

# SUNBAM

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## TRUSTING HARRY.

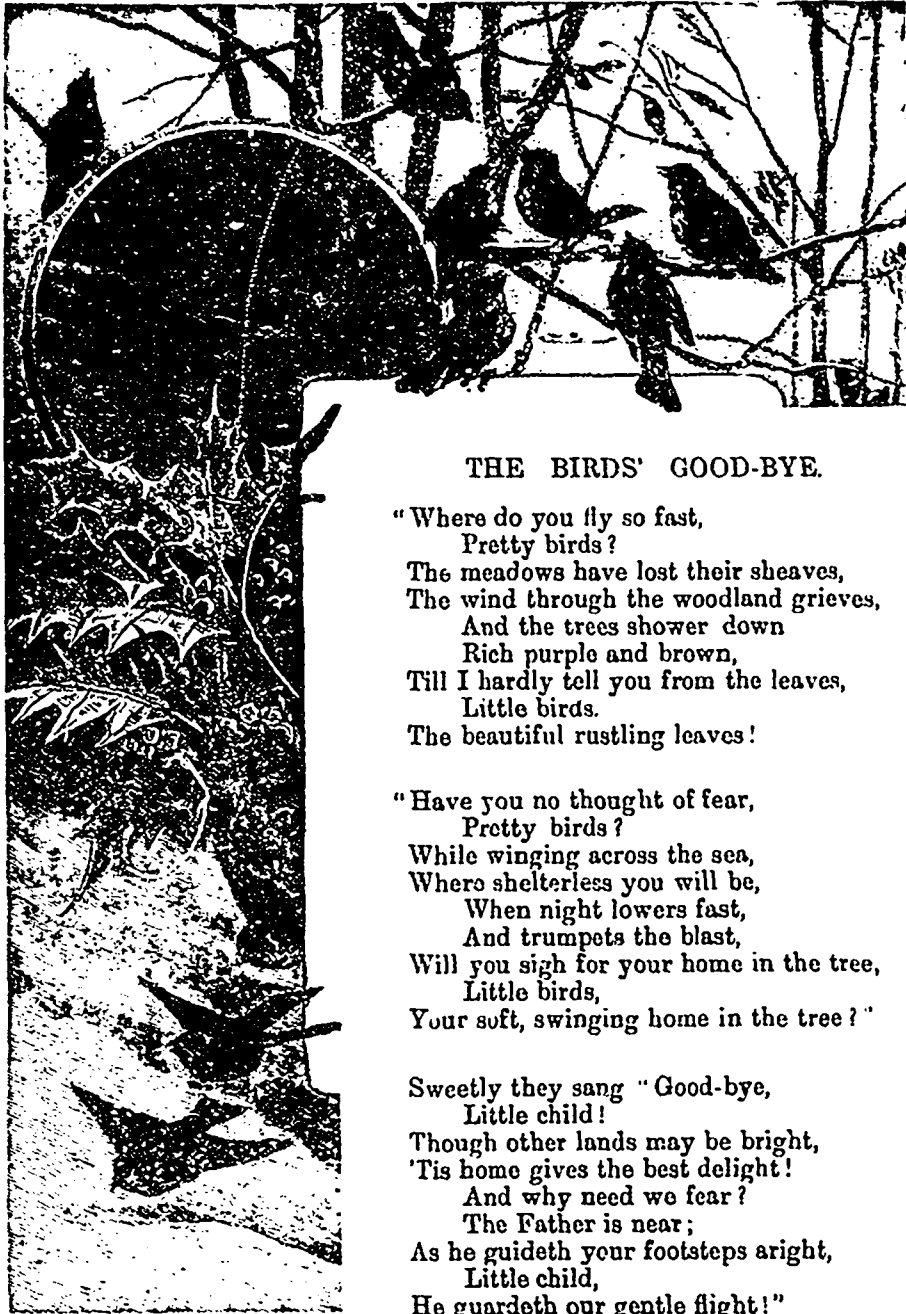
Harry was a poor little boy who worked in a machine shop. When he was fourteen years old he gave his heart to Christ, and felt as if he must work for him. So he left his trade, and began to sell tracts and Bibles to people who did not have them or know of them. He felt that he himself was young and weak; but every day he prayed that Christ would lead him, and tell him what was the best and wisest thing to do.

One morning he called at a farmhouse and wanted to sell a man a Bible. The man refused to buy; and then Harry asked to leave one there.

"You can't leave one in my house. If you leave one at all, the barn's the only place that's fit for it," replied the man, expecting to drive Harry off by his wicked words.

"All right," said Harry, cheerily, thankful to be allowed to leave it within the reach of the household; for in some places they refused it outright and drove him away. "Our Saviour once lay in a manger, and that will be a good place." So he carried it out to the barn, and with a prayer that it might be read,

went on his way. The farmer, impressed by Harry's gentle and courageous words, wondered what the Bible had to say about Jesus in the manger, and finally went out and began to read it. That reading led to his conversion, and his conversion led his family to seek and find Jesus. Was



Harry wise or foolish to trust in Jesus? Could he have worked so wisely trusting in his own strength? No. it is Jesus who makes us wise and gentle and brave, who leads us always in the right way.

"Little hearts, O Lord, may love thee,

## THE BIRDS' GOOD-BYE.

"Where do you fly so fast,  
Pretty birds?  
The meadows have lost their sheaves,  
The wind through the woodland grieves,  
And the trees shower down  
Rich purple and brown,  
Till I hardly tell you from the leaves,  
Little birds.  
The beautiful rustling leaves!

"Have you no thought of fear,  
Pretty birds?  
While winging across the sea,  
Where shelterless you will be,  
When night lowers fast,  
And trumpets the blast,  
Will you sigh for your home in the tree,  
Little birds,  
Your soft, swinging home in the tree?"

Sweetly they sang "Good-bye,  
Little child!  
Though other lands may be bright,  
'Tis home gives the best delight!  
And why need we fear?  
The Father is near;  
As he guideth your footsteps aright,  
Little child,  
He guardeth our gentle flight!"

Little hands may  
learn thy ways,  
Little hands and feet  
may serve thee,  
Little voices sing thy  
praise,  
Growing wiser, strong-  
er, happier,  
Loving Jesus all  
their days.

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## CHARLIE AND THE LION

BY HILDA GOHEEN.

Charlie is four years old and strong and sturdy. His home is in the country, but he has been visiting his grandfather in Philadelphia, and the day after he arrived his grandfather took him to see the animals in the Zoological Gardens.

Charlie had often seen pictures of lions and he wanted to go to the lion-house first. They walked past tigers and leopards and wildcats, until at last Charlie ran on ahead and stopped before a cage where a fierce-looking lion, with a great bushy mane, lay asleep.

Charlie walked up close to the cage and called out:

"Halloo, old lion; who's afraid of you?"  
Whether the lion understood or not, I cannot say, but he opened his eyes, bristled his mane, got up and lashed his tail and then

gave a roar so loud and long that the whole building seemed shake.

Everybody laughed as the little boy, screaming and pale with fright, ran as fast as his fat legs would carry him to his grandfather, and begged to be taken home.