

THE SUNBEAM

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WHAT IS IT?

THE three wee doggies in the picture are sorely puzzled to know what this strange creature is. And well they may, for it is a very uncanny-looking thing. Ask father or mother to tell you all they know about it.

HONESTY IS BEST.

GETTING out of an omnibus in New York, a gentleman dropped his pocket-book and went some distance before he found it out; then hastily returning, he asked every passenger he met if they had seen a pocket-book, and at last, meeting a little girl of whom he made the same inquiry, she asked, "What sort of a pocket-book?"

He described it.

She, unfolding her apron, said, "Is this it?"

"Yes, that is mine; come into the store with me."

They entered, he opened the book, counted the notes, and examined the papers.

"All right," said he; "fifteen notes of one thousand dollars each; had they fallen into other hands I might never have seen them again. Take this note of one thousand dollars as a reward for your honesty, and a lesson for me to be more careful in the future."

"No," said the child. "I cannot take it. I have been taught at Sunday-school not to keep what is mine, and my parents would not be pleased if I took the note home; they might think I have not come by it honestly."

"Well, then, my child, show me where your parents live."

She took him to an humble street, to a home poor but clean. He informed her parents what had happened, and they told

many thanks to their benefactor, and such he proved, for he soon gave the father employment as a carpenter, enabling him to rear an industrious family respectably.

The little girl lived to rejoice that she was born of parents who sought to teach their children true principles of integrity, and to send them to Sunday-school.—*Sunday.*



WHAT IS IT?

him their child had acted as they had wished; they were poor, but they had been taught not to set their hearts on rich gifts. The gentleman told them they must take it, since he could see from their right principles they would make good use of the money.

The parents did accept it at last, with

BRIGHTENING ALL I CAN.

THE day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly, toward night, the clouds broke, and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out, in joyful tones, "Look! O look! papa, the sun is brightening all it can!"

"Brightening all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like sun if you choose."

"How, papa?"

"By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain into the blue of those eyes, only to be happy and good, that's all."

The next day the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark; she seemed

full of light and love, and when asked why she was so happy, she replied, laughingly, "Why, don't you see, papa, I'm the sun? I'm brightening all I can."

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," answered papa.

Cannot little children be like the sun every day—brightening all they can. Try it, children.—*Child at Home.*