

SUNBEAM

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DON'T.

I might have just the mostest fun
If 't wasn't for a word,
I think the very worstest one
'At ever I have heard.
I wish 'at it 'd go away,
But I'm afraid it won't,
I s'pose 'at it 'll always stay—
That awful word of "don't."

It's "don't you make a bit of noise,"

And "don't go
out of door;"
And "don't you
spread your
stock of toys
About the par-
lour floor."
And "don't you
dare play in
the dust;"
And "don't you
tease the cat;"
And "don't you get
your clothing
mussed;"
And "don't" do
this and that.

It seems to me I've
never found.
A thing I'd like
to do
But what there's
some one close
around
'At'sgota "don't"
or two.
And Sunday—'at's
the day 'at
"don't"

Is worse of all
the seven,
O goodness! but I hope there won't
Be any "don'ts" in heaven.

ROSIE IN THE HOSPITAL.

Poor little Rosie! while the beautiful summer days glide by, she has to lie in bed in the hospital, weary and tired, and longing to be able to go out and enjoy herself like other little girls. She is probably in bed with some wasting fever that needs great care and good nursing. In our illustration she lies there sound asleep, with her thin little hands on the counterpane and her beautiful hair flowing loosely over the pillow. Outside the sun is just setting behind the farmhouse in the distance, and

everything is looking so lovely that it does, indeed, seem a pity that little Rosie cannot be out too, and enjoy it all. On the window-sill by the bedside is a jar with a lovely bunch of roses in it which have been brought, perhaps, by some kind friend. It is a great trial for a little person to be in bed with illness during the summer months, and we hope our friend, little Rosie, will soon be well again and out in the fresh air with her companions.

comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, 'Take this seat, mother,' or, 'Sit here, Annie,' but you sit still and enjoy it yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or sister in the doorway from one room to another, instead of stepping aside politely for them to pass first. Perhaps you say 'the governor,' in speaking of your father; and when he comes in at night you forget to say, 'Good evening, sir.'

Sometimes when your mother has been shopping and passes you on the corner, carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say, 'Let me carry that for you, mother,' but you keep on playing with the other boys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, 'Come, hurry up!' just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions. Sometimes when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of your mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, nor wait a moment till she has passed in.



ROSIE IN THE HOSPITAL.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

"When I meet you everywhere, boys—on the street, on the cars, on the boat, at your homes, or at school—I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, you are merry, you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave, you are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours.

"But very often I find one thing lacking in you. You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions that help to make a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you.

"Sometimes when mother or sister

"Such 'little' things, do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts, these gentle acts, which make gentlemen. I think the word gentleman a beautiful word. First, man—and that means everything strong, and brave, and noble; and then gentle, and that means full of these little, kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking. A gentleman! Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy I feel so glad and proud. I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since."

To indulge anger is to admit Satan as a guest.