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No. 13.

NINA TREW.

No better girl than Nina Trew lived at Wenton. She was the comfort of her mother's life. People said they could not tell how Widow Trew would have got over the loss of her husband and kept the little business going, if it had not been for her only child, Nina. Joseph Trew had been a worthy, hard-working man, but death overtook him early; and he left his widow with a hard battle to fight and one child to provide for. She managed fairly well until Nina was nine years old, when Mrs. Trew's health failed. But her little daughter was a good mother's help. She kept the house clean; served the customers in the village shop; went to the market town once a week, made her purchases, and was as staid as a woman, and a great deal wiser than some. Her journeys to the town were always made in their cart. They kept a donkey. He might have taken a prize for his good looks and good condition. He was a great favorite with Nina, and in a donkey's way he showed his friendship for her. All the neighbors had a good word for Nina; and some of the boys, who liked the donkey immensely and Nina a little were quite delighted because they were allowed to ride about with him and to groom him. Old Mr. Gladheart, when he saw Nina in the cart one day, said to his wife, "Depend upon it, my dear, we shall see that girl in heaven in fifty or sixty years from now; for so good a girl, so lov-

ing to her mother, attentive to duty, and kind to animals, must go there."

MARGUERITE'S BIRTHDAY.

It was a lovely April day and Marguerite's ninth birthday. Baby Caroline was happy because Mar-

Marguerite bounded out of the big arm-chair with a delighted smile, opened the box, and there lay a beautiful set of battle-dore and shuttlecock!

"Oh! one for Car'line," baby said, and caught up one of the little battle-dores, while Marguerite looked amazed.

"No, no," papa said, bending down and drawing the little one to him. "That is sister's present."

"But Car'line wants one."

"Caroline has had her birthday, and this is Marguerite's."

The big brown eyes opened wide and a thoughtful look came over the merry face. Suddenly a thought flashed into the little brain: "Car'line begin and have her birthday all over again."

A hearty laugh greeted the little one. But papa explained, and the little darling decided to wait until next year for a battle-dore and shuttlecock.

A LITTLE GIRL'S RELIGION.

Religion helps the children to study better and do more faithful work. A little girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school and often missed my lessons. Now I

try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to laugh at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well at school, keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home; didn't like to run errands, and wa-

The Road to Slumberland.

What is the road to Slumberland,
And when does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms,
When the sun is sinking low,
He goes through the dreamy land of Nod,
To music of lullaby,
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold,
Under the evening sky.



A soft little night gown ever so white,
A face washed sweet and fair;
Another brushing the tangles out
From the sunny golden hair,
Two little tired tiny feet
From the shoe and the stocking free,
Two little palms together clasped
At the loving mother's knee.

Some baby words that are dreamily lisp'd
In the tender Shepherd's ear,
And a kiss that only a mother can place
On the brow of her baby dear.



guerite was. She had lately had her birthday, and oh, so many presents! She trotted around looking at sister's presents till papa came in from the hall with a long flat box. What do you suppose was in it? "Mademoiselle Marguerite Gascoigne," papa read.

sulky when mother called me from play to help her to work. Now it is real joy to me to help mother in any way, and show that I love her."

Such a religion is essential to the best interests and moral growth of youth, and will make life cheerful.

THE LITTLE APPLE GIRL.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

"Mother, dear, may I have a basket of apples to give away? The grocer has just brought a new barrel of big red pippins." So said Frances Jackson, as her mother stood at the mirror, tying her bonnet to go out.

"Give away apples, Frances? to whom?" asked Mrs. Jackson.

"Why, mother, only a few blocks away, in Slab Alley, there are children who never have apples to eat unless they are those they pick up in the street; so Sally said. Please, mother, may I take them some?"

Mrs. Jackson was about to say, "Yes, if Maggie (the maid) can go with you,"

girl who carried cakes and apples into that dreary court, in the lovely story I read yesterday. And now mother says I cannot give away anything. Not that mother cares for the apples. We have ever so many, and mother isn't a bit stingy. But she said it isn't best for poor people to have things given them," and Frances stopped talking aloud and fell into a brown study. All at once she sprang off the window seat, exclaiming, "Mother said I couldn't give away. I'll be an apple girl, then, and sell so cheap that even poor folks can buy."

Away flew Frances for her basket, and, filling it to the brim with big red apples, was soon on her way to Slab Alley. How pretty she looked! Red hat, dark green coat, plaid dress, rosy cheeks, and rosy apples to match.

Reaching the corner that turned down the alley, the cheery voice piped up, "Apples—a-a-p-puls! Six and six for a penny!"

How the children crowded round her! Then, swarming up the stairs to the upper

lots more fun. Besides, it pays better," and she held up her cup of pennies.

Just then Mr. Jackson came in and he, too, listened to the little girl's story, laughing heartily as he asked, "But what made you think of speculating on my apples?"

Frances answered: "I didn't sell the specked apples, father, if that's what you mean. I left them in the barrel, and only sold the good ones."

"But what made you think of selling apples at all?" repeated Mr. Jackson.

"Why, mother said it would 'pauperize' the poor children to give them to them. I didn't know what that word meant, but I suppose it is something dreadful."

Father and mother both smiled, and then father explained the word that had puzzled their little girl.

However, good came out of Frances' apple sale, although she did not continue in the business, and no more apples were sold in Slab Alley at a penny a dozen, somewhat to the disappointment of the children. But Mr. and Mrs. Jackson interested themselves in the people who lived in the alley so near their own home, and, by helping them to help themselves, made it possible for them to buy apples occasionally for their children at reasonable prices. But for a long time Frances was called, "The Little Apple Girl."

A FUNNY DENTIST.

Johnny had a loose tooth.

"That tooth must come out," said his mother. "because pretty soon another little tooth will come pushing along behind it, and I want it to come straight and even. Let mother pull this one for you, dear."

"O no!" cried the little boy; "it will hurt!" and he put his hand tight over his mouth and ran out to play in the yard.

Pretty soon Uncle Ed swung the gate open. He had a big, sweet apple in his pocket for Johnnie.

"But you must ask your mother if you may eat it," said Uncle Ed.

His mother said "Yes," and the little boy sat down by the window to eat it. It was a very sweet apple, and Johnnie enjoyed it very much. All at once he gave a little cry: "Why—why—here's a bone in my apple, mother!"

"O, I guess not," said his mother; "I guess it's a seed."

"No," persisted Johnnie; "it's white and hard."

A twinkle came into his mother's eyes at that. "Let me see it," said she; and Johnnie showed it to her. "Go and look in your mouth, dear," his mother then "O mother," cried Johnnie, "there's a hole come where my tooth was! Why—ee! Did the apple pull it, mother?"

But mother only laughed, and then Johnnie laughed, too.—*Child's Hour.*



WHAT IS WORTH DOING AT ALL IS WORTH DOING WELL.

when she remembered something she had heard at the Associated Charities the day before, and so replied, instead: "No, Frances, I cannot allow you to give to the poor. It will pauperize them. They must pay in some way for what they get."

"But Sally's poor people haven't any money to pay for things."

"All the more reason they must not be given things, but be taught to work and earn money."

"But, mother, you haven't time to-day to teach them to work, and I want to take them the apples now."

"Frances, you must not give away a single apple. I'll talk with you when I come back, but now I must catch the next car," and Mrs. Jackson closed the hall door, while Frances, from the window watched her mother take the car a block away.

"It's too bad," said the girl to herself. "There is my basket all ready for the apples. I could wear my new red hat, and oh! how the children would crowd round me and say, 'Thank you, kindly, miss!' as they did to the little English

rooms where they lived, whole families in a single room, they told the news, and mothers with babies in their arms followed the older children to see the little apple girl who sold a dozen apples for a penny. So many pennies were found that there were quick sales, indeed, and the basket was soon empty. Back to her home ran Frances to refill her basket, and this was repeated until Sally chafed to see her standing on a box to reach in the barrel, and looking in, was surprised to find the barrel nearly empty.

"Why, Frances Jackson, where are all the apples gone?"

"It's all right, Sally, mother didn't say I couldn't sell the apples, and I have a big lot of pennies."

The astonished Sally was nearly speechless when she heard Frances' story, and wisely concluded to leave the whole matter to her mistress.

On Mrs. Jackson's return Frances met her at the door with a china cup in her hand nearly full of pennies, and exclaimed: "I didn't give away the apples, but I sold them to the poor folks, and it's

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YOUR CROSS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Seek not to drop the cross you wear,
Or lay it down; for if you do
Another shall be built for you
More difficult and hard to bear.

The cross is always made to fit
The back which bears it. Be content,
Accept the burden which was sent,
And strive to make the best of it.

Think not how heavy is your load;
Think not how rough the road or long;
Look up and say, "Lord, I am strong,
And love makes beautiful the road."

Who toils in faith and knows not fear
Shall live to find his cross some day
Supported all along the way
By angels who are walking near.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 23.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they were astonished at his doctrine, for his word was with power.—
Luke 4. 32.

1. What is the first lesson about? Jesus and the children.
2. What is the lesson for me? Jesus loves me, a little child.
3. What is the second lesson about? Duty of forgiveness.
4. What is the lesson for me? I must forgive others.
5. What is the third lesson about? The Good Samaritan.
6. What is the lesson for me? I must be kind and merciful.
7. What is the fourth lesson about? Jesus teaching how to pray.
8. What is the lesson for me? Jesus will receive me.
9. What is the fifth lesson about? Jesus dines with a Pharisee.
10. What is the lesson for me? I must be modest and humble.
11. What is the sixth lesson about? False excuses.
12. What is the lesson for me? It is wrong to make excuses.
13. What is the seventh lesson about? The parable of two sons, our Heavenly Father's.
14. What is the lesson for me? God's love is greater than our earthly father's.
15. What is the eighth lesson about?

The Judge, the Pharisee, and the Publican.

16. What is the lesson for me? God is very merciful.
17. What is the ninth lesson about? The rich young ruler.
18. What is the lesson for me? We must deny ourselves many things.
19. What is the tenth lesson about? Bartimeus and Zaccheus.
20. What is the lesson for me? Jesus came to save all.
21. What is the eleventh lesson about? Jesus enters Jerusalem in triumph.
22. What is the lesson for me? Let us rejoice that Jesus is our King.
23. What is the twelfth lesson about? Jesus silences the Pharisees and the Sadducees.
24. What is the lesson for me? We should always try to do the things pleasing to God.

LESSON XIV.—SEPTEMBER 30.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Gal. 5. 15-26; 6. 7, 8. Mem. verses, 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.—Prov. 20. 1.

LESSON STORY.

Here are some very solemn truths taught in this lesson. If people do not try to be good and to keep from wrongdoing they will have to suffer for their evil ways. There is no surer truth than that the way of the transgressor is hard and that our sins will find us out. When we read the "works of the flesh" we shudder and think what dreadful sins they are.

Let us rather turn from them to the beautiful "fruit of the Spirit." Think a great deal on these lovely qualities and with Jesus' help we can have them all. It is so much better to think of good things than bad and it helps us to be good.

One reason why using wines and liquors is dangerous is because it leads people to do the "works of the flesh" rather than the "things of the Spirit." It leads to all sorts of sad and terrible sins.

LESSON QUESTIONS.

1. What does "walk in the Spirit" mean? To do all things that our conscience tells us are right.
2. What does "walk in the flesh" mean? Many sinful things that we know are wrong.
3. What are some of the "works of the flesh"? Hate, envy, selfishness, lies, Drunkenness, etc.
4. What are some of the "works of the Spirit"? Love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, meekness and temperance.
5. What will happen if we do wrong? We will have to suffer.
6. If we do right what shall we earn? Life everlasting.

SOME GOOD SAMARITANS.

"Ho, ho! if you don't look funny!" said Sibley. "Look at his eyes, Harry, and hair! oh my!" and Sibley laughed so loud that the boys a long way ahead looked back to see what was the matter.

Harry looked and laughed. "He's in a nice scrape," he said. "Come on, Sib, we can't waste our time on him," and he walked on.

Poor little Teddy Connor did not laugh; instead he cried. He was a little fellow, only six years old. He had stubbed his toe, and tumbled, and rolled down the little bank. He was not hurt, but oh, the mud! It was all over him—in his hair, and eyes, and ears, and on his little jacket; even the neat ribbon that tied his collar had splashes of mud on it.

"Oh, dear!" said Marian. "I should think he would cry. He will have to go all the way back home."

"He can't do that," said Cora; "he is in the first spelling class, and he'll lose his place if he is late."

"Dear, dear!" said Nannie, "let's help him. Don't cry, Teddy; come over here to the brook and wash your face and hands. I have a clean new slate cloth and I will rub the mud off your jacket with it."

"And I'll lend you the ribbon that belongs to my school bag to tie your collar with," said Cora; "it's the same color."

"Come on, girls!" shouted Harry, in the distance; "you'll be late."

"We can't come until we have helped Teddy," said Cora, and she began to brush the mud from his hair.

"Don't cry any more," said Nannie; "the mud is coming off pretty well. Never mind if your luncheon is spoiled; we'll give you some of ours."

Just as the last bell stopped ringing four children rushed into the school hall, very warm and out of breath. One of them was little Teddy Connor, with clean face and hands, and a neatly tied collar, from which much of the mud was rubbed off.

At the tea-table that evening Uncle Charles said: "I hear that you young people lived the Sunday-school lesson to day, instead of playing it. It seems that you had the two who passed poor Teddy and gave him nothing but a laugh, and then you had those who did all they could for him."

"It was like the Sunday-school lesson, wasn't it?" said Cora. "But I never thought of it!"

"The Golden Text is, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,'" said Nannie.

"Teddy is our very nearest neighbor too," said Marian. "How queer!"

"He didn't fall among thieves," said Harry; "he only fell into the mud." But both Harry and Sibley looked ashamed.

THE DANGEROUS DOOR.

"O, Cousin Will, do tell us a story: there's just time before the school bell rings," and Harry, Kate, Bob, and little "Peace" crowded about their older cousin until he declared himself ready to do anything they wished.

"Well, what shall it be, little Peace?" said he, taking the hand of his favorite, Lucy, who was always called "Peace," because of her gentle and loving ways.

"Something true this time," said Peace, "for I'm tired of fairies."

"Very well," said Cousin Will; "I will tell you about some very dangerous doors I have seen."

"O, that's good!" exclaimed Bob. "Were they all iron and heavy bars; and if one passed in, did they shut and keep him there for ever?"

"No, the doors I mean are pink and scarlet; and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white, and behind them is a little lady in crimson."

"Why that's splendid!" cried Kate; "I should like to go in myself."

"Ah, it is what comes out of those doors that makes them so dangerous. They need a strong guard on each side, or else there is great trouble."

"Why, what comes out?" said little Peace, with wondering eyes.

"When the guards were away," said Cousin Will, "I have known some things to come out sharper than arrows, and they make terrible wounds. Quite lately I saw two pretty little doors, and one opened, and the little lady began

to talk very fast, like this: 'What a stuck-up thing Lucy Waters is! And did you see that horrid dress made out of her sister's old one?' 'O yes,' said the other little crimson lady from the other door; and what a turn-up nose she has! Then poor Lucy, who was around the corner, ran home and cried all the evening."

"I know what you mean," cried Kate, coloring; "were you listening?"

"O, you mean our mouths are doors!" exclaimed Harry, "and the crimson lady is Miss Tongue; but who are the guards, and where do they come from?"

"You may ask the great King. This is what you must say: 'Set a watch, O Lord, upon my lips, keep the door of my mouth.' Then he will send Patience to stand on one side, and Love on the other, and no unkind word will dare to come out."

A LITTLE ABOUT EBONY.

The name ebony is given to the wood of several varieties of trees. All kinds of ebony are distinguished for their great density and dark colour. The wood in all varieties is heavier than water: the heaviest are the darkest. The other grades re-

imitations can always be distinguished by their lighter weight, and the cheaper imitations can be detected by merely scratching the surface.

PREPARING THE WAY.

It is hard sometimes for boys and girls to "stick to their coats" when their companions make fun of them, but it always pays to do so. There was once a boy who made up his mind that he would do nothing on Sunday, that it was not right to do. Some other boys tried to coax him to go out on a Sunday excursion on his bicycle, "No, I will not," he said positively;

"I don't think it's right to go out pleasure riding on my bicycle on Sunday, so of course I'm not going." "That ends it," said one of the other boys: "If George says he'll not do a thing he will not, and that's all there is to it." At another time some one wanted him to go to a so-called "sacred concert" one Sunday afternoon. "No," he replied decidedly; "there is nothing sacred about those concerts. I never go to them." "I could have told you that he wouldn't go before you asked him," said another of the boys when George had walked away; "I know George." By his courage and firmness in the right, George was helping to prepare the way of the Lord in his own heart and in the hearts of his play-mates.

SOLVING THE DIFFICULTY.

Patrick is a big policeman whose good humor and promptness in emergencies have

endeared him to the people in the suburban ward over which he is guardian.

One day he noticed that a street workman was leaving an unsightly pile of dirt and gravel at the side of the road. "Come, now, you can't leave that heap there!" said Patrick, sternly.

"Well, I've no place to put it," said the workman.

"You can't leave it there!" persisted Patrick.

"What'll I do with it, then?"

"Do with it!" echoed Patrick. "Dig a hole in the road, man, and bury it!"



A little round head which nestles at last
Close to the mother's breast?
And then the lullaby, soft and low,
Singing the song of rest?

And close and closer the blue-vein
Are hiding the baby eyes,
As over the road to Slumberland
The dear little traveller hies;
For this is the way, through mother's arms,
All dear little babies go
To the beautiful city of Slumberland
When the sun is sinking low.

quire a considerable amount of staining to make them black. It is of a uniform color throughout, and will not show any deterioration, even from long-continued use.

There are three varieties of ebony well known in commerce. That from the Gaboon coast of Africa is the darkest. The Madagascar ebony is the densest, and furnishes the largest prices. Almost all ebony is sent in the form of logs to London, and from there shipped to the various countries in which it is used for manufacturing purposes. It is sold by weight.