

SUNBEAM

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No. 7.

A POUTING GIRL.

My mother says a girl she knows
Whose face with love and kindness glows,
Who carries sunshine where she goes—
A darling little human rose.

Another girl she knows well, too,
Who frets at all she has to do;
With sulky face she scowls
at you,
While anger clouds her eyes
of blue.

And all the time 'tis plain
to see,
From mother's laughing
face, that she
Means one of those two
girls for me—
Now which, I wonder, can
it be?

WAS ETTA A GENEROUS GIRL?

I said to Etta, who is my
eldest daughter, "Etta,
dear, I want you to help
me sew an hour before you
go out to trundle your hoop
this afternoon."

"I don't want to. I
want to join Fanny and
Jennie and Nelly. We are
going to have a nice time,"
my child replied.

"No, you must sew an
hour first," I said firmly.

Then with much frown-
ing and pouting my child
threw her hoop into a cor-
ner, and taking her needle
and her work, sewed in
silence for an hour. Was
that a nice way, think you,
for Etta to treat her mother
who had done so much for
her? I hope, my dear
children, you promptly and cheerfully do
what mother asks, for you can never re-
pay the debt of love you owe.

A LITTLE RED GLOVE.

The twins were almost ready for church,
they had on their white pique dresses,
starched as stiff as anything, and their red
sashes; white pique bonnets with red ribbon
strings and red slippers. I don't see what

else little girls could expect to wear to
church!

But Aunt Sue had sent them each a cute
pair of little red gloves from Richmond,
and this was the first chance they had had
to wear them. They were fairly on their
tiptoes, they were so eager to get their ten
fat fingers into them,

not in mother's glove-box, and it wasn't
anywhere.

"Look in the slop-bowl, mamma," sug-
gested Rosy, the tears trembling on her
brown lashes. Rosy had had several sad
experiences of finding things in the slop-
bowl that ought not to have been there.
But the red glove was not in the slop-bowl.

Posy had hers on and
buttoned tightly across her
fat wrists, and she thought
they were the prettiest
things in the world.

The church bell began to
ring, but no glove could be
found. Poor Rosy! The
tears rolled down her
cheeks, keeping time to the
ding-dong of the bell. But
what was Posy doing?

With a very sober face
Posy was tugging at her
pretty gloves until at last
they came off, turned inside
out.

"There," she cried; "now
we won't either of us wear
them. Come on, Rosy."

Away flew the clouds
from Rosy's face, and away
twinkled the little feet over
the fields to church. The
day was warm, the sermon
was long, and our little
maids took a sound nap in
the middle of it. But the best
sermon of all to me was the
sight of Posy's chubby bare
hands, prettier than all the
gloves in Paris, because they
were holding fast to the
Golden Rule.

GROWING ON THE BUSHES.

"I wish I could earn some
money for Sunday-school.
Teacher says that's the
only kind of money we ought to give,"

said Clara.
"Dear me, there is plenty of money
growing on those blackberry bushes; can't
you see it?" said her father.

Clara looked at him, then at her mother,
then at the bushes, and then laughed and
ran for a pail. "Course," she said,
"black-berries sell for ten cents a quart!
'Course the money is growing on the
bushes!"



NAUGHTY ETTA.

"Here, Rose, honey," said their old
coloured nurse, "you jes' run youh
fingers into dese while I looks for
Posy's."

"But these are mine, Mammy," cried
Posy. "See, they are marked on the in-
side, 'Posy.'"

"All right, den, chile, I ain't carin' who
dey 'longs to, jest so I finds t'odder one."

But one little red glove was gone! It
was not in the bureau drawer, and it was