

# THE SUNBEAM

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[No. 12.

ME HARRY.  
 is little Harry  
 who has just  
 out for a morning  
 It is such a  
 fresh, spring  
 that his mother  
 he had better go  
 and get a little  
 air. Poor little  
 although he is  
 and cannot run  
 ay with his com-  
 as out in the nice  
 fields, is very  
 because he is  
 trying to be  
 and good.  
 We see him  
 g in from his  
 g walk. He  
 nice bunch of  
 flowers in his  
 which he intends  
 to his mother  
 very fond of  
 We see her  
 g at the door  
 to let in her  
 little son. "Well,  
 said Mrs. Wal-  
 "How did you en-  
 ever walk." "Oh,  
 rately," replied  
 "and I went  
 to see little  
 Wood, and she  
 two nice bou-  
 one for you and  
 er for myself; but as I was coming  
 met poor old Mrs. Smith up the  
 so I gave her one."



LAM HARRY.

## A SERGEANT'S DEFEAT.

BY T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

shows what a kind disposition Harry  
 and I hope my little readers will try  
 a lesson from this and be kind also.

SOME time ago I opened a daily journal  
 and read this touching paragraph. I read  
 how there was brought out one morning  
 from the prison of one of our police sta-

tions in New York a  
 man whose very coun-  
 tenance showed that  
 he was made for a  
 better place and a  
 higher calling. He  
 carried an empty  
 sleeve. Called up to  
 the bar of the police  
 magistrate, he was  
 asked his name. He  
 said: "I am Sergeant  
 Maxwell, of the Fifth  
 United States Cavalry;"  
 and then, drawing  
 out a half-empty  
 flask from his pocket  
 and holding it up, he  
 said: "In Sheridan's  
 raid in the valley of  
 Winchester, when our  
 commander came down  
 to rally us, I swung  
 out that arm, and the  
 shot of the enemy  
 carried it off;" and  
 then holding up the  
 flask he said, "The  
 only enemy I have  
 ever met who has con-  
 quered me is that."  
 The police magistrate  
 sentenced him back  
 to his cell, and carrying  
 his empty sleeve, and  
 his empty purse, and  
 his empty character,  
 and his empty life,  
 this young man, born

for better things, went off to take his place  
 among the victims of strong drink.

THAT which a man suffers for this world  
 fills his heart with darkness, but that which  
 he suffers for the other fills it with light.