

# SUNBEAM

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## AN EASY PLACE.

A lad once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:

"Are you not now employed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you wish to change?"

"Oh, I want an easier place."

We had not a place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands. They want easy work, and are afraid of earning more than their wages.

They have strength enough to be out late at nights, to indulge in vices and habits which debilitate them; they have strength enough to waste on wine, or beer, or tobacco, all of which leave them weaker than before; they have strength enough to run, and leap, and wrestle, but they think they have not the strength to do hard work.

Will the boys let us advise them? Go in for the hard places; bend yourself to the task of showing how much you can do.

Make yourself serviceable to your employer, at whatever cost of your own personal ease; and if you do this he will soon find that he cannot spare you, and when you have learned how to do work you may be set to teach others, and so, when the easy



READY FOR A RIDE.

places are to be had they will be yours. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, not at the beginning, of life's course. They are to be won, not accepted; and a man who is bound to have an easy place now may as well understand that the grave is about

the only easy place within the reach of lazy people.

## CRADLES.

Last fall when the cold frosts came one brave little bud that was trying to be a rose grew quite black and fell off the stem. Very soon the leaves fell, too, and the children all said, "This frost has killed the rosebush." They did not know that there were baby roses snugly sleeping on the old rosebush.

If they had looked closely they would have found tiny little brown cradles, quite different from the one in which Baby Crocus took her winter nap. They were made of a good many layers of something like a very thin, tough brown paper. The whole was made snug by these layers being stuck tightly together.

When the weather grew very, very cold, the gardener then covered Mother Rosebush, Baby Rose, cradle and all with a warm coat of straw. When the spring

sun grew quite warm, and Baby Crocus was quite wide awake, the straw was taken off. Then a tiny little green hand was thrust out of each little cradle. Old Mother Rose was kept busy feeding each waking baby with a kind of juice which she brought up from the ground in some