

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 29, 1887.

[No. 3.]

FOND OF SUGAR.

OUR pony Charlie was very fond of sugar. He would follow his master all around to see if he had not some in his pockets, and he generally got some. He would poke his head into the kitchen window to beg for sugar, and once he broke a cup in doing so. It is much better to coax either horses or boys by sugar and kindness, than to drive them with sticks and unkindness.

RUBY'S COBWEBS.

"Look up! Ruby, look up!" said Aunt Katie gently, as Ruby plied the broom in her cozy little sitting-room. "I like to see you digging out the corners and sweeping so nicely along the edges, but don't be like the man with the muck-rake, always turning your eyes downward. Look up and you'll see some hideous cobwebs festooning the otherwise clean, pleasant room."

Ruby's eyes went up to the ceiling at Aunt Katie's words, while her broom quickly followed.

"I never thought much about cobwebs, auntie," she said, as she ran her broom around the room, taking down the ugly festooning. "I don't call them hideous, though."

"I do," said auntie, "for I am always certain, when I see cobwebs in a house, that somebody in that house is not neat; and of course it must be either the mistress or the maiden who sweeps."

Ruby blushed a little at auntie's plain words, but she was her truest, best-loved friend since her mamma went to the

home above; so she only laughed and said,

"Well, auntie, as I am both mistress and maid, I shall certainly have to plead guilty this time, but we'll see if I do it again."

Auntie smiled as she continued,

dark places of our hearts, where we don't mind them, but where they make our whole lives unclean and unlovely. If we would but look up more, more toward the light that cometh down from above, we should see these cobwebs of our pride and selfishness, and, by God's grace, work away at them, till they should no more make our lives unclean and hateful"

"Thank you, auntie," said Ruby; "it is a very good text and a good little sermon, and I'll try and remember."
—*Child's Paper.*



FOND OF SUGAR.

"There is another thing. Cobwebs make me think of some of our sins, besetting sins they are, too, sometimes, like pride and selfishness. They don't come to the front and get right before us all the time, like our naughty tempers, and so get swept out of the way. They hang up in the corners and

pleasure, and that he does not know that the other is wounding his parents' hearts. Many a young girl carries a ladder in the shape of a love for dress and finery; she only sees the gratification of a foolish pride at the forward end of that ladder, while the end that she does not see is crushing modesty and friendship

EVERY LADDER HAS TWO ENDS.

WHEN a small boy, I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said very quietly, "Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you to remember, that is, *every ladder has two ends.*" I never have forgotten it, though many years have gone. Do not we carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting "fast" habits I think he sees only one end of the ladder, the one pointed toward