

THE SUNBEAM

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WHAT MAMIE SEES.

WHAT do you suppose he does see? Mamie lives way back in the country where there are no houses to be seen, whichever way you look, from the doors and windows of her home nothing but fields and fields of waving grain and growing vegetables and orchards of apple, peach and pear trees, and beyond them the green woods.

The nearest neighbour lives the other side of the road, which seems to Mamie's folks very near, as the nearest neighbour to him in turn on the other side is over a mile. My little city reader may think this a lonely sort of a place to live in, but Mamie thinks it just lovely, and I do not believe that any little girl in Canada has a better time than Mamie has.

But we are forgetting to find out what it is that she sees just now.

It is near dinner time, and mother says: "I do wonder if your father heard the dinner horn. I wish I knew whether he were coming or not." You see they had to blow the horn a little while before dinner so that he could be ready in time.

"I will see if I can find him, mamma," said Mamie.

Of course Susie must trot after her to "help," as she said.

Susie's "helping" was generally hindering, but Mamie always said: "Bless her little heart, she thinks she is helping, doesn't she, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, be patient with her," mamma



would say, sighing to herself as she thought of another little one who was always wanting to "help mamma," who had gone away and left a vacancy in the mother-heart which had never been filled.

Be patient, my reader, with those about you, they may be slipping away from you even now.

Mamie and Susie with her doll in her arms started down the lane and looking toward the cornfield sees somebody coming. The sun is shining so brightly that she can-

not tell whether it [is father or not. She shades her eyes and in a few moments recognizes him. At the same moment he sees his two little girls, and waves his hand. In a moment all his fatigue and care seem to have gone, and as the tired mother looks out of the door and sees them coming up the lane she seems to have forgotten all about her fatigue and the countless worries of the morning.

There was a thrill of gladness in the father's voice as he bowed his head to bless God for their daily food, and a happy family around the table. Why was it?

CHEERFULNESS.

THERE is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality of man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture on parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. Be cheerful always. There is no path will be easier travelled, no load but will

be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but, will lift, in presence of a determined cheerfulness.

THE devil tempts every man, but the lazy man tempts the devil.