

# SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

No. 18.

## 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 every-  
where  
Stop and thank him  
by the way

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

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

## SAGACITY OF A FAVOURITE 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, with apparent delight.

During a summer shower, he ran in

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 favourite 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 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-bye the dog sprang to his feet, hunted a short distance down the road, rushed back to his mistress' side, repeating it several times, with 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 joyously upon the man, who proved to be Patrick on his way to the store.

Whether the dog intended it or not, he conveyed a pleasant message to his mistress.

Bony had two bad tricks, of which, in spite of punishment, he was never broken. One was sucking hens' eggs on the sly



BONAPARTE.

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 damp, left prints upon the white matting; and as he approached the babe his mistress, fearing for the clean