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PILLS.

MAMMA takes little sips of what's in the spoon every time she offers it to Robbie. She says it is good; he says it is bitter. Grandpa sits off in another part of the room, now and then trying to coax Robbie to take it; but he has set up a howl instead. Grandpa finally gives up the job and goes to preaching, and this is the sermon—all to himself, too:

"That's the way the world over—some glad, and some mad, all because of the medicine. Some can swallow pill after pill and laugh as they do it, while the same sort of pills almost choke others.

"There is Jane Vane; she had a pretty face and was sick, and her beauty left her. That was a bitter pill indeed for Jane; but her little sister Mollie took the same pill and never minded it at all. There's Sarah Mills—her father lost all his money. She had to take the pill of poverty, and, dear me! what a wry face she's made ever since. But old Jonas Evans is poor as one can well be in the poor-house, yet he is as happy as a king.

"My little man, my young maiden, take the medicine you need, no matter what. Make up your mind it is not so bitter after all, but just the thing for you. Open your mouth wide and take what mamma offers. Swallow it down with a sparkling eye and a big laugh, and smack your lips for more.

That's the way to turn bitter things into sweet. That's the way to take everything your heavenly Father sends you. Just think it an angel to beckon you on from earth to heaven."—Pansy.

decent after spending so much time to read; so he dropped on his knees, and this was his prayer. "O Lord, take care of us to-night, and fill us with thy light, and cause us to walk in thy way, and fill us

with joy and peace, for Christ's sake Amen." While he said these words rapidly, quick thoughts of the just completed story chased themselves through his mind; still he had said the words—mainly extracts from his father's daily morning prayer—and with one bound Tom was in bed. But he had a conscience, and his conscience was not sleepy.

"If any fellow came to you with a request like that, what would you say?" asked conscience. "You would tell him to wait till he wanted something before he took up your time. A fellow with a tongue and temper like yours ought to want something."

"I do," said Tom; "I'll try again."

This time he knelt reverently by the bedside and prayed: "O Lord, I thank thee for

having so much patience with me. Please help me to govern my temper, and make me honest in trying to do right, and please help me to serve thee like a man."

Which prayer do you think was heard?

He that deviseth to do evil shall be called a mischievous person.



THE MEETING ON THE BRIDGE. WHICH WILL GIVE WAY?

TOM'S PRAYER.

It was cold in Tom's room. He undressed rapidly, thinking the while of to-morrow's base-ball. He had stood in the cold, finishing a little story by his bedroom lamp. Now he was thoroughly chilled. Should he get in bed to say his prayer? N-no; that wouldn't be manly and