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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.] TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1897. [No. 5

THE LITTLE NURSE.

How carefully Nora is holding her baby sister and how interested is Walter in watching the funny ways of this wee creature, who, according to his description, is more clothes than anything else. The baby has just had its bath and is looking particularly rosy and sweet. Nora always loves to hold the baby just after its bath because it is so good-natured then, and has the prettiest way of cooing and laughing and flapping its little arms just as the birdies flap their wings after they have been in the water. Nora and Walter declare that their little sister is so sweet that they are afraid they will eat her up some day, but, of course, they would never do that.

THE LITTLE NURSE.

A FIT OF SULKS.

Helen and Dorothy had been playing together all the afternoon. They are cousins, and they have such good times.

On this particular afternoon they had swung each other in the hammock until they were tired. Then they had dressed dolls for nearly an hour. Then Helen had given Dorothy a ride in the doll's carriage. It is a large carriage for a doll, but a little girl has to curl up as snug as a kitten to sit in it. Dorothy, who is half a year older than her cousin, had played teacher, with Helen for a scholar. Then—O, joy!—Maggie, the maid, had brought out two saucers of ice cream for the little girls, and that was when the trouble began.

You see, Helen thought that Maggie had given Dorothy the larger share of cream. There really wasn't any difference to speak of, but you know there are some people who are so discontented that they always think their own things aren't quite so good as another's. That was the way with little Helen. She began to look very glum. Then her lips began to pout, and when Maggie noticed it and asked her what ailed her, she burst out crying and said Maggie was "partial" to Dorothy, and she was 'a mean old thing, anyway." With that she set down her saucer and went and stood by herself against the wall in as silly a fit of sulks as one would often see.

It was quite a while before the silly little girl calmed down enough to go back to her saucer of cream, which was very nearly melted by that time. So it happened—as it usually does—that the discontented child was worse off for making a fuss. And how much more lovable is a person who is content with his own share?

BEGIN AT ONCE.

"Mamma, when I am a man I will begin to love Jesus"

These words fell from the lips of a little fellow scarcely six years old. His mother had endeavoured to impress on his mind the necessity of early piety.

When the child uttered these words, his mother said. "But my dear, suppose you do not live to be a man!"

He remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as in deep thought, and then, with a resolute countenance added. "Then, mamma, I had better begin at once."

A GAME OF TAG.

A GRASSHOPPER once had a game of tag
With some crickets that lived near by,
When he stubbed his toe and over he went
In the twinkling of an eye.

Then the crickets leaned up against a fence
And laughed till their sides were sore.
But the grasshopper said, "You are laughing at me,
And I shan't play any more."

So off he went, tho' he wanted to stay,
For he was not hurt by the fall,
And the gay little crickets went on with the game,
And never missed him at all.

A bright-eyed squirrel called out as he passed,
Swinging from a tree by his toes,
"What a foolish fellow that grasshopper is;
Why, he's bit off his own little nose."

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1897.

JENNY'S LESSON.

BY MINNIE L. LEE.

"JENNY," said a very tired mother to her daughter one afternoon, "will you help me sew this braid on your sister's dress?"

"O mother, how can you ask me to help you when you know that it takes all my time to make these pictures?"

"What pictures?" inquired her mother.

"Why, a lot of us girls met yesterday at Katie Easton's house and formed a club. We call it the 'Busy Workers,' because we will be always helping the poor. We are making pictures for the poor sick children in the New York hospital. Do you not think it a good plan?"

"Perhaps it is," said her mother absently.

So Jenny, leaving her mother to sew on the braid, started upstairs to make pictures. She had not been up there very long when Katie Easton came in.

"Well, Kate," said Jenny, "I thought that you were never coming."

"I would have been here sooner, but we had company for dinner, and Chloe had so many dishes to wash that I stayed to help her."

"Well, Kate Easton, you shock me! The very idea of you helping your servant," said Jenny, very much surprised.

"Now look here, Jenny, didn't we girls form a club, and each promise that we would do all we could to help others?"

"Well, that hasn't anything to do with helping servants wash dishes," said Jenny.

"Yes, it has, too. I couldn't go out trying to help other people all the time knowing that mother or some of the servants would be glad for my help. Do you think that you could?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jenny.

After a pleasant afternoon, at tea-time Kate went home. As soon as she was gone Jenny came downstairs, and went to find her mother. "Mother," she said, "have you sewed the braid on Nettie's dress?"

"No," replied her mother, "I have not been able to get it done."

"Then I will help you, mother, and after this I mean always to help you first, and then work for any others that I can help."

And after that Jenny always helped the people inside her home first, and then helped outsiders all that she could.

WHAT AILED THE BELL?

BY M. A. HALEY.

IT was the first day of school after vacation. The children were playing in the yards. The teachers sat at their desks waiting for the bell to strike to call the children to the different rooms. The hands of the different clocks pointed to a quarter before nine.

The bell was a sort of gong fastened to the outside of the building, and the master of the school could ring it by touching a knob in the wall near his desk. It was now time to call the children into school. The master pulled the bell and waited. Still the merry shouts could be heard in the school yards. Very strange! The children were so engaged in play that they could not hear the bell, he thought. Then he pulled it more vigorously. Still the shouts and laughter continued.

The master raised his window, clapped his hands, and pointed to the bell.

The children rushed into line like little soldiers, and waited for the second signal. The teacher pulled and pulled, but there was no sound. Then he sent a boy to tell each line to file in, and he sent another boy for a carpenter to find out if the bell cord was broken.

What do you think the carpenter found? A little sparrow had built its nest inside the bell, and prevented the hammer striking against the bell. The teacher told the children what the trouble was, and asked if the nest should be taken out. There was a loud chorus of "No, sir."

Every day the four hundred children would gather in the yard and look up at the nest. When the little birds were able to fly to the trees in the yard, and no longer needed a nest, one of the boys climbed on a ladder and cleared away the straw and hay so that the sound of the bell might call the children from play.

HOW PUNCH AND JUDY WERE FED.

PUNCH and Judy were the names which Bess and Robin gave to two little lambs which were born on their papa's farm. When the lambs were but a few weeks old the mamma sheep died, and so papa brought them to the house to be raised by hand. Mamma knew that this meant trouble, but the children were delighted with the idea of having two such live pets to take care of and to play with.

It was soon discovered that Punch and Judy, small as they were, had minds of their own. They preferred to have their milk served to them as their mother had been used to serve it, and no other way would suit them. Mamma tried to coax them to drink from a saucer, but they only cried in a pitiful way that nearly broke Robin's heart. Then she attempted to feed it to them from the basin with a spoon, but though the children tried to hold them still with their arms around their necks, the lambs were not used to a spoon, and refused to be fed that way. Judy cried again, and Punch, with brotherly indignation which made the children laugh in the midst of their distress, put down his little head, and bumped the dish out of mamma's hand, spilling all the milk upon the ground.

Mamma said, "Oh dear!" then she laughed, too, and went into the house for more milk.

Then Bessie hit upon a bright plan. A new oil-can was standing in the shed. She ran and brought it to her mother.

"Sure enough," said mamma, "we'll try that." So she put the milk in the can, placed the end of the spout in Judy's mouth, and tipped it up so that she tasted just a little of the milk. At once she stopped trying to pull away from Bessie's arms, and in a moment more was contentedly taking the milk from the spout of the can. Punch looked on and evidently concluded that it was all right, for after Judy finished her meal he took his as quietly as Judy had done.

After that the children took turns feeding the lambs, and it was a funny sight, you may be sure. They had to be very careful not to tip the can too high and choke them, but they soon learned to manage it very well, and quite enjoyed the fun.

THE BEST WAY.

BY ALICE CAREY.

CHILDREN who read my lay,
This much I have to say:
Each day and every day,
Do what is right—
Right things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You shall have light.

This further I would say:
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day, and every day,
Speak what is true—
True things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
Heaven would shine through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not of thistles grow;
And, though the blossoms blow
White on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set,
So, if you a good would get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through
Speaking what is just and true,
Doing what is right to do
Unto one and all,
When you work and when you play,
Each day and every day;
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky should fall.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON X. [March 7.

THE ETHIOPIAN CONVERT.

Acts 8. 26-40. Memory verses, 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus.—Acts 8. 35.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Where did Peter and John go from Samaria?
Where did Philip go?
Who told him the way?
What strange sight did he see in the desert?
Who was travelling here?
What country did he come from?
Where was he going?
Where had he been?
What had he brought with him?
Upon what were the words of Isaiah written?
Why were they not in a book? There were no books in those days.
What did Philip ask the stranger?
What was he invited to do?
Whom did Philip preach?
What was the result?
In whose name was the Gentile baptized?
What did he carry home with him?

LESSONS FOR ME.

To be always ready to speak for Jesus.
To always go where the Lord sends me.
To think less of self and more of Christ.

LESSON XI. [March 14.

SAUL, THE PERSECUTOR, CONVERTED.

Acts 9. 1-12, 17-20. Memory verses, 17-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. 1. 15.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Who persecuted the believers?
Why did he get letters to go to Damascus?
What did the letters give him power to do?
Who went with him to Damascus?
What happened when they were in sight of the city?
How do we know that the light was a very bright one?
Who fell to the ground?
Who spoke to Saul?
What did Saul ask?
Where did the Lord tell him to go?
What did he find when he arose?
Who led him into the city?
Where did he stay for three days?
Who came to him then?
What did Saul receive?
What did he soon begin to do?
What had the Lord given him? A new heart?

ANSWER TO YOURSELF.

Have you heard the Lord's voice?
Can Jesus open blind eyes now?
Do you want the eyes of your spirit opened?

THE NEST OF GOLD.

PERCY DALE was a dear, pink-and-white little boy, with a tangle of gold ringlets so long and silky that strangers often stopped him on the street to admire them. He wouldn't have cared, only they sometimes stroked his head and called him "a sweet little girl." Now Percy loved little girls; but to be called a little girl himself was not to his liking. It always sent him running to his mamma to beg her to cut off the dreadful curls that made people say he was "a little girl-boy."

"O no, no, darling; mamma can't shear her pet lamb," she would answer with a kiss; "but by-and-bye we'll ask Miss Olive to do it."

"By-and-bye" was slow in coming, and Percy's fourth birthday found him with curls longer and livelier than ever. That morning, as he swung on the gate, an old lady passing said to him smilingly:

"Won't you sell me your beautiful bright curls, little miss? My little granddaughter hasn't any."

"Little miss, indeed!" The words nearly broke Percy's heart. He dragged his apron up over the hated ringlets, and held it close till the lady had gone. Then he hopped down from the gate, his eyes shining with a happy thought. He would stop people from calling him names! He would run across the street all by himself and ask Miss Olive to cut his hair off so short that everybody'd know he wasn't a girl. As it happened, his mamma had lately said to Miss Olive that one of these days his curls must be clipped; so when the little fellow told his errand, Miss Olive at once pinned a towel about his neck, and snip, snip, went her big shears through his wavy mane. She put the longest curls in a paper box for Percy to carry home, and, not being a very tidy woman, she threw the rest of them out of the back window into the yard. These were spied by two yellow birds about to set up housekeeping, and carried off tress by tress to the lilac trees in the garden. There the birds wove them into the daintiest golden nest that ever was seen. In this they reared a thriving little family, and when the cold winds came and they all flitted away to the sunny South Miss Olive brought the empty nest to Percy's mamma, who has kept it to this day.

THE FERRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

ONCE there was a quiet little girl whose home was on the bank of a river Her father owned a large rowboat, and when anybody desired to cross to the opposite side they would employ him to row them over. And for this reason Anna became known as the Ferryman's Daughter.

One day Anna's father rowed her across the river, and when she came along the little footbridge at which the boat landed she saw a little lamb lying among the foliage on the bank, and its mother standing by and bleating in a pitiful tone. Reaching down, Anna gathered the innocent little creature in her arms, and on examining it she discovered that it had injured one of its limbs, probably through falling off the footbridge. It belonged to a farmer whose home she was on her way to visit, and so, after bathing the sore limb, she decided to carry it to the farmhouse.

The lamb laid its pretty head against Anna's breast, and the affectionate mother followed on behind with a look of quiet confidence that seemed to say, "My little lambkin is safe now."

When they arrived at the farmhouse the good farmer bathed the lamb's leg with a healing lotion, and then wrapped a bandage about it.

Jesus, the sinner's friend, cares for the sheep, and binds up their wounds.

PERSEVERE.

THE fisher who draws his net too soon
Won't have any fish to sell;
The child who shuts up his book too soon
Won't learn any lessons well.

If you would have your learning stay,
Be patient—don't learn too fast;
The man who travels a mile a day
May get round the world at last.

SAVING A YOUNG BIRD'S LIFE.

I HEARD a little girl say one day that she found a young bird fallen from the nest, and though she put him up in the tree and on the fence again and again, at last a cat seized him, and that was the end.

"If I had only known what to do with him!" she said, tearfully.

So I wrote for the children of the way I saved one little bird, in hopes that it may help them to do likewise.

He was a baby finch, with bits of wings not half grown, and no tail worth mentioning—just a ball of feathers; and he lay in the gutter chirping sadly. Overhead flew the mother-bird, who could not help him. It was plain that he had fallen from the nest far up in the tree, for he was not able to fly at all.

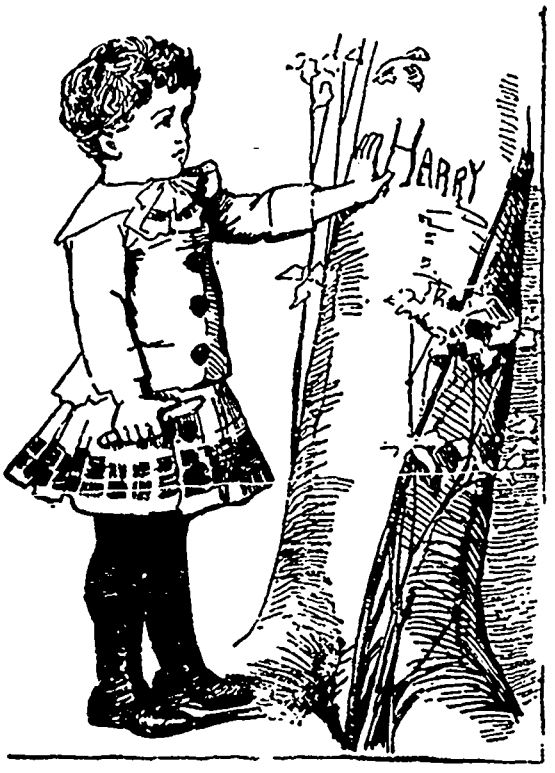
It was nearly night, and I put him in a covered basket on the upper piazza, with crumbs for his supper. Before daylight I heard the mother-bird, and looked out. There she sat on the cover of the basket, with a worm in her beak, and such cries as both were making! The basket was so closely woven that she could not even see him, but they talked long and loud in bird language. I let him out, and in two minutes he lay in the grass again. With dozens of hungry cats around, that would never do. I found an old canary cage, and had him nicely housed on the piazza again before breakfast. After the meal I went to see my little boarder, and found him sitting on the top of the cage, outside! His round, fluffy body looked far too big to squeeze through the bars, but it was nearly all made of soft feathers, so he did it.

I put him in the close basket once more, and went to the attic to hunt up another abode for him. Finally I found an old-fashioned willow work-basket with close bottom but open-work sides, the reeds set closer together than the wires of the cage. This I turned upside down on the piazza floor, and there my little finch lived for two weeks. I put in fresh grass every day, twigs for him to hop on, and a little cup of water; nothing to eat, for he had not been settled in his home more than ten minutes before his mother was there. She must have been watching all the time, and she never left him long alone. I often wondered if his brothers and sisters in the nest had half so much care. If they did she was a very hard-working mother-bird.

After a time she became so used to me that, while I lay in the hammock close beside the basket, she would come and feed her baby without noticing me in the least.

He was a greedy boy. One day I counted ten worms and eight bugs and spiders that she brought him and he swallowed within one half-hour.

When it was a very large worm, he would come close to the bars, and while he seemed to brace himself backward, she would push and cram it down his throat. Then he gasped for a minute, and peeped voraciously for more. Once a day I took him carefully in my hand, and carried him into the house. There, in a room with doors and windows closed, he spread his wings and took short flights, with many bumps and tumbles, but I knew he would never learn to fly if he stayed shut up in the basket.



THE LITTLE CARVER.

At the end of two weeks his tail feathers had grown about an inch long, and his wings seemed quite strong. So one day, while the mother-bird was near, I lifted the basket and set him on the piazza rail.

His mother came with one long chirp, and sat beside him. One minute I watched them, and then both flew off steadily, up into the trees, and I never saw them again.

But it was worth all the trouble to have seen the devotion of the mother-bird, and to know I had saved him from a cruel death.

"How did you learn to skate?" a little boy was asked. "Oh," was the innocent but significant answer, "by getting up every time I fell down."

GROWING A NAME.

LITTLE Luke Hays could write his name. He brought his slate to show his mother what round, clear letters he could make.

"Should you like to make your name grow, Luke?" said his mother.

"I never saw a name grow," said Luke.

Then his mother took him out into the garden. She gave him a stick with a sharp point, and made him write his name in large letters in the middle of a bed of black earth. Then she sowed mignonette seed all along the letters. "Now," said she, "in a few weeks you will see your name growing tall and sweet."

Luke went away the next day to visit his grandmother, and when he came home again, three weeks later, he ran at once to the garden. There was his name, "Luke Hays," in pretty green letters, just as he had written it. Luke was delighted, and has never failed to grow his name every year since.

"I ASKED THE ROSES."

I ASKED the roses, as they grew
Richer and lovelier in their hue,
What made their tints so rich and bright:
They answered, "Looking toward the light."

Ah, secret dear, said heart of mine;
God meant my life to be like thine—
Radiant with heavenly beauty bright,
By simply looking toward the Light.

A QUEER LITTLE FELLOW.

A QUEER little fellow indeed was Tommy Dick. Why, he would give away the last marble he had, if a boy wanted it. He would run on errands all day long, and never grumble. He would always give the best place to somebody else, no matter who, and feel so honestly glad in seeing other folks have a good time that he really forgot all about himself.

Don't you see he was a very queer little fellow?

But, somehow, everybody liked to have the "queer little fellow" around. Grandma always smiled all over her face when she saw Tommy coming. Aunt Lois, who was a very busy woman, used to say: "Well, now you've come in time, Tommy. Run, and"—

When Tommy went to spend the day with grandma or Aunt Lois, the folks at home all missed him. One would say: "Where's Tommy? I wish he would come home." And another: "Now if Tommy were only here."

You see, Tommy was one of the unselfish helpers; and what a tiresome world this would be if there were not a good sprinkling of such people!

Are there any Tommies at your house? It wouldn't do any harm if there were more than one, you know. Indeed half-a-dozen boys and girls with the spirit of Tommy Dick would make home a very pleasant place.