

# THE SUNBEAM

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## THE YOUNG SAILOR.

He looked across the placid bay,  
Thought of the homestead far away,  
Where brothers young and sisters fair  
Would offer up a daily prayer,  
That their loved sailor-boy might be  
Saved from the perils of the sea.

He seemed to see his mother's  
face,  
To feel her tender last embrace;  
Her blessing sounded in his ear,  
And brought th' involuntary  
tear;  
And yet the sailor-boy was  
brave,  
And loved his life upon the  
wave.

Courage, young sailor! brave at  
heart  
Has always had a tender part;  
Who thinks upon his mother's  
face,  
Will bring his country no dis-  
grace;  
And he'll more bravely dangers  
dare,  
Who thinks upon his mother's  
prayer.

## WOOL-GATHERING.

BY MRS. S. J. BRIGHAM.

JAMIE and Bessy Baldwin had the promise of going with their brother Paul to the meadows to spend the day. Paul was his father's shepherd and had learned to love his work, as well as the sheep, and brook, and birds, and pleasant fields. Jamie was too small to wade the brook, which they must cross to reach the meadows. But Bessie thought it great fun, so she took off her shoes and stockings, and put them into Paul's pocket, and her hand within his, and

followed the sheep through the cool water of the brook.

It was a lovely June day, and the sweet meadow lands were blooming with white clover. The bees were shaking the blossom, and gathering honey. The birds were

nipping the tender leaves, for it was their breakfast time. Bessie made daisy chains and trimmed her brothers' hats and put one upon her pet Nanny's neck.

It was the month of roses, and pink wild roses crowded along the walls and fences, and when daisy chains became common Bessie and Jamie strolled along the walls and filled hat and apron with the fragrant blossoms.

Paul was resting under the shadow of his favorite tree on the hillside where he had spent much of his boyhood in faithfully watching his flocks, and at the same time studying the habits of flowers, birds, and bees.

He blew his horn when it was time for lunch, and Bessie and Jamie hurried to the spot gay with blossoms, and with a very wonderful thing to tell to brother Paul.

"Paul, Paul," said Bessie, "we have seen such a funny sight: some birdies came down and took a ride upon the backs of the sheep while they were feeding."

"And what do you think they were there for?" said Paul.

"Why, for a ride," said Bessie, "and all the time they were stretching up their little necks and pulling out wool, and—"

"And they flew away with it," said Jamie.

"No," said Paul, "they were wool-gathering. I have often seen them pull as much as they could carry, and fly away; and with it they line their little nests, and thus prepare a soft and warm home for their little birdies."

This fact amused the children very much



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darting in and out of the tree-tops, and among the alders along the brookside searching for suitable places to build their nests.

The sheep ran here and everywhere through the clover, bothering the bees, and