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A BAD START.

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THE steamer that we took to bring us over the sea was very grand and fine; but she made a bad start, and that spoiled the pleasure of the passage. Just after we left New York she ran into another ship and cut off her stern, so that the poor thing went to the bottom. In doing that mischief she knocked two holes in her own bow, as large as a man's head, and she had to be taken back to New York for repairs. After they had mended her we started again, but were not nearly so brave as we were the first time. We could not help thinking how near our ship had come to drowning us, and we were afraid to trust her for fear she would do it again. Then we did not know but what she had hurt herself more than anybody thought, and when she came to pull through the great waves out on the sea she would give way somewhere, and let the water in so that she would sink and take us all down with her.

And that is the way we feel about a child who says a bad word, or tells a wrong story, or does any other mean thing. We are afraid all the time that he will do it again.

But there is one good thing about it. If



SHEPHERDS CALLING THEIR SHEEP BY NAME!

he goes to the Lord Jesus, and asks him to forgive the wicked things, the dear Saviour makes it just as though they hadn't been done at all. We were not sure the carpenters mended our ship so as to make her as

good as ever; but we know that Jesus will make our hearts just right if we obey and trust him.

COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

THE *Amateur* says: "The young man or boy who has not the courage to do what he knows is right, for fear of being ridiculed, is indeed a weak mortal." Yes, indeed; but there are thousands of such mortals—mortals who would rather do what they know will ruin them for eternity than to be ridiculed and scoffed at by their fellowmen or associates. Weak indeed!

We wish to relate that which is really true, and no made-up story: A young man attended a grand dinner, at which wine was served. He had never tasted it, and when the waiter placed it by his plate, noticing the eyes of his friends fixed upon him, he raised the glass and said: "Friends, I do not drink wine!" At this sudden exclamation they laughed, but he refused to drink it. Ten years have passed since

that dinner. A few months ago he was called to the bedside of a dying college-mate. As the poor fellow was nearing his end, he looked up and said: "Say,—, it was that glass of wine I drank at that dinner ten