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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

[No. 20.]

## FOUR LITTLE RABBITS.

As I sat under a beechen tree,  
Four little rabbits peeped out at me ;  
Their eyes were brown and their coats were  
gray,  
They were going to have a game of play ;  
They peeped from under the  
bracken green,  
The prettiest rabbits that ever  
were seen.  
So I sat quite still, and they  
shyly advanced,  
And they leaped, and frolicked,  
and frisked, and danced ;  
They pricked up their ears, and  
they ran a race,  
And then they stopped and  
looked in my face.  
I had in my pocket some crusts  
of bread,  
And I thought p'r'aps the bun-  
nies would like to be fed ;  
So softly I placed the bread on  
the ground,  
And the rabbits came nibbling  
round.  
They looked at me sideways, as  
much as to say,  
"Many thanks for the treat  
we are having to-day ;  
We seldom get bread, and we  
trust for our food  
To the grass in the fields and  
the herbs in the wood."  
Then away they all scampered  
back into the fern  
Before I had time what their  
names were to learn ;  
So I named them myself, Puss,  
Trot, Bess and Bun.  
There were never four rabbits more brimful  
of fun ;  
And I said, as I watched them, " Could any  
one do  
Any harm to such innocent creatures as  
you ?

You have just as much right your lives to  
enjoy  
In the warmth and the sunshine as girl or  
as boy.  
And I hope all the children who pass by  
this way



FOUR LITTLE RABBITS.

Will treat you as kindly as I've done to-  
day."

A CHEERY smile, a kindly word,  
Alone to me were given ;  
By them my very soul was stirred,—  
They made earth seem a heaven.

## MILLY'S HARD PLACE.

"MAMMA," said Milly, coming in from school with a flushed face and eyes which bore the traces of tears, " I wish you'd let me leave Miss Mathews' school. I've been kept in again, and my diary is disgraceful. Miss Susie Mathews says she ashamed of me."

Mamma put down the work she was busying herself with and gathered her little girl into her lap.

"What have you done to-day?" she said tenderly.

"O," said Milly sobbing, " I whispered in my geography class, and I wrote Mary Haywood a note, and when I missed my grammar lesson I pouted, and said I didn't care."

"So my little girl deserved the bad marks, and the keeping in, and the teacher's reproof," said the mother sorrowfully. "Milly why are you so often troublesome at school ; you are a good girl at home."

"I hate rules," said Milly, opening her blue eyes very wide.

"So do the convicts in the great stone prison, where papa goes on Sundays to teach the Bible, Milly. One of them said last Sunday afternoon, that if the law hadn't been so strict he wouldn't have broken it. It is hating rules which has brought most of those poor men to their gloomy prison."

Milly looked serious. She had never thought of comparing herself with the prisoners.

"Unless we keep rules, dear, and love to keep them, we are always unhappy. Only those people who learn to mind, ever become fit to command. By-and-by, if you

overcome this opposition to law, you will find that the law and you are so friendly, that you will never think about it at all. In the meantime you have some hard places before you, and the best way is to try to overcome their difficulties."

"Will you help me, mamma?"

"Surely I will, my child; but there is One stronger than I, and you must seek his aid."

Together the mother and child knelt in the twilight, praying to Jesus for pardon and peace. Milly rose from her knees feeling that though she had done wrong, the Lord would help her to do better.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

### THE UNSPOKEN LIE.

Rosa's mother took great pains to bring up her children to be truthful. She impressed upon their minds the fact that a person given to lying can never have the confidence of others. Whenever they did wrong she encouraged them to come to her and confess what they had done and be forgiven for it, rather than conceal it. Sooner or later it was pretty sure to be found out, and attempted concealment only brought added disgrace when the truth was known. One day Rosa had a visitor, a little girl about her age. They were at play in the parlor. Accidentally Rosa overturned a vase and broke it. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "what will mother say! She thought ever so much of that vase, because Uncle William brought it to her all the way from China." "Put it back on the bracket, and don't tell her anything about it," advised Rosa's visitor. "See, it will stand just as it did before, if it isn't jarred." Rosa hesitated a moment, but decided to take the advice offered, so they

put the broken vase carefully on the bracket, and left the parlor.

The very next day, when the servant was dusting the room, down tumbled the vase as soon as she touched it with the duster. Rosa's mother happened to be in the room at the time. She was exceedingly sorry that it was broken, and seeing how she felt about it, the girl, who really thought she had done the mischief, was a good deal pained. Mrs. Sprague spoke of the affair several times during the day, and Rosa knew that no one dreamed of her as being the guilty one. But that didn't make her feel right. Her conscience began to trouble her. "I haven't lied about it," she argued with herself, "for I haven't said a word, no one has asked me." But that argument didn't satisfy conscience. "You knew you broke it," said the accusing voice, "and you know that keeping silent is as much as saying you know nothing about it. That is acting a lie." Rosa stood it as long as she could. Then she went to her mother and told her the truth. "At first I thought it wouldn't be lying if I didn't say anything," she said, "but I see now that I am wrong. My actions lied just the same as words would. I am sorry, mother, that I broke the vase, and sorry that I tried to deceive you about it." "I'm sorry that the vase was broken," answered her mother, "but I'm glad that my little girl concluded to come to me with the truth. The loss of the vase is nothing compared with the loss of confidence I should have felt in her if she had kept up the deception until I found out the truth."—*Congregationalist*.

### FORGIVE.

BY MRS. A. SPRAGUE.

"MAMMA is God the only one who can forgive?"

This question was asked by a little girl about nine years of age on her return from school one afternoon. "Why, yes darling," replied her mother; "in one sense He is. Why do you ask such a question?"

"I did something to day that vexed— (naming her seatmate.) I asked her to forgive me and she said she could not, that no one but God could forgive."

"What did you say," asked the mother, amused and interested.

"I repeated a part of the Lord's prayer. 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

What argument could have been more effective and unanswerable.

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

### PUSSY'S COMPLAINT.

I'm just as unhappy, unhappy,

As ever a kitten can be;

If you'll let me, I'll tell you about it,

Then perhaps you will pity me.

For it's a great mistake in your thinking

That kits have no feelings at all,

Nor a thought beyond having a frolic,

Or the chasing after a ball.

Now, how could I know (please tell me

If you could help me to see)

That the cold roast fowl in the pantry

Was not put there for me.

They left the door temptingly open,

So I helped myself to that,

But they drove me out with a broomstick,

And called me "that mean, thieving cat!"

Then those pan's of milk in the dairy,

With cream like the yellowest gold,

I thought I should like to taste it,

For it's very delicious, I'm told;

So I climbed to one of the nicest,

And was just getting ready to taste,

When they found me—and such a commotion,

I ran to the barn in hot haste.

Don't they think cats ever get hungry

Between meals, I'd like to know?

And that rats and mice cannot always be found?

I have sat for an hour or so

Beside some nice-looking rat-hole,

And not even a mouse came to view;

And I found, after waiting and waiting,

They had moved off to lodgings anew.

I heard the folks talking this morning

About kit, and a bag, and the pond,

I didn't quite understand it,

For of water I'm not very fond.

I don't dare to go near the kitchen,

For fear they mean harm by that;

Oh dear! all in all I've concluded,

It's a very hard world—for a cat.

"PA, I wish you would buy me a little pony," said Johnny. "I haven't got any money to buy a pony, my son. You should go to school regularly, my son, study hard and become a man, and some of these days,

when you grow up, you will have money enough of your own to buy ponies with."

"Then, I suppose, pa, you didn't study much when you were a little boy like me, or else you would have money now to buy ponies with, wouldn't you, pa?"

God makes the very waves that threaten to engulf us the pathway of His rescuing love.



Last winter a whole flock of birds kept near the house all season. She would feed them, and then play with them for hours at a time. Every morning the birds would fly to her window, and chirp, as much as to say, "Good-morning, little mistress! Wake up, wake up!"

I think the child must be a near relation of that "Little Bell," of whom the poet Westwood sang,—

"Whom God's creatures love," the angels fair  
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels'

thy bed  
from

THE TRIPLE PLEDGE.

BY THOMAS R. THOMPSON.

STRONG DRINK.

We will not buy,  
We will not make,  
We will not use,  
We will not take,  
Wine, cider, beer,  
Rum, whisky, gin,  
Because they lead  
Mankind to sin.

TOBACCO.

We will not smoke  
The smoker's pets,  
Those little things  
Called cigarettes.  
We will not chew,  
We will not snuff,  
Or waste our time  
In playing puff.

PROFANITY.

We will not curse,  
Though many dare  
Open their lips  
To curse and swear.  
Our words shall be  
Both pure and plain,  
We will not take

4 58m.  
A CH. JUES. BIRDS.  
BIRDS

## AT SET OF SUN.

If we sit down at set of sun  
 And count the things that we have done,  
 And counting, find  
 One self-denying act, one word  
 That eased the heart of him who heard,  
 One glance, most kind,  
 That fell like sunshine where it went—  
 Then may we count this day well spent.

But if through all the live-long day  
 We've eased no heart by yea or nay;  
 If through it all  
 We've done no thing that we can trace,  
 That brought the sunshine to a face;  
 No act, most small,  
 That helped some soul, and nothing cost—  
 Then count that day as worse than lost.

## LITTLE BERTIE'S FARTHING.

WHEN the collection was made at Eccleston Square Church, London, on the "Missionary Sunday," in aid of the Foreign Missions, one of the deacons, who was engaged in gathering the offerings, was not a little surprised to receive from a little boy a bag weighty with its contents. When the bag was a slip of paper upon

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1095.] LESSON III. [Oct. 21.

## ASKING FOR A KING.

1 Sam. 8. 1-10.

Commit to memory verses 4 &amp; 6.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes. Ps. 118. 9.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Desire of the Elders. v. 1-5.
2. The Displeasure of the Judge. v. 6.
3. The Decision of the Lord. v. 7-10.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who ruled Israel when Samuel was old? His sons, Joel and Abiah,  
 What did they prove to be? Unjust judges.

What did they love better than justice? Money and Power.

What did the people ask Samuel to give them? A king.

How did Samuel feel about this? He was displeased.

What did Samuel do to God about this?

B.C. 1095.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 22.]

## SAUL CHOSEN KING.

1 Sam. 10. 17-27.

Commit to memory verses 1 &amp; 2.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And all the people shouted, and God save the king. 1 Sam. 10. 24.

## OUTLINE.

1. The King Rejected. v. 17-19.
2. A King Sought. v. 20-22.
3. A King Found. v. 23-27.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

To what place did Samuel call the people to Mizpeh.

What was done there? A king was chosen.

Of what did Samuel remind the Israelites? Of God's goodness to them.

What was God to them? Their King and Friend.

What did Samuel tell them? That they had rejected the Lord.

Who was chosen of all the people? Saul, the son of Kish.

What did Saul do? He hid himself.

How did they find him? The Lord showed them where he was.

What did Samuel do to God about this?