

quite a pleasure to buy their pretty wares. But they are very poor, and are often very hardy treated. I saw at Naples an Italian mother, a passionate, black-eyed creature, rush up to a little girl like this and raise her arm to her teeth and bite it. I thought it the most cruel thing I ever saw.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1881.

"IS IT YOU?"

THERE is a child, a boy or girl,—
I'm sorry it is true,—
Who doesn't mind when spoken to:
Is it you? It can't be you!

I know a child, a boy or girl,—
I'm loth to say I do,—
Who struck a little playmate child:
I hope that wasn't you!

I know a child, a boy or girl,—
I hope that such are few,—
Who told a lie; yes, told a lie!
It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a boy, I know a boy,—
I can not love him, though,—
Who robs the little birdie's nest;
That bad boy can't be you!

A girl there is, a girl I know,—
And I could love her, too,
But that she is so proud and vain;
That surely isn't you!

—*Early Days.*

"ARE you lost, my little fellow?" asked a gentleman of a four-years-old one day. "No," he sobbed; "b-but m-my mother is."

"LEMMY," you're a pig," said a drunkard to his son, who was five years old. "Now, do you know what a pig is, Lemmy?" "Yes, sir; a pig is a hog's little boy."

"TELL ME, IS THAT TRUE?"

WILLIE had been brought home terribly scalded by the explosion of a boiler, and the poor little fellow begged so piteously to see some one from his Sunday-school that his mother went for the minister, who accompanied the poor woman to her home in an alley in a remote part of the city.

On reaching the locality they ascended a long dark stairway, and entered a low attic room. In one corner of the room, on a cot, lay the form of little Willie, now suffering such terrible pain from his burns that he did not notice the entrance of any one. The clergyman knelt down and lifted the worn quilt from the face of the little sufferer, who moved, and recognizing him, gave a long, thankful sigh.

"My little friend, do you wish to see me?"

"Yes, sir," and the pale face was illuminated by a bright smile. "My Sunday-school teacher told me last Sunday that Jesus came down to save sinners. Oh, sir, tell me, is that true?"

The man of God was startled by the earnestness of the question, and brushing away a tear, he unfolded to him the simple story of the Cross in all its wondrous beauty.

"But," said the little one, "do you think He came to save me, a little boy?"

"Yes, Willie. If you were the only little boy on earth, Jesus would have left his bright home on high and come on earth to save you."

The little face was turned away, and a deep calm took the place of agony. With a sigh of rest, the spirit of Willie soared to the bosom of Jesus.

TOMMY went fishing the other day without permission of his mother. Next morning a neighbour's son met him and asked, "Did you catch anything yesterday, Tommy?" "Not till I got home," was the rather sad response.