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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, MAY 10, 1884

[No. 10.



THE YOUNG MUSICIAN

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

STANDING on tiptoe, little Grace Maltby can just manage to reach the keys of the piano. As she touches them they make a noise which pleases the child's ear very much. She thinks it is music, and strikes

the keys again and again, sending forth sounds that delight her much more than they do her mamma, who is in the next room. To add to this musical performance Grace sings in her own style, so that between the piano-thumping and the scream-

ing mamma's head is made almost wild. But Miss Gracie will do better than that by and by. She will have a teacher who will show her how to touch the keys, and how to get real music out of them. It will take her a long time to learn, but if she

will only be patient and try very hard she will be sure to succeed.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 10, 1884.

TRUTHFULNESS.

A GENTLEMAN once asked a boy, who was deaf and dumb, the question, "What is truth?" The boy replied by taking a piece of chalk and drawing a straight line. The man then wrote, "What is a lie?" The boy answered by drawing a crooked line.

Lies are always crooked. One lie opens the way for another, for often a dozen lies must be told to conceal one. Telling an untruth is like leaving the highway and going into a tangled forest; you know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briars in the wild-wood.

"A lie is an intention to deceive," and may be told without speaking a word. A gentleman once asked a boy if a certain road led to the city. The boy nodded his head, and then laughed as the man took the wrong road. That boy lied with his head. Lies may be told with the fingers, and many other ways.

Young people often amuse themselves by seeing who can tell the biggest lie. This is a bad habit, and leads one to vary from the truth at other times.

The only safe plan is to form the habit of always telling the truth. This will give

a feeling of self-respect that will scorn whatever is low and mean. It will also give a purity to character that will tend to elevate and ennoble the life.

GIFTS FOR THE KING.

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.

We too would bring our treasures
To offer to the King:

We have no wealth or learning:
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love him,

We'll bring him thankful praise,

And young souls meekly striving

To walk in holy ways;

And these shall be the treasures

We offer to the King,

And these are gifts that even

The poorest child may bring.

THE HAND UP FOR JESUS.

THERE was a little street-boy in London who had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of an hospital to die, and another little creature, of the same class lay near by, picked up with the famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said:

"Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of him."

"Bobby, I went to mission school once, and they told us that Jesus was a Saviour for sinners, and would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never have hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed Him."

"I couldn't ask such a big gentleman as He is to do anything for me."

"But He'll do that if you ax Him."

"How can I ax Him if I don't know where He lives, and how could I get there when both my legs are broken?"

"Bobby, they told me at the mission school as how Jesus passed by. Teacher says as how He goes around. How do you know but what he might come to this hospital this very night? You'd know him if you was to see him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feels so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand, and He'll know what you'll want when He passes by."

They got the hand up. It dropped.

They tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said, "I give it up."

"Bobby, lend me yer hand; put yer elbow on my pillar; I can do without it."

So one hand was propped up. And when they came in, in the morning, the boy lay dead, the hand still propped up for Jesus."

GOOD ADVICE.

When the weather is wet,

We must not fret;

When the weather is dry,

We must not cry;

When the weather is cold,

We must not scold;

When the weather is warm,

We must not storm;

But be thankful together,

Whatever the weather.

PRAYERS FIRST.

A BRIGHT little four-year-old boy in a friend's family was feeling tired as the day drew to a close, and came to his mother that he might say his evening prayer before going to bed.

"Wait a little while, Ernie," said his mother; "I am busy writing a letter. When that is done you may say your prayer."

The little fellow waited a minute or two very patiently, and then coming back to his mother, said: "Mamma, don't you think prayers is more precious than writing letters? God can't wait."

Ernie's mother quietly laid aside her letter at the gentle rebuke, and the evening prayer took his right place first.

GIANT KILLING.

ONE day a strange gentleman came to visit the infant school. The teacher asked him to talk to the little children, and this is what he said: "Did you know there were giants living in these days, children? There are! Great, strong, dreadful, wicked giants, that try to do little folks (and big folks too) all the harm they can. You can't see them with your eyes, and you don't measure their height by feet and inches; but they are giants all the same. There's one whom I have often met, whose name is *Giant Selfishness*. Another one's name is *Giant Disobedienc*. Then there is *Giant Temper*, and *Giant Delay*, and *Giant Pride*, and *Giant Vanity*, and a great many others. Now I'll tell you what I want you all to do; to form a band of Giant Killers, and see how many of these dreadful giants you can kill."



THE BIRDIES AND THEIR NESTS.

HERE are two pretty birdies and their nest. They made the nest of bits of grass and lined it with soft hair and wool. There are five bright eggs in the nest. After the birdies sit on the eggs long enough there will be five little baby birdies. The mother bird will be very proud of them, and will be very busy feeding them. I hope no bad boys will find her nest and take her eggs away.

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

ONE day Mrs. James heard the piano playing in her parlor. She thought it did not sound like Lillie's playing. Then she listened again, and pretty soon she heard the same strange sounds. Then she called Lillie, and Lillie came tripping in from her flower garden. Mrs. James asked Lillie if she had been in the parlor. Lillie said, "No, mamma, I was out in the garden." Then Mrs. James went to the parlor to see who had played, and what do you think she found. There was little Kitty, and Kitty was the little musician. She had stolen slyly into the parlor, and was amusing herself by walking softly across the row of white piano keys.

FINGERS AND FORKS.

"USE your fork, Johnnie! Have you forgotten so soon what I told you about using your fingers?"

"Well, mamma; fingers were made before forks!"

"Yes; I know very well they were; but not your fingers."

HELPING HIS FATHER.

SOME years ago, a boy whose name was Webster, living in Bridgeport, Ct., then nearly four years old, was taken from his own home to that of his grandpa, where he remained several weeks. His grandpa was a Christian man, and always asked God's blessing upon the food before eating, and read a chapter and prayed in the morning when the breakfast was finished.

When little Webster was taken home,

the first time he sat at his father's table in his high chair, he said before he began to eat, "Papa, why don't 'ou talk to God before 'ou eat as grandpa does?" And the father said, "Oh, grandpa is a good man." "But, papa," said Webster, "'aunt 'ou a good man? Why don't 'ou talk to God as grandpa does?"

And the good mother, sitting on the other side of the table, said, "Father, that is God's voice to you." And it was; and then, for the first time, the father, as the head of his own house, and mother and child, bowed their heads, while a blessing was brokenly asked on the food. That was the beginning. After the breakfast, the father read and prayed, and continued the practice as long as he lived.—*Congregationalist.*

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE DANCING SCHOOL.

A SWEET young miss of ten summers whose mother had foolishly sent her to a dancing school was led one happy day to give her heart to Christ. After that she went round the house singing about Jesus all the time. Her mother, who did not love the blessed Saviour, brought home a pattern for a new dress, and said,

"May, dear, isn't this a pretty pattern? How should you like it for a ball dress?"

"It is lovely, mamma," replied May, "but I don't want it, I don't want to go to dancing school any more."

Sweet young May! She had more wisdom than her mother, because she had taken Jesus for her teacher. He was teaching her that she could not enjoy a ball dress

and still keep the robe of righteousness with which he had clothed her new born soul. She felt that the pride and vanity and envy of the ball room would soil that robe, and as she preferred his pure white robe to the gay ball dress she wanted to give up the dancing school and all that belonged to it. I am sure Jesus loved the charming child very dearly for making that choice.

THE LAND OF NOWHERE.

Do you know where the summer blooms all the year round,

Where there never is rain on a picnic day,

Where the thornless rose in its beauty grows
And little boys never are called from play?

Oh! hey! it is far away,

In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

Would you like to live where nobody scolds,
Where you never are told "It is time for bed."

Where you learn without trying, and laugh without crying,

Where snarls never pull when they comb your head?

Then oh! hey! you must hie away

To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

If you long to dwell where you never need wait,

Where no one is punished or made to cry,
Where supper of cakes is not followed by aches,

And little folks thrive on a diet of pie;

Then ho! hey! you must go, I say,

To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

You must drift from the river of Idle Dreams,
Close to the border of No-man's land;

For a year and a day you must sail away,
And then you will come to an unknown strand.

And ho! hey! if you get there—stay

In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

—Ella Wheeler.

"I AM NOT MY OWN."

LIKE the child with the stalk of grapes, who picked one grape after another from the cluster and held it out to her father, till, as affection waxed warm and self-faded, she gayly flung the whole into her father's bosom and smiled in his face with triumphant delight, so let us do until, loosening from every comfort, and independent of the help of broken cisterns, we can say, "I am not my own." "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

MAY IS HERE.

CHILDREN, this is merry May;
Come out in the field to-day;
Hear the young birds chirp and sing,
Here them hail the blithe young spring.

Children, dear, shall we not be,
Grateful as the birds we see?
Come, oh, come from far and near,
Come and sing, "Spring-time is here."

A LITTLE HERO.

A boy in the town of Weser, in Germany, playing one day with his sister, was alarmed by the cry of some men in pursuit of a mad dog. The boy saw the dog running toward him, but instead of making his escape he took off his coat, and wrapping it round his arm he boldly faced the dog; and holding out the arm covered with the coat, the animal attacked and worried it until the men came and killed the dog. They asked the boy why he did not run and avoid the dog. "Yes," said the little hero, "I could run from the dog, but if I had he would have attacked my sister. To protect her I offered him my coat, that he might tear it."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 57.] LESSON VII. [May 18.]

THE UPROAR AT EPHESUS.

Acts 19. 23-41, and 20. 1, 2. Commit to memory verses 33-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? Psa. 2. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Wild Excitement, v. 23-34.
2. Wise Advice, v. 35-2.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What was the result of Paul's preaching? Many forsook their idols and believed on Jesus.

Who was Demetrius? A silversmith, who made shrines for Diana, the Ephesian goddess.

What did he do? He gathered together others who made idols.

What did he tell them? That Paul had turned many people from worshipping idols.

Of what was Demetrius afraid? That he would lose his trade.

Of what did he pretend to be afraid? That the great Diana would be neglected.

What did the silversmiths do? They created a great uproar in the city.

Whom did they seize and carry into the theatre? Two of Paul's friends.

What did Paul try to do? Go with them and defend them.

Who prevented him? His friends, the chief officers.

Who quieted the people? The town-clerk.

What did the town-clerk say? "Let us do nothing rashly."

What did he tell them? There was no cause for such confusion.

What did Paul do after the uproar? He took leave of the disciples.

Where did Paul go after he had taken leave of the disciples? Through Macedonia to Greece.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Let us learn that—

Money may seem greater than God.

Love of money leads to untruth.

Love of money causes great trouble.

"The love of money is the root of all evil."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Human depravity.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.

V. Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

A.D. 57.] LESSON VIII. [May 25.]

LIBERAL GIVING.

2 Cor. 9. 1-15.

Commit to memory verses 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. Zeal Remembered, v. 1-5.
2. The Law of Giving, v. 6-14.
3. The Unspeakable Gift, v. 15.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who gave generously to the Lord? The believers in Achaia.

What effect did their giving have upon others? It encouraged them to give also.

How should Christians give? Freely and lovingly.

What is given "as a bounty?" Giving willingly.

What is giving as with covetousness? Giving reluctantly.

Is such giving acceptable to the Lord? No; God loveth a cheerful giver.

Who shall reap sparingly? He that sows sparingly.

What will follow bountiful giving? We shall reap bountifully.

Who gives freely to us? God.

What will he make to abound towards us? His grace.

What will that do for us? Fit us to do God's work.

What does God show us if we work for him? How to use his gifts in his way.

What have we that we did not first receive? Nothing.

What will follow loving gifts? God's blessing.

Who is God's unspeakable gift to us? Christ Jesus.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Do you ever give anything to the Lord? Do you ever earn the pennies you give away?

Do you ever go without something so as to give more?

Do you give because you love to, or because people will think well of you?

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The grace of God to men.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

A SOFT ANSWER.

ONE day at school Amy broke a pretty inkstand that belonged to her friend Clara. It was quite an accident, but Clara, who was very passionate, did not think so; and at first Amy was too much frightened to explain. After school Clara hurried away, and Amy followed, for she would not rest without being forgiven. When she reached the door of Clara's home she felt almost afraid to lift the latch, and, just as she expected, Clara's first words showed that she was very angry. But when Amy said, "Dear Clara, I am so sorry; won't you forgive me?" her passion was all gone, and little Amy was forgiven.