

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1888

[No. 20.]

PATIENT MOTHER

WE wonder if this interested lad would submit to interruption in his work, for amusement of a silly kitten and an idle boy, just as amiably as his good mother is doing! Most likely he would behave very differently, for he could scarcely have the self-forgetful feelings which the mother's love inspires. Although she, of course, finds no pleasure in watching kitty's pranks, she is well content to let her thread get tangled.

SCHOOL-ROOM DECORATION.

Too little attention is often paid in the public schools of this country to beautifying school-rooms and making them pleasant and attractive to the pupils. There are thousands of school rooms that have no more decorations than the old barn where I fed the cattle when a boy, and the teachers in such rooms seem to care little more for their surroundings than the cattle that fed in the stalls.

"All high art," says Emerson, "is moral," and, adds a New York artist, "Whatever refines any part of man's nature refines his moral perceptions."

On the subject of school-room decorations, a man of taste and refinement truthfully says, "Let the window-sills of the



PATIENT MOTHER.

school-rooms be beautified by living plants and blooming flowers, contributing alike to the good health and the good morals of the pupils, and let the ugly monotonous blackness of the slated board be enlivened by good crayon sketches, be they ever so simple, and by ornamentations in bright, but harmoniously arranged and judiciously grouped

colours. Let the sayings of the masters of prose and poetry be emblazoned as 'Memory Gems,' and thus kept before the eyes and minds of the pupil."

The same remark applies especially to Sunday-school rooms. Let them be as bright and beautiful as the means and taste of the church may make them. The ministry of beauty will help the ministry of brothers.

TRUST.

THERE was once a little bird chased by a hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge in the bosom of a tender-hearted man. There it lay, its wings and feathers quivering with fear, and its little heart throbbing against the bosom of the good man, whilst the hawk kept hovering overhead, as if saying, "Deliver up that bird that I may devour it." Now, will that gentle, kind-hearted man take the poor little creature, that

puts its trust in him, out of his bosom, and deliver it up to the hawk? What think ye? Would you do it? No, never. Well, then, if you flee for refuge into the bosom of Jesus, who came to seek and save the lost, do you think he will deliver you up to your deadly foe? Never! never!! never!!!