

SUNSTEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

25.

THE JOURNEY.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

"O, brother! I am so afraid,
I know I'm sure to fall!"
"O, nonsense, little sister;
You'll not be hu at all!
See! I will sit behind
you
And keep you safe
and fast,
And then, if anybody
falls,
Why, you will be
the last.
There! now we're on
our journey,
First up! then down!
and then,
We lightly spring up
on our toes.
And we are up
again!"

A GOOD LESSON.

Frances' small mouth
puckered, as if to say,
"I know I'm a good
child."

Her teachers declared it a pleasure to have her in the class, she listened and worked so well. In outward things Frances was a model girl, and indeed it was because she learned readily that I can tell this story.

Margaret and Myra, Frances' older sister and her chum, did not like Frances' goodness. They saw that it was largely selfishness, because she put school and herself before home loving and helping.

"Let's give Frances a lesson," said Margaret. "She mustn't become a selfish little prig."

They put their heads together, and this is what happened: One afternoon when Frances was in the summer-house, studying, two old ladies came slowly down the walk.

Frances jumped up, as one said, "Stay, child! Your mother said we would not disturb you by resting here a moment."

"I'd better go," said Frances.

"If you insist we must go ourselves," said the other old lady, "we'd like to rest."

Frances sat down uncomfortably, trying

Frances' cheeks burned, for the words were a mirror for herself. After the ladies' farewell, she burst into tears.

At supper Margaret, who had traces of powder in her brown hair, said: "Mother, who were those quiet ladies here to-day?"

"Two dear friends," said mamma. "They are troubled about a child who is selfish and unloving."

Frances said nothing, but she determined not to trouble her friends so.

Long after, when Frances' heart was warm and helpful, Margaret confessed that she and Myra were the old ladies.

Frances' eyes filled at Margaret's "But we wouldn't need to do it to-day."

AN ACORN FOR A TEXT.

"Here is my text," said the speaker, and he held up an acorn with its carved cup and smooth ball.

"Listen!" said he, putting the acorn to his ear. "It tells me," he whispered, "that by-and-bye, when I'm a tree, birds will come and nest in me; I will furnish shade for cattle; I will make a pleasant fire for the home; I will be a roof and shelter from the storm."

"Now, children," taking the acorn away from his ear, "I look into your faces, and what do I hear? By-

and-bye I will be a blessing to many; I will speak the words of Christ's salvation to the lost; I will shine in beauty among Christ's redeemed ones."

"Do your little lives whisper that promise? Yes; if you let Christ work in and by you, as God works in and through the willing little acorn."



to read. Snatches of the old ladies' talk would force themselves in:

"A good girl outwardly"—"but most selfish"—"refuses to help her brother"—"pains us by unthankfulness"—"yet imagines she is good"—"does not know that love is goodness"—"twill save pain if she learns it soon."