild creatures that were nibbling the grass all around.

The little girl was still clinging to her protector's hand when they met Miss

Molly, their teacher. Of course, Clare told her all about it.

"Why, Neal is a real little knight; isn't he?" and Miss Molly smiled down on the manly lad.

The children asked many questions about knights, and that set Miss Molly to thinking. Next day she read to her classes a story about a valiant knight who rescued a lady from danger; afterwards she told them of Neal and Clare.

"But Neal didn't do anything brave," said Teddie Noble.

"He was kind and gentle," replied Miss Molly; "and the boy that is truly kind is generally brave as well. A coward would very likely have laughed at Clare, and would have left her to get to school as best she could." And then she proposed that the boys and girls form a society, to be called, "The Little Knights and Ladies."

This pleased the children, and all said they would like to join such a society.

"But I don't see what the girls can do," spoke up Teddie again. "They can't be knights, and do brave things."

Miss Molly smiled.

"You will find, Teddie, that ladies can sometimes be as brave as knights; but it is especially their part to be gentle and kind; not to be cross, or say mean things about others, always to be sweet and helpful; in fact, to be genuine little ladies! And a true knight is ever a real gentleman, always taking the part of those weaker than himself, and aiding everybody whenever he can."

And this is how The Little Knights and Ladies of the West School came to be.

TOMMY'S REGIMENT.

There was nothing Tommy liked so much as playing soldier. With a paper cap on his head and a wooden sword at his side, he marched up and down the hall until his little legs were tired, and when auntie made for him a real soldier cap, and grandfather gave him a toy gun, he was the happiest little boy in the town.

But one day when a regiment of soldiers marched past the house, with flying banners and a band of music, Tommy declared he would never be happy until he had a regiment of his own. "O mother, what shall I do to get a regiment?" he asked.

Next day when Tommy was taking dinner at grandfather's, grandmother said, "Tommy, I have found out a way to give you more than one regiment."

"O grandmother!" exclaimed Tommy, with eyes as big as saucers. "How—how, grandmother?"

"Well, we must grow them," answered grandmother.

"Oh," groaned Tommy in despair. "grow a whole regiment? Why grandmother!"

"Come, come, my boy," said grandfather, "you must have patience, and we

will have two or three fine regiments. Come over next week, and we will find out grandmother's plans."

"I'll come, grandfather," said Tommy, taking courage as he looked into grandmother's smiling face.

When the time came, Tommy was at grandfather's bright and early. After breakfast, grandfather and grandmother and Tommy went into the garden. The little garden beds were all ready for planting. Grandfather took out of his pocket a little envelope, and dropped seeds into row after row until the bed was filled. Then he filled another little bed with seeds from another envelope, and, last of all, he planted in the rows a whole bag of little baills called bulbs.

When he had finished he said: "There, Tommy, are your regiments, and before long they will come up, and stand straight and fine as any soldiers you ever saw; but, my boy, you must have patience. Give your soldiers time to get ready, or you are a poor officer indeed."

"And when they are all up, they will be well drilled, with their handsome uniforms on," said grandmother.

Was Tommy patient? Not very, for he watched the soldiers every day. But one morning he discovered their heads peeping up; and next day there they stood. The day after there was the grand dress parade. Yellow crocuses filled one bed, behind them crocuses in purple uniform, and last of all white hyacinths, as erect as soldiers.

"There are three fine regiments," said grandfather, and every time Tommy pulled a flower grandfather said it was breaking ranks. But as Tommy was major-general, he could break ranks whenever he chose.

A FABLE.

"Why do you work so hard?" said the willow to the mill wheel, as she dipped her branches lazily into the stream that turned it.

"Because I've a great deal to do, ma'am, and I'm sorry to say I was idle all yesterday," said the mill wheel.

"Well, you needn't go so fast, at all events," said the willow; "it quite tires me to look at you."

"Ah! but I must, you see, ma'am; for I heard the miller say this morning that if this dry weather went on much longer he was afraid the brook would get too shallow to turn me; and then where should I be?"

"You needn't trouble yourself about that," said the willow; "there's plenty of water to last you all the summer. Why, I can see it sparkling in the sun a mile off."

"True, ma'am," said the mill wheel; "but, unhappily, if there were an ocean there it would be of no use to me. You forget that it never comes back when it has once gone past me."

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