

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. IX.]

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[No. 1]

SUNSHINE.

It is pleasant to have sunshine in the soul. And if it is there it will be seen in the twinkle of the eye, in the flexibility of the lip, and upon the unruffled brow. Katie surely has a good share of it. What a happy countenance! This sunshine of cheerfulness is pleasant and desirable anywhere and everywhere, but a thousand-fold more desirable in the home. We hope that our young readers will try to be like Katie, in getting their nature so permeated by sunshine that it will beam out in the face. It is no use trying to put it on, just as you put on other fine things, for company. Shams never take or stand the rub anywhere. But nothing is more unreliable and explosive than sham goodness. It is a bubble that will burst as soon as the first breath of opposition strikes its empty head. It is only the real inward cheerfulness which will make the life radiant with genuine sunshine. Goodness in the heart will produce graciousness in the life.

Sunshine in the soul makes life pleasant. It is not difficult for Katie to learn her lessons, it is no hardship for her to obey her parents or do her work, it requires no



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great effort on her part to be pleasant to friend or stranger, because her soul is bathed in the sunbeams of loving-kindness. In the morning she sings like the lark, through the day she is busy like the bee,

and in the evening she skips like a lamb. The sunshiny soul is ready to sing, work, or play, and finds enjoyment in either, and delight to make others feel the joyousness of life.

We hope that the readers of the SUNBEAM will gather sunshine and reflect it on all around. Dear little friends, live under the influence of the Sun of Righteousness, and you will soon enter upon a day whose sun shall never go down.

WELL APPLIED.

A LITTLE three-year-old girl who had lately begun learning the "Golden Texts," took a great fancy to some trimmings her aunt was making, and begged her to give her a piece for her doll's dress. "O no, Lena, I can't cut it," said her aunt. "Just a little piece, please, aunty," pleaded the child. But again the aunt refused, and more emphatically than before. The little one regarded her for a moment with serious eyes, then climbing up behind her, put both arms about her neck, and whispered

in her ear: "Aunty, the Lord lubbered a cheerful gibber." "Here, child, take your trimming, every inch of it," said her aunt. "In the morning she sings like the lark, crowding it into her hands, with a kiss, and through the day she is busy like the bee, a bug."