



GATHERING ORANGES.

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HERE is the picture of a woman who lives on an island, far, far away from here. This island has a very sweet-sounding name, Honolulu, and on this island grows a fruit that little boys and girls love to eat. Can you guess what it is that this woman is picking? It is oranges. You see, she is filling that odd-looking basket with the oranges, and then she will go to the canoe that she has left near the water's edge, and she will paddle away with her oranges to some place where she can sell them. Santa Claus may buy some and you may at Christmas time eat some of the oranges from Honolulu, though most of the oranges we get come from California and Florida. This poor woman and many of her friends living in Honolulu do not know anything about God, nor the Bible, that seems very sad to think of. If you have a penny once in a while that you want to spend in candy, don't you think it would be better and would make you feel really happier to save it and put it in missionary box, that you may be able to help in sending some one to teach these poor, ignorant people to tell them of Jesus?

TOM AND NED.

TOM and Ned walked down the street together on their way to Sunday-school. Tom's face was as bright as the day itself, but Ned's wore a scowl.

"Father's never satisfied if I don't go to Sunday-school and church," he grumbled. "I think it's pretty hard on a fellow to keep him tied up so!"

"Why, don't you want to go?" asked Tom.

"Sometimes I don't, when it's a nice day like this, and I want to have a walk and a little fun with the boys. There's Will Lawson never goes to Sunday-school unless he's a mind to, and I don't see why my father is so particular."

"It's a pity that Will's father isn't more particular," said Tom, soberly. "You know what trouble Will got into a few Sundays ago."

"O! that was only a little sport!"

"But it's the kind of sport nobody likes to remember about a boy. And for my part I am glad that my father cares enough about me to want me to be in a safe place on Sunday."

And so the boys passed beyond hearing, but their words floated on the air, and

have dropped down into the SUNBEAM for our boys and girls to read and think about.

Sometimes father's and mother's desires to have you in the right place seems a little oppressive, doesn't it? Try and remember this, they know the dangers that wait for you far better than you possibly can, and it is because they care for you and love you very dearly that they try to shield you. It is not pleasant for a parent to deny a child what looks like great pleasure to the child, and you may be sure when it is done it always gives pain to the parent's heart. Do not make the pain greater by your unwillingness to yield to father's and mother's will in the matter! Remember, it is only love that watches over and tries to protect!

A GENTLEMAN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I KNEW him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play:
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street,
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut, he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me—
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,
He serves you if he can;
For, in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same:
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

HOW DO YOU PLAY?

VERY little boys and girls may be Christians. A little Christian boy met a little Christian girl at the sea-shore, where both their mammas were staying. When Charlie came to tell his mother about his new playmate, he said: "She plays like a Christian, mamma." When Dotty was telling her mother about Charlie, she said: "I am sure he is a Christian. I know by the way he plays."

The mammas told each other about it afterwards, and were glad that their little ones had each such a nice playmate.
How do you play, little people?