

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1889.

[No. 10.]

AN EASY PLACE

A LAD once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:

"Are you not now employed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you wish to change?"

"Oh, I want an easier place."

We had not a place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands. They want easy work, and are afraid of earning more than their wages.

They have strength enough to be out late at nights, to indulge in vices and habits which debilitate them; they have strength enough to waste on wine or beer or tobacco, all of which leave them weaker than before; they have strength enough to run, and leap, and wrestle, but they think they have not the strength to do hard work.

Will the boys let us advise them? Go in for the hard places; bend yourself to the task of showing how much you can do.



READY FOR A RIDE.

Make yourself serviceable to your employer, at whatever cost of your own personal ease, and if you do this he will soon find that he cannot spare you, and when you have learned how to do work you may be set to teach others, and so, when the easy places are to be had they will be yours. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, not at the beginning, of life's course. They are to be won, not accepted; and a man who is bound to have an easy place now may as well understand that the grave is about the only easy place within the reach of lazy people.

THERE was a great parade of soldiers, and little Mary went to the door with her pet dog, Gyp, to see the procession move by. Gyp was saucy, and began to bark. Mary ran up stairs to her mother, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, come down stairs, I'm afraid Gyp will bite the army!"