

SUNBEAM

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No. 1.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

Little kittens are always born blind, and usually some little time before they can see at all or get used to heights and distances. Though they soon grow into cats that have no fear of running up a wall, or of walking along the edge of the house-tops, they are very timid at first as to heights they go. Look at this little pussy on my mistress's shoulder, how all her little legs are out, in case they should support underneath her feet should move too much, and she should lose her balance. There is quite a terrified look on those bright little eyes which, before many years will be used to terrify the poor little mice. We wish pussy a good journey, and hope she will enjoy it as much as her companion.

MASON THE GREAT.

"Come 'long now," said little Frank Selton, getting astride of his hobby-horse and waving mamma's shawl, "I'm going to be Mason the Great, and you must all be my platoon."

Frank's older brother, Larry, and his two little sisters, gathered up their rags and horns and other caps, and got ready to follow "Alexander the Great" to war.

"Come 'long, Mason," shouted the little general, "We'll leave you if you don't look out."

Mason and Celia Semmons had come over from the little cottage across the road to their neighbour's big paved back-yard to join in the play. "Cele," said Mason,

"you can just leave Dorothy and Celeste in their carriage; babies can't go to be soldiers."

"Cele can't come neither," said the little general, stoutly, "'cause Cele limps and can't march fast."

shone bright. "Never mind, Cele," he said, putting his arm around her, "I ain't going to play soldiers; soldiers are mean old things; they only kill and hurt people."

"I could play a wounded soldier," said Celia, with a trembling lip; she dearly loved to play with the others.

"All right!" cried Mason, "and I'll play the doctor that stays to take care of you."

"Three cheers for Mason the Great," said a voice from the window. It was mamma's. "To give up our pleasure for others is better than to trample on kings. He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city. Three cheers for Mason the Great!"

A BIBLE IN A LOG-CABIN.

It was a dark and stormy night. The missionary's horse was tired, and he was wet and weary. For some time he had looked in vain for a cheering light in the lonely woods. At length he saw a faint glimmer through the trees. But when he had fastened his horse, and gone into the cabin, he thought he had never seen so wretched a place—cold and dirty, and almost without furniture. In the corner of the room was a ragged bed, on which lay a little girl.

The missionary saw that the little girl's face was pale, and her hands thin. She was ill and a great sufferer. She smiled with a smile that showed peace was in her heart, while her body was suffering with disease. From under her pillow peeped a little book. It was the New Testament.



A PERILOUS RIDE.

Celia's dark eye filled with tears, and she went off to the stone seat beneath the window. She was a stout, strong little maid, but one leg was a trifle shorter than the other, and this made her limp as she walked.

Mason's cheeks were red and his eye