

# SUNBEAM

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## RACHEL AT THE WELL.

IN our lesson for September 16 we read about Jesus at Jacob's well. In our picture we see the well long centuries before the time of Jesus. We can see the heavy stones of which the well is built, the camels not far away, the group of young women bringing their pitchers to the well and the pretty young woman, Rachel, who is there already. She finds a weary stranger at the well. He has come on a long journey and is hot and tired. Rachel lets down her pitcher and draws up the water for him to drink. For this kind act she was repaid, for the man was Jacob, who afterwards became her husband. But how much happier must that Samaritan woman have been, who so many years after, drew water from the well and gave a drink to the tired Stranger, who was Jesus Christ her Saviour.



RACHEL AT THE WELL.

## GET ME AN UMBRELLA.

ROSIE loved dearly to water her flowers. Every evening just after tea she went out with her little watering-pot and sprinkled her pansies, and primroses, and candytuft, and all the other beauties in her flower bed.

A few evenings after her bed had been planted, she started out as usual with her watering-pot,—although the sky was very dark, and the thunder rolled in the distance, and the rain was fast coming. Sure enough, she had hardly reached the flower

bed quiet of the season. Farewell to the daisy fall roses, and goldenrod! Old winter is near, we hope again to meet in the merry spring time after a long day's rest underneath the autumn leaves which are now preparing our winter bed.

garden before the great drops began to fall.

Rosie lifted her head and called "Mamma! mamma!"

Her mother was closing the second story windows, and she answered, "What is it, Rosie? Hurry in, or you will get wet."

"Get me an umbrella, please," called Rosie, without stirring.

"What for? Run in quickly," answered mamma, "and you will not need it."

"But I want to water my flowers, and I will get all wet," answered Rosie.

"Oh, you funny child!" said mamma, laughing. "Don't you see the rain is watering them? Come in, quickly, you are soaking wet already."

## THE LAST OF THE SEASON.

ALL summer Bertha found delight in gathering bouquets of wild flowers of every hue and colour. Before winter will entirely close up the bright faces which smile in the woodland, she once more comes home laden with the last bouquet of the season.

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