

Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can !
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like the colts for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HOLIDAY TIMES.

No doubt the little folks are having a merry time these long vacation days. We are glad that you who have been so long shut indoors can now "sing the song of rambles, long rambles in the sun;" but we hope you will not give all your time to pleasure seeking. You need physical strength, it is true ; but the out and indoor exercise you will have in helping papa and mamma, together with recreation, will develop the muscles of your bodies. Have your parents fix you a time for your work, and a time for your play, and whichever you do, do it well ; and when the vacation is over, you will have a satisfied feeling, which is a sure reward for the use of time.

DO YOU LOVE BACK ?

BACKWARD and forward in her little rocking-chair went Alice Lee, now clasping her beautiful waxen doll to her bosom, and singing low, sweet lullabies ; then smoothing its flaxen curls, patting its rosy cheeks, and whispering softly, "I love you, pretty dolly ;" and anon casting wistful glances towards her mother, who sat in the bay window, busily writing. After what seemed to be a very long time to the little daughter, Mrs. Lee pushed aside the papers, and, looking up, said pleasantly, "I am through for to-day, Alice ; you may now make all the noise you choose." Scarcely were the words uttered ere the little one had flown to her, and nestling her head on her loving heart, said earnestly, "I'm so glad ! I wanted to love you so much, mamma !"

"Did you, darling ?" and she clasped her tenderly. "I am very glad my Alice loves me so ; but I fancy you were not very lonely while I wrote ; you and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together."

"Yes, we had, mamma ; but I get tired after awhile of loving her."

"And why ?"

"Oh ! because she never loves me back."

"And is that why you love me ?"

"That is one why, mamma, but not the first one or the best."

"And what is the first and best ?"

"Why, mamma ! don't you guess ?" and the blue eyes grew very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love you back ; that's why I love you so."

"We love Him because He first loved us," whispered the mother ; and fervently she thanked God for the little child-teacher.

Reader, God loves you ; do you love back ?—*Sel.*

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.