

guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys—"

It was sad news that Jerry brought back to his friends on that day. They feared the end was near, and were waiting for him with anxious hearts. When they saw his tear-stained face they knew that little Joe was dead. Not a word was said. They felt as if they were in the presence of death itself; their hearts were too full to speak.

That night one hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution which read as follows:

"Resolved, That we all liked little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died."

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral, and the same hackman who bore little Joe to the hospital, again kindly offered the use of his carriage. The burial took place yesterday. On the coffin was a plate, purchased by the boys, whose language was expressive from its very simplicity. This was the inscription:

**LITTLE JOE,**

Aged 14.

The Best Newsboy in New York.  
We all liked him.

There was no service, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. After all, what did it matter that little Joe was dead? He was only a newsboy.

This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.

**A KINDLY EXAMPLE.**

One of our exchanges tells a pleasing story about two American boys travelling in Europe. They were playing in the streets of Copenhagen, and one boy tossed the other's hat into a tree. While the victim was trying to dislodge it there came along an old gentleman with an umbrella under his arm and his head buried in his book. "Please, sir," said the hatless boy, "will you get my hat?" The old gentleman tried with his umbrella for about five minutes, and failing to dislodge the hat, told the boy to mount his shoulders; and with the umbrella he finally captured the hat. As the boy dismounted and thanked the old gentleman, another gentleman came along, who saluted and called the one with the umbrella, "Your Majesty." The boys were astonished to find that they had in this unceremonious fashion made the acquaintance of the King of Denmark, and they think the king deserves his kingdom.

**THE FARMER BOY.**

He sees the world wake up from sleep,  
And the stars leave one by one;  
He hears at morn the singing lark,  
And greets the rising sun.

In the spring and fall he learns to plow,  
Makes a furrow straight and long  
Adown the fields and straight across,  
While he gaily sings his song.

The world is clean and pure to him,  
Who plows and tills the soil;  
The air is sweet, and the birds sing out,  
And his labor is not toil.

The hands are brown and the cheeks are  
tan,  
And the feet are bare and free;  
Oh, a farmer boy, on the broad, wild fields,  
Is the boy I'd like to be.

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**Sunbeam.**

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1904.

**THE MOTHER'S LOVING HAND.**

There is no instrument so efficient in producing the highest polish on wood or glass as to be compared with the human hand. Lenses, after every other appliance has exhausted its utility, receive their finishing polish from the hand. Piano frames, after having been "filled" and sand-papered and "floated" with varnish, receive their final polish from the hand.

In the family the mother's hand is the great polisher. It keeps little faces and hands clean; it keeps little dresses and knickerbockers clean; it closes holes over knees and toes; it fills hungry mouths with wholesome and palatable food; it tucks in the sleeping children at night and keeps

out the cold; it soothes weary limbs to rest, and presses aching heads gently till they forget to ache; it binds up cut and burned and bruised fingers; it holds the cooling draught to fevered lips; it gently closes the eyes that look upon the sun no more.

In a figure, the mother's hand polishes the minds and characters of her children. Her finger points out the letters on the blocks, in the primer, the page in history, the noble ideal to be attained, the far-off goal to be reached, the rocks to be shunned, the maelstroms to be avoided.

A youth during the war lay very sick in an hospital. His mother had been sent for and came at midnight. The lights were turned low, and she begged that she might take the nurse's place at his bedside, promising to keep perfectly quiet, as any excitement might be fatal to her son. He moved as in pain, and she laid her hand silently on his forehead to soothe him to rest. At that touch he started up and exclaimed, "Turn up the lights; let me see who this is; that hand must be my mother's!" Ah, how many a brave man in that terrible struggle longed, in vain, to feel his mother's hand laid on him as in childhood!

The gentle, loving hand of the mother, how it restrains and curbs and guides; and that restraint is felt not less but more when "the wrist is parted from the hand" that caressed and corrected the growing child. Said an old lady: "My mother influences me more now than ever as to my consciousness of her influence. As I go back and back over my life, all my remembrances of her in my childhood, girlhood, womanhood, and mature life, what she was comes out clearer and more clear, and I find myself growing into her likeness and image. I remember what she told me of her mother and her household ways, and as I go about my house attending to this thing and that thing, I say to myself: 'Thus did my mother; thus did my grandmother; thus must have done her mother;' and the couplet sings itself through my head,

'We are travelling home to God,  
In the way our mothers trod.'

Not long ago a Sunday-school teacher got together a class of boys from the street—'boo'-blacks, newsboys, etc.—such as are found only in large cities. One of the first questions he asked was: "Is there any sinner in this class?" Instantly the reply came from one of the brightest of the lads, who pointed to a boy and said: "Yes, sir; that fellow down there."

Many a poor sinner in searching for his Master has found his Master also searching for him.

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And wait for

**LESS**

**FOUR**

STUDIES IN THE  
ELIJAH

**LESSON VI**

ISAIAH'S M

Isa. 1.1-9, 16-20.

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1. 16, 17.

QUESTION

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