

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXII.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901.

No. 18.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Phil had been a very restless boy that day, and mother had answered questions until she felt like a dry sponge. Worse than that, Phil had been cross to Mildred and Maud; fretful and rough in his words.

"Oh dear!" sighed mother at last; "I wish that door would stay shut."

"What door, mother?" asked Phil in surprise; for it was a damp, foggy day, and all the doors were shut tight.

"There is a door in this house that flies open very quickly," said mother, shaking her head gravely; "and as soon as it is open out come nimble little servants and run abroad here and there. If they were always as kind as they are busy I should not mind; but to-day every time the door is opened bad-mannered messengers spring out, and no man can catch them when once they slip over the threshold of the door."

"Did you say that door was in this house, mother?"

"Yes, I said so."



MOTHER'S KISS.

Good-night, good night! the silver tone is ringing,

Like a sweet bell that chimes at eventide;

And round my neck the childish arms are clinging,

With the soft clasp that none can turn aside.

Watch her to-night for me, thou dear Redeemer;

Give her thine own best gift of sweet repose;

Let angel guards surround the little dreamer,

With folded wings, and eyes that never close.

Thy blessing maketh rich, nor addeth sorrow;

Thy love can turn life's darkness into day.

Be with my child when she shall wake to-morrow,

And keep her feet from every evil way.

Then, when the last gray shadows have descended

Over the lonely valley still and deep,

Let angels whisper, "Lo! the toil is ended;

Good night; He giveth his beloved sleep."

"And that you saw it opened to-day?"

"Several times to-day."

"Then why didn't I see these wicked servants?"

"Perhaps you were not looking for them."

"Where can I find them, mother?"

"Well," said mother, smiling and speaking slowly, "I don't believe you can find them at all; but you might run down to the meadow and look around, and if you don't see anything of them I will tell you more about this door when you come back."

Phil ran down to the back yard, climbed the fence—as boys will—though the gate was unlatched, crossed the road and climbed another fence, and then he was in the meadow. It was nice and breezy down there, and he ran and skipped about, forgetting what he had gone for; but suddenly remembering the open door and the disagreeable servants, he pulled up short and gazed about him.

The sky was gray with clouds, and a heavy mist shut off the mountains beyond; a