

## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

### DAVID AND JONATHAN.

ONE of the most beautiful descriptions of human friendship in Holy Scripture, or indeed anywhere, is that of David and Jonathan. Just read the beautiful words: "And it came to pass that the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, and Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle." This is the scene shown in the picture. See how tenderly the young friends embrace, and how lovingly they look into each other's eyes. It may, perhaps, be thought that the artist has made the friends too youthful looking; but we read that when Saul saw David he said, "Inquire whose son this stripling is?" So he must have been at this very time only a lad.

When in later stormy days in Israel Jonathan fell upon the field of battle, David lamented for him with bitter lamentation. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan," he cried; "very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman." A true friendship is one of the richest possessions of this world. Let each of my young readers be a true and faithful friend to your youthful companions, and so "knit them to your soul" as Jonathan was knit to David.

HE that thinks he hath no need of Christ hath too high thoughts of himself; he that thinks Christ cannot help him hath too low thoughts of Christ.

THEY that deny themselves for Christ shall enjoy themselves in Christ.

### THE PLEDGE.

I'VE signed the grand old temperance pledge,  
And I will keep it, too;  
Of me it never shall be said  
That I have been untrue  
Unto the vow upon the card  
Or to the ribbon blue.'

"God helping me"—I know He will,  
As I shall trust in him;  
His faithful hand shall lead me still  
Through twilight shadows dim.  
The demon drink shall not enslave  
My soul in hateful sin.

### WHAT RUM WILL DO.

SOME years ago, in one of the counties of New York, a worthy man was tempted to drink until he was drunk. In the delirium of drunkenness he went home and murdered his wife in the most brutal and barbarous manner. He was carried to jail while drunk, and kept during the night. Awaking in the morning, and looking around upon the walls, he exclaimed, "Is this a jail?"

"Yes, you are in jail," answered some one.

"What am I here for?" was the earnest inquiry.

"For murder," was the answer.

"Does my wife know it?"

"Does your wife know it?" said one.

"Why, it is your wife you have killed."

On this announcement the man suddenly dropped to the floor as if he had been struck dead.

Let it be remembered that the constable who carried him to jail sold him the liquor which caused his drunkenness, the justice who issued the warrant was one of those who signed his licence, and the sheriff who hung him also sold liquor and kept a ten-pin alley.—*Women's Tribune.*

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.