

SUNBEAM

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No. 1.

THE PRINCE'S MOTTO

MERRILY rang the bells, as the two belted boys trotted across the white, frozen field, dragging little Lucia's sled after them, to school. It was jolly good fun to the capering boys, and a never-ceasing delight to the dear little maid.

But there was one drawback, the big boys at school jeered them; and though Lucia's big brother were not cowards, no boys like to have fun made of them.

"Before I would turn mule, and drag a load I'd stay at home," said one. "Whoa, Jack; whoa, Jerry," cried another; and so on.

Now while they were hanging over the school fence one morning, a whole noisy crowd, teasing Lucia and her good steeds, Dan Irwin came around the corner. Dan was a great man among the boys; not only because he had brought a medal and a diploma back from college, but especially because he was captain of the university foot ball team, and was spoken of in the newspapers. The boys thought he would join in their rough game. Not he!

"Oh you're a stupid lot!" he cried, pointing scornfully at the bullies. "I wouldn't give a cent a pound for the whole of you! Did you ever hear of great William the Silent, who whipped the bully, Spain, and gave Holland her freedom?"



THE FIRST SNOW.

The boys looked disappointed and defiant as if they didn't care much about William. Suddenly Dan changed his tone. "I say, fellows"—and now he was as gentle as a girl—"did you ever hear of Jesus Christ? His motto was, 'I minister—

serve.' There's your bell, comrades; good-bye! Miss Lucia may I have the pleasure of calling you home this afternoon?"

They say Dan Irwin is going to be a preacher. I hope all his sermons will do as much good as this first one.

VICIOUS COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German.

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda—"dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child, take it."

Eulalia did so and, behold, her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in holding coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father. "You see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken, so it is with the company of the vicious."