

# SUNBEAM

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## MOTHERLESS.

Poor little Laura sits on the floor with folded hands and a whole world of sorrow looking out of her eyes from her sad little heart. No mother! Perhaps some of you, little readers, have lost that best of earthly friends, mother, and can feel for the lonely little girl in the picture. Perhaps she is thinking now, as she sits there, that if she had her mother back again she would have been a better little daughter sometimes. Is there not a lesson here for all of us?

## A LESSON FOR MAMMA.

ONE day Mrs. Martin was making jelly, and when she was ready for the lids and labels, she cut some round pieces of white paper to fit in the glasses and then dipped them in alcohol, which she thought kept the jelly from moulding. She went out of the



kitchen for a moment, and when she returned Aggie said

"Mamma, what is this in the bottle? It tastes so good."

"Why, Aggie, did you taste that? It's whiskey. It is what makes old Mr. Hart talk so queerly and fall down in the street. You know mamma has told you how wrong it is to drink whiskey. You must not touch it again. Men have become drunkards by taking just a little taste on their finger, as you did, and thought it tasted good, just as you did."

"Oh, mamma, I'll never touch it again. Say, mamma, why do you have it? I wouldn't soil the white paper and jelly by using it."

"I'll not use it again, dear"

This was the lesson taught mamma by her little girl, and she concluded there must be some other way to keep jelly from moulding.

MOTHERLESS.

M. I. GAW