

## A SERIOUS PUZZLE.

"I wonder why," said little Sue,  
 "You say, mamma, 'If I were you,  
 That's not the way that I should do,  
 So many times a day!"

"I 'spose I'm wrong; but I don't see,  
 If you were turned right into me,  
 Why, truthfully, you wouldn't be  
 'Most sure to do my way!"

"I'm very sure I cannot see  
 Exactly how this thing can be,  
 She says when she was small like me  
 She did as she was bid.

"That she tried always to be good  
 And true and kind, just like I should.  
 I think I'll ask my Grandma Hood  
 Just how my mamma did."

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 9, 1902.

## THE BEST PLAN.

"Mother," said Cliff, "What am I going to do with Joe Blair?"

"What's the matter?" asked his mother, looking up from the work in her lap. The salt air blew freshly in her face, and her eyes roved past the angry little questioner to the shimmer of sunlit waves and the gleam of white sails.

"Why, we are building a fort, mother; and Joe will build it so near the water that in a few minutes it will all be washed out to sea."

"Why don't you get him to build it higher up, then?"

"I can't make him do it," cried Cliff, stamping the pebbly shore in vexation; "I've tried and tried, and I can't."

"How did you try?" asked the mother.

"Why," said Cliff, hesitating a little, "I first said that he mustn't."

"And then?"

"Why, then I told him that he was a big goose."

"And then?"

There was a little pause before this answer came; "I jerked his paddle away."

"And then?"

This time his mother thought that she would not get any answer at all; but at last Cliff said, hanging his head: "Then I knocked him over, and made him cry."

"O, my, my, my!" said the mother, shaking her head sadly; and Cliff felt very mean indeed. "You have tried your own naughty way, and failed; now suppose you try God's plan. He says that you must suffer long and be kind: go back and try that, little son."

Cliff went back very slowly. He didn't at all like God's plan of treating Joe; but he must have tried it after all, for the two little boys built their fort without any more quarrelling, and it lasted a whole fifteen minutes.

## NELL'S HAT.

"O mother, such a dreadful thing has happened! Just look at Nell!"

"What's the matter, 'Nelly Bly'?"

"Don't you see, mother? She's got her hat on wrong side before."

"Why, so she has," said mother, laughing; "but why is that such a dreadful thing?"

"Why, mother, we went to see those new little girls who have just come here to live, and they have most beautiful clothes and things, and they will think that I didn't know any better."

"I don't believe that they noticed it at all, darling," said the mother.

"You see, the wind blew my hat off just as I got to the door, mother, and I clapped it on again without looking."

"And I was so busy looking at the new girls," explained Grace, "that I never once looked at Nell till we got away."

The next day mother herself went to call on the strangers. When she came home she had a story to tell of a little girl who had gone visiting, and who had made two little homesick strangers feel acquainted right away by offering to call for them on her way to Sunday-school, and by giving them a hearty kiss when she came away. "When they told me the little girl's name, I asked them if they had noticed her hat. 'No, indeed!' The little visitor's name was Nell."—*Selected.*

## HAROLD'S GRANDFATHER.

"About when you were a little boy, grandpa," said Harold, as he climbed into grandpa's lap for a story.

"Little boys had many things to do then which they have not now," said grandpa. "I was no larger than you are,

Harold, when I drove the cows every day to the pasture. When I got home, mother had the churn full of cream and it was my task to churn. If I was faithful and worked the dasher up and down smartly the butter came pretty quick, but if I dawdled, and only half worked, I had to pay for it by spending a long time at the churn."

"And you slept up a ladder?" said Harold, remembering some of grandpa's former stories.

"Yes, my child," said grandpa. "There was no staircase leading to the loft where my little bed was. As soon as I was old enough my brother taught me to go up the ladder. I felt like a big boy, then."

"Were you afraid, grandpa?" asked Harold.

"Oh! no, Harold; the stars kept me company, for I could see them. They used to remind me of the eye of God. My mother taught me that God knows all the stars, and can tell them by name."

Some time afterwards grandpa told him the names of some of the planets, and how Harold loves to watch for them!

## BABY'S CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, little baby, sleep;  
 The holy angels love thee,  
 And guard thy bed, and keep  
 A blessed watch above thee.  
 No spirit can come near,  
 Nor evil beast can harm thee.  
 Sleep, sweet, devoid of fear,  
 Where nothing need alarm thee.  
 The Lord which doth not sleep,  
 The eternal arms surround thee;  
 The Shepherd of the sheep  
 In perfect love hath found thee.  
 Sleep through the holy night,  
 Christ-kept from snare and sorrow,  
 Until thou wake to light  
 And love and warmth to-morrow.

## A WAY TO MAKE TWO PEOPLE HAPPY.

By and by you will know how to read books, and you will be able to find out thousands of things about this great world that we live in, and what the greatest and best people have thought and written. This will make you very happy, if you do not use books for yourself alone. A lady whom I know often reads aloud to her friends at home when they are sewing, or to those whose eyes are not clear; and once a week she goes to read to poor Mrs. McGinness, who never learned to read, and who cannot walk, though she can do a little work with her hands. Share with others what God gives you, and he will give you more, just as he gives new flowers to the plants that freely give their flowers away. If you try to give sunshine to other people, you will always have enough yourself to make you happy and beautiful.—*Picture Lesson Paper.*

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