

SUNBEAM

GOD LOVES TO HEAR.

BY CHARLES H. DORRIS.

Little children, kneel in prayer
When the morning throbs with light,
Thanking God for kindest care
Through the watches
of the night.

Little children, live in
prayer
Through the changing
hours of day;
For God's presence
everywhere
Stop and thank him
by the way.

Little children, kneel in
prayer
When the sun sinks
in the west;
God has given boun-
teous fare,
Now he gives you
peace and rest.

Little children, for your
prayer,
Welling from an hon-
est heart,
God will give a Father's
care.
And from you will
never part.

SAGACITY OF A FAVORITE DOG.

BY MRS. C. R. JOSSELYN.

Bonaparte, or Bony, as usually called, was the name borne by our old friend, purchased on account of his immense size and build, for a watch-dog at the store.

But for all his ferocious appearance, his noble and—when off duty—gentle and domestic qualities soon caused him to become the pet of the household; and children on the street frolicked with him as one of their own playmates.

Bony was much attached to a little child, just old enough to sit alone upon

the floor, who for some months was an inmate of the family. He would lie down beside her, allow her to pass her tiny hands through his long hair, and use her fists as hammers upon his prostrate body,

damp, left prints upon the white matting; and as he approached the babe, his mistress, fearing for the clean white frock, involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, Bony, your dirty paws!" The dog immediately raised each paw in succession; licked it clean carefully, and then stretched himself contentedly beside the child. The remark was made at the time "If we had read this we would not have credited it."

Changes occurring in business, the store was closed and Bony became the home dog. His favorite position on summer evenings was at the open street door, in the front hall, his fore-paws hanging over the threshold. One evening it chanced his mistress was to be alone through the night. Heavy clouds were gathering, and a thunder-storm of considerable violence was imminent. A caller expressed regret, on going out of the door, to have the lady stay alone, and remarked, "I wish Patrick" (a former servant in the family, then living some quarter of a mile below) "could come and sleep in the house." The evening was sultry, and the lady afterward sat reading with open doors. By and by the dog sprang to his feet, hunted a short distance down the road, rushed back to his mistress' side, repeating it several times, with



BONAPARTE.

with apparent delight. During a summer shower, he ran in through an open door to the room where the child sat upon the floor, at her mother's feet, busy with playthings scattered about. His feet being

apparent anxiety, so that at last the lady followed him to the door, if possible to ascertain the cause. The night had become fearfully dark, footsteps were approaching. Bony left her side, and sprang joy-