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THE LITTLE SAILOR.

Jack is a bright little boy of seven who goes with his father and mother every summer to the Thousand Islands. His home is in Montreal and every year when he goes to the Islands he passes through the La-chine Canal, which was built to afford ships a way of return from the east to the west, as they cannot sail up the rapids.

When Jack and his parents return to their city home they go down the river and shoot the rapids. This Jack enjoys very much and he says that some day when the old Indian pilot who guides the ship between the rocks dies, he will be pilot.

Though he is just a little boy he knows a great deal about boats. He often goes skiff-sailing with his father and has learned to use the rudder very well. He has a toy sail-boat that skims away over the water quite quickly when there is a fair breeze.

"CHARLIE'S LIFE."

"Mother," said little Charlie, "Will Harnin says that his mother writes books."

"Does she?" said the mother. Then she went on sewing, and forgot Charlie, who was trying to stand on his head.

"Mother," said Charlie presently, "is it very hard to write a book?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said his mother.

"I'm going to write a book," said this small man in petticoats.

Just then the door-bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back, her little boy was sitting on her footstool, busily writing, but as he



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wrote with a slate-pencil it didn't do any harm.

"Now, mother," said Charlie, "I'm done with my book."

"No," said his mother, thinking a little while, "you are not done. God has given you a book to write. I hope it is a long one, full of beautiful stories."

"What is the name of my book?" he asked, coming closer to her.

"Its name is 'Charlie's Life.' You can write only one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black

marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page; and when you help mother, and keep a bright face, and don't quarrel with Reddy, that makes a nice, fair page, with pretty pictures on it."

"And when will I be done writing that book asked Charlie.

"When God sees that your book is long enough answered his mother, "he will send an angel to shut its covers, and put a clasp on it until the great day when all our life books are opened and read."

Charlie sat very still for a while, and then said softly "Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white casket, and laid the white roses over her."

"Yes," said his mother, "her life book was just a little hymn of praise to God. Its pages were clean and white, with no stains on them."

Charlie looked up, and saw two tear-drops fall on his mother's work; but they were bright tears, and a bright smile came with them.

GOOSE-GIRLS.

I have read a story about a boy named Harry, whose father owned a flock of geese. One of these geese was given to Harry. He made her a nest of straw, lined with hay, and placed fifteen eggs under her, expecting to surely get from them a dozen goslings. These he intended to sell, when large enough, for half a dollar each. Then he would have six dollars to buy a new sled and a new pair of skates. Harry was delighted at the prospect. His father said to him:

"Do not disturb the goose while sitting. Let her remain on the nest thirty days, only leaving it a few moments at a time.