

SUNBEAM

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A SCHOOL TREAT.

How happy all the little people look in our picture, with their hands and baskets full of flowers, and their hats decorated. They have been spending the day in the country, running in and out of the bright fields, gathering nosegays, singing and laughing, and enjoying to the full the fresh air and warm sunlight. How nice it must be, too, after the streets of a busy city! These little boys and girls belong to some Christian school, probably a Sunday-school, and once or twice in the summer they all go off together to the country and have a good picnic. Here we see them when all is over and they are waiting for the train to carry them back to their homes.

A LITTLE GIRL AND HER BIBLE.

When the Montreal train came steaming into the depot, the crowd rushed for seats. As a band of recruits

mounted the platform they shouted back to their friends who had accompanied them to the train the various slang phrases they could command, interspersed with an oath now and then. As the train moved on they pushed one another into



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the car where many ladies were seated, including Mrs. B—— and her two boys.

Then the oaths came thick and fast, each one evidently trying to outdo the other in profanity. Mrs. B—— shuddered for herself and her boys, for she

could not bear to have their young minds contaminated with such language. If the train had not been so crowded she would have looked for seats elsewhere, but under the circumstances she was compelled to remain where she was.

Finally, after the coarse jesting had continued nearly an hour, a little girl, who, with her mother, sat in front of the party, stepped out timidly from her seat, and, going up to the ringleader of the group, a young man whose countenance indicated considerable intelligence, gave him a small Bible.

She was a little, delicate-looking creature, only seven or eight years old; and as she laid the book in his hands, she raised her eyes appealingly to his, but without saying a word went back to her seat.

The party could not have been more completely hushed if an angel had silenced them. Not another oath was heard, and

scarcely a word was spoken by any of them during the remainder of the journey.

The young man who had received the book seemed particularly impressed. He got out of the car at the next station and