

## TWO CULPRITS.

BY CHARLES P. CLEAVES.

Why, little sparrow, I saw you!  
 You ate up the crumbs, you did!  
 I left them under the hemlock,  
 Where the bush-tail squirrel hid.  
 I peeked out of the window  
 To watch him nibble and bite,  
 And you came, little sparrow—I saw you!  
 And ate up the last wee mite.

Shame, little sparrow, how naughty!  
 To s'pose it was all for you.  
 You might think when you are hungry  
 Some others are hungry, too.  
 Now there's no more for the squirrel  
 Till mother has time to bake.  
 What, mother? The pantry open?  
 Yes,—I—did. Was it sister's cake?

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1905.

## HOW IT HAPPENED.

There were two of Miss Kate's little boys away from Sunday-school last Sunday. Charley and Dave. Charley was getting dressed to go when Dave came in to see him.

"I'll be ready in a minute," said Charley.

"Ready for what?" said Dave.

"Why, for Sunday-school."

"I'm not going."

"Why not?"

"Oh, it's more fun here; I don't care about going; I have come to see you instead."

Charley looked sober.

"But I was just about to start," he said.

said Dave, coaxingly. "It's awfully stupid at Sunday-school; I think it's so long, and you have to keep so still. Please stay home to-day, just to please me. I'm your company, you know."

"Yes, he is," thought Charley, "and I suppose you have to do what your company says. But I'm afraid Miss Kate won't like it, and it isn't very right, I guess; but, then, when people come to see you, how can you tell them they aren't welcome? You have to show them good manners."

Charley must have forgot that when a thing "isn't very right" it can't be really good manners to have anything to do with it—not the good manners that come out of a brave, good heart; and they are the only kind worth having, you know.

While Charley was thinking Dave was thinking, too. This was what he thought: "I hope he won't go; but if he does, I'll go, too. It wouldn't be any fun staying away all by myself; it would be too lonesome."

"Well," said Charley, slowly, "all right; I'll stay with you. Maybe once doesn't matter much."

So that was how it was that two of Miss Kate's scholars were absent on last Sunday afternoon. Miss Kate will feel badly when she hears the reason they were away.

## WHAT GERTIE FOUND.

Gertie had found it by the steps—a real purse, with a silver clasp. The children crowded round her as she opened it.

"My! there's a lot of money in it!" said Sam Deane, over her shoulder. And Nellie Deane, his sister, who was bigger than Gertie, said eagerly, "I wish I'd 'a' found it, and I'd get some candy for all of us!"

Gertie looked puzzled. "I isn't my money, Nellie," she said; "it b'longs to somebody. I'm going to ask mother what to do with it," and the little group followed her as she took the purse to her mother.

Mrs. Irving did not seem to think as much of the "lot of money" as Sam did. "It's only thirty cents, dear, in pennies and nickels, and I don't believe the owner will take any trouble to recover it," she explained. "But we will put it away for a week, and you can ask people who live around here if anybody they know has lost it."

But nobody ever came for the purse. And at the end of two weeks, Mrs. Irving said:

"Gertie, what shall we do with the purse?"

Now Gertie had been thinking about it. "I guess, mother, I'd like to let some real poor person have the money, 'cause it isn't really mine, you know."

"I'm glad my little girl thought of

that," said her mother, "and I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you as much again—thirty cents more—and you can buy a doll for little Mary Williams, the crippled girl down on Lane Street."

Gertie thought that was just the nice idea. So now she has the little purse and Mary Williams has the doll, and they are both very happy little girls.

## THE LITTLE MAID FOR ME.

I know a little maiden,  
 Whom I always see arrayed in  
 Silks and ribbons, but she is a spoiled and  
 petted little elf;

For she never helps her mother, nor her  
 sister, nor her brother;

But, forgetting all around her, lives e-  
 tirely for herself.

So she simpers and she sighs,  
 And she mopes and she cries,  
 And knows not where the happy hours  
 flee,

Now let me tell you privately, my dar-  
 ling little friends,

She's as miserable as miserable e-  
 ver.

And I fear she's not the little ma-  
 id for me.

But I know another maiden,  
 Whom I have often seen arrayed in  
 Silks and ribbons, but not always; she's  
 prudent little elf;

And she always helps her mother, and  
 her sister, and her brother.

And lives for all around her, quite  
 regardless of herself;

So she laughs and she sings,  
 And the hours on happy wings

Show her gladness round her pathway  
 they flee.

Now, need I tell you privately, my d-  
 arling little friends,

She's as happy as a little maid e-  
 ver!

This is surely just the little ma-  
 id for me.

## AN UNRULY FLOCK.

"What are you doing, you big blue eye  
 Chasing your waves round in such a co-  
 motion?"

"I am bringing my sheep from the  
 pastures deep

To the little bay where I fold them  
 sleep;

But as fast as I drive them into the pen  
 They toss up their heels and jump  
 again."

"Pa," said a little fellow to his  
 shaven father, "your chin looks like  
 wheel in the musical box."

A little boy, coming home from Sun-  
 day-school, said to his mother: "I  
 isn't there a kitty-chism? This catech-  
 is too hard for me."

HOW A  
 Robin, holding  
 Says "God  
 Throws some  
 Laughs wit  
 hall;  
 Then in his o  
 Robin is tuck

Gentle mother  
 Slips her ha  
 hair;  
 Thinks of the  
 Speaks alou  
 "Holy angels,  
 God's good an

"Mamma, wh  
 Asked the b  
 "How will the  
 Watching m  
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 Answered the

"Prettiest fac  
 Kindest voi  
 Robin, waiting  
 Cried and  
 prise,  
 Love and trust  
 "I know, ma  
 you."

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LESSON  
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 Ezek. 47. 1-12  
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Wed. Read th  
 1-12.

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Sat. Psal  
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 What pictur

God's Word?

picture is it?

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 ing Ezekiel h