

SUNBEAM

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NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

Not to be caught with chaff! No, indeed. Our friend, the horse, knows better, for this is not the first time he has been caught for a long day's work by a few handfuls of oats. He knows well enough that the boy, with his coaxing voice and manner, is only saying, "Come along, now, I have to drive Daddy to the town, and you must draw the carriage," and he thinks to himself as he keeps at a distance, "Ah! you'll have to catch me first."

A LITTLE WOMAN.

BY MARGARET RAEBURN.

"I shall have to leave you alone to-day day, Elsie dear. Mother has to take Emily into town to have her eyes treated, and only old Ellen will be here, and she will be very busy. Will you be mother's brave little woman and take care of yourself?"

Elsie looked up brightly. "Don't you worry, mother dear. I'm doin' to be as busy as Ellen. My family are a drate trouble. I have lots to do for them all day."

As soon as mother and Emily were gone, Elsie went to work. She had a new ribbon for Kitty which must be put round her neck. Then she took a piece of lawn, and the needle which mother had threaded, and a spool of thread, and round-pointed scissors. Bess, her very dearest



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doll, lay on the floor waiting for her new dress to be made. Elsie was out on the portico. She worked very hard, and then the thread knotted and broke, and Kitty ran off with her spool. Then Elsie pulled off her big hat and lay down beside her

dolly, and fell fast asleep.

When she awakened, Ellen had lunch ready. Then, after lunch, Elsie played in the yard until mother and Emily came home. Such a clean, bright little face it was that was raised to mother's to be kissed!

"Well," said Ellen, "that child hasn't been a bit of trouble. She just amused herself all day long, and was as happy as a queen!"

She might have whined and cried when mother left, and worried Ellen, and kept her from her work, and been a very miserable child all that long day.

WAIT FOR THE MUD TO DRY.

Father Graham was an old-fashioned gentleman, beloved by every one, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and active was he.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

"My dear boy," Father Graham said to him; "take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better

when it is dry. Wait a little. If you go now, it will be only to quarrel."

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done the offending person came to beg forgiveness.