

THE SUNBEAM

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[No. 10.

"HE LOVED ME SO."

"My boy, what is the matter?" said a gentleman to a lad whom he found weeping at a grave. "Have you lost a friend?"

"Ah! I have, indeed, sir; my father! His body lies here." And then his tears and sobs burst out afresh.

"How old are you, my boy?"

"Twelve, sir."

"And your father has, I see, been dead five years. You were but seven years old when he died, and have you such an endearing remembrance of him that you come to his grave to weep?"

"Oh, I remember him so well, sir, for he—for he loved me so!"

THE STEPPING-STONES.

A LITTLE girl was sent on an errand one day to the neighbouring village. Her path lay through beautiful fields. On her way she had to cross a wide but shallow stream. The bridge was a long way off; but there were firm, tried stepping-stones all the way over.

"Oh, I am afraid!" said she to a lady who was passing.

"But you see the stones, my child; they go all the way across."

"The water is so wide, she said, tearfully, looking across the stream.

"Yes; but it is very shallow. See how

easily I can cross it. So, carefully picking her way, she went quite over and then returned.

Very timidly the little girl began to cross.

"It is not so hard after all," she said, looking back on the watery way. "Just one step at a time brought us over."

"Remember this walk, dear, when you have other hard things to do. Go forward,

and the way will look easier and easier. When troubles come—as they are almost sure to do in this world—don't look at the waters before you, but at the stepping-stones Jesus places for your feet. The thing that we feared very often does not come upon us, or if it does Jesus sends such comfort as we never could have imagined. Here is a strong, firm stepping-stone that has often saved me from sinking: 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

There came many a time in her after-life when Mary remembered that day's lesson, and it brought cheer and peace to her soul.—*Juvenile Instructor.*

A BRIGHT BOY.

"SEE the moon!" said a lady to her nephew, a bright little boy of five, as they sat looking out of the window the other day.

"The moon!" said the little man. "You can't see the moon in the day-time." "Yes, you can," continued his aunt. "There it is over the trees."

The little fellow had to admit that he saw it, but added, "Taint lighted, anyway."



"HE LOVED ME SO."

"Just one step at a time is all you have to take," said her kind guide.

So one step followed another,—the first few were the hardest to take,—and soon she was safe on the other shore, smiling at her fears.