

# SUNBEAM

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## WHAT SISTERS ARE FOR.

"Who are those children, Malcolm?" asked Mrs. McDonald. "The boy looked at you so strangely."

"Weil he may look at me strangely," answered Malcolm, contemptuously; "he stole my knife."

"Dear me, what a pity!" Evidently Mrs. McDonald was not thinking of the knife, for she turned and looked after the boy regretfully.

"He has a good face," she said.

"He's a rogue," exclaimed Malcolm, spitefully, "and he lied like anything about it!"

Mrs. McDonald and Malcolm were going up the steps of a fine hotel, which was full of summer boarders, while Gil Philips and his two little sisters seemed to be going nowhere in particular, and looked a good deal like people who had nowhere to go. They also were talking on the same subject as the mother and son.

"Was that the fellar?" asked Bet, a little fiercely.

"That's him," answered Gil; "an' ef his mother hadn't a-bin along, I'd er struck—"

"Hush, Gil!" said 'Liza; "'tain't right to talk so."

"No more 'tain't right for him to say I stole his ole knife."

"How cum you had any knife o' his'n?" asked Bet.

"I borrowed hit," sighed Gil, "and put hit in my pockit, and 'tain't nary hole in my pockit, but 'tain't no knife thar now."

"Gil," said 'Eliza, suddenly, "ef I find



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

the knife, will you take it back and make up with that boy?"

"How you goin' to find it? I done looked for it everywhere."

But everybody knows that a boy's looking is one thing, and a girl's looking is quite another; and 'Liza had a notion in her little head. Gil flouted her notion, and Bet said she was crazy, but all the same they hung over the rocks with her, watching the tide go out.

There isn't much tide at Craney, it is so

far up the bay; but the water swells gently up the beach twice a day, and twice a day lapses gently back, and that day, when the rocks, where Malcolm and Gil had been playing were uncovered, there, under a low-lying ledge, 'Liza found the knife, as she hoped, and also, half-buried in the sand, a round, wet, silver dollar.

"'Course" exclaimed the little bare-footed finder, triumphant "I jes thought how you an' him jerked off your coats, an' I made sure yer pockits turned upside down, but I warn't sure 'bout the tide leavin' 'em here so snug."

"How cum you ter think of such a thing?" cried Gil, in admiration of Liza's genius.

"O, that's what girls are for, I guess," answered the little woman, pleased with her own helpfulness.

But when Gil found himself obliged to keep his promise of 'making up,' and forgiving his slanderer, instead of fighting him, which I am sorry to say was

a plan he had been cherishing, he had a dim notion of another truth, though not a word of it could he have uttered—that God put sisters in a fellow's home to help him in the hard climb up the hill of Right.

One day Jessie was sitting in her grandpa's lap, and while sitting there, noticed that his head was bald on top. She said, "O, 'Ranpa, your head is pecking froo!"