

SUNBEAM

XXVI.

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THE FIRST COMPOSITION."
dear! What a task it is! Don't you remember a similar task, dear readers? Of course you do, and smile now to look at it and think what a heavy undertaking it was.

This is the way with every labor presented to us, and every requirement attending it. It seems hard when we look at the prospective, but just the contrary when the end is gained. Remember this, friends, in pursuing your school studies. When a lesson seems very difficult to master or an essay hard to write, look back upon your first letter and consider how a little effort and practice will soon accomplish any work.

QUEER DOLL.
BY S. THOMPSON.

Hilda Dill has dozens of dolls; but the one that occupies the place of honor is "White Feather Blue Eyes," which came to her as a birthday present all the way from a United States girl in Arizona. Hilda's uncle is a cavalry officer out there; and not long since, an Indian woman came to the fort with horns, reed-covered moccasins, beaded moccasins, and dolls, of which one was White

Feather Blue Eyes. A good many wanted the doll, but Col. Tom offered the most (five silver dollars), and Mountain said that was the Indian woman's name) to him. "Her clothing was so greasy, and she looked so fierce

and wild that she ought to have been called 'Carriion Crow,'" wrote Uncle Tom.

White Feather Blue Eyes is a rag doll from head to foot. Her face is stained

Her hands are black, with a red ring painted around each finger. In a band of doeskin which is fastened tightly around White Feather Blue Eyes' head are five white feathers, nearly the length of the doll. These are tipped with red.

The doll has no underclothes, but a doeskin dress, covered nearly all over with beads. The front of this dress has a beaded canoe and a tomahawk embroidered in the beads. The back has a very good Indian papoose, or baby, in its bark cradle.

A piece of red blanket, fringed with beads, and a pair of moccasins completes White Feather Blue Eyes' striking costume. The Indian doll is coveted by all the little girls in Hilda's neighborhood; but she cannot be borrowed, begged nor bought.

DO YOU PRAY FOR THEM?

"How is it that you and the girl across the aisle are such friends now? She seemed such a disagreeable girl. I thought you disliked her?"

"Well," replied the sister, "I was scolding about her one day to mamma, of course expecting her to sympathize with

me. All she said was, 'I think you had better pray for her.' I was very much ashamed; for, though I had kept everything smooth on the outside, being polite to her, you know, and lending her my things, and keeping my side of the aisle



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with the juice of some berry until it is brown as any little Indian girl's. Her cheeks are the color of brick-dust; and in each of her black ears is a wire, on which is fastened a large bead for an earring. Her blue eyes are large, blue glass beads.