



## ROSY'S SURPRISE.

Rosy is our little sunbeam. When the stars have twinkled through six more nights, she will be three years old. Yesterday she spent the day at her Aunt Sarah's. In the afternoon her papa said, "I must go and find my little sunbeam." The snow was falling in thick, feathery flakes as he started off.

His strong legs went tramp, tramp, tramp, through the soft snow. The white flakes fell on him, and covered him. When little Sunbeam saw him coming up to Aunt Sarah's door, she thought it was a big snow-drift walking right into the house; but, when she saw his eyes, she knew it was her dear papa.

He took her in his arms, and tucked her away under the cape of his overcoat. You could only see her blue eyes and