

# SUNBEAM

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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 hurt at all!"

See! I will sit behind<sup>st</sup>  
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's small mouth  
puckered, as if to say,  
"I know I'm a good  
child."

Her teachers de-  
clared it a pleasure to  
have her in the class,  
she listened and  
worked so well. In  
outward things Fran-  
ces was a model girl,  
and indeed it was be-  
cause she learned  
readily that I can tell  
this story.

Margaret and Myra,  
Frances's older sister  
and her chum, did not  
like Frances's good-  
ness. They saw that  
it was largely selfish-  
ness, because she put  
school and herself be-  
fore home loving and  
helping.

"Let's give Frances a lesson," said Mar-  
garet. "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, study-  
ing, 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's 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 quaint ladies here to-day?"

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

Frances said noth-  
ing, but she deter-  
mined not to trouble  
her friends so.

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

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



## THE THREE KITTENS

THREE KITTENS ONCE WERE ALL AT PLAY,  
TWO STAYED AT HOME, ONE RAN AWAY;  
WHEN HE WAS GONE, THE OTHER TWO  
BEGAN TO CRY "MEW, MEW, MEW, MEW,  
OH! DEAR! OH! DEAR! WHAT SHALL WE DO?  
WE'VE LOST OUR BROTHER, MEW, MEW, MEW"

THEY CEASED THEIR FROLICS AND THEIR PLAY,  
AND "MEW" WAS ALL THAT THEY COULD SAY,  
AND WITH FOUR PAWS THEY WIPED THEIR EYES  
THEN BOTH SET UP THEIR PLAINITIVE CRIES,  
OH! DEAR! OH! DEAR! WHAT SHALL WE DO?  
WE'VE LOST OUR BROTHER! MEW, MEW MEW

NOW HARK! WHAT IS THAT WELCOME SOUND,  
THEIR LITTLE BROTHER HAS BEEN FOUND!  
FOR HERE HE COMES, AND HERE HE IS!  
THE DARLING LITTLE WHIZZY PHIZ!  
THE OTHERS LICK HIS RUFFLED FUR,  
AND THEN THEY ALL BEGIN TO PURR.

## 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 cat-  
tle; 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 prom-  
ise? Yes; if you let Christ work in and  
by you, as God works in and through the  
willing little acorn."

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