

NOT I.

BY MRS. L. G. M'VEAN.

Leader.—Who will be drunkards, by-and-bye?

Let each boy shout.

Boys.—Not I! Not I!

A drunkard's death I will never die,
In a drunkard's grave I will not lie.

All.—Not I! Not I!

I'll work, I'll try
To have no drunkards by-and-bye.

Girls.—How will the dreadful ranks be filled

When these poor drinking men are killed?

Who are the boys now growing up

To sink their souls in the shameful cup?

Boys.—Not I! Not I!

I'll teach, I'll try
To have no drunkards by-and-bye.

Girls.—Who will be guilty by-and-bye,
Of taking barley, corn, and rye,

Even the wheat that makes our bread,

And making it into poison instead?

All.—Not I! Not I!

I'll vote, I'll try
To have no drunkards by-and-bye.

MOTHER'S SUNBEAM.

SHE lived across the way in an old frame house that had never seen any paint. It was propped up on one side by a long pole that so far kept it from going the one way as to crook it the other.

You would hardly think it possible a sunbeam could exist in such a place, and yet this sunbeam was born and nurtured here.

The house did not look just as it does now when our Sunbeam first saw the light of day within its walls; the blinds did not swing loosely by one corner and clatter noisily against the walls with every breeze that stirred the treetops, but hung straight and were painted a bright, beautiful green.

The veranda was firm then, too, and resounded the patter of her first tiny footsteps, while now it sank at the corners and one feared of stumbling over the loose boards as they walked across it.

Yet, despite such disadvantages, our Sunbeam had grown and flourished here, until now she was old for a sunbeam and large for a child of thirteen.

Oftentimes during the day one might see a middle-aged lady with a very sad

face sitting in the shade of the woodbine doing the family darning or knitting. Sometimes she sat under the trolleys of morning-glories, for there was a trolley of morning-glories over one end of the porch that changed the appearance of the whole place.

While the mother was thus employed there were busy footsteps within the house. Sometimes they were running after baby, ushering him out of some difficulty, and again they were taking the many steps known only to those who keep house and mind noisy boys.

They were not quiet little footsteps, either, even if they were made by a sunbeam, for even Sunbeam could not step lightly in cowhide shoes. Perhaps you would like to take a look at our Sunbeam? She is not beautiful; you see many a resemblance of her as you walk about the street. She is large—nearly as tall as a woman and weighs quite as much. Her hands and feet are large and might be called coarse. When not at work she handles them awkwardly, as though they were not used to idleness. Her face is tanned quite as much as if she lived on the sea-shore, but there is a brightness which gleams forth from her sun-browned cheeks and happy eyes that somehow reminds one of rustic paintings. Her mouth is not bent in graceful curves, and you almost fear Nature has forgotten something, yet when she speaks you feel sure no hot or hasty words will escape.

I expect you think our Sunbeam is an orphan and the sad little lady that knits under the woodbine is a widow; but not so. Mr. Downworks in a blacksmith's shop a few blocks distant, and earns good wages and works every day, and might support his wife and Sunbeam, his noisy boys and mischievous baby in comfort, but instead he spends it at the saloon. Sally—for that is our Sunbeam's real name—knows this and a great many other sorrows that would break the hearts of most children, yet she carries a brave heart, cheering mother and taking care of the boys and the baby in a real womanly fashion.

One might expect her to spend much of her time envying her more fortunate acquaintances, but, instead, our little Sunbeam's heart is so full she finds no room for envy.

Each Sunday morning you may see her in a simple print, clean washed and ironed, a straw hat with a bit of ribbon in front, holding firmly in each hand the rough brown palms of Tom and Jake—who are none other than the noisy brothers she has cared for during the whole week—and walking toward the village church.

When she enters and sits upon the cushioned pew, with Tom and Jake at either side, and listens to the words of cheer and comfort there spoken, you can almost see her heart swell with glad emotion and feel her grasp the little rough hands closer.

There may be some who feel our Sunbeam is growing up uncultured and unknown, but God has many processes of education, and who can say our Sunbeam is not least?

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I," SAID the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on,
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud. Quack! Quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I,
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry;
And she lifted her little yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Croaked the tree-toad at his gray bark door;

"For with a broad leaf for a roof
I am perfectly weather-proof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big river I grow to be,
And could find my way to the sea."

—Selected.

A DEAD LOSS.

"COME, Mamie, darling," said Mrs. Peterson, "before you go into the land of dreams, you will kneel here at my knee and thank your heavenly Father for what he has given you to-day."

"Mamie came slowly toward her mother, and said: "I've been naughty, and I can't pray, mamma."

"If you have been naughty, dear, that is the reason that you need to pray."

"But, mamma, I don't think God wants little girls to come to him when they are naughty."

"You are not naughty now, dear, are you?"

"No, I am not naughty now."

"Well, then, come at once."

"What shall I say to God about it, mamma?"

"You can tell God how very sorry you are."

"What difference will that make?"

"When we have told God that we are sorry, and when he has forgiven us, then we are as happy as if we had not done wrong; but we cannot undo the mischief."

"Then, mamma, I can never be quite as rich as if I had not had a naughty hour to-day."

"Never, my dear; but the thought of your loss may help you to be more careful in the future, and we will ask God to keep you from sinning against him again."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

JUNE 24.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord's portion is his people—Deut. 32. 9.

JULY 1.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Birth of Jesus.—Luke 2. 1-16.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 2. 10-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2. 11.