

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

[No. 23.]

BASKET WEAVING.

I PAID a visit not long ago to the asylum for the blind at Brantford. I was greatly interested in the basket making by the blind boys and girls. It was wonderful to see how clever they were with their fingers, and what beautiful baskets they could make.

SEWING ACHES.

JESSIE sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked, in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother. "Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew;" and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain at my side," said Jessie, in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she said a few moments after. "Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble. At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother. "Should I



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not first send for a doctor!" said her mother. "The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be. "Certainly. A little girl so full of pains

anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the word *now*.

THE easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

and aches must be sick; and the sooner we have the doctor the better." "O mother! said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing-aches. I am well now."

I have heard of other little girls besides Jessie who had sewing-aches and pains whenever their parents had any work for them to do. This is a disease called "selfishness;" and I hope none of my little readers are afflicted with it.—*Myrtle*.

NOW.

If ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find that the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers. You have often heard the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had

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