

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 16, 1880.

THE PARTING KISS.

MASTER TOM is going back to school after the holidays. The carriage is at the door and his father is looking at his watch, for there is not much time to spare to catch the railway train. His little sister Nell is looking anxiously on, forgetting even her black-eyed doll in her grief that she is to lose her kind and generous-hearted playfellow. You see she can hardly keep back the tears that will come to her eyes, and her lip quivers with emotion beneath her pinafore. And how tenderly the mother bends over her boy, and prints a loving kiss upon his broad smooth brow! May the memory of that parting kiss be as a spell to keep his lips pure from evil words and his brow free from the blush of shame! And when he grows to be a man, and that loving mother has become feeble and old, well may he sustain and comfort her who so loved and cherished him.

*Love thy mother, little one ;
Kiss and clasp her neck again :
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.*

For the day will come when the fondest mother's heart will lie cold and pulseless in death, and the pale lips will never kiss again. So love your mothers, dear children, that no thought of unkindness or disobedience will embitter your memory of childhood's happy days.

A ZEALOUS Sunday-school teacher who had gathered up a class of boys previously neglected, was one morning, after the regular lesson, talking to them about the great evils of intemperance. Suddenly she said, "Boys, I wonder how people learn to drink?" A bright little fellow son of a saloon-keeper, answered, "I know—by tasting."

THE GREAT HELPER.

JESUS, I need Thy strength,
I am so frail, so weak ;
Oh, listen to my prayer,
And grant the help I seek.

I cannot stand alone,
I cannot walk aright,
Unless Thou hold my hand
And aid me with Thy might.

Oh, guard me with Thine arm,
In peril or in pain ;
And when temptation tries,
O, Lord, do Thou sustain.

Help me in all things, Lord,
Gentle and kind to be ;
And let me grow each day
More and still more like Thee.

Oh, make me patient, Lord,
Patient in daily cares ;
Keep me from thoughtless words
That slip out unawares.

And help me, Lord, I pray,
Still nearer Thee to live ;
And as I journey on,
More of Thy presence give.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"**N**OW I lay,"—repeat it, darling—
"Lay me,"—lisp'd the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the head bent low ;

"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
You can say it all, I know.

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep,"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child went fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows the rest."