

SUNBEAM

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CHUMS.

What happy-looking chums they are, these two. They never quarrel. They are fond of each other and have too much sense to fall out about trifles. Do you know where they have just now been? You can't guess. They look as if they had been having some fun somewhere, don't they? They have been swimming in the mill-pond near the house, and feel as fresh as can be, and ready for a frolic. Watch is a splendid swimmer, for he is a natural water dog, and George learned to swim when he was a little fellow, for he has lived near the old mill all his life.

BOBBIE'S WOLF.

"What was the text to-day, Bobbie?" asked Aunt Kate.

"I hope you don't expect a little chap like Bob to remember or understand the text we had to-day?" laughed Bobbie's father.

"Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves," repeated auntie.

"There isn't any wolves in this city," said Bobbie, complacently.

"Oh, yes, there are," said mamma, as she took him in her lap and explained



CHUMS.

the meaning of the words as well as she could.

But Bobbie was restless. He asked whether wolves, when they dressed up like sheep, said "B-a-a!" Even mamma was afraid that Bobbie would get little

help from his lesson.

It was three o'clock that afternoon when Bobbie, on the corner, listened to John Baker while he coaxed:

"It's just a little way from here; and I shouldn't think your mother would be afraid to have a big boy like you go down there, specially with me; and it's a great deal warmer there because it's on the sunny side of the street. I do believe if your mother was here she would want you to go, so as to get out of this ugly east wind."

Bobbie looked curiously at John Baker. At last he spoke: "You're a wolf, Johnnie Baker! As true as you live, you're a wolf."

"Don't you go calling me names!" said John, his face growing red.

"But I can't help it, you see, because it's in the Bible. Our Lord said, 'Beware of 'em'; that means, take care that you don't do a thing they say, because they are only makin' believe to be good. You're makin'

believe my mamma wants me to go down to Court Street, when she told me not to go; and I know you're a wolf, because mamma told me about it this morning."

I think Bobbie understood the text pretty well, don't you?