

will only be patient and try very hard she will be sure to succeed.

That *if* is a very important word. Many children and young people when they begin to learn music go to work with so much zeal that you might suppose they would learn all about it in a few weeks. But after a while the novelty wears away, and they get tired of the hard work. It is only by persevering that they can succeed.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 10, 1884.

### TRUTHFULNESS.

A GENTLEMAN once asked a boy, who was deaf and dumb, the question, "What is truth?" The boy replied by taking a piece of chalk and drawing a straight line. The man then wrote, "What is a lie?" The boy answered by drawing a crooked line.

Lies are always crooked. One lie opens the way for another, for often a dozen lies must be told to conceal one. Telling an untruth is like leaving the highway and going into a tangled forest; you know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briars in the wild-wood.

"A lie is an intention to deceive," and may be told without speaking a word. A gentleman once asked a boy if a certain road led to the city. The boy nodded his head, and then laughed as the man took the wrong road. That boy lied with his head. Lies may be told with the fingers, and many other ways.

Young people often amuse themselves by seeing who can tell the biggest lie. This is a bad habit, and leads one to vary from the truth at other times.

The only safe plan is to form the habit of always telling the truth. This will give

a feeling of self-respect that will scorn whatever is low and mean. It will also give a purity to character that will tend to elevate and ennoble the life.

### GIFTS FOR THE KING.

THE wise may bring their learning,  
The rich may bring their wealth,  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And some bring strength and health.

We too would bring our treasures  
To offer to the King:

We have no wealth or learning:  
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love him,

We'll bring him thankful praise,

And young souls meekly striving

To walk in holy ways;

And these shall be the treasures

We offer to the King,

And these are gifts that even

The poorest child may bring.

### THE HAND UP FOR JESUS.

THERE was a little street-boy in London who had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of an hospital to die, and another little creature, of the same class lay near by, picked up with the famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said:

"Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of him."

"Bobby, I went to mission school once, and they told us that Jesus was a Saviour for sinners, and would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never have hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed Him."

"I couldn't ask such a big gentleman as He is to do anything for me."

"But He'll do that if you ax Him."

"How can I ax Him if I don't know where He lives, and how could I get there when both my legs are broken?"

"Bobby, they told me at the mission school as how Jesus passed by. Teacher says as how He goes around. How do you know but what he might come to this hospital this very night? You'd know him if you was to see him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feels so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand, and He'll know what you'll want when He passes by."

They got the hand up. It dropped.

They tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said "I give it up."

"Bobby, lend me yer hand; put yer elbow on my pillar; I can do without it."

So one hand was propped up. And when they came in, in the morning, the boy lay dead, the hand still propped up for Jesus."

### GOOD ADVICE.

When the weather is wet,

We must not fret;

When the weather is dry,

We must not cry;

When the weather is cold,

We must not scold;

When the weather is warm,

We must not storm;

But be thankful together,

Whatever the weather.

### PRAYERS FIRST.

A BRIGHT little four-year-old boy in a friend's family was feeling tired as the day drew to a close, and came to his mother that he might say his evening prayer before going to bed.

"Wait a little while, Ernie," said his mother; "I am busy writing a letter. When that is done you may say your prayer."

The little fellow waited a minute or two very patiently, and then coming back to his mother, said: "Mamma, don't you think prayers is more precious than writing letters? God can't wait."

Ernie's mother quietly laid aside her letter at the gentle rebuke, and the evening prayer took his right place first.

### GIANT KILLING.

ONE day a strange gentleman came to visit the infant school. The teacher asked him to talk to the little children, and this is what he said: "Did you know there were giants living in these days, children? There are! Great, strong, dreadful, wicked giants, that try to do little folks (and big folks too) all the harm they can. You can't see them with your eyes, and you don't measure their height by feet and inches; but they are giants all the same. There's one whom I have often met, whose name is *Giant Selfishness*. Another one's name is *Giant Disobedienc*. Then there is *Giant Temper*, and *Giant Delay*, and *Giant Pride*, and *Giant Vanity*, and a great many others. Now I'll tell you what I want you all to do; to form a band of Giant Killers, and see how many of these dreadful giants you can kill."