

# THE SUNBEAM

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## PLAYING STAGE-COACH.

"ALL wanting the same place makes a great deal of trouble in this world," said mamma, thoughtfully. "Shall I tell you a little story about it—something I know is true?"

"O yes, do!" chimed the children.

"It is a very sad story, but I will tell it to you," she went on, and the next time you are tempted to be selfish, stop and think of it. Once, long ago, there were four children playing stage-coach, just as you have been doing now, and, just like you, they all wanted the first place. Instead of playing on a log, however, they were in the spreading branches of a willow tree.

"I want to drive," said Lucy, getting in the driver's seat.

"No, let me drive," and Harry climbed up

beside her. "Let me sit there."

"But Lucy did not move.

"Let me set there," repeated Harry, giving a slight push and crowding his way on the same branch where she sat. "You must let me drive."

"A moment more, a sudden crash, and they were on the ground. The branch had broken.

"Harry was on his feet instantly, trying



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to raise his sister, but there was a sharp cry of pain, then she lay very still. Mother and father came running out of the house and gently lifted the little fainting form, from which the arm hung limp and broken. There was sorrow and crying, but it was too late; nothing could turn aside the weeks of suffering and pain that must be borne before the little girl could take her place again among the other children. I think they all learned a

lesson of loving unselfishness in those weary days, each trying who could bring the most brightness and happiness into the dreary hours. I was that little girl and I learned to appreciate little kindnesses as I had never done before. It was then that I learned something else, too,—something I want you all to remember," and mamma looked at the little group. "It is, 'Even Christ pleased not himself.'"

## JESUS WHISPERING.

"WHAT is conscience?" said a Sunday-school teacher, one day, to the little flock that gathered around to learn the words of life.

Several of the children answered—some saying one thing, and another, another—until a little timid child spoke out:

"It is Jesus whispering in our hearts."

Does Jesus whisper in your heart? When you do right, does he approve? When you do wrong, does he rebuke? Does he make your heart sad when you have sinned, and happy when you have done rightly? Be thankful, then, for this, and remember always to heed the Saviour's whisper, and then you will be safely guided to his heavenly home at last.