

# SUNBEAM

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## SUMMER IN SWEDEN.

The farm-folk of Sweden in the summer send their cattle to the upland pastures, and send with them their sons and daughters to care for them and perform the dairy work. These live in little thatched houses called "saeters," the sleeping rooms being generally small apartments under the roof over the cattle byres. Their summer life in the mountains is varied by midsummer and saint's day festivals, when the lads and lasses get out their holiday attire and have a rustic holiday. The costumes of the girls are often very picturesque and beautiful, with embroidered sleeves and jackets and a profusion of inexpensive jewellery. I do not know whether the young girl in the engraving knows what a pretty picture she makes framed in the little window. I have no doubt that she does. Many of these Swedish girls in country parsonages and farm-houses are remarkably well educated and speak two or three languages, and are, perhaps more familiar with the best English literature than many young people of their own age in either Great Britain or Canada.

### DILLY-DALLY.

Dilly-Dally was almost seven years old.



A SWEDISH GIRL.

See if you can guess why he came to have such a funny name.

"O, Dilly-Dally! Where are you, dear? Run quickly with this pail to the grocer's and get it full of molasses, and don't you

spill a bit. I want it for—well, no matter! I want it."

That molasses was for molasses candy. His mother had just remembered that it was his birthday.

Dilly took it and ran out of the door. He was always quick enough at starting. His trouble came afterwards. In the hedge by the garden gate he spied a yellow breast and heard a sweet note that made him stop to see what the leaves hid. That took a minute.

"Oh, I must hurry!" he said, and started again, but this time Mister Toad hopped out in a friendly way to make him linger.

A dozen things stopped him. He had to play a game of marbles with some boys he knew. He saw a balloon up in the sky and watched it till it was a speck like a black pin's head.

It was almost dark when he came in sight of home.

"O, Dilly-Dally!" cried his mother; "where have you been all this time? It was your party, and all the boys and girls I sent for had to go home, it grew so late. I had to cut the cake to give them all a

piece, and there wasn't anybody to play games or anything! It was too bad!"

Wasn't it? Dilly thought so. A boy's birthday party without any boy to it!

"O Dilly! Dilly!" said his mother sor-