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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1888

[No. 13

LITTLE CHICKS.

WHAT dear, downy little things the young chickens are. No wonder the children are in love with them. It is a wonder that the mother hen lets the little girl handle her chick. She must know that she is kind and gentle.]

once thought of other people's happiness, you see.

Down by the river she saw two boys whom she knew, fishing. "I wonder if they think I look nice!" she thought, as she smoothed out her sash and looked very important. She came near them, but did

This made Dora feel very angry, and she turned toward the village, to walk where people would appreciate her more. Presently she saw a little boy playing in the street, in the hope of getting money. She looked, and saw a lady and gentleman whom she knew coming. Then she took



LITTLE CHICKS.

DORA'S WALK.

DORA DEAN was dressed in her pretty new suit, and went out for a walk. "I hope you will have a pleasant time." "Oh, I am sure I will," Dora said. She was thinking of her new dress, and hoping her friends would see her and admire it. Never

not say one pleasant word, nor even look pleasantly toward them. They saw all this. Perhaps they thought she couldn't hear what they said, but she did hear one say, "Isn't Dora Dean awfully proud?" And the other answered, "Yes, and as disagreeable as she can be."

out her little purse and gave the boy a penny; but when she looked again, her friends had turned down another corner, and she was very much disappointed that they did not see her.

When she went home she told her mamma she did not have a pleasant time at all. What do you think was the matter?

BABY'S HANDS AND FEET.

LITTLE dimpled hands,
 Busy, wondrous hands,
 What shall they do?
 When they older grow,
 And when more you know
 Good they must do.

Little rosy feet,
 Now so soft and sweet,
 Where shall they go?
 When some other day
 They find out the way,
 Right they must go.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1888.

PUNISHMENT OF EVIL NOT WRONG.

SUPPOSE a household with many children. Some are good, some very bad. Yet the parents treat them all alike. The boy who steals, the girl who lies, neither of whom show any sorrow for their evil deeds, are smiled upon, caressed, rewarded, just like the other children who are honest, truthful, obedient. No punishment is ever dealt out even for the most flagrant transgressions. What sort of a household would that be? Would you like to be a member of such a family? Again, suppose a community in which there were no laws against murder, theft, adultery, drunkenness, but where all were treated alike. Honest men have no preference, but thieves are elected to office, and evil-doers of every kind go unpunished. Would you like to live in any such community? Do we not all feel rightly that lying children and wicked men must be punished? Is it not wrong not to punish evil-doers? Well, just so it is in the government of God. If men reject the right and do the wrong, it would be wrong

of God to pardon them, unless they repent. Heaven would not be heaven any more were God to admit unrepentant sinners there. All restraint would be removed from evil-doers, and they would swiftly wax worse and worse.

GETTING RID OF BAD HABITS.

I ONCE heard a minister say: "Suppose some cold morning you should go into a neighbour's house and find him busy at work on his windows, scratching away, and should ask what he was up to, and he should reply, 'Why, I am trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I can get it off one square it comes on another;' would you not say, 'Why, man, let your windows alone, and kindle your fire, and the frost will soon come off.' And have you not seen people who try to break off their bad habits one after another without avail? Well, they are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his window. Let the fire of love to God and man, kindled at the altar of prayer, burn in their hearts, and the bad habits will soon melt away."

DID NOT KNOW IT WAS IN THE BIBLE.

A WELL-TO-DO deacon in Connecticut was one day accosted by his pastor, who said, 'Poor Widow Green's wood is all out. Can you not take her a cord?'

"Well," answered the deacon, "I have wood, and I have the team; but who is to pay me for it?"

The pastor, somewhat vexed, replied, "I will pay you for it on condition that you read the first three verses of the forty-first Psalm before you go to bed to-night."

The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the word of God and read the passage, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

A few days afterward the pastor met him again. 'How much do I owe you, deacon, for that cord of wood?'

"Oh," said the enlightened man, "do not speak of payment. I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the old widow's wants."

LITTLE children, a good word is easy, and not to speak ill requires only silence.

TOMMY'S GARDEN.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

TOMMY sat on a pile of boards in the sun, watching his mother making garden. The wild canaries were hopping about, and a robin was singing in the budding apple-tree.

"Mother, let me have a garden," pleaded the little man.

"You may have a bean garden in this nice corner," said his mother.

So Tommy mashed the dirt with his fat little fingers, put his seeds in their soft bed, and gave them a covering of warm earth. Next he stuck in a few sticks for the vines to climb over, then he sat down on the cellar door near, to watch his beans come up. The yellow birds picked up the scattered peas, but no other seeds came up that day.

Day after day Tommy watched his garden with an anxious heart. At last he saw something on the surface of his little bed. He gave a shout of joy that ended in a cry of distress. He had expected beautiful green vines, but there lay his old beans, all broken and spoiled.

Poor Tommy! He sat down on the bed, covered his face with his blue apron, lifted up his voice, and wept.

"Why, sonny, has a bee stung you again?" said his mother, running from the kitchen.

"No," sobbed Tommy; "my beans."

"They have come up nicely, my son."

"Yes," cried the little fellow, "but they are upside down. The vines have gone down and the beans have come up."

"Look here, Tommy;" and his mother took up one of the beans. Then he saw it was not a bean, but only the old shell which covered two little green leaves inside, while a strong little rootlet ran down into the ground.

"These bean-leaves are the overcoats to keep the baby leaves warm. They were full of food to feed the little plant until it was strong enough to do for itself," explained his mother.

Tommy smiled, and began to think after all he might climb as high on the bean-stalk as Jack did.

"My boy must remember, we must wait God's time for things to grow, and our plans often look 'upside down' to us, while God can see they are working all right, only needing time to show what they are."

Then Tommy learned things often look wrong and come out all right. And now he is an old man, he still remembers his mother's words, and waits for things to grow with a hopeful heart.

SLUMBER SONG.

SHINING moon, why will you rise
Now to dazzle baby's eyes?
Fleecy cloud, unveil the stars,
Dreamland, drop thy silver bars.
To and fro,
Soft and slow,
Baby, sleep.

Little bird, too tired to sing,
Seek the nest and fold the wing;
Sleep is such a heavenly rift,
Through to dreamland let us drift.
To and fro,
Soft and slow,
Baby, sleep.

Softly, softly, breezes blow,
Waft a wind-song light and low;
Waters where the lilies lie
Murmur tender lullaby.
To and fro,
Soft and slow,
Baby, sleep.

Heavy lashes, drooping, press
On the cheek a long caress,
Nearer, dearer, sweet and fair,
Dreamland opens—we are there!
Slumber deep,
Gently keep
My child!—asleep!
—*Hopestill Farnham.*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1491.] **LESSON II.** [July 3.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

Exod. 32. 15-26. Commit to memory vs. 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Little children, keep yourselves from
idola. 1 John 5 21.

OUTLINE.

1. The Tables of Stone.
2. The Calf of Gold.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

How long was Moses in the mount with
God? Forty days and nights.

What did he carry down from the mount?
The tables of stone.

Who wrote the law on these tables? The
Lord.

Who was with Moses? Joshua, his
servant.

What did they find the Israelites doing?
Worshipping a golden calf.

Who had made this for them? Aaron.
Why did he do this wicked thing? Be-
cause the people had lost faith in God.
What had God told them not to do? To
worship any image.

What had the Israelites broken? Their
covenant with God.

What did Moses do in his anger? He
threw down the tables of stone, and broke
them.

What did he do with the golden calf?
He ground it to powder.

Who had not worshipped the calf. The
sons of Levi.

What did Moses tell them to do? To
kill all the idolaters.

How many were killed? About three
thousand.

What does this show? God's hatred of
sin.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

<i>Satan's lie:</i>	<i>God's truth:</i>
God does not see.	"Thou God seest me."
God does not care.	"He careth for you."
God will not deliver.	"He will deliver."

Which do you believe?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Idolatry.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Which are the Ten Commandments? The
same which God spake in the twentieth
chapter of Exodus, saying:—

I. I am the LORD thy God, which have
brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out
of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have
no other gods before Me.

B.C 1491.] **LESSON III.** [July 15.

GOD'S PRESENCE PROMISED.

Exod. 33. 12-23. Commit to memory vs. 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lo, I am with you always, even unto the
end of the world. Matt. 28. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. God's Presence.
2. God's Glory.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who prayed God to forgive Israel's sin?
Moses.

Of whom was Moses a type in this? Of
Jesus, our Advocate.

Who came and talked with Moses? The
Lord.

What did Moses ask the Lord to do?
To go with them through the wilderness.

What promise did the Lord give Moses?
Read ver. 14.

What was Moses unwilling to do? To
go on the journey without the Lord.

What did he ask of the Lord? Some
sign of his presence.

What prayer did he offer? "Show me
thy glory."

Where did the Lord tell Moses to stand?
Near him, upon a rock.

How did the Lord cover Moses? With
his hand.

What then passed by? The glory of the
Lord.

Why could not Moses see God? Because
no man can see his face and live.

Upon what rock may we stand? Upon
the Rock, Christ Jesus.

What shall we see when we stand there?
The glory of the Lord.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

God's promise to Moses, "My presence
shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

God's promise to us, "The Lord shall
guide thee continually."

"Thou art the guide of my youth."
Jer. 3. 4

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The glory of
God.

CATECHISM.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any
graven image, or any likeness of any thing
that is in heaven above, or that is in the
earth beneath, or that is in the water under
the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself
to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD
thy God am a jealous God, visiting the
iniquity of the fathers upon the children
unto the third and fourth generation of them
that hate Me: and showing mercy unto
thousands of them that love Me, and keep
My commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the
LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will
not hold him guiltless that taketh his name
in vain.

FRANK'S LITTLE THOUGHT.

"I've had a little thought, papa," said
Frank Warren the other day.

"Well, sonny, tell it to me," said his
papa.

"Troubles come to women,
Troubles come to men,
Troubles come to children.
Amen."

Frank's papa smiled; but he told the
little boy his thought was good and true.
"But," said he, "now let me give you an-
other to go with it:

"Whenever you have troubles
Or trials on the way,
Go tell them all to Jesus;
And don't forget to pray."

—*Morning Light.*



A SAD TALE.

A SAD TALE.

"Who's afraid of a cat?" said he:

"I'm not afraid of a cat."

He was a bird who sat on a rail,
With five other birds, and this was his tale:

"I'm not afraid of a cat."

"I might be afraid if I were a mouse,

Or even if I were a rat;

But as I'm a bird

I'll give you my word

I'm not afraid of a cat."

A cat and her kittens came down on the
scene,

Five birds flew over the rail;

Our hero was caught,

As quick as a thought,

And didn't he alter his tale?

"You've made a mistake, Mister Cat," said
he;

"You must please let me go, Mister Cat.

I'm not at all nice,

I don't taste like mice;

You'd much better have a young rat."

Said the cat, "It's no use;

You may be a goose—

I'll not let you go for all that."

WHO IS THIS LITTLE GIRL?

I know a bright little girl who can say
Each one of her letters from Z to A,
And is always willing to leave her play
When mamma wants an errand done;
Who knows how to knit, and mend, and sew,
And is neat as wax from top to toe.
She brings her father's slippers and gown,
When he returns from the busy town—
Where he works from morn till the sun goes
down.

We never knew her a falsehood to tell,
What'er she does she loves to do well,
What is her name, do you know?

FRED'S HARD LESSON.

FRED was tired and wanted something
new to play with. Things had gone wrong
all the morning, so when he was left alone for
half an hour his little heart was quite broken.

"Build a nice house with your blocks,
Fred," mamma had said as she went down
stairs. But Fred did not like to see those
troublesome A, B, C's staring him in the
face and saying, "You ought to learn to
read, for you are five years old."

So the busy little brain and the sharp
eyes looked about the room for something
else to do. The cage with the white mice
stood near, and Fred began to wonder if
mice could swim. He went close to them,
and the more he wondered the more anxious
he felt to try them. But he had been told
over and over again never to touch his
brother Howard's mice, and the text he had
learned last Sunday came into his thoughts
just then. "Obey your parents" was what
the teacher had said, and Fred knew that
mamma was his parent, and that obey meant
to do just as she told him.

"I don't think she would care, and
Howard is at school; besides, it is hot to-
day, and I think mouseie would like to go
in the nice cool water." So he thought,
and his conscience became quieter and
quieter, until it stopped talking altogether,
and the "obey your parents" was almost
forgotten. It was the work of a moment
to open the cage-door and catch one of the
pretty tame mice.

Then Fred's little feet trotted off to the
bath-room. Mamma, who was entertaining
company down stairs, heard him and
thought how happy and good her little boy
was to play so nicely by himself.

Poor little mouseie! When he felt him-
self plunged into the cold water he made a
feint struggle and then stopped breathing.
Fred wondered why "Whitie" did not

swim. A sudden fear came over him, and
soon the drowned mouse was carried back
and put in the cage. "He can't be dead,
I only put him in the water, and that
couldn't hurt him. But, oh dear! I wish
he would move just a little, and I wish his
eyes were shut; he stares at me so."

Mamma's step was heard, and Fred
walked away from the cage feeling very
naughty and unhappy.

"Did you build the house, dear?"

"No, mamma."

There was a queer feeling in the boy's
throat, and mamma thought that she heard
something like a sob.

"What have you been doing? No mis-
chief, I hope."

Then with sobs Fred told the whole story.
With a great burst of tears at the close he
said, "Mamma, breathe on it; I know you
can make it alive again."

There was one lesson learned that day
that Fred never forgot—that mamma knew
more than he did. Often when he was
tempted to do wrong the words "Obey your
parents" came to his mind, and stopped the
mischievous little boy from doing what he
had been told not to do.

BUILDING.

NED and Warren are playing with their
blocks. Sometimes Ned builds high towers,
and churches, and bridges, and all sorts of
things. Sometimes when a tower or bridge
is almost finished, down it will fall, because
some block near the bottom was not put in
quite square and right. One day, when
this happened, mamma said: "Do you
know, boys, you are both of you building
your lives? You build in a block each
day. You must make each day right—
build it in square—so that when you are
older your building will stand firm." Ask
mamma or papa what Warren's mamma
meant.

A MISTAKE.

A MAN overcome by his emotions and
bad whiskey lay down beside a fence. A
hog strolling that way in search of food
began rooting about the prostrate figure as
if he thought his discovery was a vegetable
product. The drunken man stupidly opened
one eye, and, observing the grunting beast,
remarked:

"Shu here, piggy! I know that jesh
now I'm not your equal in point of dignity;
nevertheless, I dechire to shay for various
reasons that I'm not a puttater, an' to take
me for one ish a shlander ou the vegetab'e.
If you devour me in my present condition
you'll find me er-very indigeatible."

The hog m...ed ou