

it for ourselves and make other's happy too, won't that be like sunshine?"

"Yes, and if things don't go just right we can call it cloudy weather; but we can be cheery, and so make sunbeams of our own."

"And then you will be my sunbeam," said mamma, with a pleasant smile.

THE LITTLE HELPERS.

ONLY a band of children
Sitting at Jesus' feet,
Fitting ourselves to enter
Into his service sweet.
Softly his voice is calling:
"Little one, come unto me!
Stay not, though weak and helpless;
Child, I have need of thee!"
Take us, dear Shepherd, take us
Into thy heavenly fold;
Keep our young feet from straying,
Out in the dark and cold.
Call us thy "Little Helpers,"
Glad in thy work to share;
Make us thine own dear children,
Worthy thy name to bear.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 1, 1886.

DON'T JEST WITH THE BIBLE.

A GENTLEMAN of keen wit used often to point his remarks with some apt quotation from the Bible. A friend who greatly admired him was present in his last hours, and asked with deep sympathy what was the future outlook.

"Very gloomy indeed," was his response. Surprised and deeply pained he hastened to quote some precious promises suitable to the solemn hour.

"I have spoiled them all for myself," was his answer. "There is not one, but is associated with some jest."

His light went out in darkness, though his name was on the Church roll. What a lesson there is here for all who are willing to be taught by it! Lay it to heart.



THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

WHAT a sweet ingenuous face, and what pathetic eyes this boy has—as if the shadow of a great sorrow were hanging over his young life. The fishermen and their families along the stormy coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland suffer great privations and hardships, and are exposed to great danger. Sometimes a storm will spring up when a whole fleet of fishing boats is far from shore, and it often happens that some of them never get back to the land again, and their friends have not even the poor satisfaction of burying their bodies and weeping at their graves—the wide deep rolling sea has become their sepulchre. This boy's face is sad enough to make one think he must have suffered such a bereavement. If that ugly oilskin sou'-wester were only off, we should see, I think, a noble handsome brow. He doubtless has often been out with the boats, and pulled the oar and hauled the line with the best. God bless and keep all fishermen and fishermen's lads from the dangers of the stormy deep. The following pathetic verses by the Rev. Chas. Kingsley bring vividly before us the perils of a fisherman's life, and the sorrows of a fisherman's family:—

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,

Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep;
Tho' the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down.
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the morning sands,
In the twilight gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner its over, the sooner the sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.