

### THE SWEETEST BABY IN THE LAND.

"Sweetest baby in the land,  
Sweeter none could ever be—  
Sister thinks it, sister knows it."  
Who's a better judge than she?

"Little footies soft as down,  
Rose and snow in them I see,  
Lumps of sweetness, sister knows it."  
Who's a better judge than she?

"Eyes of blue and bright as stars,  
Looking up with wondrous glee—  
None so bright, and sister knows it."  
Who's a better judge than she?

"Little lippies, dewy tender,  
How they strive to talk to me!  
Angels teach them, sister knows it."  
Who's a better judge than she?

"All sweet babies in creation  
Are not half so sweet to see.  
Sister thinks it, sister knows it."  
Who's a better judge than she?

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 13, 1904.

### PERSEVERANCE.

A little girl being given a task in needlework by her mother, took a chair out under a shady tree in the yard and prepared to finish it. The surroundings out there were very pleasant. The birds sang merrily as they flew from limb to limb; the air was mild and balmy; and everything looked cheerful and bright; yet she was unhappy and discontented. She did not want to work; and while the task was not hard, she imagined it was

and thought she was tired before she began it. So, instead of beginning at once and getting it done soon, she let her work lie idly in her lap.

Then her gaze fell on a little busy ant which was trying to drag along a crumb of bread very much larger than itself, but it came to a twig which it found hard to crawl over with its burden. The ant tried to pull it over the twig, and after getting it up a little tumbled off. Next it tried to push the crumb over, and the burden tumbled over on it. The insect could have easily gone round the twig, but it did not seem to think of this, and went on dragging and tumbling in the same old way. Finally it got over, and proceeded on its way.

This set the little girl to thinking, and she wondered what made the ant do as it had done. Something said it was perseverance, and the birds seemed to sing over and over again, "Perseverance," until she picked up the sewing, and was surprised to find how soon it was finished. Often afterwards, when tempted to neglect or put off some duty, the little girl thought of the ant, and whispering to herself "Perseverance," soon put the tempter to flight.

### CARL'S PROMISE.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

"Hurrah! There's a picnic to-morrow, a ride to the lake, then fishing and swimming—a jolly good time all round!" and Carl Hammond ran into the house, tossing his cap in boyish delight. "It isn't to cost us a cent. Tom Kingman's Uncle Frank has invited all the members of the Nature Club!"

Carl didn't notice the look of disappointment that suddenly came into his sister Bessie's face, but Mrs. Hammond did.

"And you're going?"

"Why, yes; if you and father are willing," replied Carl, in surprise. "You don't want me to stay at home, do you, mother, when the club's invited, and I'm the president of it?"

"But haven't you a previous engagement, dear? Haven't you promised to go somewhere else?"

"Not that I know of. Oh, yes; I told Bessie I'd take her to the pony show in the afternoon; but then, she can wait. We can go some other time."

Bessie left the room while Carl was speaking.

"But it closes to-morrow, dear," replied Mrs. Hammond. "There will not be another opportunity. Bessie has set her heart on going; she's very fond of animals! The paper says it's the finest exhibition in a number of years."

"But there'll be another some time, and the club doesn't get a chance very

often to go away on a picnic like this one."

"However pleasurable such an outing would be," said his mother, slowly, "you should remember that a promise should never be broken. It should be a principle of every boy always to keep an agreement."

"But I'll go some other time."

Bessie unselfishly concealed her disappointment the next morning, as Carl was preparing for the day's picnic.

"Hope you'll have a lovely time, Carl," she called gaily, as he went slowly down the path.

"I wish the picnic hadn't come to-day," thought Carl as he turned the corner. "Bessie doesn't care, though, as I thought she would. I guess she didn't want to go so much, after all."

He was silent a minute.

"The promise, though—I oughtn't to—"

When Carl entered the Kingman yard, his mind was made up.

"I'll just tell them I can't go. Picnic or no picnic, I'll keep my promise!"

"Hallo! We're waiting!" called Tom, jovially. "We're all here now but Dick Needham."

"He's coming! There he is!" called a chorus of voices, as Dick came hurriedly down the street.

"That's good!" said Tom's uncle. "There are two qualities every boy ought to possess—promptness and the habit of keeping an agreement. The team will be here in a minute."

"I think I can't go, boys," said Carl.

"Not going!" exclaimed the boys.

"And you're president of the club!"

"I forgot yesterday that I had another engagement," declared Carl, manfully.

"I must keep my agreement."

"Certainly," replied Uncle Frank.

"He's right, boys. We're sorry, but we'll go again, some time."

"You back!" cried Bessie, a little later, in surprise, running down to the gate. "Don't you want—"

"To take you to the pony show?" interrupted Carl. "Why, of course!"

Carl wondered why he had such a good time that afternoon. Don't you imagine it was because of the promise kept.—*The Morning Star.*

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