

to find what a kind, helpful daughter he had, but she also learned how to do what she will find to be very useful in after years.

Girls, always be glad to help your mother, you will also learn to help yourselves too, and to be useful to all around you. Nothing is so pitiful as to see girls grow up without knowing how to do a thing about the house.

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## The Sunbeam.

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 6, 1880.

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### ONE DROP OF INK.

**I** DON'T see why you won't let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears just a little; but I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me; and I should think you could trust me. Perhaps I can do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

"O, mother! who would have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass of water?"

"Yes; it has changed the colour of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in, and restore its purity," said Mrs. Kirk.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, nor fifty, won't do that."

"No, my son; and, therefore, I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training—many drops of which will make no impression on him."

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If I were a man, do you s'pose I'd dare  
In the face of my Maker to curse and swear?  
No! I never would give to good people pain  
By a habit that brings neither pleasure nor  
gain.

### TIM'S DAISIES.

**H**E was only a little "street arab!"  
Ragged and friendless? Ah, yes!  
Unused to life's sunniest pathway,  
Unused to its love and caress;  
For she who had loved him—the mother  
Whose arms round him once, long ago,  
Had clasped themselves closely—all winter  
Had lain 'neath the beautiful snow.

But months passed away, and the springtime  
Came on with its bud and its bloom,  
And the zephyrs of May, softly blowing,  
Scattered far o'er the earth their perfume.  
And then came a day dawning brightly,  
When soldiers brought flowers to spread,  
With love and with honour so loyal,  
O'er the graves of the hero-dead.

And poor little Tim, sadly thinking  
Of his loved one whose grave was un-  
known,  
Wandered there 'neath the pleasant spring  
sunshine,

With tears in his eyes all alone;  
And he gathered the pretty white daisies,  
For no other flower had he,  
And on the dear grave of his mother  
He scattered them tenderly.

Only the simple white daisies!  
Only the tears falling fast!  
Only a boy's sad heart yearning  
For mother-caresses long past;  
Oh, fair were the buds and the blossoms  
Laid over the soldier dead!  
But as loyal and sweet were Tim's daisies  
Over his mother's low bed.

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I COULD tell of two good little boys, well  
educated and refined, who go every Sunday  
to a mission school in a dirty and degraded  
street, that they may encourage some poor,  
ragged boys to go there, too. These two  
boys have the spirit of Jesus Christ. They  
are not selfish; and they mean that the  
poor, ignorant boys shall climb up in the  
world over them.