

# THE SUNBEAM

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## HE SAID HE WOULD.

LITTLE Lorena loved her grandmother dearly, and was very kind and thoughtful, always ready to pick up her ball or knitting-work, or hunt her spectacles, or read to her out of her little primer.

When grandmother was able to walk, little Lorena was eyes for her, as well as a staff; for grandmother often said, "Lorena, just to steady me a little, is a great help."

But one day grandmother was taken very sick, and the doctor said she would never walk again, but would go to heaven.

The little girl was almost heartbroken, and could not understand how grandmother could take such a long journey, as it was to heaven, without her little hand to lean upon.

Sorrow never comes singly, and while the little girl was grieving that grandmother was going away, never to come back, a neighbour came, in great haste, saying: "Have you heard? Paul Woodward has been thrown from his horse, and will not live till morning."

Lorena's ears were open, and her mind was busy. She slipped away, and ran bare-headed, with all her might, to Mrs. Woodward's, and asked, "May I see Paul?"

The family thought it would do no harm, and so the little girl went on tiptoe to



Paul's cot, and whispered something in his ear.

The poor boy smiled, and said: "Yes; I will."

Little Lorena ran home again, and going to her mother, said: "Oh, I'm so glad Paul is going to heaven to-night."

"Why, my child," said her mother, "I thought you loved Paul; how can you be so glad he is going away?"

"Well, you see, poor grandma is going to heaven, too, and so I just ran over to ask Paul when he got there, to keep a little lookout for grandma, for she will want somebody to help her, she is so weak and feeble. And Paul said he would."

And so it came to pass that the dear, feeble grandmother followed the strong, robust Paul only one day later, and little Lorena kept saying, "How glad grandma will be that I asked Paul to be on the lookout to help her."

## RULES FOR FRETTERS.

A LITTLE girl who was a fretter had been visiting me. She fretted when it rained, and she fretted when the sun shone. She fretted when little girls came to see her, and she fretted when they did not. It is dreadful to be a fretter. A fretter is troublesome to herself, and troublesome to her friends. We

all have our trials, but fretting does not help us to bear or get rid of them. I have lately come across a short rule for fretters, which they shall have: Never fret about what you cannot help, because it will not do you any good. Never fret about what you can help, because if you can help it, do so.