

SUNBEAM

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No. 18.

NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

Not to be caught with chaff! No, indeed. Our friend, the horse, knows better, for this is not the first time he has been caught for a long day's work by a few handfuls of oats. He knows well enough that the boy, with his coaxing voice and manner, is only saying, "Come along, now, I have to drive Daddy to the town, and you must draw the carriage," and he thinks to himself as he keeps at a distance, "Ah! you'll have to catch me first."

A LITTLE WOMAN.

BY MARGARET RAEBURN.

"I shall have to leave you alone to-day day, Elsie dear. Mother has to take Emily into town to have her eyes treated, and only old Ellen will be here, and she will be very busy. Will you be mother's brave little woman and take care of yourself?"

Elsie looked up brightly. "Don't you worry, mother dear. I'm doin' to be as busy as Ellen. My family are a drate trouble. I have lots to do for them all day."

As soon as mother and Emily were gone, Elsie went to work. She had a new ribbon for Kitty which must be put round her neck. Then she took a piece of lawn, and the needle which mother had threaded, and a spool of thread, and round-pointed scissors. Bess, her very dearest



NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

doll, lay on the floor waiting for her new dress to be made. Elsie was out on the portico. She worked very hard, and then the thread knotted and broke, and Kitty ran off with her spool. Then Elsie pulled off her big hat and lay down beside her

dolly, and fell fast asleep.

When she awakened, Ellen had lunch ready. Then, after lunch, Elsie played in the yard until mother and Emily came home. Such a clean, bright little face it was that was raised to mother's to be kissed!

"Well," said Ellen, "that child hasn't been a bit of trouble. She just amused herself all day long, and was as happy as a queen!"

She might have whined and cried when mother left, and worried Ellen, and kept her from her work, and been a very miserable child all that long day.

WAIT FOR THE MUD TO DRY.

Father Graham was an old-fashioned gentleman, beloved by every one, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and active was he.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

"My dear boy," Father Graham said to him; "take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better

when it is dry. Wait a little. If you go now, it will be only to quarrel."

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done the offending person came to beg forgiveness.



BY H. B. M. TASKER.

A Composition on an Apple

Tommy Atkins was not a British soldier in a red coat and a smart forage-cap, proudly swinging a two-foot stick as he walked along, but a little red-cheeked country lad away up in Maine.

Tommy was just an every-day little chap, with no wits to spare when it was a matter of parsing and writing compositions at school, but a smart enough lad for ordinary purposes of life. He was original, too, in his way, as you will see, but deplorably matter-of-fact, and he took at least two days to see a joke.

One day, just before school broke up for the summer vacation, Tommy's teacher, a bright-faced woman whom Tommy secretly adored, made this announcement:

"Children, the pupils of this grade are extremely deficient in composition. To correct this and pave the way for more earnest work next year, I will assign you a task for the vacation, for which I will offer a prize."

A murmur of curiosity and excitement passed through the room. A prize! A prize! Tommy's fat cheeks bulged more than ever as he shut his lips firmly.

"The prize will be"—Miss Sanderson paused impressively and each boy held his breath—"a year's subscription to *St. Nicholas*. I expect each pupil, even the youngest, to write an original composition, not to exceed two hundred words, and to present the same at my desk on September first next; and in order to stimulate your powers of observation, and to keep you in touch with nature study, I shall ask you to write a composition on an apple."

"An apple—that's easy," whispered Johnny Dale, again. A shade of scorn, even, passed over the face of Harold Ball, the head boy, who, upon occasion, could write verse that sounded like Casabianca.

"An apple—a composition on an apple," pondered Tommy Atkins over and over all the way home. He could not see the simplicity of the theme; in fact, he could not even get it through his little thick head how the thing could be done at all.

"Not more than two hundred words on an apple! I guess not," reflected Tommy.

"What is the subject?" asked his mother, on hearing of the competition and prize.

"I dunno," said Tommy; "I didn't

hear her say. But it's got to be on an apple."

Tommy worried a good deal about the competition during early vacation-time.

But one day, as he lay in the long grass of the orchard, idly watching the green globes and gray-green leaves of the sturdy old apple-trees above him, a bright idea came into his head. He saw at last how it could be done; he even decided upon the subject, which Miss Sanderson had apparently forgotten to mention, and the very words it should contain.

That night, when the chores were done, Tommy hunted up a sheet of writing-paper and his mother's sharpest scissors. His hand was ever more nimble than his wits, and with great neatness and dexterity he drew and erased and clipped away until presently he had a pile of little paper letters. During this process he sniffed and squirmed and wriggled, after the fashion of active boys when engaged in a close piece of work; but at last the work was done to his satisfaction and the letters were formed into words. These he read half aloud to himself. They sounded well. His teacher would surely be pleased with this composition. True, it was short, but he decided it was as much as he could reasonably get on an apple.

Then he stole out into the wood-shed for a ladder, and hied him to the orchard as fast as his fat legs could run. Climbing the ladder, he selected with great deliberation, from an old apple-tree, the largest, roundest, smoothest green apple he could spy, and carefully broke it off, stem and all. In an incredibly short space of time (for Tommy) the task was finished. The letters were gummed and put in their places on the apple, and the apple itself carefully placed on a window-sill where the morning sun might reach it first. Henceforth it was literally "the apple of his eye." A dozen times a day he ran to see if it was ripening the proper way or if any of the letters had come off.

September came. A double row of bright-faced, freckled, sunburned boys, spick and span in clean sailor waists, stood at the school-house door on opening day.

The pupils of Miss Sanderson's class could easily be detected by the important way each boy carried a roll of manuscript

Tommy Atkins, however, had no roll of paper and no important air. Indeed, it was with a feeling of blank surprise and not a little uneasiness that he beheld the aforesaid manuscripts.

"What had *he* done? What had *they* done?" he asked himself.

The teacher had a bright smile of welcome for each returning pupil. As each boy in turn brought up his roll of paper and deposited it with a confident or anxious air, according to temperament, Tommy Atkins' heart sank lower. He was the last boy to go up to the desk. Laying down his composition, carefully wrapped in silver-paper and tied with lilac "love-ribbon," his lips quivered with anxious fear when he heard the teacher say, as she felt the hard round parcel:

"Why, what is this, Tommy?"

"It's my—composition—ma'am," stammered Tommy. "I guess—I didn't—do it right." He blinked back the tears which would come. He was a conscientious little chap and took his schooling seriously.

Then he broke down, for, after all, he was only a little boy and not a British soldier as you might imagine from his name, and he had put so much heart into his effort! He did not want the prize so much, but he wished to please his teacher. Now he began to see that he must have missed something that his quicker school-mates had grasped. It seemed as if it were love's labor lost, and Tommy was sorely disappointed.

The teacher opened the wrapper, and



disclosed to the astonished eyes of herself and her pupils the most unique "composition on an apple" ever seen.

Tommy's matter-of-factness had resulted rather originally this time. There stood a rosy apple, its crimson globe delightfully streaked with faintest creams and yellows, and girdling it like an emerald

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What did the words say?

A buzz of curiosity filled the room. Even Harold Ball, the head boy, forgot his supercilious smile of contempt for all things below his standard of excellence.

The teacher held it up high—but the hand was unsteady, for a trembling child with all his heart in his brown eyes and an agony of disappointment in his chubby face was awaiting her sentence of doom.

The teacher read slowly: "You are the nicest teacher in the bunch. I love you alwuz. Tommy Atkins."

The class giggled and the teacher smiled, but her eyes were dim with tears.

"The English is faulty and the spelling poor, but the workmanship is good and your composition is certainly original."

Tommy breathed again, and went soberly to his seat.

And when a committee of the teachers read the boys' effusions, and compared Tommy's originality, painstaking effort, and loving heart with sheets of commonplace statements,—such as, "An apple is good to eat," "Apples grow on trees," etc., etc.,—it was unanimously decided that Tommy Atkins should receive the prize.—*St. Nicholas.*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 9.

JESUS ENTERS JERUSALEM.

Matt. 21. 1-17. Memory verses, 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Matt. 21. 9.

LESSON STORY.

I wonder if Sunbeam readers know what Palm Sunday means. It is kept by some people in memory of the day when Jesus entered Jerusalem on donkey-back, and when the happy people and children spread palm branches before him. It was a triumphal entry, although in a humble way. There was no royal coach or body-guard of soldiers. Nevertheless the Saviour rode as King and was so greeted by the rejoicing people.

As soon as Jesus entered Jerusalem he went to the Temple and cast out the money-changers and those who would make a market-place of the house of God. Then the blind and the lame came in and Christ healed them.

LESSON QUESTIONS.

1. Why do some people observe Palm Sunday? As the day that Christ entered Jerusalem in triumph.

2. On what did he ride? On a donkey.

3. What did the people do? Spread palm branches and sang joyfully.

4. Why were they so happy? Because they accepted Jesus as their King.

5. Where did Jesus go? To the Temple.

6. What did he do there? Put out those who were selling.

7. Why did he do this? Because it was the house of God.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 16.

JESUS SILENCES THE PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES.

Mark 12. 13-27. Memory verse, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.—Mark 12. 17.

LESSON STORY.

During Christ's public ministry of three years there were always some mean people who tried to pick flaws in what he said and did, to find fault with him. Especially on the alert were the Pharisees and Sadducees, who were very religious and thought themselves better than other people.

But Jesus in his quiet way was always able to show them in the wrong rather than himself. One day they thought they had a trap set for him. They wanted to prove that he was disloyal to his own Jewish nation. So they put a catchy question to him. But he was able to answer it fairly and rightly and to show these deceptive men the importance of attending to spiritual affairs as well as temporal ones. Others tried to present difficulties about the future life, making out that it was foolish to talk of the dead coming to life again.

Again Jesus showed how wrong they were, for the soul of man is immortal, which means that we shall live again.

LESSON QUESTIONS.

1. What kind of people were the Pharisees and the Sadducees? People who pretended to be very good.

2. Did they like Jesus? No.

3. Why? Because he taught what they did not like.

4. What were they always doing? Trying to catch him in a fault.

5. What did Jesus do? He exposed their wrong purpose.

6. What did he show was most important? "The things of God."

7. What is meant by the things of God? Goodness, kindness, love, truth, unselfishness, etc.

CULTIVATING THE VOICE.

"Mamma, mayn't I have something to eat? I am so hungry!" whined Willie Cooper, as he came in from school.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the mother, "but you must ask in a different

tone from that. Now smile and say, 'Mamma, please give me something to eat,' in this tone," and she spoke in cheerful accents to show him how.

It took two or three trials, but at last Willie got all the whine out of his voice and all the cloud out of his face, and was given a slice of bread and butter.

It was by no accident that all the Cooper children had pleasant voices, and clear, distinct enunciation of what they said; for the cultivation of their voices had begun very early in their lives. They had not been allowed to talk bad grammar, to clip their words, to indulge in slang, to whine; and the example of the clear, sweet, ringing cadences in which their parents spoke was more potent, perhaps, than any other influence in forming their habits of speech.

A child may be indulged in whining until his vocal organs are so set that he cannot speak without whining, or he may be allowed to talk in a high, shrill key until he loses command of the lower registers, and can use only the high key. He may be taught to speak with distinct articulation, with natural resonant ones, with grammatical propriety and correctness, until it shall become a part of him and an inalienable possession.

GIVING.

BY JULIA ANN WALCOTT.

Lady Rose, Lady Rose,

In your fragrant furbelows,

You give the wind sweet messages

Whichever way it blows;

You send them to the stranger,

You send them to your friend,

From out your store of treasure,

Their lives your riches lend.

Little bird, little bird,

As you sing upon your bough,

A hundred hearts are happier

That you are singing now.

Though the sun is shining brightly,

Or is hiding in a cloud,

You give the world your sweetest songs

And sing them brave and loud.

Merry brook, merry brook,

As you dance upon the way,

The rose had not the heart to bloom

Were you not here to-day;

Nor could a thirsty birdling trill

Its song so sweet and gay.

Oh, blessings to you, merry brook,

As you dance on your way!

Precious girls, precious boys,

Know you not that you possess

More than rose, or bird, or brook,

Gifts of cheer and loveliness?

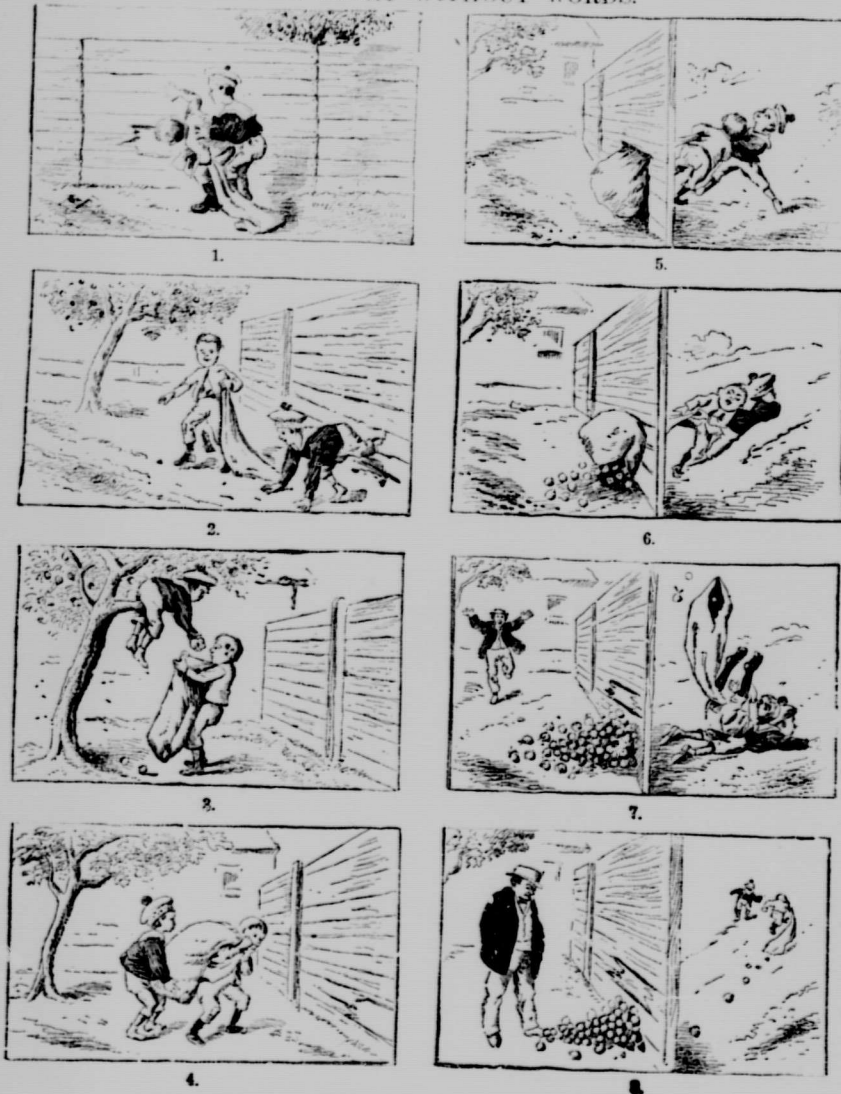
Thoughts and words and deeds of love

Be you always freely giving,

And the world and all who know you,

Will be richer for your living.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



LOVE'S SPELLING BOOK.

Harry found an old spelling book about the house which his grandmother had once used in school, and which had a very curious way of spelling many words. He was laughing over some of the funny spelling, when his mother called him to her.

"How many ways of spelling 'love' have you found, Harry?" she asked.

"Only one," he replied. "It is just the same in this book as it is in my spelling book at school."

"Why," said his mother, "I know of more than one way. I think there must be at least a dozen ways, possibly a hundred or more."

Harry opened his eyes wide in surprise.

"Just now," said his mother, "you gave up part of your dinner that the poor Jackson boy might have a good meal. You did not send a word in the basket, because

you did not want to let your right hand know what your left did; but, nevertheless, there was one word in the basket spelled out in very large letters. Can you guess what that was?"

"Was it 'love'?" asked Harry.

"Yes," answered his mother. "And last week, when you put your dime into the missionary bank, you did not say anything; but as it rattled down among the other coins I heard it speak distinctly a word which you did not catch. Do you know what it was?"

"It must have been 'love,'" again answered Harry.

"Yes," said his mother, "that was another way of spelling 'love.' And a little while ago, as I was watching you play your games out in the yard, I saw you step out to make room for James Marshall. Why was that?"

"Why," explained Harry, "that was

because he thought it was his turn, although I was sure it was mine, and so were all the rest of the boys; but I gave up to him just because I wanted him to have a good time."

"And you spelled our word in another way," said his mother.

"Well, I declare," said Harry, "it is such a wonderful word that it ought to have a spelling book all to itself."

"It has," answered his mother. "Our whole lives were intended to be primers of love, in which we should be constantly spelling out the word by kind, thoughtful actions, so as to make the world a beautiful, happy place in which to live.—Our Little Ones.

SOME LONG DAYS.

It is quite important, when speaking of the longest day in the year, to say what part of the world we are talking about. Christmas, for instance, at the equator is very different from Christmas at Tornea, Finland, where the day is less than three hours in length.

At Stockholm, Sweden, the longest day is eighteen and one-half hours.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three and one half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one-half hours.

At Hamburg in Germany, and Dantzig in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May twenty-first to June twenty-second without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June twenty-first brings a day nearly twenty-two hours long.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours.

THE LITTLE ONES.

Heaven bless the little ones,
Beautiful and fair;
Needing all a mother's love
All a father's care.

Ever asking questions hard,
That confuse the wise;
Peering into mysteries,
With their truthful eyes.

Lovers of the beautiful
Found in field or book;
Searching for the pictures there
With the earnest look.

Setting us examples good
Ever, day by day;
Teaching us the way of life,
In their simple way.