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THE RIGHT THING.

To be able to keep our mind about us in times of calamity, and in acting do the thing that is best to be done, often proves of untold worth. Not many years ago a fire broke out in a village of Switzerland, and in a few hours the quaint little houses were entirely destroyed. Among the poor peasants who were weeping and wringing their hands at their loss was one man seemingly in deeper trouble than the rest. Not only were his home and cows gone, but so also was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighbouring villages. Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and looking up, he saw his favourite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son.

"O my son! my son!" he cried. "Are you really alive?"

"Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.



A SUMMER SONG.

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COME, dear children, one and all,
Here the birds are singing,
Here the sound of summer joy
Through the air is ringing,
Butterflies on wings of gold
Kiss the fragrant flowers;
Bees go humming gaily by,
All the sunny hours.

But the boy said, "Oh, no. A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah," cried the father,

the world there is very little similarity between the work last done and that which was first done. The Christian needs, therefore, to be constantly reminded that he must copy the first line. He must not copy his neighbour nor his own earlier efforts, but look away to the great Model.—Dr. Pentecost.

"he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."

THE BEST EXAMPLE.

I REMEMBER my first copy-book when a child. I got through the first line fairly, having the master's copy well under my eye. The second line, however, was a copy of my first and the third a copy of my second, and so on. When, therefore, I got to the bottom of the page, there was very little likeness between my writing and that of the accomplished penman who wrote the line at the top of the page. In Christian work we have been doing something very similar to this. The first disciples copied the Master, the succeeding ages copied the disciples, the third age copied the second, and so on. Accordingly,

in some parts of