

years ago which ruined me. If I had only followed your example, I would be all right now." If he had. If he had not taken the first glass. One glass only calls for another. Boys, don't have to say "If;" say, "I will let it alone."

#### ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

ONLY a little child!  
Yet, Lord, thou callest me;  
Therefore, confidently,  
I come to thee.

Only a little child!  
And though I sinful be,  
Thou, Lord, forgiveest me!  
I come to thee.

Only a little child!  
Brightly and cheerfully,  
Sweetly, obediently,  
I come to thee!

Only a little child!  
Thou wilt my Father be,  
Till in eternity,  
I dwell with thee.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 13, 1889.

#### A CHILD'S KISS.

A SWEET little incident is related by a writer, who says, "I asked a little child, 'Have you called your grandma to tea?' 'Yes; when I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't wish to halloo at grandma, nor shake her; so I kissed her on the cheek, and that woke her softly. Then I went into the hall, and said, pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready;'" and she never knew what woke her."

#### THE MOUSE, THE ROOSTER, AND THE CAT.

I READ a little story in a French book to-day which I thought I would like to tell you. It is a kind of story called a *fable*. A fable is a story that is not true, but only made up, about animals talking and acting like real persons, and meant to show some important truth, which is put at the end, and is called the moral.

This fable is about a little mouse—a very little one—a kind of a baby mouse, not so big as your thumb. One day he thought he would go out into the yard to see what he could find. His mother advised him not to go, but to stay with her and his brothers and sisters, in their warm nest in a hole under the shed. But he would go.

In a short time he came back, running as fast as he could, and seeming to be in a dreadful fright.

His mother asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, mother!" said he, "I have had such a terrible fright. I was scared almost out of my senses. I saw a dreadful wild animal in the barnyard. He had something that looked like feathers all over him, and a pair of arms or something, one on each side, and he flapped his sides with them.

"I was very much afraid of him—he was such an awful looking thing. But pretty soon I saw another beautiful animal lying down on a sunny flat stone, so gentle and kind that I was sure he would take care of me if I could only get to him. He was all covered with soft fur, just like such as we have, and he had smooth and soft balls for feet, that could not hurt anybody, and he looked at me so gently, and seemed so kind, as if he was glad to see me, and was only waiting for me to come nearer; but just then that other dreadful animal jumped up to the top of the fence, flapping his arms upon his sides; and he screamed out with such a frightful screech—enough to frighten all the world! I turned and ran back here just as fast as I could run!"

"Pooh!" said the old mouse, "that was nothing but the rooster crowing! He never does anybody any harm. But that other gentle looking animal that you wanted to get to, was the cat. In those soft and harmless looking balls at her feet were some long and terribly sharp claws, all hidden away, ready to catch you with as soon as you came near. She would have eaten you up at one mouthful. She was only slyly waiting for you to come near enough for her to spring at you and catch you."

#### MORAL.

It is not safe to trust too much to appearances. They are often very deceitful.

#### A SWEET STORY.

READ us a story sweet,  
Do, mamma dear!  
Josef will sit at your feet,  
Sue and I here,  
Surely just as still as three little mice!  
We'll listen, behaving ever so nice.

Mamma sits musing alone,  
A smile on her face,  
And the leaves turn one by one,  
Losing her place.  
Surely it must be something nice!  
Tell us, and we'll be like little mice.

It is a story old  
Of a sweet babe  
Lain in a manger cold,  
On the coarse hay,  
Though the Son of a King he came,  
Great in glory, and high in name.

#### QUEER TOM.

THIS story was written for some other little people, but it is so very good that we give it to the SUNBEAMS. How many of them will try to be "Tom Flossofers" all this warm month of July!—

Tom Flossofer was the queerest boy I ever knew. I don't think he ever cried; I never saw him. If Fleda found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried as little girls will, Tom was sure to come around the corner whistling, and say, "What makes you cry? Can you cry tulips? do you think every sob makes a root or blossom? Here, let's try to right them."

So he would pick up the poor flowers, put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, make the bed look smooth and fresh, and take Fleda off to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew far away out of sight. Tom stood still for one moment, and then turned round to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tom," said I, "aren't you sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' won't bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tom," cried Fleda, "can't play any m-o-o-o-re!"

"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me; I don't have to do it for myself, and I have a splendid time to whistle. Besides, when I get well I shall beat every boy in the school on the multiplication table, for I say it over and over, till it makes me sleepy, every time my leg aches."