



THE SUNBEAM.

A little sunbeam chanced to stray,
In search of play-mates one fine day,
He glanced across the nursery floor,
But quickly passed in at the door—

"It's mine;" "It isn't!" "Get along!"
"I tell you, you are in the wrong!"
Was what he heard, in voices loud,
And ever darker grew the cloud,—

And why? what do you think he found?
A little girl who stamped and frowned,
A boy quite cross,—he could not stay
For this was no nice place to play.

He crept along the curly hair
Of little Ronald sitting there,
And in his eyes so blue and clear
He found a tiny shining tear.

The sunbeam glittered on the drop
And down it rolled, it could not stop,
And then a little sobbing sound,
Made Lucy turn her cross face round.

Ah! now the big black cloud has passed
As round his neck her arms she cast
She kissed the trickling tears away
And bright and sunny grew the day.

The happy sunbeam danced for joy
Around the little girl and boy
It played amongst the golden curls
And dried the tears like dewy pearls.

[For the Messenger.

WORK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Many boys and girls think that they would willingly do missionary work if they only know what to do. They say, "There are no poor in our neighborhood who would accept aid; the sick have more capable hands than mine to work for them, and what can I do?" My young friends, do you ever think that there is enough real missionary work in your own home to keep you a lifetime? Work which will receive the smile of God as surely as though you were ever at the bedside of the sick, or were called to heathen lands to bear the good tidings? There are so many opportunities for making others happy who feel the hand of sorrow laid heavily upon them, opportunities which we neglect because they seem so familiar and are such a part of our every day life. Let me illustrate: I went to board in the home of a widow who had recently lost her only son, one whose life and death assured her that he was happy on the other side, but she was so lonely though her house was filled with pleasant roomers and a few boarders. Her eyesight having failed her, when she sat down to rest she could only think, think of her loss and loneliness. Her son used to read to her night after night; but all that was past now. The thought (Did not the Lord put it there?) came to me, why not spend more time with her and read to her. I asked her if it would please her to have me do so, and she answered, as the tears of pleasure sprang to her eyes, "God bless you, child, indeed it would." I have read to her and have enjoyed it as much as she, and I can see that she grows brighter and happier every day. Is there not some one in your home who has a like affliction, or who could listen to others when they have no time themselves to read? In the homes of most of my

readers, I am sure, there are pleasant books and papers, but mamma, and perhaps papa, have not much time to read them. Are there not some bright boys and girls who will willingly give a few minutes each day to make father and mother acquainted with the contents of those books or papers? Now that the schools have begun, how many boys and girls come rushing in from school, throwing books and slates hastily by, giving a pleasant smile to mamma sitting over by the window mending their torn garments, then out to play until they are called to the pleasant meal which loving hands have prepared for them. How little sacrifice it would have been for you, my little friend, to have given her a loving kiss and spent twenty minutes with her recounting the little incidents and joys of the day, and perhaps reading some little sketch which has caught your fancy or you think may please her. Do you say this is not missionary work? Why, my dear would-be-missionaries, that golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you" is one of the strongest reminders of our missionary duties, and can nowhere be tried with so satisfactory results as in one's own home. If you had to sit alone for a greater part of the day, with not one of those whom you love, or any of your friends near you, doing some work which you alone can do, would not you appreciate a loving greeting when they came home, and some thoughtful act of love to show you that they wanted to make your hours with them pleasant? But perhaps you think I have not entered into your case and these words do not apply to you; that you have no opportunity to do any of these things. Just look about you and see if there is not something which you might do in your own home to make others happy, and if your case is not touched by this letter it may be by subsequent letters which I hope to write. I hope to give you an insight into many homes and the work that young people could so easily do to raise the intellectual and moral standard in those homes. It is not always the distribution of money that gives the most happiness, but there are other things which count for far more. See if you cannot find out what they are, and make more sunshine in the hearts of those you must meet daily.

MAY BROOKS.

Philadelphia.

CYRUS HAMLIN.

HOW HE CAME OUT OF A MISSIONARY BOX.

The venerable Cyrus Hamlin, speaking of his boyhood days before the Interdenominational Missionary Union at Clifton Springs, told the following amusing and suggestive bit of personal experience:—

In those days, all were agreed, the greatest event of the season was the fall training or militia muster. To participate in the affair was the greatest military glory that we could have any conception of. There was the Colonel on his magnificent horse; the fifers and drummers; the militia men. It elevated our souls just to behold the glory of the militia muster. There used often to be Indians there, and about twenty or twenty-five old Revolutionary soldiers, who were always getting up In-

dian fights. Every boy who went to the muster had his money to buy gingerbread and other confections on that great day.

Now I remember almost as well as though it were yesterday a bright September morning when I started for the muster. My mother gave me seven cents to buy gingerbread for my enjoyment during the day; and a cent then would buy a pretty large piece of gingerbread. I was rich; my mother was generous.

I was thinking how I could spend all that money in one day, when my mother said, "Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put a cent or two into Mrs. Farris's contribution-box as you go by." Mrs. Farris used to take the box home with her on Sunday, and persons not at the meeting might stop at her house during the week and drop in a few cents.

As I went along I kept thinking, my mother said "a cent or two." I wished she had told me to put in one cent or two cents; but there it was: "Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put in a cent or two."

As I turned it over in my mind during the first mile of my walk, I thought, "Well, I will put in two cents." Then I began to reason with myself: "How would that look? Two cents for the heathen and five cents for gingerbread." It didn't satisfy my ideas very well; because we always read the missionary news in the *Puritan Recorder* every Sunday, and then the *Missionary Herald* came every month; so we kept full of all the missionary news there was, and my conscience was a little tender on that subject. Two cents didn't look right, and after a while I began to think that I would put three cents into the missionary box.

I went along a spell with a good deal of comfort after I had come to this decision. But by-and-by the old reasoning and comparison came back to me. "Four cents for gingerbread and three cents for the souls of the heathen." How was I to get rid of that? I thought I would change it to four for the heathen and three for gingerbread. Nobody could complain of that.

Then I thought of the other boys, who would be sure to ask, "How many cents have you got to spend?" and I should be ashamed if I had only three cents. "Confound it all!" I said. "I wish mother had given me six cents or eight cents. Then it would be easy to decide; but now I don't know what to do."

I got to Mrs. Farris's house and went in. I remember just how I felt to this day. I got hold of my seven cents and thought, "I might as well drop them all in, and then there will be no trouble." And so I did.

After that, I went off immensely well satisfied with what I had done. I was quite puffed up, and enjoyed it hugely till about noon, when I began to be hungry. I played shy of the gingerbread-stand—didn't want to go there; went off around where the soldiers were having their dinner, and wished somebody would throw me a bone.

Well, I stood it without a mouthful till about four o'clock, and then I started for home. I can remember just how I felt when I got in sight of my home. It seemed as if my knees would fail me—they felt worse than they do now—I could hardly drag myself along. But as soon as I reached the house I cried, "Mother, do give me something to eat; I'm as hungry as a bear; I haven't eaten a mouthful all day."

"Why, Cyrus! where is the money I gave you this morning?"

"Mother, you didn't give it to me right. If you had given me six cents, or eight cents, I could have divided it; but I couldn't divide seven cents, and so I put it all into the missionary box."

She said, "You poor boy!" and she went right off and brought me a big bowl of bread and milk; and I don't think I ever ate such bread and milk before. There were tears in my mother's eyes, and I said, "Pshaw, mother! I would go without eating all day to have bread and milk taste as good as this."

But that wasn't what she was thinking of—no mother here would interpret it that way. It was the thought, "This little boy, my youngest, can deny himself for the sake of Jesus," that brought tears to those loving eyes.

Now, if there are any mothers

here who don't want their children to go into missionary work, don't go fooling round with missionary boxes. But if you do want them to go as missionaries, that is the way to train them for missionaries.

When I grew to be a young man, I told my mother, "I have decided to give my life to missionary work;" and she wept heartily over it, but said, "I have always expected this, Cyrus," and she never said another word about it.

I have often thought, in looking over my boyhood, that out of that missionary box came six missionaries, who have done long and good work. We never thought of it then; but that is my interpretation of it now. One of the missionaries is the man who saved the Telugu Mission when the Baptist Board thought of giving it up. They told him they wouldn't send him back, and he said, "You needn't send me back, but I shall go back. As I have lived so shall I die—among the Telugus." They couldn't do anything with such an obstinate man, so they said, "When you die, we do not want the heathen to pitch you into a hole and cover you up; we want you to have a Christian burial, and this young man shall go back with you." I think, in five years after their arrival, they baptized five thousand converts. That was the Rev. Dr. Jewett, of the Telugu Mission. When we were boys, we used to attend the same church and look at each other through the loop-holes in the high pews. I have always felt as if he came out of that missionary-box. I am sure I did; but I didn't know it at the time.—*Helping Hand.*

DRINKING AND THE CHILDREN.

There was a hard-drinking man always able to attend to business. But he transmitted to his children such vitiated constitutions that all died early of disease, except one, whom I knew. He had chronic dyspepsia. The appetite for liquor descended on the second generation with terrible power. His daughter early died of consumption. One son committed suicide for fear of a second attack of delirium tremens. The second son walked right on in the same path till he was placed where he could get no liquor. He lives in that confinement yet.

Intoxicating drinks not only blunt all the finer feelings, cloud the intellect, and ruin the health of the drinker, but descend with fearful power on succeeding generations. The very men who take every pains to improve the breed of their horses, cows, and hogs, are so living as to deteriorate the race of their own children. They care more for the pure blood of their cattle than the pure blood of their children. The worst of this sin is that it is self-perpetuating and extending. If it would use up the present drinkers only, it would not be so bad. But it is the horrid Minotaur that constantly demands hecatombs of our children. It

"Gropes in yet unblasted regions for its miserable prey:
Shall we guide its gory fingers where our helpless children play?"

BISHOP WARREN.

