

one," and she stooped down and kissed the child while he murmured his thanks.

"How beautiful they are all! but I want you not only to think them beautiful but to learn something from them. You see, dear child, God has been very kind to you—he has given you what is called genius. The little drawings your mother showed me when you were ill are very well done indeed for so young a boy who has taught himself—that is a thing to thank God very much for. Then he saved your life so wonderfully! It was no simple chance which made the doctor go out on such a night and stumble against you nearly dead in the road. God must have put it into that good gentleman's heart to carry you home that same night to your mother, so that he saw poor little Anna and made her get well sooner than you, poor child. And now you will soon be well again, and when the spring comes you will be able to run about upon the hills once more. I think you ought to be very grateful to God."

"I am, I am," he cried, "and for my picture too."

"Well then, Konrad, if you wish to show Him you are grateful, learn a lesson from this picture—and chiefly from the holy shepherds. They can never have seen anything so beautiful as Jesus and Mary, in all their lives—but what do you suppose they did when they went back to their rooms? Do you think they went about dreaming all the day long, letting their poor sheep stray, and forgetting their little common duties?"

Konrad hung his head, but the lady smiled.

"I don't quarrel with a little day dreaming," she said, "you could not do without it; but I want you to see how very beautiful real everyday life is, or ought to be. You cannot make your dream-life one half so beautiful, try as you may, as you can make this other real one by simply doing God's will—being humble, pious, gentle, and obedient. The Christ Child had just the same sort of things as you to do when He was your age—He did not forget to do them because He was thinking about heaven—no, He did them, and did them well. And so you, Konrad, must do all your little duties with all your heart, and your life will be as beautiful as any story, and your soul like some sweet picture for God to look upon with pleasure and delight. Just think of all a little boy can be!"

And then Konrad said:

"O, I will be good! And I will paint pictures all for you, dear lady, when I am a big man; and now and always I will try to make my soul beautiful for the dear God to look down upon and smile."

THE SUNBEAM is a great paper, writes Percy McG., St. Paul, Minn. Everybody delighted with the stories. Send me sample and blank forms. You will hear from me later.

The devotion, or worship, as we say in our old English speech, to the Blessed Virgin which the Catholic Church teaches to her children, may be best defined in these words: it is the love and veneration which was paid to her by her Divine Son and His disciples, and such as we should have borne to her if we had been one with them; and it is also the love and veneration we shall bear to her next after her Divine Son, when through grace we see Him in His kingdom.

"What's the matter with L'Assomption College?" "It's all right." Fifty new paid up subscribers received from Master A. C. He promises another round list in a few days. Come again, L'Assomption.

HOW DOLLY IS MADE.

IT is an open secret that Santa Claus brings the greater part of his vast stock of Christmas toys from Europe, Germany being his favorite collecting grounds. But he encourages American industry in a few directions, notably in cheap mechanical toys. The tin railway trains and tin horses and steamboats that run when wound up with a key are made in great quantities in Brooklyn by machinery, and the cast iron toys of the same description are made principally in New York. When he desires an inexpensive mechanical toy, however, he goes to France for it; to Saxony for his Noah's arks and all the other carved wooden toys; to Nuremberg for his toys, tin trumpets, and magic lanterns, and to Thuringia for his toy china tea-sets.

Far more important than all other toys are the dolls, and nine dolls out of ten are little German girls. In whole districts of Germany the people spend the winter in making dolls, tilling their fields in summer. The cheap wax dolls, commercially known as "composition wax," such as may be bought at retail in this country for 25 cents, furnishes perhaps the best idea of how dolls are made. A "modeller," who has nothing further to do with the making

eyebrows and eyelashes, and so she goes through the hands of a row of girls, one girl for each tint, the whole process taking about six hours, for there are delays while the paints are drying. In six hours the girls are expected to paint ten gross, or nearly 1,500 dolls complete. This requires rapid work, and the girls receive about \$1.75 a week each. Flowing locks of mohair fastened to the head, and dolly is ready to emigrate to America.

For the real wax doll, a more expensive article, the moulds for the head are made in three parts—one back and two fronts. The mould is filled with melted wax, which is allowed to remain for a minute or two, and then all that is not hardened is poured out. This leaves a hollow wax head about a quarter of an inch thick, which is afterward strengthened by "backing" with a quarter of an inch of papier mache. Some patent "washable" dolls are made of hardened papier mache, and when these have cloth feet, which will not break, they are a valuable addition to the nursery.

The most desirable doll in the market, however, according to an expert German toy manufacturer now in this country, is the "kid body doll." The kid bodies are stuffed with hair; and with bisque heads, flowing wigs, moving eyes, and shoes and stockings, they are sold at

retail in any of our large cities for from 25 cents to \$10. Occasionally sawdust is substituted for the hair stuffing.

There are several styles of jointed dolls; the common ones, to sell from 5 to 50 cents; a better grade, "full jointed," to sell at from 25 cents to \$5, and especially fine ones which are used to show pieces in store windows.

But if we do not make dolls to any extent in this country, we repair them at a great rate. About Christmas time "doll hospitals" are established in all the big stores in New York where toys are sold, and dolls with eyes that should move but are fixed, with legs that insist upon being knock-kneed, with arms that should swing, but don't, are repaired.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

WHAT an earthly paradise is a refined Catholic home! The parents belong to some of the church societies and the older children are members of the sodality.

The sacraments keep them innocent, and that

of dolls, makes plaster of paris models of the styles of heads and limbs most in demand, and sells them singly or in sets, to the peasants who make the dolls. There are all sorts of faces among the models—pretty girls, smiling boys, old women, negroes and crying babies. Throughout the winter, father, mother, and all the larger children unite in making papier mache casts from these models, each cast being, of course, an exact counterpart of the models, but thin and light, and gray in color.

The legs and arms are dipped in flesh-colored paint, and the painted shoes are put on with brushes. These various parts, together with the head, are fastened to a cloth body stuffed with sawdust, and dolly goes off to the factory, where the more artistic work is done. Her limbs have the proper tint, her body is as true to nature as necessary, but her head is still bare, her cheeks are gray, and her colorless eyes express no intelligence.

An expert workman in the factory, holding dolly by the feet, dips her head and shoulders for a moment in melted wax, and she emerges from the bath the composition wax doll of commerce. When she is sufficiently dry she passes into the hands of a girl operator, who quickly paints the pink tinge upon her cheeks. Another girl adds the blue eyes, still another the

Sacraments of sacraments gives them the ineffable peace of Christ. Quiet, order, gentleness and kindness are the guardian angels of the household, and education brings in its accomplishments to add their charms to the ordinary monotony of life. The souls of all the members of the family are growing in grace; their minds are open to what is most choice in science and art; and in their material surroundings they enjoy all the comforts and some of the luxuries of nineteenth century existence. Troubles may come and troubles may go, but the hearts in such a home are tranquil.

ST. ANN'S TO THE FRONT.—Miss M. McA. is so far ahead in the competition for the girl's first prize.

"Billy, I believe I'm in love." "What makes you think so, Tommy?" "'Cause I washes my neck and comes my hair without being told."

Miss Mary D., St. Mary's parish, is a good second in the race for the girls first prize. May success crown your efforts, Mary.

A work of fiction—The weather prophet's almanac.



THE CAUSE OF MUCH JOY.