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BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

Some people dislike being photographed very much. They think it a great trial and a waste of time to go and spend half an hour in a photographer's studio, just to have their picture taken. But they forget that it is not being done for themselves, but for their friends, who are anxious to have a good likeness as a remembrance of them when they are gone. The wonderful progress of the photographer's art has now made it possible to have photos taken with all manner of contrivances. They can be taken with electric light, and in half a second or so the picture is transferred to the glass plate. From this it is taken off on to paper and the photograph is then finished. This little girl seems thoroughly to enjoy having her photo taken, standing there smiling so pleasantly with her dolly by her side. What a good picture she will make if the photographer does his work well. Some people look so cross and unhappy when they are being photographed, that you would think they were at the dentist's instead of at the studio; then, of course, their picture is not like them, and they are disappointed. When next you have your picture taken remember to "look pleasant."

Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved, but he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once.

SALLY'S OFFERING.

"Don't you think that you could spare at least a penny a week for the little brown sisters across the sea?" The teacher asked the question as she looked into the

peeped into some of the homes. They had seen the tiny child wives and the poor, sad little widows shut up in their dull, miserable lives, and the warm, loving hearts were touched with pity for those little India sisters, and they all wanted to help in some way or somehow.

The missionary box was passed around, and right merrily did their brown coins tumble into its open mouth. But when it came to one little girl, she could only shake her head and let it pass. Then, looking into her teacher's face, with eyes big with tears, she whispered, "Please, teacher, I've never got nothing to give; I never does have a cent of my very own."

"Never mind, dear; Jesus Christ knows all about it, and he quite understands it."

But little Sally's heart was very sad as she went to her poor attic home. It did seem a bit hard to be the only one every Missionary Sunday who had nothing to give, she thought. Not once in her whole life had Sally ever possessed a penny that she could call her own. No; not for her were the delights of the candy shops or the ice cream stands. But this never

troubled her. It was just to help the dear Lord's other children that she wanted it.

bright, interested faces before her in the class. It was Missionary Sunday, and Miss Moore had been taking her girls a "pretence" journey to far-away India. They had crossed the sea, visited some of the beautiful temples and palaces, and

As she sat at home that evening her mother noticed that the usually sunshiny face wore a cloudy look, and she asked



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