

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1888.

[No. 16



PAUL AND THE APPLES.

(See also fourth page.)

PAUL left his horse and ran after a little bird; but he could not catch it, and came back to finish his ride. James had set the basket on the stile, and Paul clambered up the steps. The horse would not go fast enough, so Paul shook his bridle and used his spurs quite freely. Then the horse became unruly, and began to kick so that Paul could not keep his seat, and he and all went tumbling down the steps.

PAUL came toddling across the garden and found a basket of apples that James had left. "I'll carry it to the house for James," said he, in his baby fashion; and his fat little hands raised the basket just enough to tilt out half the apples. "Now I must pick them up," he said; and round he went, till every red apple was in its place. "If I can't carry you, you must carry me," he told the basket, as he perched himself on it for a ride.

A LITTLE boy of extraordinary abilities being introduced into the company of a dignified clergyman, was asked where God was, with the promise of an orange. "Tell me," replied the boy, "where he is not, and I will give you two."

CUNNING CROWS AND THEIR VICTIM.

SAYS a writer in *Chatterbox*: "I have a funny story to tell you from Burmah, about some clever crows. I dare say you have often noticed those bold, black birds, who gather so quickly over a newly sown field, and are sometimes seen in hundreds holding a solemn conclave, or in ones or twos warming their feet on the back of some quiet cow! The Burmah crows are not a whit

boldness or cunning. One day I gave my dog, Rajah, a nice bone, and he went to enjoy it on the lawn opposite my window. Presently I saw about a dozen crows perch round him, at a respectable distance, with their glossy black heads first on one side and then on another. They seemed to be wondering how it was possible to get hold of the coveted morsel. Presently two old fellows hopped nearer and nearer to the tempting bait, when a deep growl from Rajah warned them that he meant to keep it for himself. They drew back, and then once more seemed to hold a whispered council.

Soon, to my great amusement, I saw one of the conspirators hop quickly up behind the victim, and with his sharp, strong beak he seized the end of Rajah's tail!

With a snarl of pain the dog turned upon his enemy, and in an instant the game was won. Before poor old Rajah very well knew what it was all about, his bone was gone! High up in the air went the wicked thieves, carrying their booty to some safe place, while Rajah lifted up his head and howled. He was answered by a distant 'Caw, caw, caw,' which sounded to me very much as if the crows were chuckling over their practical joke."

THE GOLDEN RULE EXEMPLIFIED.

In *The Heathen Woman's Friend* we find the following story told by an English missionary lady about a class of small children she was teaching in China:

"The youngest of them had by hard study contrived to keep his place at the head so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed the word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next him whose face expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying, 'No, me not go; me no make An Fun's heart solly.' That little act meant much self-denial, yet was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously from several lips came the quick remark. He do all the same as Jesus' Golden Rule.'—*Sunday School Advocate*.

"How can you do the most good?" asked a lady of a little girl. "By being myself just as good as I can be," was the wise reply.

