

SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 5, 1897.

[No. 12.]

THE LILY POND.

"Just a wee bit farther, Ned," cries baby Bess. "O! what lovely ones. See! one, two, three, seven, eleven." So the little one counts in her strange enumeration.

Brother Ned gives one more stroke of the oar, while cousin Helen pulls the rudder string a little to the left.

"There you are," cry all our children at once.

"Now, Ned, gather as fast as you can, but, Bess darling, don't you touch them, because water-lilies have great long stems which reach way down to the bottom of the pond, and if you pulled too hard you might fall out."

So little Bess sat patiently in the bow of the boat obeying her sister Marjorie's command.

Helen and Ned gathered in the lovely waxen lilies while Marjorie decorated the sides of the boat with them.

Little Bess did her part too, for she discovered two beauties hidden behind the reeds, which the other children didn't notice.

Down went Ned's arm again—and a good thing it was that his sleeve was well rolled up—and triumphantly he pulled up the big white flower that had been hiding slyly from sight. Another plunge and the other one was seized.

"These two are for baby Bess," said Ned.

"Yes, indeed," said Marjorie and Helen, "because she spied them first, and besides she was a little jewel to sit so quietly."



THE LILY POND.

"Alwite," lisped little Bess. "Ise'll take 'em, 'cause I'm going to 'sprise fader and muder with 'em." And that morning for breakfast what do you suppose Mr. and Mrs. Kerr found before their places at table? Why, sure enough, there were their porridge plates, but instead of the porridge and cream, the dish was filled with water on which floated Bess' lilies.

with a class. She told the scholars they must read the Bible, and mind what papa and mamma say. After a while she looked toward the door and quickly said, "Let Jesus in." She thought Jesus was standing there waiting to come in. Jesus does stand at the door of our hearts, and wants us to let him come in. To love Jesus with all our hearts is to let him come in.

THE IDOL- BREAKING BOY

A little boy, the son of a heathen father, once broke with a stick all his images except the largest, then he put the stick into the hands of the idol that was left.

When his father saw it he exclaimed: "Who has done this?"

"Perhaps," said the boy, "the big idol has been beating his little brothers."

"Nonsense!" said the father, "you did it and to pay you I'll beat you with the same stick."

"But," said the boy gently, "how can you trust to a god so weak that a child's hand can destroy him? Do you suppose that if he can't take care of himself or his companions he can of you and of the world?"

The heathen stopped to think. This was a new idea. Then he broke his great idol, and kneeled down to pray to the true God, and called him "my Father."

A wee little girl was playing Sunday-school. She talked as if she were a teacher