

# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1888.

[No. 2.

## PUT SOME SALT IN IT.

"MOTHER, what makes you put salt into everything that you cook? Into everything you make you put a little salt, and sometimes a great deal." So spoke observing little Annie, as she stood looking on.

"Well, Annie, I'll make you a little loaf of bread, and see if you can't find out."

"O, mother! it doesn't taste a bit good," said she, after she had tasted it.

"Why not?"

"You didn't put any salt in it."

"Mother, said Annie," a day or two afterwards, "Jane Wells is the worst girl that I ever saw. She slaps her little brother, and pulls his hair, and acts real hateful, and when I told her that it was naughty for her to do so, and that if she would be kind to her brother he would be kind to her, she only spoke



roughly to me, and hit him again. Why won't she take advice, mother?"

"Perhaps you did not put any salt in it. Season your words with grace, my child. Ask the help of God in all that you say and do; and then your words, spoken in the spirit of Christ, will not fall to the ground. Do not forget to put it in, or else it will not taste good."

## LITTLE THINGS.

SPRINGS are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but we know its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this and mind the little things.

## HUSH, BABY, HUSH.

HUSH, baby, hush! Mother is ill:  
You must be good now, you must be still;  
You must not worry, you must not fret,  
But act like a good little lady, my pet.

After you've had a nice little nap,  
You shall have on your mantle and cap,  
And we will go where the wild flowers grow,  
And birds in the tree-tops flit to and fro.

Then you shall pluck a fine nosegay for mother,  
And for the vase in the parlour another;  
And you shall make of the daisies and leaves  
A chain such as Ellen the milk-maid weaves.

Come, my own darling, to sleep now, to sleep!  
Those little eyes must stop trying to peep;  
The sooner you sleep on this bright sunny day,  
The sooner, my darling, we'll go out to play.