

# SUNBEAM

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No. 6.

## JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

JEPHTHAH said to the Lord: "Lord, if thou wilt deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, whatsoever cometh out of the doors of my house to meet me on my return, I will offer up as a burnt offering."

Little did he think it would be his own daughter, but to his great dismay it was. On seeing her he rent his garments and was greatly troubled, but he said unto her, "I have promised the Lord and I cannot go back."

She said, "My father, I would not have thee go back, offer me as thou hast said," and she gave up all to be a sacrifice unto the Lord.

## FRANK'S VERSE.

"BE ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another." This was the Camp children's text that Saturday morning, and they read it from the family Bible that always lay on the parlour table. Carl, Bessie, and Kate could read nicely, and even Frank, just three years old, knew the big letters, and was able to spell out the words of the verse for himself. After mamma had made it plain by telling a beautiful story, she said: "Now, children, I hope you will all try to live up to your text to-day. If anything goes wrong and you are tempted to speak unkindly, run in here, and take down this book, and read your verse over; then kneel down and ask Jesus to help you keep it. See, I leave a mark in the place."

For some time all went well, and then Carl chanced to upset Frank's play-house.



JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

"You mean thing!" cried the little fellow.

"What about your text?" asked Bessie.

For a moment the baby stood still, then he hurried into the house. Pushing the parlour door open, he went to the table, and, standing on tiptoe, lifted the Bible to the floor. Kneeling beside it, he spelled out the text, and then repeated the little

prayer his mother had taught him that morning.

When noon came, Frank was missing, and a peep into every place where a little boy could lose himself failed to find him. The children knew nothing about him since he had slipped in at the side door, too angry to play. This made mamma think of the morning's lesson; and going to the parlour, she found the little truant sound asleep, with his head upon the open Bible.

## KEEP IN THE MIDDLE.

CHILDREN, did you ever play that the street was poison and the sidewalk safe, and then try how long you could walk on the curbstone without stepping into the gutter? And did you ever see a boy or girl who did not step off once in going home from school? Just when you feel sure of your footing and begin to run you lose your balance, and off goes one foot on the ground below.

If the street really were poison you would think it very silly to walk on the edge of the sidewalk instead of safely in the middle; but we have seen children, and grown people too, walking just as near to a line as they could without quite touching it. How long do you think they can do so before they lose their balance and step over the boundary, staining the white souls that God gave them? Why, just about as long as the children could keep from slipping off the curbstone.

It is only a question of time. Take care, do not walk too near the edge.