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THE SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886.

No. 20



“THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.”—(See next page.)

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886.

"THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET."

BY MRS. M. L. DICKINSON.

"This little pig went to market,"
Softly the story ran,
"And this one staid"—but the little man
Nodded his curly head;
And ten pink toes were folded
Under the dainty gown,
And the mother smiled as she laid the child
In its little bed of down.

The fire died out on the hearth-stone,
The stars shone up in the sky,
And the mother and child were dreaming,
When up from the cradle a cry
Outbroke on the silent shadows:
"O mamma, be quick and come!
This little pig went to market,
And now he's come again home;
And I've got the poor little piggy
Here in my nice, warm bed."
But the mother thought he was dreaming;
"Sleep on, little darling," she said.
"But I can't, for piggy, he wiggles
And wiggles, and won't be done;
Do get him some bread and butter,
For this little pig had none."

Then the mother went to the bedside,
And over her darling bent,
And there was a little white kitten,
Purring in calm content.
"Why, pet, 's only your kitty
Lying upon your arm;
It is cold in her little basket,
She comes to you to get warm."
Said the child, his white lids drooping
Soft o'er his sleepy eyes,
"I thought 'twas the little piggy
That squeals and wiggles and cwees,

I thought that he went to market,
And runned away home again,
And showed me all of his toeses,
And he hadn't so much as ten;
But he said he had as much as thirty,
And I didn't want him to creep
In bed with his thirty toes dirty,
And then"—he was fast asleep.

WASHING THE HEART.

"MAMMA, I said a naughty word; I sweated, I did."

"Did you?" she said; "come here then, and I will get some clean water, and a rag, and some soap, and wash your mouth out."

She then carefully went to work and washed his mouth out thoroughly, after which she pressed her finger down into his throat; and the little fellow felt half-choked. He said:

"What are you doing that for, mamma?"

"Because I want to get down into your heart, and wash your heart out; but I see that I can't do that, so you will have to ask God to do that for you."

"How can God do it?"

"I do not know; he does not tell me."

"I know it came from the heart, mamma, because I thought the naughty word before I said it. But will he wash out my heart if I ask him, mamma?"

"Yes, he will; he promises to do so."

"Then I will ask him."

Away he went to his little room, and kneeling down, he said, "O God, I said a naughty word; I swore, I did; mamma has washed my mouth out, but she can't wash my heart out. O God, please wash my heart out, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

By many this will be regarded as a childish affair, never to be thought of again by the little one; but this calm, judicious mother, whose name I can give to any who may desire it, said to a crowded church in Galveston, "That boy has been changed from that day. I believe he became a Christian from that hour, and he has lived a Christian life ever since. His twin brother looks so much like him, I can scarcely tell them apart, and yet they are totally different from each other in their spiritual life. One is a Christian and the other is not. I see the proof of this over and over again in their everyday life."—*Rev. E. P. Hammond.*

A LITTLE girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, her mind filled with thoughts of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the outside of heaven was so beautiful what must the inside be!"

"I WILL BE GOOD."

WHEN Queen Victoria was a young girl she was purposely not informed that she was one of the nearest heirs to the throne of England. When her right to it was finally being settled a genealogical table, that is, a table showing family descent and the heirs to the throne, was put into her historical books, and she was left to find it out for herself. Can you guess what she said when she found it? These were her words to her governess, the Baroness of Lutzen:

"I am nearer the throne than I thought I was—I will be good."

Was not that noble? She felt that no one could be truly great without being good, and she determined to be as good as she could be, so that she might be the right kind of a queen.

Our Canadian girls will never sit on the throne of an earthly kingdom, but there is a better kingdom in which we shall be crowned, if we are good.

"MEET ME IN THE MORNING."

HE had been absent about a year, the youngest pupil at a boys' school, and now his mother was expecting him every day, and she went about, proud and happy, telling her friends of his improvement in his studies, and always ending with his being so good a boy. Then came a telegram from Willie himself, the first real message of the kind he had ever sent—how funny it seemed, from that baby!—and there was just this simple form, "Meet me in the morning." His mother went about all day with it in her hand, reading it over as if it had been in her child's own handwriting. Then she smiled to herself as she pasted it carefully in a scrap-book, while somebody suggested framing it to hang over the mantel.

But all the friends loved Willie. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, and he did not come in the morning! There came instead the dread news of hasty illness, and his mother hurried to her darling boy; but it was too late. The despoiler had done his work, and the boy was breathing out his little life in the sleep from which he never would fully awaken here. Only once, toward the last, he unclosed his eyes for a moment, and saw the dear mother's face bending over him, when he murmured with dry, husky lips, "Meet me in the morning, mamma." Dear boy, it is morning with him always—the morning light of fairer than Italian skies—while we yet grope among the shadows. But, by and by,

We shall go home at evening,
And find it morning there.

—Selected.



GENTLENESS.

THE BEST BEAUTY.

I know a little fellow
Whose face is fair to see,
But still there's nothing pleasant
About that face to me;
For he's rude and cross and selfish
If he cannot have his way;
And he's always making trouble,
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow
Whose face is plain to see,
But that we never think of,
So kind and brave is he;
He carries sunshine with him,
And everybody's glad
To hear the cheery whistle
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see it's not the features
That others judge us by,
But what we do, I tell you;
And that you can't deny.

The plainest face has beauty
If its owner's kind and true;
And that's the kind of beauty,
My boy and girl, for you.

—Golden Days.

GENTLENESS.

A VERY model of this lovely quality is the little maiden we see in the picture talking to the tiny bird perched confidently on her hand. More than beauty, or ability even, is this disposition to be coveted and admired. Gentleness is a balm in affliction, a stay to anger and a conqueror of the obdurateness of heart which will yield to no other power. Just see how it overcomes, here, the strong instinct of timidity which would compel the little bird to fly from rude approach. Boys need to cultivate gentle manners assiduously; and girls, however pretty in feature, are sadly deformed without them.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF PRAYER.

JENNIE LEE, who was only four years old, no sooner saw work laid aside than she ran to her mother's knee and claimed a seat there. Mrs. Lee lifted her to her lap, and went on busily thinking of her duties and cares, while she rocked herself and Jennie to and fro.

For awhile Jennie amused herself very quietly by winding a string in and out through her fingers. Presently she began talking to herself in a low tone "When I say my prayers, God says, 'Hark, angels, while I hear a little noise.'"

Her mother asked her what noise was that.

"A little girl's noise. Then the angels will do just so [shutting her mouth very tight, and keeping very still for a moment] till I say amen."

Isn't this a sweet thought? I wonder if the children who read this story of little Jennie have ever thought how wonderful it is that God always hears their prayers. He is surrounded by thousands and thousands of angels, and all praising with their golden harps; and yet through all the music and all the praises, he hears the softest prayer of a little child kneeling by the bedside. He must be very loving and very kind to children. We should think he would sometimes forget, and be listening to the beautiful sounds in heaven, instead of the prayer of a child. But he never does. There is never too much singing or too many praises there for him to hear a little girl's noise. Do you not wonder that children do not pray to him much more and much oftener than they do?

A BLACK BOY'S PRAYER.

A MISSIONARY one day observed a little black boy engaged in prayer, and heard him say, "O Lord Jesus, I thank thee for sending big ship into my country, and wicked men to steal me, and bring me here, that I might hear about thee, and love thee. And now, Lord Jesus, I have one great favour to ask thee: please to send wicked men with another big ship, and let them catch my father and my mother, and bring them to this country, that they may hear the missionaries preach, and love thee."

The missionary in a few days after saw the same child standing on the sea-shore, looking very intently as the ship came in.

"What are you looking for Tom?" he asked.

"I am looking to see if Jesus Christ answers prayer," the child replied.

For two years that boy was to be seen day after day, watching the arrival of every ship.

One day as the missionary was viewing him, he observed him capering about, and exhibiting the liveliest joy. Then he said, "Well, Tom, what occasions so much joy?"

"Oh, Jesus Christ answer prayer—father and mother come in that ship;" which was actually the case.

STRAYING LAMBS.

How many lambs are straying,
Lost from the Saviour's fold
Upon the lonely mountains
They shiver with the cold,
Within the tangled thickets,
Where poison vines do creep,
And over rocky ledges,
Wander the poor lost sheep.

Oh, who will go to find them,
Who, for the Saviour's sake,
Will search, with tireless patience,
Through briar and through brake?
Unheeding thirst and hunger,
Who still, from day to day,
Will seek, as for a treasure,
The lambs that go astray.

How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,
Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The lambs that went astray;
Heart-sore, and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And lo! we come at nightfall,
Bearing them safely home.

—Mrs. E. H. Gates.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 30.] LESSON I. [Oct. 3.

JESUS BETRAYED.

John 18. 1-14. Commit to memory vs. 4-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Mark 14. 41.

OUTLINE.

1. The Approach of Judas, v. 1-9.
2. The Defence of Peter, v. 10-11.
3. The Arrest of Jesus, v. 12-14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where did Jesus go with his disciples?
To the garden of Gethsemane.

Why did he go there? To pray.

Who came into the garden? Judas and a band of soldiers.

Who went forth to meet them? Jesus. (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

What did he ask them? "Whom seek ye?"

What did they answer? "Jesus of Nazareth."

What did he tell them? "I am he."

What happened when he said this? They moved back and fell on their faces.

Why did they do this? They were afraid.

What did Jesus say unto them? If you seek me, take me, but let my friends go.

Who was angry when they took Jesus? Peter.

What did he do? He cut off the right ear of the high-priest's servant.

How did Jesus rebuke him? Put up thy sword into the sheath.

What did he say to him? I will drink of the cup my Father has given me.

What did they do with Jesus? They bound him and led him to the high-priest.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

These are very solemn, precious lessons which we are to study this "Quarter."

Each week, in your little rocking-chair, with Bible and Question Book, not only study them, but think over—all about them.

If you will read Matt. 26. 53, 54, you will see that God had power to keep Jesus from being taken (betrayed) at this time; but God's own time had now come for him to die.

DON'T FORGET.

"Jesus was betrayed and followed by a mocking throng,

That I might sing an angel's song."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The dominion of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is religion? Religion is holiness in heart and life.

What is it to be holy in heart? To be holy in heart is to be changed by the Holy Spirit, so as to be saved from sin and to love God.

A.D. 30.] LESSON II. [Oct. 10.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

John 18. 28-40. Commit to mem. vs. 36-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I find in him no fault at all. John 18. 38.

OUTLINE.

1. The Accusers, v. 28-32.
2. The King, v. 33-37.
3. The Robber, v. 38-40.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where did the Jews take Jesus? To the palace of Pontius Pilate.

What was Pilate? Governor of Judea.

What had he power to do? To put Jesus to death.

What did the Jews want him to do? Condemn him to die.

What question did Pilate ask Jesus? "Art thou the King of the Jews?"

What did Jesus answer? "My kingdom is not of this world."

What would have taken place if it had been? His followers would have fought the Jews and kept them from making him prisoner.

What did Jesus declare to Pilate? I am a king.

Of what was Jesus king? King of truth.

Who hear his voice and own him King? Those who have the truth in their hearts.

What did Pilate tell the Jews? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

What did Pilate offer to do? To let Jesus go.

What did the Jews cry out? "Not this man, but Barabbas?"

Who was Barabbas? A robber.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

When Jesus stood before Pilate he knew the day was coming when not only Pilate, but all those cruel, wicked Jews, would stand before him. Then he would be their Judge. Do you think in that great day Jesus will say of them what Pilate said of Jesus in the GOLDEN TEXT?

"No fault in Jesus at all," dear little people!

DON'T FORGET.

"Jesus was rejected and despised that I might stand,

Accepted and forgiven at his right hand."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The truth.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is it to be holy in life? To be holy in life is to do my duty to God and man, according to God's holy word.

What is your duty to God? My duty to God is to worship him, to love him, and to keep his commandments.

THE SABBATH A LOVING DAY.

"MOTHER, I suppose one reason why they call the Sabbath a holy day is because it's such a loving day," said a little boy as he stood up by his father's side and looked up into his mother's face.

"Why, is not every day a loving day?" asked his mother. "I love father, and father loves me, and we both love you and baby every day as well as Sunday."

"Well, you've no time to tell us on week-days," said the little boy. "You have to work, and father has to go off early to his work, and he is so tired when he comes home. But Sunday he takes me on his knee and tells me Bible stories, and we go to church together; and O it's such a loving day!"