

LOVELINESS.

Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain.
On her cheeks no tints of rose
Pale and blushed or sought repose;
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went,
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent;
So full many a beautiful thing,
In her young soul blossoming,
Gave content.

—King's Own.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 18, 1902.

HE WOULD NOT BE TEMPTED.

A certain boy, who had been taught the nature of strong drink, and who had promised ever to shun it, was sent to a school, the master of which was not a teetotaler. One day the master, being in a friendly mood, offered the boy a glass of wine, which he declined. Wishing to see how far he could be tempted, he urged the boy to drink the wine, and finally promised him the gift of a watch if he would only drink. The boy declined, saying, "Please don't tempt me; if I keep a teetotaler I can some day buy a watch of my own; but if I drink and take your watch I may later on have to pawn it to get bread." He taught the schoolmaster a lesson.—*Temperance News.*

BABY SAVED HIM.

A poor, disconsolate mother, the wife of a drunkard, had a home barren of

everything but a blue-eyed, two-year-old girl in rags. The father abused the little one and its mother, and in his quest for liquor had pawned every article of furniture in the house.

A few weeks ago the worried mother went into a public-house, where she found the recreant husband. The little girl in her mother's arms recognized her father and gave him one of those little child smiles of recognition which every father covets.

The mother walked over to the bar, where her drunken husband stood, and as the tears coursed down her cheeks, said:

"Papa, kiss Ella and bid her good-bye; I am going to give her to the inn-keeper. Drink up her value, and when she is gone everything we ever possessed is gone. There is nothing in the house to eat, and I am going out to work."

The little one understood the meaning of the words, "Kiss papa," as they fell from the quivering lips of the mother, and she leaned forward to do as she had been told. "Give me Ella!" the father exclaimed as he became sensible of what his wife said, "I have taken my last drink."

A new promise, strong and binding as their wedding vow, was made in the grim corner of the inn, and the two went home to lead a brighter and happier life.

THE FAIRIES' HOMES.

It is said that there was a time when a very funny little people, called fairies, lived upon earth. They made their homes in the cups of flowers, and lived on the honey in the hearts of roses.

Though these fairies are not to be seen any more, there are other fairies working around us all the time. They are great workers, and build beautiful homes everywhere.

The frost fairy makes a pretty house. We call such a house a snowflake. The frost fairy's house is six-sided. It is not strong, and melts away in the warm sunshine.

The salt fairy builds its house like a dish or hopper. This hopper is made of tiny tubes of salt. Salt does not melt in the bright sunshine; but when it gets wet, this queer little hopper dissolves.

The sugar fairies build their houses in a pretty way. When the sugar is melted, they take the tiny particles and string them together like beads. After a while the crystals of sugar harden, and then the fairies have rock candy houses to live in.

Alum fairies build their homes like sets of jewelry.

Sulphur fairies build pretty eight-sided yellow houses.—*Olive Plants.*



Saloonkeeper—Look here, we will have to go out of business if our best customers keep dying off like this. (Looking at Drunkards' Graves.)

Brewer—Don't worry! There are plenty more where they come from—for an enterprising man. (Pointing to the Public School.)

RUM'S RECRUITS.

Our temperance cartoon conveys a very impressive lesson. The army of drunkards depleted by death every year must, the trade frankly tells us, be recruited from the boys. Those who will be in a few years the victims of the drink traffic throughout our land, in our prisons, in drunkards' homes, or in drunkards' graves, are now the boys at school. Shall we let the rum-mill grind out this dreadful grist year after year? This is the question now before the temperance electors.

A BIBLE GENTLEMAN.

It was a hot July morning; and old Mrs. Dawes, carrying the clean linen home to the rectory, thought her basket heavier than usual. Johnnie Leigh, the son of the village doctor, overtook her halfway up the hill. "Why, mother," said he, "that's more than you can manage. Let me have one handle, and then we'll trot it up easily enough." Away they went, Johnnie chatting gaily, and the old woman's face beaming with gratitude and pleasure.

"The idea!" said Fanny Leigh, who came down the lane just in time to see her brother and Mrs. Dawes turn in at the rectory gate. "You are a gentleman, Johnnie! Suppose Lady Blake had met you carrying a clothes-basket? How could you do it?"

Johnnie whistled. "A gentleman? Of course I am. I am a Bible gentleman, like father."

Fannie looked puzzled, so Johnnie explained: "Father says that a Bible gentleman is always civil to poor people as well as rich ones, and poor old Mrs. Dawes is my 'neighbour' just as much as Lady Blake."—*Selected.*

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