

# SUNBEAM

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## A YOUNG ADMIRAL.

The boys have heard so much war news lately that they all want to be captains or admirals or something of the sort. The sailor's life is an adventurous one even in times of peace. There is a demand for courage in battling with the waves and storms and hidden rocks. But in times of war it is very much worse—and we pray that the happy and innocent boy in our picture may never have to fight his fellow-men and have to make the dreadful choice either killing or being killed, or perhaps both. War is a dreadful thing either by sea or land. May it soon cease from the earth.

## WHAT JEANIE WAS GLAD OF.

Some children would think Jeanie hadn't anything to be glad of if they could see the little house where she lived with her grandmother. She had no nice clothes and no playthings but such as she could make for herself. Grandma was old and lame, so there were many steps for Jeanie to take, and not much time for play, yet she looked bright and happy as she sat on the steps, and it seemed to her that the flowers were nodding good-morning to her. But it was time to go to the spring for water, and Jeanie caught up her little pail, and hurried away.

"Poor child! The nights and mornings are getting cold now, and her old shoes are nearly worn out," said grandma.

"I'm so sorry your shoes are all worn out," she said when the little girl came back.

"Yes; but I've thought of something

to be glad about, too," said Jeanie. "I'm so glad my feet can't wear out like my shoes, for you know I can go barefoot, grandma, but I couldn't do without running errands for you."

"You make me think of a Bible verse,"

But grandma smiled. She felt sure that when God put that in his word he did not just mean giving presents, but doing all the kind things that we can do for each other. Don't you think that is the true meaning?



THE YOUNG ADMIRAL.

said grandma, wiping her spectacles, though Jennie couldn't see why they should be the least bit dim. "It's this one: 'God loveth a cheerful giver.'"

"Why, that can't mean me!" said Jeanie. "I haven't the least thing to give anybody."

rie and gave her the ring.

"Oh, I am so glad you found it! It was my mother's, and I think a great deal of it," said Carrie.

But she never knew how happy Susie felt when the naughty, envious feelings went out of her heart that day.

## COVETING.

One afternoon little Susie saw on Carrie Ray's hand the loveliest ring she had ever seen.

"I wish it was mine," Susie whispered, almost aloud.

Every day she looked at the ring and thought how happy she would be to own it. One day, as Susie was washing her hands, she saw the ring right beside her on the marble ledge.

"I'll take it and give it to her by and by," she said, as she slipped it into her pocket; but she did not see Carrie at recess, nor was she in school, and Susie said to herself: "Suppose she should never come back. Then it would be mine."

She kept the ring in her pocket, and, on going home, went to her room and locked the door. Then she tried the ring on, and sat down to look at a book. But somehow the ring did not make her happy. She seemed to hear a little voice speaking in her heart, saying: "It is not yours; take it back."

The next morning Susie went early to school. She found Car-