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DAVID AT THE BROOK.

IN the days of old in the Holy Land the men of Benjamin were celebrated as being very skilful with the sling. The sling was made of two strings, the sinews of animals fastened to a piece of leather that formed the middle of the sling. In this was placed a smooth round stone; then the sling was swung once or twice round the head, after which the stone was discharged by letting go one of the strings. In battle the sling-stones were either carried in a bag that hung round the neck of the slinger, or were placed in a heap at his feet.

Taking only his scrip, and shepherd's staff, David went from Saul's tent to the water-course that flowed through the valley. Then from the bed of the stream he carefully chose five round and smooth pebbles. He put these stones into his scrip, but he carried the sling in his hand, and then, crossing the brook, he went toward the Philistine camp to meet Goliath. No doubt as he drew near to the enemy's tents he lifted up his heart in silent prayer that God would enable him at the right moment to hurl the stone with a sure and deadly aim.



DAVID AT THE BROOK.

HOW HE HELPED HIS FATHER.

SOME years ago, a boy whose name was Webster, living in Bridgeport, Ct., then nearly four years old, was taken from his own home to that of his grandpa, where he

remained several weeks. His grandpa was a Christian man, and always asked God's blessing upon the food before eating, and read a chapter and prayed in the morning, when the breakfast was finished.

When little Webster was taken home, the first time he sat at his father's table in his high-chair, he said, before he began to eat, 'Papa, why don't 'ou talk to God before you eat, as grandpa does?' And the father said, 'Oh, grandpa is a good man.' 'But, papa,' said Webster, 'a'nt 'ou a good man? Why don't 'ou talk to God as grandpa does?'

And the good mother, sitting on the other side of the table, said, 'Father, that is God's voice to you.' And it was; and then, for the first time, the father, as the head of his own house, and mother and child, bowed their heads, while a blessing was brokenly asked on the food. That was the beginning. After the breakfast, the father read and prayed, and continued the practice as long as he lived.

"MARION," he asked, in that style which a big brother assumes when patronizing a little sister, "Do you know that the earth turns round?" "Of tos I does," answered Marion, resenting the imputation of ignorance; "that's the reason I tumbles out of bed."

OPEN rebuke is better than secret love.