

SUNBEAM

VOL. XXII.

TORONTO, JULY 13, 1901.

No. 14.

THE SWING.

Lessons are over and books put away, and our little maid has come out to enjoy the fresh air and the brilliant sunlight. No doubt the sensation, as she rushes through the air on her swing, and the sweet scented autumn winds playing round her face and hair, is delicious; and let us hope she enjoys it the more for having worked hard and well at her books during the morning.

PROUD ELLA.

Ella was Aunt Margie's little girl, and had come with her mother and cousins to visit the fair. After they had come within the building, her mamma told her to put her parasol down, but the child did not choose to mind.

"Your mamma says for you to put down your parasol," said Mabel, gently.

"I s'an't; I want it up."

Eddie looked astonished at a child that could put on such airs and speak so pertly.

The little miss marched on. She expected every one to admire her, but they did not. No one noticed her excepting one girl, who remarked as she passed on, "See that little goose!"

By and by Ella got tired of carrying her parasol. She wanted to look at some of the pretty things, and wished it was



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shut. A man coming by just then jostled against it and knocked it out of her hand. It rolled along the ground, catching up the dust at every turn. Then Miss Ella set up a loud cry.

"Good enough for her!" Mabel was just going to say, but she didn't. Her mother had taught her not to say ill-natured words. She went and picked up the parasol, gently saying, "Shall I close

it for you now, Ella?"

"Yes," she pouted.

"And I'll carry it for you; shall I?" asked Eddie.

"Yes," Ella pouted again.

If she stays much longer with those nice little cousins of hers, she may drop her disagreeable, naughty ways, and copy their politeness and good manners.

DOLLY'S PRESCRIPTION.

BY E. E. HEWITT.

Florence's mother was sick, and her uncle-doctor was coming to the house every day. Once as he was about to leave, Florence called him back. "I want a prescription for my dolly, Uncle Hugh; she is very sick."

Uncle Hugh felt Dolly's pulse, and then sat down, and wrote something on a paper, which he handed to grandmother.

Grandmother found an empty bottle, which she nearly filled with water; then she

added a few drops of peppermint and a little sugar.

Florence took her little silver spoon, and what do you think? She gave the medicine to herself instead of to her dolly! It tasted very good, so medicine time came round quite often.

The next morning, when Uncle Hugh rang the bell, Florence ran downstairs and told him that Dolly was a great deal better.