

THE LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW.

In the morn of the holy Sabbath,  
I like in the church to see  
The dear little children clustered  
Worshipping there with me.  
I am sure that the gentle pastor,  
Whose words are like summer dew,  
Is cheered as he gazes over  
The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,  
Innocent, grave, and sweet,  
They look in the congregation  
Like lilies among the wheat,  
And I think that the tender Master,  
Whose mercies are ever new,  
Has a special benediction  
For the dear little heads in the pew.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1904.

A LITTLE HELPER.

"Dear, dear!" said Janet, looking out at the dripping trees and the rain which was filling the yard with little pools, "How can I ever get any dinner to those men?"

"What men?" asked Dolly.

"Your father and Mr. Martin. They were going to be busy down at the new sawmill to-day, and didn't want to come up to the house for their dinner, so I promised to send it down. I expected Amos would be home in time to take it, but it's likely he's waiting somewhere for the rain to be over. Your mother had dropped off to sleep the last time I was upstairs; but I'm afraid her head will ache worse than ever when she wakes up and finds your father's had no dinner."

"I can carry it," said Dolly, cheerily.

"But you'll get all wet."

"I can carry the basket and a 'brella, too."

"Yes; but there's the can of coffee to go, and you haven't but two hands anyhow you can fix it," said poor Janet.

Dolly stood at the window and clasped her hands on top of her head, and by and by a plan came to her.

"Oh, I know a way!" she cried. "I'll take the old 'brella with the straight handle, and I can push that right down under my belt. I'm 'most sure I can carry it that way, Janet."

"Well, you're the greatest child to plan things!" laughed Janet. "Maybe you can do it that way, 'specially if it's tied, and you can slip your arm through the basket handle."

It was a funny-looking little figure that went down the road and across the meadow. Dolly was short, and the basket stood out on one side and the can on the other, while the umbrella, drawn low over her head, wobbled about uncertainly in its loose fastening.

"She looks like a walking toadstool, but she's dearest little girl in the world," said her father merrily, when he met her at the door of the sawmill.

"I thought we would surely have to do without dinner," said Mr. Martin, "or at least have to wait for the storm to end."

"Not with a brave little helper like Dolly," answered her father. "She can make a way right through the rain, just like any other sunbeam.—*Ex.*

A QUEER RAG BAG.

Aunt Mary kept her rags in a large green bag. It had once covered Uncle John's big bass-viol. One day Aunt Mary said that the rag bag was very full, and they must sell the rags to the rag-man. Jane needed a new bread-pan.

The rag-man called for the rags, and Jane carried down the bag.

"You have a fine lot here," he said; "I will weigh them in the bag. So he weighed them.

"Just two shillings," said he; "now I will put them in my cart."

When he did so, Aunt Mary heard him use a strange word.

"That beats all I ever saw!" said the ragman.

Aunt Mary ran out. Jane followed her, with Uncle John's two boys.

"Dear me!" said one.

"Did you ever!"

"What can it be?" added Aunt Mary.

And there was Malta, the cat, in the ragbag, with two of the prettiest kittens you ever saw!

She had been missing for three weeks. The boys had asked all the neighbours

about her. They even went to the police-station, and the kind inspector said: "We will do all we can to find your pet."

All this time she was hiding with her babies in the rag-bag. The boys thought she must be starved. Malta looked fat and wise.

"I know," said Jane; "she has taken some of baby's milk. I put it on the table every night, and in the morning it was all gone."

"That was it," said Aunt Mary, "for sometimes baby did not wake up."

"She must have eaten mice, too," said Fred, "for they have all left our room."

Then the ragman had to weigh the rags again without Malta and her babies, and Aunt Mary did not get two shillings.

The ragman said he would give them two shillings for the cat and her babies.

"Sell Malta!" said the boys. "Why we would as soon think of selling ourselves."

THE RAIN IS COMING.

It was bright and sunshiny when the children started for the woods to gather flowers. "We will bring you a big bouquet," said Bob to mamma. "Yes," said little Edith, "mamma shall have four big bouquets."

They were so busy gathering flowers that they did not think to watch the sky; in fact, the leaves were so thick that they could not have seen much of it if they had tried.

They had been in the woods but a short time when Emma said: "How dark it is! I shouldn't wonder if we were going to have a shower. We had better start for home before it comes."

Just as they reached the edge of the wood, Julia said, "Hark! I think I hear it."

"Yes, the rain is coming," said Emma, putting out her hand. "We had better wait under this tree where the leaves are thick until it is over."

They did not have to wait long, and everything was doubly beautiful as it glistened in the sunlight.

I sometimes think after a shower in summer time, when everything is sparkling and glistening, and the air is filled with the fragrance of the blossoms, that heaven itself could not be more beautiful, and yet it must be, for we are told "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

When the children reached home they gave mamma their flowers. "I promised you a big bouquet, mamma, and this is a very little one."

"Then I hope that my little boy will remember hereafter not to make rash promises," said mamma.

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