

SOMETHING NEW.

▲ showman to the jungle went,
And caught a fierce young gnu.
Said he: "I'll teach him to perform,
And sell him to the Zoo."

This man was very much surprised,
And quite delighted too;
For, lo! each quick and novel trick
The new gnu knew.

—St. Nicholas.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 15, 1902.

HE SEES.

A little girl came to ask her pastor about becoming a church member. She had been living as a Christian for nine months, had been well taught, and answered the usual questions promptly and properly. At last the pastor said: "Nellie, does your father think that you are a Christian?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you told him?"

"No, sir."

"How, then, does he know?"

"He sees."

"How does he see that?"

"He sees that I am a better girl."

"What else does he see?"

"He sees that I love to read my Bible and to pray."

"Then you think he sees that you are a Christian?"

"I know that he does; he can't help it."

She was sure her father knew that she was a Christian, because he could not help seeing it in her life.—*Westminster Quarterly.*

DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

"For one, I don't believe in dreams," said Alice. "If I did I should be dreadfully frightened, for I had such a terrible dream last night. I thought I was in a deep wood, and a great black snake came out and dragged me off to his cave under the ground."

"Just then I woke up. Some people would be scared, but not I, 'cause I don't believe in dreams."

"I don't either," said little Jean, "but if I did I'd expect something fine to happen, I had such a lovely dream last night. I thought I was in a beautiful meadow, full of flowers, and birds singing all about. A sparkling little brook ran through it, and a tiny boat came up, rowed by the loveliest lady I ever saw. I got in, and we floated down the stream—till—mother called me to get up."

Mother had been listening to the girls' dreams. "Do you remember, little ones," she said, "that God once talked to people through their dreams? He doesn't talk to us now in just the same way, and yet I think dreams have their meaning. Alice, when I heard your dream, I thought of the party you went to last night. You had a big supper, and you came home late, too late to say your little prayer."

"I rather think the bad dream was sent as a warning, and so it had a real meaning. Jean went to bed at the right hour for little girls, and she went with a laugh and a song, and she remembered her prayer. No wonder her dreams were sweet—I think it must have meant a blessing on my little girl."

Alice looked at Jean, "I think, mother, I do believe in dreams," she said, "I believe God still talks to us when we are asleep—and I think it means something too."

MAMMA'S LITTLE SUNSHINE.

When Dorothy came home from school, mamma was leaning back in the armchair, looking very tired, almost sad. She had been thinking some thoughts that made her head ache; I might almost say that made her heart ache too. Her little daughter had left home that day after dinner acting a little naughty. When she could not have her own way, she sometimes got cross and said very angry words; and she was beginning to talk that way when she started for school. This spoiled mamma's whole afternoon. She said to herself: "What if my little girl, whom I love so dearly, and for whom I am doing so much, should stop loving me and trying to do the things that please me?"

This would be the saddest thing that could happen to her, and the very thought of it made her heart ache. But when Dorothy came home from school she saw her mamma looking so sad, and she ran to her, threw her arms around her neck, and

said: "O mamma dear, I do love you so! And won't you please excuse me for being to naughty before I went to school?"

"Yes, my dear, I will excuse you. You have done me so much good just now, for I was feeling very sad when you came home; but you have driven away the soreness from my heart, and you and I will be the best and dearest of friends. Won't we, Dorothy?"

And Dorothy smiled sweetly, and gave her mamma one more kiss to show her how much she loved her, and that she meant to be her good, obedient child.—*Olive Plants.*

A MEMORY OF THE NILE.

BY EMMA SMULLER CARTER.

Dark-eyed daughter of the Nile,
Still 'a dreams I see thee stand
With the river at thy feet
And the green of growing wheat
Lying softly o'er the land.

Here beside my Northern fire,
Pictured clear before my eyes,
I can see the changing shore
And the storied stream once more,
Arched by cloudless Eastern skies.

Gliding, gliding ever on,
Tomb and tower and town pass by,
Golden glow on distant roofs,
Weary call from far shadoofs
Mingled with the boatman's cry.

And thou, vision young and fair,
Standing where the rippling waves
Sing their ceaseless lullaby
To the hallowed shores where lie
The dead centuries in their graves.

Gazing down this stream of time,
Fain thy future to forecast,
What to thee the gathered glooms
Round the old world's rock-hewn tombs,
Buried dead of long-dead past.

Lovely vision, this I read
In thy calm, expectant smile,
In the sweet hope of thine eyes,
Luminous as midnight skies
Bent above this river Nile:

Hope immortal still shall rise,
Goddess-like, on Time's worn strand,
Full of promise fresh and sweet,
Ev'n as living grains of wheat
Dropped from mummy's withered hand.

Future gain from former loss,
Good from seeming ill shall spring;
Crumbled kingdoms of to-day
Shall to-morrow pave the way
For the coming of the King.

There is nothing more foolish than trying to live a religious life without any religion.

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STUDIES I

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