

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

[No. 22.]

THE HARD SUM.

MASTER Tommy Thompson has had a hard sum in subtraction given him. After trying over and over he has at last got it right, and is now "proving" it. How earnest he looks. I dare say Tommy is as fond of play as any one, but there is a look of firm resolve in his face that shows that what he makes up his mind to do he will do. That is the only way for boys, or girls either, to get on, whether in school, or in the great school of the world. Many of the young readers of the SUNBEAM are now at school after the long summer holidays. Let them set hard to work like young Tom, and they will make their way in life.

BRAVE LITTLE GIRLS.

A LONG time ago, in the Indian country, two little girls slipped away from the fort, and went down into a hollow to pick berries. It was Emmy, a girl of seven years, with Bessy her sister, not yet six.

All at once the sun flashed on something bright, and Emmy knew that the pretty painted things she had seen

dropped to the ground, pulling down Bessie too. "What are you looking for?" asked the little sister in surprise. Then Emmy whispered to Bessie, and both of them stole

silently and quickly on hands and knees through the long grass, until they came to the road, when they started up, ran swiftly to the fort, dashed through the entrance, and had the gates safely closed behind them!

Those girls are quite old now, but they remember very well the day they saved themselves the fort which their father commanded, and the soldiers and other people in it, besides.

"HALLELUJAH."

A HINDOO and a New Zealander met upon the deck of a missionary ship. They had been converted from their heathenism, and were brothers in Christ, but they could not speak to each other. They pointed to their Bibles, shook hands, and smiled in each other's faces, but that was all. At last, however, a happy thought occurred to the Hindoo. With sudden joy he exclaimed to his brother in Christ, "Hallelujah!" The New Zealander in delight cried, "Amen." These two words, not found in their own heathen tongues were to them the beginning of "one language and one work."



THE HARD SUM.

crawling among the bushes must be hostile Indians with gleaming weapons in their hands. She did not cry out, nor in any way let them know that she had seen them.

Bessie with a steady voice, "Don't you think it's going to rain?" So they both turned and walked towards the fort. They reached the tall grass, and suddenly Emmy

cried, "Amen." These two words, not found in their own heathen tongues were to them the beginning of "one language and one work."