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# SUNBEAM

ROSE SMITH

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## THE YOUNG ARTIST.

is not the kind of "art studio" we  
to find, is it? But it is an artist's  
shop, all the same. It is a pity that  
etching on the wall is so dim we  
scarcely judge the ability of the young  
from it, and the cat's head he is at  
drawing is in such an  
factory size. We are  
certain that it is going  
a cat. The boy must  
his work, for he has, we  
been doing some wood  
The ship and the  
on which it stands, the  
walking-stick,  
the partially carved dog  
of this work. If  
on at it and continues  
rove, week by week, we  
likely hear of him as some  
artist or first-class  
carver, but he will need  
perseverance, taste,  
"O skilled fingers.

## KATE AND PATTY.

was Christmas Day, but  
stood by the window,  
ing out on the falling snow  
a very sober face.  
What is the matter, Kate?  
d' auntie. "Why don't  
y with your new doll?"  
don't care for her now.  
Kate said.  
y art? I thought you  
her very much last  
I did; but my doll has  
the head and a crimson  
and I've seen Mary  
to-day, and it's ever  
prettier. She's a wax head, and  
dressed in blue silk. I don't like my  
either; I wanted gilt-and-white  
of flowered ones. And see, it's  
and I shan't get a ride to-day."  
thought a few minutes.  
dear, shall I tell you a little  
read last Christmas?"  
smiled. "Yes, auntie, please."  
little girl named Patty lived with  
mother in a basement-room—one room,

Katie—in a large city. They were very  
poor, and the mother had to go out to work,  
leaving Patty alone a great deal. On  
Christmas Eve the poor woman was going  
home from work, looking in at the lighted  
shop windows, and wishing she could buy  
a gift for her little girl. She did not think

piece, Katie. You don't know how pleased  
she was. Home she went with a cheerful  
heart, and when the little girl was in bed  
and fast asleep, she slipped into her stock-  
ing the sweets and broken pipe. Very  
early Patty awoke, and she fairly screamed  
for joy when she found them.

"For hours of that day she  
blew bubbles happy as a bird.  
What would she have said,  
Katie, to your Christmas  
gifts?"

Kate looked ashamed. "I  
was not good, auntie," she  
said. "I don't deserve my  
pretty things"

Auntie kissed her, and she  
went to her play with a bright  
face, and kept it.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

## UBECHÉ

UBECHÉ lived away off in  
a village in Africa. There  
was a fence built around the  
village to keep off lions and  
tigers, and the little African  
boys and girls generally played  
inside the fence. But one day  
Ubeche went out with his  
mother to gather berries. Some  
men came by on camels, and  
they carried Ubeche off hun-  
dreds of miles, intending to  
sell him. But one night they  
lost him.

The next day a good mis-  
sionary lady was sitting by  
the bank of a river, when a  
poor, ragged boy came up to  
her and asked her for some-  
thing to eat. It was Ubeche,  
who was trying to find his

of herself, though she shivered with cold.  
She was not going to have turkey or roast  
beef, pudding or pie, for dinner next day,  
but she said to herself they should not be  
hungry, and that was a great deal. They  
had bread and milk and potatoes. And  
she spent one bright penny—all she could  
spare—to buy some sweets for Patty. But  
as she walked along she saw something  
white on the pavement. She stooped and  
picked up a piece of clay pipe—only a

way back to his home. The missionary  
lady did not know the way to his home,  
but she was so sorry for him that she  
took him home with her, and washed him  
and gave him some supper. Ubeche had  
never heard about the Good Shepherd,  
and the missionaries told him about Jesus,  
and taught him to read and write. He  
lived there for many years, and when he  
died everybody remembered him as a  
noble Christian boy.