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FAST FRIENDS.

It is difficult from the picture to say which of the two appears most interested in the book before them—the dog or his little mistress. There they are, both sitting over the open book, and one of them, at least, absorbed in its contents.

It is very sure that the collie dog, with his handsome face, cares very little for the contents of the book so long as he can be in the presence of the little girl.

He is evidently an unselfish dog, for he is willing to give up his romp in the open air because of his love for her.

But it will not be long before the chapter will be finished and his mistress will then get up and go out for a run in the fields, and the faithful animal will be thoroughly rewarded for his patience, and in his joy will forget all about the dull moments he spent over a book he could not understand.

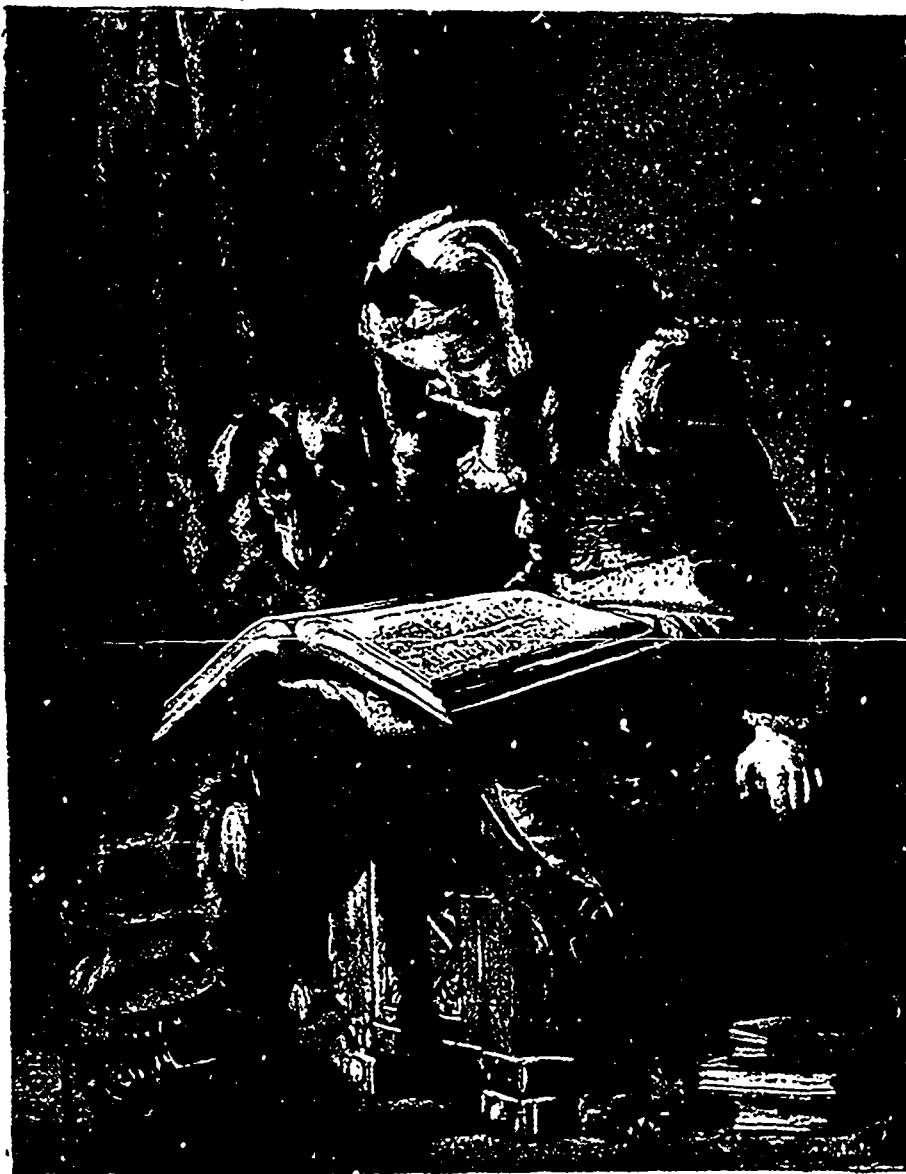
What a good example of a true and unselfish friendship.

THE EGG GIRL.

EVERYBODY likes to hear stories that tell of courage, whether in men and women or boys and girls. People generally suppose that boys are more likely to be brave, but sometimes a little girl shows as much courage as anybody.

Miss Eliza S. Quincy has recently told a very interesting story of a brave little girl who showed her courage in the time of the Revolutionary War.

Colonel Tallmadge commanded a detachment of dragoons in 1777, and was stationed halfway between Philadelphia, the British headquarters, and Valley Forge,



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where General Washington was encamped with the American army. He received orders one day to go to a little tavern just outside of the British line, where a young girl, who had been in the enemy's camp, would meet him and give him valuable papers.

Colonel Tallmadge and a few men rode to the tavern. He alighted, and, going up to the porch, was met by a smiling, pretty little country girl of fifteen, in a sunbonnet, carrying a basket of eggs,

The bullets whizzed around the little egg-seller, who clung closer to the sword belt, gasping out,

"Don't mind me. Fire again."

She escaped unharmed. Colonel Tallmadge rode with her that day to Germantown, and left her in her own home, which I suspect she was very glad to see again.

We all need courage in this world, and life is often compared to a battle. The Bible says we shall all of us have to fight the good fight of faith, and there will be

which she offered to him for sale. He saw the papers beneath the eggs, and, pretending to joke with her, managed to secure them unseen. At that moment one of his men dashed into the house shouting,

"The British! The British!"

Tallmadge ran out, to see a large body of the enemy's mounted troops coming at full speed. He leaped upon his horse, calling to his men to fly, when the poor little spy fell upon her knees, crying,

"They will kill me! They know I did it! Don't leave me!"

"They will kill me if I stay here," shouted the colonel, but he held his horse still a moment. "Can you ride?" he said.

"Yes; an ox—anything, to get away," she replied,

"Jump up behind me. Hold by my sword," said the colonel.

She scrambled up, and he put spurs to his horse and followed his men. The British gained on them, and fired volley after volley, which Tallmadge and his troop of dragoons would return, wheeling and firing, and then letting their horses run again as fast as they could.