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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1887.

[No. 7.]



BABY'S BREAKFAST.

A REASON FOR SMILING.

BERTHA was a little maid  
 Wrapped in blindness' awful shade;  
 Yet her face was all alight  
 With a smile surpassing bright.

"Bertha, tell," I said one day,  
 "Why you look so glad and gay—  
 Brimming full of happiness?  
 What's the joy? I cannot guess!"

In a tone of wondering,  
 Speaking thoughtfully and slow,  
 "Why!" said she, "I didn't know  
 There had happened anything"—  
 Here the laughter rippled out—  
 "To be looking sad about!"

—*Emilie Poulsson, in St. Nicholas.*

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1887.

DOING GOD'S ERRANDS.

HESTER was a little girl who was trying to love and serve Jesus, and she showed her love for him by seeking to please him in all she did. She loved to do errands for her mother, and to have her mother say she was a faithful servant when she did them well.

One day she had been talking with her mother about God. As they got through she looked up with a bright thought beaming in her eyes and said: "Why, mother, God is sending us on errands all the time! Oh, it is so nice to think that I am God's errand-girl!"

"Yes, dear," said her mother. "God has given us all errands to do for him, and plenty of time to do them in, and a book full of directions to show us how to do them. Every day we can tell him what we are trying to do, and ask him to help us; and when he calls us home to himself we

shall have great joy in telling him what we have been trying to do for him."

"I like that," said Hester; "it is very pleasant to be allowed to do errands for God."

"One of my errands," said her mother, "is to take care of you."

"And one of mine, dear mother, is to honour and obey you. I think God has given us very pleasant errands to do."

You know that nothing makes us more happy than to do anything for a person we really love. That is what Jesus meant when he said, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." This is what the Apostle John meant when he said that "His commandments are not grievous." His people serve him from love, and that makes everything they do for him light and pleasant to them. If we can only remember all the time that the duties given us are "errands for God," and that he is our Father in heaven, how easy it will make them all! Every burden will then really be light.

AN IMPATIENT SPIRIT.

"O DO make haste, Jamie; I never saw so tiresome a child. Can't you hurry?" exclaimed Rosa Aldworth, as her little brother, a child of four years, appeared toiling up a long staircase with two heavy books. Rosa caught them from him with an impatient air, and the little fellow, who should have been rewarded with a kiss and a smile, shrunk back abashed.

"Come here, Jamie," called Mrs. Aldworth from the sofa where she lay a helpless invalid, "You have done well, and pleased mamma. Rosa knows it, though she speaks sharply."

"But, mamma," put in Rosa, "I cannot bear slowness; it tries me dreadfully."

"And I can't bear hurry; it tries me dreadfully," returned the mother with a smile. "A great French doctor used to say to his pupils, 'Don't be in haste; we can't afford to be in haste!'"

"How funny!" exclaimed the little girl.

"I don't think so. Whatever is done in a hurry is seldom done well. In the life of Him who is our great example we trace no bustle or fuss; yet he had a great work to do on earth. My little daughter, guard against an impatient spirit which needlessly wounds others, renders you unamiable and unlovable, and makes you altogether fretful and unhappy. Remember that strength to overcome any bad habit or cherished sin can only come from above.—*Our Darlings.*

CHOOSE for heaven rather than for earth.

OUR SOUND-ASLEEP BABY.

A LITTLE warm thing cuddled down in a heap,

Her soft cheeks aflush with the roses of sleep;

Little smiles hidden all safely away,  
 To be brought forth again at the dawn of the day.

Little feet reeking, and little hands too,  
 Which is more than by daylight they ever can do;

Tucked in with many a kiss and caress;  
 May angels watch o'er her! May God ever bless

Our dear little sound-asleep baby!

NOT OUR OWN, BUT CHRIST'S.

DEAR little one, to whom do you belong besides to dear mamma and those about you whom you love so much? You belong to the blessed Saviour, who bought us with his own precious blood. You know that the blood in our bodies is our life. If the blood were lost we could not live a moment. So when our dear Saviour gave his blood for us, he gave his very life. And why did he give his life? why did he leave his happy home in heaven to come and die for us? Because he loved us so much that he wanted us to be happy forever in heaven with him.

Satan tempts us so as to make us wicked like himself; but Jesus bought us for himself with his own precious blood, and he will keep us from sin and Satan if we ask him.

Well, if we are not our own, but belong to Jesus, we must use every part of our body for him. We cannot do for him as Mary and Martha did; but for others we can do acts of kindness, and give little words of love, because we love Jesus; and so it will all be for him.

Did you ever think that your little hands could do something for Jesus by working for others; and your little feet by running readily on some message for one you love; and your tongue, by speaking kindly and gently, even when others speak unkindly to you? Your thoughts also you can, by his help, keep pure and good for him. Whatever we do for Jesus, whose eye is always upon us, he will see and love. How sweet it is to think that we belong to such a loving Saviour!—*Sunday-School Times.*

A SALOON, says an American paper, can no more be run without using up boys, than a flouring-mill without wheat, or a saw-mill without logs. The only question is, "Whose boys? Our neighbour's or our own? Yours or mine?"



## A STITCH AT A TIME.

ONE day Maud said, as she took her sewing in her hand: "O mamma, I do hate to sew a seam! It looks so long and so horrid!"

"Shall I tell you," said mamma, "what to do when it looks 'so long and so horrid?'"

"O yes, please tell me something to make it seem a little better!"

"Well, then, I would just look at the next stitch. You have only to take one stitch at a time, you know; and if you are trying to see how well you can take that one stitch, you will not once think how long the seam is."

When Maud finished her seam that day, and carried it to her mamma, she said, "It was ever so much easier, mamma, to-day;" and Mrs. Gray saw, too, that the seam was sewed much more neatly than Maud had ever sewed one before.

"Remember, Maud," said Mrs. Gray, "that all through life you will find that to look ahead, and think about the steps to be taken, is just to make your work harder. Think of the present moment, and do that moment's work well, and no task will seem too hard for patience and perseverance."

## THE BETTER WAY.

"HELEN is a cross, hateful girl," said Frank.

"O Frank! what are you saying?" exclaimed Aunt Eunice.

"I don't care!" cried Frank. "Helen hid my book, and she would not cover my ball, though I have done lots of things for her. I don't want to speak to her again."

Aunt Eunice was sorry to hear Frank say this. It quite spoiled their walk through the woods.

"Hark! what is that?" cried Frank. He ran and peeped over the bank. "Come quick, Aunt Eunice; it is Helen's pet lamb. It has wandered off here and got hurt, poor thing!" Then he stopped suddenly, and

said: "I'll let it find its own way home; that is how I will pay Helen back for the manner in which she has treated me."

"O Frank! can't you think of a better way to pay her back?"

Frank was a Sunday-school boy. He knew what Jesus says about being kind, even to those who are not kind to us. Would Frank try to please Jesus? Yes, he would; he did. He took the lamb in his arms and ran home.

"Hello, Helen!" he cried, "here is your lamb. I found it down a steep bank in the woods."

When Frank saw how happy he had made Helen, he felt just like forgiving her "cross, hateful ways."

"You are right, Aunt Eunice," he said. "It is better to pay people back with kind deeds than with evil ones."

## SWEETLY THE BIRDS ARE SINGING.

SWEETLY the birds are singing,

At Easter dawn;

Sweetly the bells are ringing,

On Easter Day.

And the words that they say

On this glad Easter Day,

Are Christ the Lord is risen.

Birds! forget not your singing,

At Easter dawn;

Bells! be ye ever ringing,

On Easter morn.

In the spring of the year,

When Easter is here,

Sing Christ the Lord is risen.

Buds! ye will soon be flowers,

Cheery and white;

Snow-storms are changing to showers,

Darkness to light.

When the awakening of spring,

O sweetly sing

Lo! Christ the Lord is risen.

Easter buds were growing,

Ages ago!

Easter lilies were blowing

By the water's flow.

All nature was glad,

Not a creature was sad,

For Christ the Lord is risen.

HARRY and Charlie—aged five and three respectively—have just been seated at their nursery table for dinner. Harry sees that there is but one orange on the table, and immediately sets up a wailing that brings his mother to the scene. "Why, Harry, what are you crying for?" she asks. "Because there ain't any orange for Charlie!"

## HOW WORDS COME.

A GOOD many wise heads have often been bothered about the origin of language. Many learned explanations have been given. A little girl was wearying over her spelling-book. At last, in a distressful tone, she said to her brother, a few years older than herself, "O Paul, where do all these miserable words come from?"

"Why, Gracie, you dunce, don't you know? It is because people quarrel so much! Whenever they quarrel, one word brings on another, and that's the reason we have such a long string of them!"

"I wish they'd stop it," sighed Gracie, "then the spelling-book wouldn't be so big!" Paul's explanation was funny, if not quite correct.

## TROUBLE INSIDE.

ROBBIE loved the roses, and had coaxed his mamma to let him have his own bush, of which he was very proud; and when it first bloomed he clapped his hands and almost shouted, he was so happy.

But next morning when he ran out, the first thing after breakfast, to view his new beauty, he looked hard at it a moment and burst into a cry; it was all withered and faded. He ran back to tell uncle, who went with him and pulled open the rose, showing him a little worm in the heart that had caused all the mischief.

One worm, only one, will destroy the finest rose, and there is something like it in us—one sin, only one, will spoil the sweetest child, unless Jesus cast it out.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S LOGIC.

A GIRL six years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine, celebrated for his logical powers.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says."

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese; it isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Get your Bible and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis, and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery. "I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true; for God made the moon before he made any cows."

## MOTHER'S DARLING.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEDY.

SUNNY head alight with curls,  
Rosebud mouth with rows of pearls,  
Eyes that rival violets' hue,  
Clear and bright as heaven's blue—  
That's mother's darling.

Rounded chin where dimples hide,  
Cheeks that shame the roses' pride,  
Little face all bright with smiles,  
Laughter that all hearts beguiles—  
That's mother's darling.

Little hands that ne'er are quiet,  
Curls where sunbeams run wild riot,  
Little tongue in motion ever,  
Chattering on and tiring never—  
That's mother's darling.

Little soul to lead to God,  
Feet to guide in duty's road,  
Little hearts to love his will,  
Little duties to fulfil—  
That's mother's darling.

May her life be sunshine ever,  
Shadowed o'er by sorrow never,  
May she rest in Jesus' love  
Till she sings his praise above—  
Bless mother's darling.

## SENDING LOVE.

THE little Indian girls in some of the northern tribes of America have a pretty custom.

When a little friend dies the children set snares and catch birds.

A little girl, holding the pretty bird tenderly in her hand, will talk to it in this way:

"O, little bird, our dear Laughing Eyes has gone away at the call of the Great Spirit. She can no longer see our faces or hear our voices. We are sad and lonely without her, and we want you to fly away and tell her that we love her, and our hearts are sad because she has gone. Go, dear little bird, and bear our message to Laughing Eyes." And then they set the bird free, and it flies away.

It is very sweet to send love, but it is even sweeter to give it. While our dear friends are still with us, while they can look into our eyes, and hear our words of love, let us speak them freely. Some day mother, sister, brother, all will be gone beyond our reach. Let us speak the tender, thoughtful, loving word while we may!

I HAVE seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles who could be trusted in matters of importance.—*Paley.*

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1728.] LESSON I. [April 3.

## JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

*Gen. 37. 23-30.**Commit to memory vs. 26-28.*

## GOLDEN TEXT.

But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy. Gen. 39. 21.

## OUTLINE.

1. A Brother.
2. A Bondman.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who was Jacob's favourite son? Joseph the child of Rachel.

Why did Jacob love him best? Because he was good.

How did he honour him above the others? He gave him a costly robe of bright colours.

How did his brothers feel toward him? They hated him.

What did Jacob command Joseph to do? To go and bring him word of the safety of his brothers.

Where were his brothers? Miles away, tending their flocks.

What did they plan to do when they saw Joseph coming? To kill him.

How did they treat him when he came near? Took off his rich robe, and cast him into a pit.

What did they finally do with him? They sold him as a slave to the Ishmaelites.

What did they do with his coat of many colours? They covered it with blood.

To whom did they bring it? To Jacob.

How was Jacob deceived by it? He thought Joseph had been eaten by wild beasts.

How did he mourn for him? As one who would not be comforted.

Who was with Joseph? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

## WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Do the fine clothes, or books, or toys of your playmates ever make you envious?

Who dwells in an envious, hateful heart?

Will there be any proud or envious people in heaven?

"Love envieth not."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of sin.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

Will he call us to account for all we think and do? At the last day God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

B.C. 1715.] LESSON II. [April 10]

## JOSEPH EXALTED.

*Gen. 41. 38-48.**Commit to memory vs. 38-40*

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass. Psa. 37. 5.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Counsellor.
2. The Ruler.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

How did God sometimes reveal his will to men before Jesus came? By dreams and visions.

Who was troubled with a strange dream? Pharaoh, king of Egypt.

For whom did he send to interpret it? For Joseph.

What did Joseph tell him? That there should be seven years of plenty and seven years of famine in the land.

What did he advise Pharaoh to do? To store away part of the grain during the seven years of plenty.

For what reason? So as to have grain for the seven years of famine.

What did Pharaoh say unto Joseph? "There is none so wise as thou art."

Why was Joseph wiser than all the wise men of Egypt? Because he was taught of God.

How did Pharaoh exalt Joseph? He made him ruler over all the land.

Who only was greater? The king himself.

Who was the real giver of Joseph's riches and honours? The Lord.

Why did God bless and honour Joseph? Because he trusted and obeyed him.

Whom will he always bless? Those who love and serve him. (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

## WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Remember—

That Joseph obeyed God when tempted to sin against him.

That Joseph trusted God in time of trouble.

That Joseph honoured God before an idolatrous king. Therefore God blessed and honoured Joseph.

"Them that honour me I will honour."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The providence of God.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

Does God love you? Yes, God loves everything which he has made.