

THE SUNBEAM

ROBERT SMITH, C.

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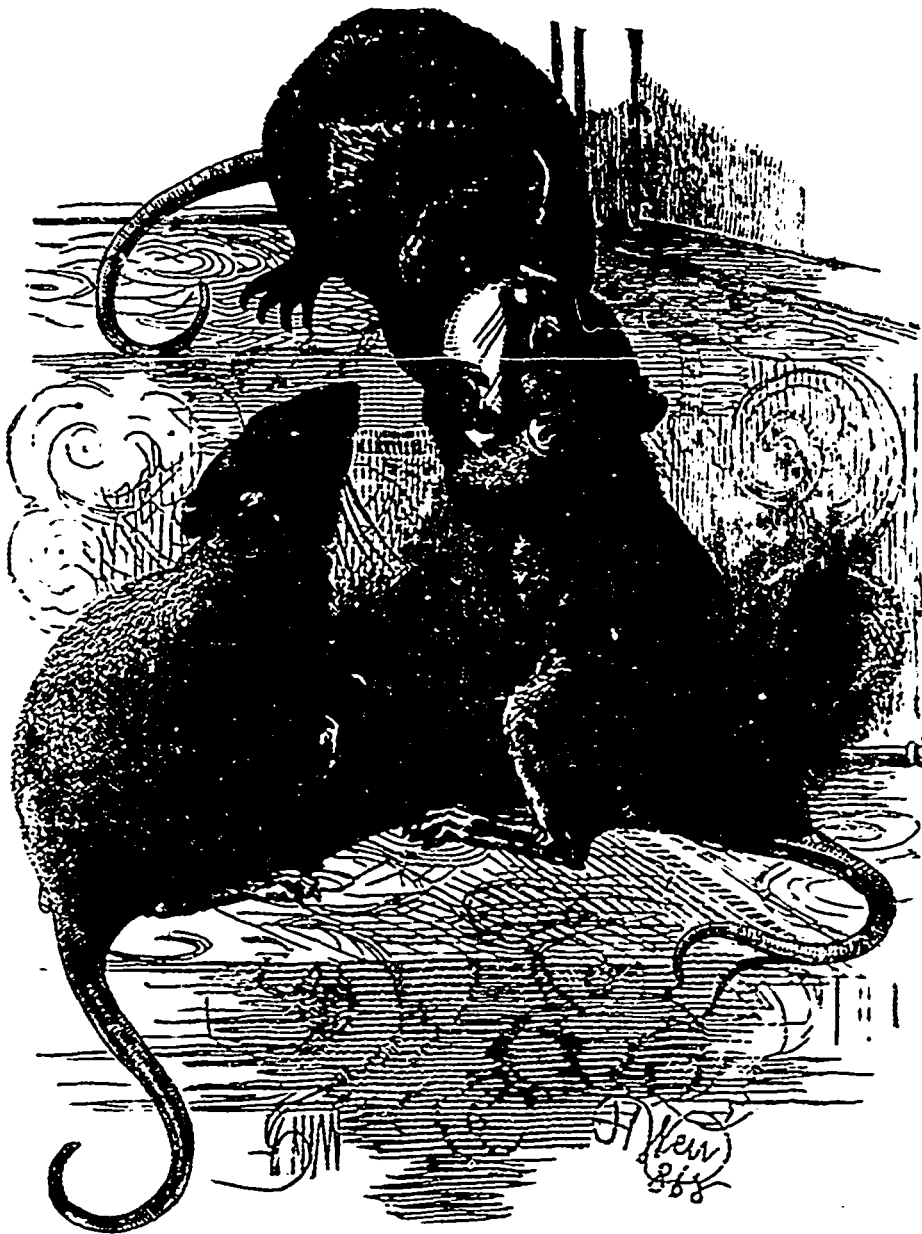
No. 8.

WONDERFUL RATS.

Not the sagacity of the and in the pursuit of is marvellous. In it, he is so cunning, works with almost an ingenuity, that accounts of his will, which are per- correct, are some- looked upon as and fables. It is "I am that rats will eggs from the or, on to the top of a hard lifting them from to stair, the first the pushing them up on bread, and the second of them with its n' eggs. They will flies a cork from a y pic of Florence oil, dip t a hair tails, and repeat n' manoeuvre until they ful b' drawn off every and Not long ago a rat nge, seen to mount a dy, on which a drum of Mar was placed, and I a way to tip it When scattering its con- N' on the floor be- we, where a score of three spectant brethren waiting the result ne, as daring and inge- ven. It very lay

CHARLIE'S BOOK.

"MOTHER," said little and the "Will Harding his mother writes and she?" said and then she went on sewing, and Charlie, who was trying to stand a head. "Mother," said Charlie, presently, "is it to write a book?" "You don't know, I'm sure," said mother. "You are going to write a book," said this



WONDERFUL RATS.

"Now, mother," said her little boy, "I'm done my book."

"No," said his mother, thinking a little while, "you are not near done God has given you a book to write. I hope it is a big, long one, full of beautiful stories."

"What's the name of my book?" he asked, coming close to her.

"Its name is Charlie's Life; you can only write one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page, but when you help mother and keep a bright face, and don't quarrel with Teddy, that makes a nice, fair page, with pretty pictures on it."

"And when will I be done writing that book?" asked Charlie.

"When God sees that your book is long enough," answered mother, "he will send an angel to shut its covers and put a clasp on it until the great day when all our life-books shall be opened and read."

Charlie sat very quiet and then said softly, "Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white basket and laid the white roses over her."

Yes, said his mother, "her life-book was just a little hymn of praise to God, its pages were clean and white, no stains on them."

Charlie looked up and saw two tears fall on mother's work, but they were bright tears, and a smile came with them.

small man in petticoats. Just then the door bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back her little boy was sitting on her footstool busily writing in a handsome book, but as he wrote with a slate-pencil it didn't do the book any harm.