

# SUNBEAM

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## AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Little Millie Merton seems to have had too many presents for Christmas morning—rather an "embarrassment of riches," as the French people say. She has more than her arms full of good things. The little grenadier who hangs head downwards seems to be in a very uncomfortable position. The horse and the dolly are very queer playmates to have in her arms at once. I am afraid that there are many little girls among the poor and neglected who will perhaps be without a single toy. The children who have so many should send their old ones, or even some of their new ones, to those who have none. Thus shall they remember the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

## KEITHA'S GOLDEN RULE.

BY ISOBEL E. NICOL.

Mother had gone down town. Before she left she had taken Keitha next door to play with the Hall children for an hour.

The hour passed quickly, and Ruthie said, when Keitha's mother came back, that the hands of the clock must have just run around.

Mamma laughed, and said that they must all come over and play with Keitha some day soon, and see how her clocks went.

When they got home, Keitha climbed



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on mamma's lap, and began telling about her visit with her little friends. "Do you know, mother," she said, "that Ruthie kept the prettiest doll for herself, and Walter pulled my dollie's hair. When we had our tea party he would drink all of the tea out of his cup so fast, and he cracked one of the plates."

only another way of keeping the golden rule."—*Jewels.*

Little May was being taken up to bed by her mother. She stopped on the staircase and whispered, "Take my hand, mother, and then the dark will be all light."

"O dear," said mother; "am I not to hear anything nice at all about your visit?"

"O yes," Keitha answered. Then she told how Ruthie let her pour the tea, and didn't get cross with Walter, but just coaxed him to play that he was a visitor, and then he behaved very nicely. "After tea Walter made his puppy do tricks for us. She would jump over a stick, or lie down and pretend to be dead, and then jump up and carry a paper in her mouth. O, we had a lovely time, mother."

After a moment mamma said: "Keitha, darling, which of your stories do you think that I would sooner hear?"

Keitha looked surprised for a minute, and then answered softly: "I suppose that it's about the nice things Walter and Ruthie did."

"Yes, dear," her mother said. "Let us try after this just to tell the nice things about people."

Keitha was quiet for a moment, and then said: "I'll remember, mother. I wouldn't like Ruthie and Walter to tell every time that I was naughty when they played with me, would I?"

"No, dear," answered her mother; "so it's