

# THE SUNBEAM

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## MY BABY-SISTER.

SHE is sweet as a lily, and mild as a dove,  
My dear baby-sister, my darling, my love:  
Oh, what merry times we two have together,  
Beneath the green trees in summer's fine weather!

If a butterfly passes, "Doo-do!"  
baby cries,  
And opens with wonder her blue  
sparkling eyes;  
And when, from the uppermost  
—~~swing of a tree,~~  
A little bird sings, how she crows  
in her glee!

I take her sometimes where the  
columbines grow;  
And how baby leaps at the beautiful  
show!  
I pluck two or three, which I  
place in her hand:  
How rich then she feels,—how  
rich and how grand!

If I tease the old cat, or pull her  
soft fur,  
Puss will scratch me, or snarl,  
and not give a purr;  
But baby can handle her just as  
she pleases:  
Puss takes it all kindly, how-  
ever she teases.

In short, this dear baby, so full  
of her wiles,  
Her soft, winning ways, her  
chirps, and her smiles,  
Finds some one to love her wherever she  
goes;  
For she's sweet as a lily, and fresh as a rose.

YOUTH is not like a new garment which  
we can keep fresh and fair by wearing  
sparingly; youth, while we have it, we must  
wear daily, and it will fast wear away.

## A HAPPY HEART.

A LITTLE boy came to me with a broken  
toy, and begged me to mend it for him.  
It was a very handsome toy, and was the  
pride of his heart just then; so I did not  
wonder to see his lips quivering, and the  
tears come into his eyes.

girl, only three years old, whom I once  
saw bringing out her choicest playthings  
to amuse a little home-sick cousin. Among  
the rest was a little trunk, with bands of  
silk paper for straps—a very pretty toy,  
but careless little Freddie tipped the lid  
too far back, and broke it off. He burst

out with a cry of fright, but  
little Minnie, with her own eyes  
full of tears, said "Never  
mind, Freddie; just see what a  
nice little cradle the top will  
make." Keep a happy little  
heart, little children, and you  
will be like sunbeams wherever  
you go.

## NOT YET.

"Our little baby is dead,"  
said a little boy with tearful eyes  
to his teacher one morning.

"Would you like to die, my  
dear?" asked his teacher, after  
a few words on the nature of  
death.

"Not yet," replied the child,  
thoughtfully.

"Why do you say not yet?"  
the teacher asked, thinking that  
the child wished to see more of  
life on earth before dying.

"Not till I have got a new  
heart," said the boy.

That was a thoughtful reply for  
so young a child. I hope the  
teacher told him the good news  
of the readiness of his good  
Father in heaven to give him a



MY BABY-SISTER

"I'll try to fix it, darling," I said. "But  
I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few  
moments, and then said, cheerfully:  
"Never mind, mamma! If you can't fix  
it, I'll be just as happy without it."

Wasn't that a brave, sunshiny heart?  
And that made me think of a dear little

new heart at once without money or price.  
Whether he did or not, I will assure you  
that the Great Teacher wants to give you,  
all of you, new hearts just now. You need  
not live another hour without that pro-  
cious gift. Let our whole SUNBEAM family  
cry as with one voice, "O Lord, create in  
us clean hearts!"