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THE SISTERS.

WHAT a sweet picture Anna and Grace make with their arms clasped about each other. We feel and know as we look at them that they love each other dearly. I am glad to hear some of my little readers exclaim: "Why shouldn't they love each other very much; how can they help it, they are sisters?"

I sincerely hope that all my readers feel the same toward their brothers and sisters, and that they will feel more and more drawn toward each other as they grow older together; but sad to say, some who were very fond of each other when they were children have grown far apart in later years. I have known instances where brothers and sisters not only lived apart as strangers, but whose hearts were filled with hatred toward each other.

I was told of an instance last summer where a lady was calling upon a friend. The two were sitting upon the piazza when another lady passed by. "Why, there goes your sister," said the friend. The first lady stiffened herself up and said, "I have no sister." Think of it; here were two sisters, one a widow with one child, both living



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near each other in separate houses. Two who ought to have been all the world to each other, for they had no other near relatives, and yet they would not even speak to each other. I wonder how they can read such words as, "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love. He (or she) that loveth not his brother (or sister) whom he hath seen, how can he love

God whom he hath not seen?"

Oh! my reader, do not withhold your affection, for the time will come all too soon when those near to you will be removed from your sight and your remorse will be that you have not loved enough.

DISCONTENTED

JESSIE.

BY E. A. F.

"I WANT to go! Why can't I? I never do anything I want to."

Jessie did not mind what she said, if she could only go to the picnic. But her mother said gravely: "Jessie, is that quite true? Do you never do anything you want to? While you are a little girl, you must trust me to decide what is best for you; when you are a woman you can decide for yourself."

Jessie went pouting to her room, and had a good cry. But soon the clouds that her mother had observed rising in the west, gathered overhead, and there was a great thunderstorm. Then Jessie went down stairs, and threw her arms around her mother's neck, and said: "I am sorry I was so naughty. You know best, mother, dear."

—Sunday at Home.