

SUNBEAM

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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 san'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 wanted the folks to see her pretty parasol. 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-bye Ella got tired of carrying her parasol. She wanted to look at some of the pretty things, and wished it was 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 now, Ella?"



THE SWING.

THE SWING.

LESSONS are over and books put away, and our little maid has come out to enjoy the fresh air and the bright 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.

TRY.

A LITTLE girl four years old was playing busily with her numerous family of dolls. At length she said "Auntie, my children are coming to see you. They are very full of mischief, and will spill water on your floor, and do lots of things. I try to make them do better but I don't seem to succeed. They say their prayers too, but I guess they leave—"

Here she hesitated, and her auntie helped her along by saying: "Do

they leave out that part of the prayer asking Jesus to make them good girls?"

"No," she said, "they say that; they ask Jesus to make them good girls; but I guess they leave it all for him to do, and don't try themselves."

After thinking a moment, auntie said: "They are like some girls, are they not?"

The child looked up quickly and replied: "Do you mean me, auntie? I try, don't I?"