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# THE SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 12, 1887.

[No. 4.]



THE BOAT RACE.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 12, 1887.

## THE BOAT RACE.

"MINE's the biggest; mine will sail the best; now see!" said Henry Burt. "See, her sails fill with the wind;" and Henry gave his pretty little boat a push which nearly capsized her. Annie, watching from the sand, sprang forward as if to catch it.

"Don't worry, Sis; it won't upset. Mind you don't tumble in yourself and get a ducking."

"I don't care," said Charley Dunn; "mine sails real nice. I tried it yesterday; there's no breeze to-day."

"Put them down side by side," said Paul, Henry's big brother, "and have a race."

"Oh yes! a race! a race!" cried both the boys, and little Annie clapped her tiny hands.

The boys put their boats side by side, and gave them a chance. The wind was not very brisk, but they kept moving. As Henry's would go the fastest, Charles began to feel badly.

"Give her a push," said Henry.

"That would not be fair."

"Yes, 'twill, if I tell you to. I don't want to beat you, Charley," said Henry in a low voice.

Paul told the folks at home that evening about the race. "It was unlike any other I ever heard of," said he; "Henry didn't want to beat: in fact, he tried not to."

"That's like Henry, he's so generous," said mamma; "I'm glad of it."

When she went up to bed with her little boy she asked him about it.

"Why, you see, mother, Charley would have felt so bad if I had gone ahead! He'd have cried, I know, for he was almost crying once or twice. So I let him give his boat a push. You know he's ever so much

younger than I am; and don't you think we ought to give the littlest ones the best chance?"

Mamma kissed her boy and thanked God in her heart that Henry was so generous and noble.

"Yes, dear," she said, "always give the littlest ones the best chance. You'll be all the happier for it."

## TWO GENTLEMEN.

I SAW two young gentlemen on a street car one day. One of them was grown up. He was handsomely dressed in a gray business suit, and very neat kid gloves and fine boots. The other was about twelve years old. His jacket had several patches, and needed more, and his shirt was of brown cotton, and not very clean. Do you wonder how I know he was a gentleman? I will tell you.

The boy went through the car to give some message to the driver. As he returned he gave a little jump through the door, and as he did so his foot touched the grown gentleman's knee and left a little mud on it. Turning around on the platform, he raised his hat, and said, very politely, in a clear tone, "Please excuse me."

Then the other gentleman bowed in his turn, just as he would have done to one of his own age, and said with a pleasant smile, "Certainly."

The Iroquois Indians—many of them are very fine gentlemen—say sometimes of a rude person, "His mother did not teach him manners when he was young." I am inclined to think that the mothers of both these young gentlemen had taken a great deal of pains with their manners, because their politeness came so naturally and easy—*Selected.*

## TOMMY'S VERSE.

TOMMY TILTON was to go to church for the very first time, one bright Sunday morning. His heart was as full of sunshine as was the day, as he walked along with grandpa and grandma toward the village meeting-house. Grandpa carried a book; so Tommy must have one, too. The book was almost as big as he, but what did he care for that? He was almost a man to-day. Tommy walked into the church very soberly, and tried to keep very still. But it was a tired little boy that went home at noon; for the seats were not made for little people like him, and Tommy was not used to sitting still. But the boy learned one thing that day that he never forgot. It was this short verse: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall

find me." "Why," said Tommy, as with bright eyes he told his mother of all the doings of the morning, "the minister said it over so many times, it wouldn't go away." "Why, yes," said grandma, "that was the text." Tommy went with grandma every Sunday after that.

## A CHILD'S QUESTION.

My little wonder eyes,  
This world is strange and new,  
Besides, from out the skies  
Great thoughts drop down to you.

"How did God make you," pet?  
The question is so deep,  
That none have solved it yet;  
There, now, please go to sleep.

And "who made God" my pet?  
"What are we when we die?"  
"Does God sometimes forget?"  
"And is he always nigh?"

No one made God, my dear,  
And he is everywhere,  
Therefore is always near,  
And has you in his care;

And if you die to-night,  
Angels and Maud will come,  
Flying on wings of light  
To bear you safely home.

—Rev. A. N. Craft.

## CROWNING CHRIST.

A TEACHER described to her Sunday-school class of small boys the crown of thorns that was put on the brow of Christ in his mock trial. Shortly after, one of the class was discovered twining a wreath of rare flowers. Being asked what he was doing, he replied, "Long ago Jesus wore a crown of thorns, and even died for me; and now I am making him a wreath to show how much I love him." The flowers were should put in a wreath for Christ's brow are love, faith, and obedience. He said "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

## EATING LIKE TRAY.

"FATHER," said little Josie Dick, "Tray is a naughty dog; you must whip him." "Why whip poor tray? What has he done?" asked his father. "Why, father, he ate his dinner and didn't ask a blessing." Mr. Dick then told Josie that little dog did not know how to ask a blessing as boys could. Some days after Josie went to his grandmother's. On his return, being asked what sort of a time he had, he replied that he had a very nice time, but he added, "Grandma ate just like Tray." Ah, grandma! do not omit the blessing; the little boys are looking at you.



DAVID ASKING TO GO AGAINST GOLIATH - (SEE NEXT PAGE)

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## A PROBLEM.

SANDY and Ned were brothers:  
Ned was older than Sandy;  
And they were busy dividing  
A stick of peppermint candy,

Ned was earnestly trying  
To make the division true,  
And he marked the place with a fish hook  
Where the stick ought to break in two.

But, alas for little Sandy  
And his poor painstaking brother!  
'Twas a long and short division—  
One piece longer than the other.

Ned gravely looked at the pieces,  
And their quite unequal length,  
And he wrestled with the problem  
With all his mental strength,

And at last, he said. "O Sandy"  
I can make it come out right,  
If I take the piece that's longest,  
And bite off just one bite."

Their four eyes beamed and brightened  
At this plan, so very handy,  
Of disposing of the problem,  
And distributing the candy,

So Ned ate the pieces even—  
'Twas the simplest way to do it;  
And he cheated little Sandy—  
And they neither of them knew it.

DAVID ASKING TO GO AGAINST  
GOLIATH.

AND David said to Saul, Let no man's  
heart fail because of him: thy servant will  
go and fight with this Philistine.

And Saul said to David, Thou art not  
able to go against this Philistine to fight  
with him, for thou art but a youth, and he  
a man of war from his youth.

And David said unto Saul, Thy servant  
kept his father's sheep, and there came a  
lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the  
flock;

And I went out after him, and smote  
him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and  
when he arose against me, I caught him by  
his beard, and smote him, and slew him.

Thy servant slew both the lion and the  
bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine  
shall be as one of them, seeing he hath  
defied the armies of the living God.

David said moreover, The Lord that  
delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and  
out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver  
me out of the hand of this Philistine. And  
Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be  
thee.

And Saul armed David with his armour,

and he put an helmet of brass upon his  
head, also he armed him with a coat of  
mail.

## LIVING IN THE FUTURE.

"How long the day is!" exclaimed Ina  
White, as she threw herself upon a low  
couch in a weary attitude towards the close  
of a summer's day. "Why does it appear  
so?" I asked.

"Thinking of to-morrow," she replied,  
with a gesture of surprise. "Will it never  
come?"

I then remembered what had escaped me  
at first, that a party of pleasure had been  
arranged for the next day, to which the  
young people looked forward with extreme  
delight.

"Find something to do," I returned, "busy  
yourself in some way; I do not say, let your  
heart be less glad in the prospect before you,  
but I do say, let not the anticipation of it  
make you weary and dull to-day."

Ina was a dear girl, and easily convinced  
of right, so she followed my advice. Presently  
I saw her at her mother's feet, assisting  
with some sewing needful for her younger  
sisters.

"Right!" I thought. "To-day's duty is  
the best preparation for to-morrow's joy." In  
spite of this effort to do right, however,  
as I passed Ina's room that night, her door  
ajar, I heard a gentle murmur from the wake-  
ful girl:

"Oh, how long the night is!"

As I passed on to my chamber I thought:  
"There's a very bright to-morrow before me  
in the sunshine of my Saviour's presence. Am  
I looking forward to it, and does the time  
appear long until I am in its full enjoyment?  
Yet am I seeking to follow out my own  
advice, and employ it well until the Master  
comes and calls for me? Am I living for  
the future while working and waiting in the  
present?"

I confess I had to answer these questions  
with shame to my own soul. My young  
readers, how would you answer them?

## A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.

THAT was a beautiful answer of a little  
girl who, on being asked by a lady if she  
had given her heart to Christ, replied, "I  
do not know just what that means; but I  
know I used to please myself, and now I  
try to please Christ." It is said of Jesus,  
"For even Christ pleased not himself." His  
mission of mercy to the world implied that  
he sacrificed his own pleasure and submitted  
to humiliation and suffering. They who are  
like Christ will cultivate the same spirit of  
sacrifice, and seek to please others rather  
than themselves.

## DIDN'T WANT TO GROW UP BAD.

OF all the spectacles of neglect and want  
in a "cold world" none is more pitiful than  
of a child begging, not for charity, but for  
Christian care and moral training. A case  
of this kind was recently given by the  
*New York Times*.

A bright little boy twelve years old, who  
said his name was Tommy McEvoy, went  
alone into the Jefferson Market Police  
Court last evening, and said to Justice  
Morgan, "Judge, your honour, I want to  
give myself up."

"Why, my boy?" asked the court.

"Because," replied the lad, "I ain't got  
no home, and I don't want to live in the  
streets, and become a bad boy."

"Why don't you stay at home?"

"I ain't got no home. Father's been dead  
nine years, and mother died before that."

"But where have you been living since?"

"With my aunt. She lives in Forty-  
first street. But she gets drunk, and she  
won't let me stay in-doors. To-day she  
chased me out, and said if I ever came  
back, she would do something awful to me.  
I'm afraid of her, and so I've got no home.

"Nobody will take me in, because I ain't  
got good clothes, and don't look nice. I  
can't get any work, and I can't get anything  
to eat unless I beg or steal it; then the  
cops'll take me in. I don't want to get  
arrested. I don't want to steal, nor to be a  
bad boy. Won't you please send me some-  
where where I can learn something, and get  
to be a man? There's places like that, ain't  
there?"

The justice told the boy there were such  
places as that for good boys, and taking the  
little fellow under his protection, promised  
to find him a home in some good institution.  
—Selected.

## A WISE CONCLUSION.

ONE summer evening, after Harry and  
his little sister Helen had been put to bed,  
a severe thunder-storm came up. Their  
cribs stood side by side; and their mother,  
in the next room, heard them as they sat  
up in bed and talked, in low voices, about  
the thunder and lightning. They told  
each other their fears. They were afraid  
the lightning would strike them. They  
wondered whether they would be killed  
right off, and whether the house would be  
burned up. They trembled afresh at each  
peal. But tired nature could not hold out  
as long as the storm. Harry became very  
sleepy, and at last, with renewed cheerfulness  
in his voice, he said, as he laid his  
head on the pillow, "Well, I'm going to  
trust in God." Little Helen sat a minute  
longer thinking it over, and then laid her  
own little head down, saying, "Well, I de-s  
I will, too." And they both went to sleep  
without more words.