

# THE SUNBEAM

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## A HAPPY HEART.

A LITTLE boy came to me with a broken toy, and begged me to mend it for him. It was a very handsome toy, and was the pride of his heart just then; so I did not wonder to see his lips quivering, and the tears come into his eyes.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," I said; "but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few moments, and then said, cheerfully: "Never mind, mamma! If you can't fix it, I'll be just as happy without it."

Wasn't that a brave, sunshiny heart? And that made me think of a dear little girl, only three years old, whom I once saw bringing out her choicest playthings to amuse a little home-sick cousin. Among

the rest was a little trunk, with bands of silk paper or straps—a very pretty toy; but careless little Freddie tipped the lid too far back, and broke it off. He burst out

with a cry of fright; but little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears, said: "Never mind, Freddie; just see what a nice little cradle the top will make." Keep a happy



TWO FRIENDS.

little heart, little children, and you will be like sunbeams wherever you go.

## CURING HIM- SELF.

"You'll be a man before your mother," used to be said to boys who were a trifle too smart. The stripling who paraded himself in the scene below was rather worsted by somebody else's mother.

"Don't you know I is very wrong to smoke, my boy?" said an elderly-looking lady, in a railway waiting-room, to Young America, who persisted in puffing a cheap cigarette, much to the old lady's discomfort.

"Oh, I smoke for my health," answered the boy, emitting a volume of smoke from his mouth which almost strangled the old lady.

"But you never heard of a cure from smoking?" continued the old lady, when she had regained consciousness.

"Oh, yes; I did," persisted the boy, as he