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# THE SUNBEAM

Vol. I.

MAY 15, 1880.

No 10



## THE CARE- LESS MOTHER.

**W**HAT a  
careless  
little

mother Lottie is, to be sure, to let her Dolly tumble out of her arms that way. Supposing her own mamma had let her tumble on her head like that, how would she like it, I wonder. She would very likely have been killed, I am afraid. But there was no fear of mamma going to sleep, and letting her darling get such a fall. She loved her too much for that. Do you ever think, dear children of the watchful love and patient care of your kind parents, when

THE CARELESS MOTHER.

you were helpless little babes? Perhaps sitting up night after night by your bed when you have been sick! And do you think of that All-seeing Eye that slumbereth not, nor sleepeth, but keeps watch and ward over you day and night all your life long? Should you not love and thank God very much for his loving care, and for your home, and friends, and teachers, and all the other blessings He gives you, and, above all, for the gift of His dear Son?

## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 15, 1880.

### TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK.



**A** SWISS colporteur entered a three-storey house, in which, according to the custom of the country, three different families lived. He began with the highest storey, and sold copies of the Scriptures in this and in the next. On inquiring about the family on the ground floor, he was warned not to enter, but he did enter. He found both the man and his wife at home. He offered his bibles; his offer was replied to with abuse, and a positive order to leave the house instantaneously; he, however, stayed, urging them to buy and read God's Holy Word. The man then rose in a violent rage and struck him a severe blow on the cheek. Up to this moment the colporteur stood quietly with his knapsack on his back. He now deliberately unstrapped it, laid it on the table, and turned up the sleeve of his right arm, all the while steadily looking his opponent in the face. The colporteur was a very strong man. Addressing his opponent, he said:

"Look at my hand, its furrows show that I have worked; feel my muscles, they show that I am fit for work. Look me straight in the face; do I quail before you? Judge then for yourself if it is fear that mo'es

me to do what I am about to do. In this book my Master says, 'When they smite you on one cheek, turn to them the other also.' You have smitten me on one cheek, here is the other! Smite! I will not return the blow."

The man was thunderstruck. He did not smite, but bought the book, which, under the influence of God's Spirit, works marvels in the human heart.

### DOLLY'S CHRISTENING.

"**I**'LL be the goodest little girl  
That ever you did see,  
If you'll let me take my dolly  
To church with you and me.  
It's too drefful bad to leave her  
When we's all gone away.  
Oh, Cosette will be so lonesome  
To stay at home all day!"

'Twas such a pleading pair of eyes  
And winsome-little face  
That mamma couldn't well refuse,  
Though church was not the place  
For dolls and playthings, she well knew;  
Still, mamma's little maid  
Was always so obedient,  
She didn't feel afraid.

No mouse was ever half so still  
As this sweet little lass  
Until the sermon was quite through;  
Then this did come to pass:  
A dozen babies (more or less),  
Dressed in long robes of white,  
Were brought before the altar-rail—  
A flash of heaven's own light.

Then Mabel stood upon the seat,  
With dolly held out straight;  
And this is what the darling said:  
"O minister, please to wait  
And wash my dolly up like that—  
Her name its Cosette." [head,  
The "minister" smiled and bowed his  
But mamma blushes yet.



## THE LITTLE IMMIGRANTS.

“WELL, my little hearties, how are you to-day?” said Tom Lanyard, the ship’s carpenter, to Bertie and Nelly Stinson, who, with their papa and mamma, were sailing in the good ship *Dominion*, from Liverpool to Quebec.

“Pretty well, thank you, sir,” piped little Nelly; and Bertie replied, quite man-like, “Oh, I’m all right, I haven’t been sea-sick a bit.”

“What’s to make you sea-sick, my little man?” asked Tom. “Sure the sea’s as calm as a mill-pond. Wait till you see the waves dashing over the bulwarks there. Then you’ll sing another tune.”

“I’m afraid we won’t sing at all,” said bright little Nellie. “But, Mr. Carpenter,” she went on, “what is Canada like? Do you think we shall like it?”

“Like it? Of course you will! You can’t help liking it. ’Tis the finest country under the sun.”

“What! better than dear old England?” exclaimed Bertie.

“Yes, of course it is,” said Tom. “The sky is ever so much higher. The air clear, and pure, and bright. I tell ye I’m glad to get to the Canadian side of the water. Would stay there all the time if I could.”

“But isn’t it awfully cold in winter, and don’t the bears and wolves eat little children up?” asked Nelly.

“Ha! ha! What a notion,” laughed Tom. “Our bright clear winter in Canada is far better than the rain and fog of London; and as for bears and wolves, why my little folks, who live in Montreal, never saw a live bear or wolf in their lives.”

“Oh, I’m so glad,” shouted Nelly. “Come, let us tell mamma, Bertie, and away the dear little innocence went. While rough old Tom Lanyard said to himself, “God bless ye, darlings, ye make me think of my own little kids

at home. And God bless them too, and their mother along with them.”

## IT STINGS.

“HOW pretty!” cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father’s mansion. The next moment the child’s face grew red with terror, and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking, “It stings! It stings!”

What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful and sweet-smelling flower. How could it hurt the child’s hand? I will tell you.

A busy little bee, in search of a dinner, had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossom, and was sucking the nectar from it most heartily when Sammy’s fat hand disturbed him; so, being vexed with the child, he stung him. That’s how Sammy’s hand came to be stung.

Sammy’s mother washed the wound with hartshorn, and when the pain was gone, she

said: "Sammy, my dear, let this teach you that many pretty things have very sharp stings."

Let every child take note of this: "Many pretty things have very sharp stings." It may save them from being stung if they keep this truth in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty. A boy, once went to the circus because the horses were pretty and their riders gay, but he learned to swear there, and thus that pretty thing—the circus—stung him.

Another boy once thought wine a pretty thing: he drank it, and learned to be a drunkard. Thus wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious pear from a basket and ate it. Being asked if she had done so, and fearing she would not get another if she said "Yes," she replied "No." She got another pear, and then felt so stung that she could not sleep.

Thus you see that sin, however pretty it looks, stings. It stings sharply, too. It stings fatally. The Bible says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

If you let sin sting you nothing can heal the wound but the blood of Jesus. If you feel the smart of the sting, go to Jesus with it, and He will cure it. After that never forget that many pretty things have very sharp stings, and be careful not to touch, taste or handle such things.

A GIRL, who had been very observant of her parents' mode of exhibiting their charity, being asked what generosity was, answered: "It's giving to the poor all the old stuff you don't want yourself."

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#### LESSON NOTES.

A.D. 29.] LESSON VIII. [May 23.

THE JUDGMENT; or, The Enthroned Saviour.

*Matt. 25. 31-46. Commit to memory verses 34-40.*

##### THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus was now near the city of Jerusalem, where he was soon to die. He told his disciples about the day of judgment at the end of the world. He said that he, the Son of man, will come in glory with the angels, and sit upon his throne. All the people of the world shall come before him, and shall be divided into two parts, just as a shepherd separates his sheep from his goats. Then he will say to the good upon his his right hand, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in." And they shall wonder when they did such things to their Lord and Master; but he will say, "What you have done for my sake to my people on earth is just the same as if done to me." Then he will turn to those on his left, the wicked, and say, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devils and his angels."

A.D. 29.] LESSON IX. [May 30.

GETHESEMANE; or, The Submissive Saviour.

*Matt. 26. 36-50. Commit to memory verses 38-41.*

##### THE LESSON STORY.

The last night of Jesus' life had come. He sat with his disciples at supper, and then went with them to a garden of olive-trees called Gethsemane. Here he left most of the disciples, but, taking three of them, Peter, James, and John, into the garden, he told them to watch while he prayed, for he was troubled in soul. He went a little farther, and, falling on his face, he prayed. Then he arose and went to the three disciples, but found them all fast asleep. He said, "What! could ye not watch with me one hour?" Then, knowing how tired they were, he said: "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." Then he went again, and prayed a second time that the cup of trouble might be spared, if it were God's will. He came a second time to the disciples, and found them again asleep; so he left them, and prayed again with the same words. Then he came again to the sleeping disciples, saying, "It is too late to watch now, for the enemies have come to take me. Rise up, let us go." At once came one of his own disciples, Judas Iscariot, and with him soldiers and a crowd of people to seize Jesus. He came up and kissed Jesus, as a sign to the soldiers. The soldiers then came up and took away Jesus.