

THE SUNBEAM

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THE SISTERS.

WHAT a pretty picture this is. How loving and kind these sisters look, as their little heads nestle affectionately together. How good and how pleasant it is when children dwell together in unity. We trust none of our little readers will ever let cross looks mar the beauty of their faces, or angry feelings spoil the sweetness of their temper.

THE SCHOOL BOY'S BEAR.

SOME years ago a young bear was caught by a stout lad near the borders of Lake Winnipiseogee, and carried into the neighbouring village, where he was tamed, and grew to be a play-fellow of the school-boys. After some months spent in civilized society, he suddenly disappeared in the woods, and after several years he was forgotten.

One day last winter while a new school-mistress was teaching the small boys and

girls how to spell and knit, an enormous bear walked into the schoolhouse and took a seat by the fire in a most familiar manner. Both teacher and children fled to the farthest corner of the room, each striving to escape the horror of being eaten first.

Meanwhile the bear sat snuffing and

warming himself by the fire, showing signs of satisfaction, and deferring his meal until he had thoroughly warmed himself. The children screamed, but without embarrassing brain. Standing upon his hind legs he

to the mistress' desk, but found it locked. Giving a shake of resignation he passed out by the door and disappeared. The village was then alarmed and the bear was pursued and shot, much to the regret of the people when they discovered by some marks upon his body that he was their old friend and playfellow.



THE SISTERS.

began to take down, one by one, the hats, bonnets, and satchels that hung on the pegs by the wall. His memory did not fail him, for the satchels contained, as of old, the children's dinners, and he had arrived before recess.

Having made a comfortable meal he went

how many yearnings, how much patience, how much responsibility, how much instruction, how much correction, how much love, how much sorrow, how many teachers, how many sermons, how many Sabbaths! She costs, too, a dying Redeemer!" — Cameron.

COST OF A CHILD.

"How much that little girl costs!" said a mother, as she and I passed a little child leaning against an iron railing, eagerly watching some boys playing at marbles.

"Costs?" I said. "What! her shoes and socks, her plaid dress and gay ribbons, her hat and feathers, her—?"

"That is her least cost," replied the mother; "nor was I thinking of that, but what pain and suffering she costs, what fatigue and watching, how much of a mother's anxiety, how much of a father's toil, how many prayers, how many fears,