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FISHING.

What happy days those were when our brother let us go fishing with him and did not scold us because the fish could hear under the water and our restless movements frightened them! The shadow of the drooping willows reflected on the smooth blue water, the soft pearly sky overhead, the sweet chirping of the birds and the mysterious woodland whispers around us, how beautiful it all was! The

very beautiful and very grand, and we grew quiet and did not care to move or splash the water with our feet any more.

We could not put the worm on the hook, so our brother did that for us, saying for our comfort that it did not hurt the worm, worms had no feeling. He always told us in a most awful whisper when it was time for us to draw in our line, for somehow to have to look after the long rod and line and pull in the fish seemed to us the only

THE BITTER LESSON.

Leonine Bridges was a very wild girl. Her father often said that she was more of a boy than any boy of the family, and there were four brothers, three older and one younger than she.

If any one was wanted to bring up the cows or tend the sheep, Leonine was more often chosen than any of the boys. In addition to this boys' work, she tried boys' play, and had a great many wild schemes



cool water on our feet was very pleasant after our long walk over the dusty road. The light dipping sound made by a rising fish and the far-away murmur of the river as it hurried down a hill, over the stones, made us feel that the river, too, had a language of its own. Perhaps when we were big and had grown very wise we would know what the river and the trees and the nodding river grass were telling each other. We knew it was something

thing that marred the great happiness of fishing. But it seemed to be necessary, and we did not complain; we were so anxious to be taken out again the next time our brother had a holiday. Those were days of perfect contentment. Life was to us as it must have been to the little lambs we could see gambolling on the hills beyond the river.

Haste is the key of sorrow.

of her own for amusing herself. We are grieved to say that stealing eggs from birds' nests was one of her wicked ways of amusement. It was while yielding to this temptation that the misfortune that changed the whole current of her life happened to her.

One summer day she climbed nearly to the top of a tall tree, and crept from a larger branch to the outer end of a smaller one, hoping thus to reach an oriole's nest