

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1887.

[No. 11.

MADE OVER.

It was a very pretty Sunday dress mother had prepared for Lucia, but there was one objection to it in the little girl's mind. It was a "made over" dress.

"Neely King said, mother, that she never wore a made-over dress in her life," said Lucia.

"I think I can show you that Neely was mistaken," answered mother, smiling. "Indeed, I think she has been wearing made-over dresses all her life."

Lucia was curious to know how her mother made it out; for Miss Cornelia's father had been the rich manufacturer of the place for a great many years.

"Neely's handsome blue cashmere was worn by a sheep before she had it, and so was her woolen coat. A seal dived into the water and sunned himself on the bank in that very jacket and cap she wears. It had, of course, to be made over to fit her. I don't know that she would draw on those six-button gloves if she knew they were really once worn by a rat as he prowled about in a barn or cellar. You see, we can't get away from these facts about made-over clothing; and, indeed, the very bodies we call ours have been

made over and over, out of materials as old as the world, perhaps. It is said that God created no new particles of matter since the world was made, though all have changed forms thousands of times probably. No one knows what changes have gone on to make the crumb of bread we eat, nor how far the atoms have been brought to make the soil in which the wheat grew nor where the seed came from to season it. God is



THE LITTLE SINGER.

making over all the time, and I do not think it any disgrace to bear a part in a similar work. Indeed, it is a great pleasure to me to take something that has grown old and useless, and make it over into a new and attractive form. How little this snug, warm carpet on our floor resembles the barrel of rags and odds and ends of which it was made! Yet, what a daily comfort it is to us! And so, as you open

your eyes to see in how many different forms the same matter re-appears, you will perceive that there is nothing new.

"Never worry, dear, over the honourable fact that a dress is made over. God regards it just as favourably as if it were cut out of a new web of cloth. You cannot have clothes first-hand no matter how rich you may be."—*Child's World*.

A LETTER AT A TIME.

"I CAN never learn to read, papa," said a little girl, as she sat upon her father's knee, and listlessly followed the pencil with her eyes, as he pointed to the lesson.

"Yes, darling, you can," replied the patient teacher, looking smilingly into his child's clouded face; "it is only a letter at a time."

"Only a letter at a time!" Ay, and there are older children shrinking from the great lessons of life that their Father teaches them, and saying, "I can never learn this lesson." Yet in all these things is the life of our spirits; and if we do but yield our wills to his, he will teach us, letter after letter, line upon line, precept upon precept, here

a little and there a little, and thus we will learn to read the book of his will, even if "only a letter at a time."

God has kept us through the night;
He, too, sends us morning light,
Keep us, Lord, another day:
Thy commands help us obey,
Bless us, sleeping or awake;
This we ask for Jesus' sake.