

THE SUNBEAM

ROBERT SMITH & CO.

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 29, 1893.

No. 23.

THE MAGNET.

WHAT is that in Bert's hand? It looks like a little horse-shoe. It is a magnet, you say. The magnet is a very wonderful thing. It has a strange power—a power to attract, that is, to draw towards itself, iron or steel. A great deal of entertainment can be had out of a magnet. Get one and see. If you have any iron filings, spread them out on a piece of white paper or card, and lay the magnet to and fro underneath the paper, and you will see some queer movements among the filings. If you have any iron filings, perhaps you can find some said containing grains of iron, and you can easily separate the iron from the other sand with the magnet.

Speaking of this power of attraction, does it not remind us of something we have seen and felt among people around us? Why are we drawn to some people more than others, and cannot some draw others to them better than we can? Ah! there is a power more wonderful even than the magnet, and we have been speaking of, a force which can lead the whole world together, the power of love. Shall we not let one try to be so filled with love for everybody that we shall all be magnets to draw others to us?

KINDNESS to dumb animals is a creditable expression in any boy. He who is kind to a brute may be relied on for kindness toward his companions.



THE MAGNET.

BOYS RESOLVED TO RISE

FIFTEEN years ago, two poor boys from the old town of Plymouth, in New England, went down to a lonely part of the coast to gather a certain seaweed from the rocks, which, when bleached and dried, is sold as Irish moss, for culinary purposes. The boys lived in a little hut on the beach, they were out before dawn to gather or prepare the moss, which had to be wet

with salt water many times, and spread out in the sun until it was thoroughly whitened. They had one hour each day free from work. One of them spent it lying on the sand asleep. The other had brought out his books and studied for that hour, trying to keep up with his schoolmates.

The first boy is now a middle-aged man. He still gathers moss on the coast near Plymouth. The second emigrated to Kansas, became the leading man in a new settlement, and is now a wealthy, influential citizen.

"No matter what was my work," he said lately, "I always contrived to give one hour a day to my education. This is the cause of my success in life."

A similar story is told of the president of one of the largest manufacturing firms in Pennsylvania. When he was a boy of sixteen, he was a blacksmith's assistant at a forge in the interior of the State. There were three other men employed at the forge.

"I will not always be a blacksmith, I will be a machinist," said the lad. "I mean to study arithmetic at night and at every opportunity as a beginning."

Two of the men joined him, the other went to the tavern. After a year they found work in iron mills, at the lowest grade of employment, and made their way up, invariably giving a part of every evening to study. Each of these three men now holds a high position in a great manufacturing establishment.—*Sunday School Herald.*