

that was swinging from it. Just as she had drawn near enough to touch it the branch broke, and Leonine fell thirty feet to the ground.

One arm and one leg were broken, the leg with a compound fracture that the doctor says will never be so well that Leonine can walk again without a crutch.

Poor child! How we pity her when we look forward to the dreary years of perpetual pain and partial helplessness!

She is no longer the wild girl of other days. From this time forward her lot is suffering, and the effort of all her days must be to patiently learn the lesson of endurance.

How much better would it have been could she have been a gentle child at first, and thus have saved the misery of the after years!

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 12, 1902.

### "ME PRAY, TOO."

Little Grace's papa believed that every member of the family should take part in the family altar; but Baby Grace, about three years old, sitting in mamma's lap, was thought to be too young to understand anything about praying. One morning at worship, after papa had reverently read a chapter from the Bible, he asked mamma to pray; "then George, who was the eldest and the only boy; then Mary, then Amanda, and closed the service by offering a prayer himself. As they arose from their knees they were astonished to hear Grace burst into a passionate fit of crying. Thinking that something must be hurting her, mamma took her up in her arms, and said: "Why, Grace, what's the matter?" Between her sobs the little one said in her baby prattle: "Me pray too." So they

all dropped again, and gave her an opportunity to offer up her little prayer, and we believe that the Father and all the angels stopped to listen.—*The Open Door.*

### SELFISHNESS.

BY ADA RUSSELL.

Mattie and Floyd were brother and sister. Mattie was ten years old, and Floyd six. There being but one day's difference in the dates of their birthdays, Mattie's falling on the twelfth, and Floyd's on the thirteenth of December, they celebrated them together.

Floyd had always been delicate, and was consequently somewhat spoiled, and to papa's and mamma's sorrow, very selfish. Vainly had they tried to cure him of this trait, which sadly marred an otherwise lovely character, and often caused them pain and mortification. But at this very birthday which they were to celebrate so happily, he would ever select the largest cake in the pile, or the finest apple in the basket. He would even show very decided anger if he were not preferred to Mattie in all things.

Mattie, a loving little sister, was very ready to yield to him in everything, "For, you see," she once said to Aunt Anne, "he is not very strong."

"Well," her auntie had replied, rather dryly, "he is strong in one respect."

"What is that, auntie?" said Mattie innocently.

"He is strongly selfish,"—which reply offended Mattie not a little.

But on this particular birthday he was taught the folly of always choosing the largest or of desiring to be first in all things.

A few little friends had been invited to share the birthday feast. At desert the little gifts were presented, as was the custom, in honour of their joint birthdays. The parcels had all been opened and their merits discussed, except the one that had last arrived by express at eleven o'clock that very day. Neither papa nor mamma knew the contents of the parcels sent by Aunt Anne. They were directed by letter to make a choice, and each must keep the one he or she selected.

As usual, papa asked, "Who chooses first?"

Floyd, with red cheeks and bright eyes, actually grew pale, he was so afraid that Mattie, by virtue of her seniority, would be allowed to choose first.

But, with a glance at Floyd, she said, "Oh, let brother choose."

Floyd instantly selected the largest bundle, while papa very gravely handed the smaller one to Mattie. They opened them with trembling fingers. An exclamation from Floyd caused all eyes to glance at him, and he was nearly crying from vexation.

Mattie, meanwhile, had opened hers, and, with a little scream she held it up.

Yes, just what Floyd had long wished for,—a handsome little silver watch and chain. Poor Floyd, he was hugging a large dictionary.

Papa and mamma repressed a smile; but Mattie said, "Never mind, Floyd; you may have the watch. I can use the dictionary in my school work."

"No," said papa, very decidedly; "Aunt Anne would be displeased. Floyd is justly rewarded; and I am glad he is learning the fact that precious articles are often concealed in small bundles."

### OUR SUMMER SONG.

The summer days are telling  
Sweet stories as they pass;  
We hear them as the breezes  
So lightly touch the grass.  
And as the birds' gay carols  
Sing out upon the air,  
While fitting in the sunshine,  
Without a thought of care.

Sing, children, sing, the Lord is king;  
The birds lift up their voice;  
The God of love now reigns above;  
Sing, children, sing, the Lord is King;  
Let all the earth rejoice.

The little streamlets murmur  
The same glad message still,  
While gliding through the valley,  
Or leaping down the hill.  
God tells us of a fountain  
That springs beyond the sky;  
Come ye and drink its waters;  
Your soul shall never die.

Then let the birds and breezes,  
The grasses and the flowers,  
The sparkling morning sunbeams,  
The tinkling summer showers,  
Repeat again the story,  
Until with one accord,  
We break into thanksgiving,  
And bless and praise the Lord.

### THE DIFFERENCE IT MAKES.

"Go away from me, Stanley. Don't you see I'm playing and can't be bothered with you?" little Robbie said crossly to his baby brother.

Stanley looked for a moment at Robbie, then a pitiful quiver took possession of his pretty lips. He was not used to having cross words spoken to him.

"See, Robbie!" said his mother, "Stanley is hurt. Speak kindly to him; he does not like you to use such a cross voice."

And what a wonderful difference it made in the baby brother's face when Robbie said softly:

"I'm sorry, Stanley. Kiss me, and I won't speak to you like that again."

Stanley did not understand the meaning of the words. But he did understand that it was a kind and not a cross voice speaking to him.

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