

clasped his sister to his heart in an agony of remorse, and, folded in each other's arms, they were hurled down, down the awful abyss into the seething boiling flood at the bottom. Their boat was found afterward all broken to pieces, and the lifeless forms of the children, bruised and battered by their fall, drifted ashore some miles below.

Like this, dear children, is temptation and sin. At first it may seem harmless and devoid of danger; but as one gets within the sweep of an evil habit, it carries him down with a fearful rush, no matter how he may struggle, till, unless God's grace pluck him from destruction, he is swept into the abyss of perdition forever.

The Sunbeam.

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THE YOUNG SAILOR.

AS long as he could remember, Charlie had been fond of a boat. When a mere baby he used to sail chips in a basin, and sometimes would make a boat of his slipper. When he got a little older, his brother made him a real boat with a lead keel, and hollowed out inside. His father's house was near the seashore, and he used to take his boat down and sit on a rock admiring it, and sailing it in the sparkling blue water. One day he wandered over the sands to his favourite rock, and forgot himself till the tide came up and almost surrounded the rock. He had hard work to clamber up the steep rocks out of the reach of the tide, and had to leave his boat behind, which was swept away by the wild waves of the sea.

When he grew older, he persuaded his father, who was a sea captain, to let him sail a voyage in the *Sea Gull* from Hull to Antwerp, in Holland. His mother made him a little sailor suit, and the day he put it on and went on shipboard was the

proudest day of his life. [See the picture on the third page.] But when the *Sea Gull* was tossed about by the wild waves of the German Ocean, he was about the sickest boy you ever saw, and wished himself back in his comfortable home with his mamma.

MORNING PRAYER.

LORD, make me a clean heart within,
Close my soul's door 'gainst every sin,
Drive all things evil from my breast,
Let no ill spirit in me rest.

To thee my gates I open wide,
Oh! come, and with my soul abide,
All wickedness far from it chase,
And make it virtue's dwelling-place.

PUSS.

DID you ever think why we call the cat *puss*?

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who have many idol gods, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full, and sometimes only a little bright crescent, or half moon, as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change?

So these people made an idol with a cat's head, and named it *Pasht*, the same name they gave to the moon; for the word means *the face of the moon*.

That word has been changed to *pas* or *pus*, and has come at last to be *puss*, the name which most every one gives to the cat. *Puss* and *pussy-cat* are pet names for kitty everywhere. Who ever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago? and that then people bowed down and prayed to her?

OFFER your seat, wherever you are, to an old lady or gentleman who may come into the place.