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# THE SUNBEAM

Vol. I.

APRIL 3, 1880.

No. 7.



NETTIE AND HER DOG.

## NETTIE AND HER DOG.

**W**HAT a pretty picture Nettie and her dog make. Don't they? I am sure she is kind to Carlo, or he could not lean so trustfully in her lap. He looks as if she were holding him to have his likeness taken. I like to see children fond of pets, especially of dogs. They may often learn generous and noble lessons from these dumb companions, who oftentimes show a disposition that those more highly gifted by God might well imitate.

—○—  
YE are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.

## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 3, 1880.

### DANGEROUS SMARTNESS.

**A** LITTLE while ago, it is said, a farmer set a trap with a tempting bait to catch a fox which was making unwelcome and expensive visits to his hen-roost.

When the farmer went to see his trap it had been sprung, or "touched off." The bait was gone, and instead of a live captured fox there was only a quiet stick of wood fast in the jaws of the trap.

This happened for fourteen nights. The farmer could see no tracks but his own and those of the fox. It perhaps seemed discouraging work to furnish baits only to have them stolen.

But the man persevered; he did not give up, and think, "Well, it's no use." No; he baited once more, and on the fifteenth night he found a fine old fox with his nose fast in the strong jaws of the trap, and in his mouth was a stick of wood. Once too often he had tried his sharp game of springing the trap and stealing the bait. He was caught at last.

This little story shows that some kinds of smartness are dangerous. The fox was cunning, but his cute tricks cost him dear.

Sometimes human beings, as well as foxes, try to gain something by sharp tricks. They seem to enjoy for awhile the fruits of their dishonest doings. They may many times escape catching, but they generally get "nabbed" at last.

Lying, cheating, pilfering, disobeying, and other naughty doings may seem to be profitable for awhile, but by and by the trap snaps in an unexpected way, and the evil-doer is caught and punished, or found out and put to shame. The safest and best way is to do right.

### A CHILD'S HYMN.

**I**N our work and in our play,  
 Jesu, be Thou ever near,  
 Guarding, guiding all the day,  
 Keeping in Thy holy fear.

"Thou didst toil a lowly child  
 In the far-off Holy Land,  
 Blessing labour undefiled,  
 Pure and honest of the hand.

"Thou wilt bless our play hour too,  
 If we ask Thy succour strong;  
 Watch o'er all we say or do,  
 Hold us back from guilt and wrong.

"Oh! how happy thus to spend  
 Work and playtime in His sight,  
 Till the rest which shall not end,  
 Till the day which knows no night."

A LADY who admires the SUNBEAM writes to the Editor as follows:—"I wish the pictures that adorn our little SUNBEAM were of boys and girls with uncovered brows. Could we not have the human face divine without a shade? In our Sunday School we have both *Pleasant Hours* and SUNBEAM and are well pleased with them. May God bless you and all the children." Now we can't brush the hair off the forehead of the pictures. But we hope each of our readers will brush it off his or her own forehead.

### APPLES, GRAPES, AND GRAIN.

**E**AT them and you'll find them good,  
 Nothing better for your food;  
 Drink them and you'll poison find  
 For the body and the mind.

*Eat* them, you'll be well and strong,  
 Happy as the day is long;  
*Drink* them, soon with footsteps slow  
 Staggering on your way you'll go.

Come, then, friends, come one, come all,  
 Listen to our temperance call,  
 Pure c'ld water ever'll be  
 The best drink for you and me.—*Bx.*



### THE SELFISH BABY.

"PLEASE, baby," says young Rover,  
 "One little bite for me;  
 The cake is such a big one,  
 And full as it can be  
 Of plums that would taste splendid  
 To such a dog, you see."

"No, no," says selfish baby,  
 "This cake is very nice,  
 I cannot let you have a bit  
 Of it at any price.  
 My mamma knows how much I need,  
 She gave me all the slice."

"Then eat it," says wise Rover,  
 "I know 'twill make you sick,  
 And I shall be revenged on you  
 In that way, very quick;  
 For too much cake will punish you  
 As surely as a stick."

"And baby, you will learn at last,  
 What all learn soon or late,  
 That only sad unhappiness  
 On selfishness can wait;  
 For kindly angels never come  
 To children through that gate."—*Myrtle.*

### IN THE NAME OF CHRIST.

A COUNTRYMAN sold a lot of fire-wood to a gentleman in the city. When the wood was delivered the gentleman gave him a check upon a certain bank. The countryman looked at it awhile, and then said, "This is not money."

"But if you take it to the bank it will get you the money."

"I have no money in the bank," remarked the countryman.

"Very true," answered the gentleman; "but go with that piece of paper to the bank, hand it to the man behind the counter, and when he sees my name upon it he will instantly give you the money."

When the countryman went to the bank, authorized to use the name of the gentleman, it was the same as if the gentleman himself had gone; for the name stood for the person, and the two were, for the time and the purpose to be accomplished, but one. If it had not been for the name the countryman might have begged, and entreated, and prayed for the money, until handed over to the police; but the name, the name alone, secured him audience and acceptance. When we pray in the name of Jesus, we go to God conscious of the fact that we deserve nothing on our own account, but equally conscious of the fact that through the infinite riches of grace we are one with Christ.

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

**I**T is not the walls of the building in which you live that makes your earthly home but the company of those you love.

A little boy about four or five years old was returning from school one day. He bounded into the house, exclaiming as he hung his hat up in the entry, "This is my home! this is my home!"

A lady was then on a visit to his mother and was sitting in the parlour. She said to him, "Willie, the house next door is just the same as this; suppose you go in there and hang your hat up in the lobby, wouldn't that be your home as much as this?"

"No, ma'am," said Willie, very earnestly, "it would not."

"Why not?" asked the lady. "What makes this house your home more than that?"

Willie had never thought of this before. But after a moment's pause he ran up to his mother, and throwing his arms around her neck, he said, "Because my dear mother lives here."

It is the presence and company of those we love which makes our earthly home; and it is just so with our heavenly home—that home to which our dear Saviour has gone.

A little Sunday School boy lay upon his dying bed. His teacher sat at the bedside holding the hand of his scholar. "I'm going home to heaven," said the little fellow.

"Why do you call heaven your home?" asked the teacher.

"Because Jesus is there."

"But suppose," said the teacher, "that Jesus should go out of heaven?"

"Then I would go out with Him," said the dying child. This dear child loved Jesus.

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LESSON NOTES.

A.D. 27.] LESSON II. [April 11.  
THE INVITATION OF CHRIST; or, Christ the Revealer.  
Matt. 11. 20-30. Commit to memory verses 27-30.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus was living at a city called Capernaum, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. There he wrought many wonderful miracles, healing the sick and giving sight to the blind. Yet the people of the city and of the villages Chorazin and Bethsaida, which were near by, refused to believe in him. He told them that if the people of the heathen cities, Tyre and Sidon, had seen such miracles, they would have turned to God; that Sodom, upon which God sent fire from heaven for its sins, would have been saved if its people could have seen his mighty works and heard his words, and that God would surely punish those who were so near his Son, yet would not believe in him. Then Jesus gave thanks to his Father, that while the wise and the great had not believed those who were like children in their hearts had received him.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Matt. 11. 28.

A.D. 27.] LESSON III. [April 18.  
THE WHEAT AND THE TARES; or, Christ the Divider.  
Matt. 13. 24-30, 37-43. Commit to memory vrs. 40-43.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus once told a parable or story about "the wheat and the tares." He said that a man once sowed good seed in his field; but while he was asleep an enemy came and scattered the seed of a weed called "tares" among the wheat, and then went away. By and by the wheat and the tares grew up together. The workmen of the farm asked the owner, "Shall we pull up the tares?" But he said, "No; for then you would root up the wheat with them. Let them grow together until the harvest-time. Then I will tell the reapers to take out the tares from the wheat and burn them, and afterward to store up the wheat in the barn." When the disciples came to Jesus and asked the meaning of all this, he said: "The field is the world, in which the good are the children of God, and the wicked are the children of Satan, his enemy. But both good and evil are together until the judgment day. Then God will send his angels to take out the wicked, who shall be destroyed forever, while the good shine like the sun in their Father's kingdom."

GOLDEN TEXT.

The harvest is the end of the world. Matt. 13. 39.