

# THE SUNBEAM

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## CALLING TO DINNER.

THIS is a queer way to call people to dinner—but a very good way. The clear strong sound of an iron triangle can be heard a long ways. See the bee-hives in the background. The little girl seems afraid of being stung.

## THE MERCIFUL PRINCE.

MORE than two thousand years ago, in a far-off country, a prince was born. While he was yet a child every care was taken that he should be made happy, and sights of sorrow were carefully kept from him. He was of a very kind, loving, and tender disposition.

But the care even of a king for a prince could not keep away all sorrowful sights. His watchful eyes sometimes saw suffering that filled his heart with pity.

As he was playing with his cousin in the palace ground, a flock of wild swans flew over their heads. His cousin drew his bow and wounded one.

It fell at his feet. The prince with pity drew the arrow from the wounded bird, and saved its life.

While his child-life was one of tenderness and mercy, the years passed by and he became a man. His heart was still filled with pity for every suffering creature. He



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went from the palace, from home and dear friends, to become poor and a wanderer, that he might help the suffering. It is beautifully told that in his wanderings he came upon a flock of sheep driven along the dusty highway. There was one poor wounded, bleeding lamb, which he took

tenderly in his arms and carried. And so through life his pity and his help were given to the weak, whether men or beasts. From his tender and beautiful life, men came to worship him after his death.

The prince was Prince Gautama, of India, who is worshipped as Buddha. Is not his loving and merciful life, from a little child to an old man, a beautiful example to us? But there is a greater Prince, even the Son of the Most High who came down from heaven and gave his life to seek and to save the lost. Should not all men love and worship him?

## TAKING THE CHILDREN.

A LITTLE boy was deeply interested in reading "The Pilgrim's Progress," the characters in that wonderful book being all real living men and women to him. One day he came to his grandmother and said, "Grandma, which of all the people do you like best?" "I like Christian," was the reply, giving the little boy her

reasons. "Which do you like best?" Looking up in her face with some hesitation, he said slowly, "I like Christiana." "Why so, my son?" "Because she took the children with her, grandma."

THEY who seek me early shall find me.