

A GENTLE REQUEST.

The wide straw hat, with its daisy wreath,
Shelters a bright little face beneath,
With big brown eyes and a sunny smile
That might the saddest soul beguile.

A frolicsome wind is out to-day,
Tossing and blowing each leaf and spray;
And it blows the little maid about,
And ruffles her curls in its merry rout.

Curly Locks makes a little stand,
Clasping the hat with each dimpled hand;
And as she catches a sobbing breath
The brown eyes fill and a soft voice saith:

"O wind, dear wind, don't blow me so;
I'm only a little girl, you know."
On goes the breeze with a parting puff;
To such trust and faith what could be rough?

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 6, 1904.

HAVING CHRIST.

I have read a very beautiful story about a poor heathen woman out in India, who was converted and became a Christian. I do not know for how long she served the Lord Jesus, but at last the call came for her to go.

As she lay on her death-bed, a friend came to see her. He asked her how she felt, and she answered, in a faint voice, "Happy! Happy!"

Stretching out her thin hand, she laid it first upon the Bible lying next to her, saying, "I have Christ here;" then touching her heart, "And I have Christ here;" and lastly, pointing upward, "I have Christ there!"

Dear children, what a happy death! This poor woman had Christ. Let me ask, "Is this true of you?"

It is in the first instance, for you have Christ in the Bible, as she had. But have you got him in your heart? Oh, stop and think before you answer that question, because, if you have not, you cannot have him in heaven.

Is there any real love to the Lord Jesus in your heart? Are you trying every day to please him in all you say and in all you do? Are you trusting in him as your own Saviour?

If you feel you cannot say "Yes" to these questions now, do not rest until you can. Then you, too, will be able to point up and say, "I have Christ there."—*ScL.*

A CLEVER ELEPHANT.

The little daughter of a missionary in Siam tells in an exchange of a clever baby elephant, who would select a flag, either black, white or red, whichever his master called for, and carry it to him. The animal would also carry a fan of bananas on his head and put them down before his master. Then he would salute the man by holding up his trunk, and crossing his front feet. After this the master gave him the bananas to eat, one by one.

HIRAM'S DOLL.

"Oh! oh!" cried Kitty, running into the barn. "Oh dear, I am so scared!"

Jack was making willow whistles, but he looked up. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh!" said Kitty, again, "I was coming across the corn-field, and there was a horrid man there, and he tried to catch me."

"A man?" said Jack.

"Oh, yes; a great, horrid, ugly man, like a tramp, and all in rags."

"Don't you be scared, Kitty," said Jack, who was a brave little fellow.

"Father and Hiram are over in the east meadow getting the hay; but I am here, and I'll go and see what he wants."

Kitty begged him not to, for fear the man might hurt him, but Jack said stoutly: "He might be after the chickens or the new calf, and I must look after things when father is not here. I'll take Towser."

He whistled to Towser, and ran off to the corn-field. Kitty was afraid to stay alone, and so she followed him, but at a safe distance. Baby Dick trotted at her heels. Just as they were getting under the fence, they heard a ringing shout from Jack, who was in the middle of the field, and when they came in sight they found him shaking the arm of "the tramp."

"O Kit, you goose!" he cried; "it's

only the scarecrow Hiram made yesterday to keep the birds away from the corn."

"Why," said Baby Dick, "he's nuffin but a drate big dolly."

"Yes, that's what he is," said Jack; "he's Hiram's doll."

Hiram's doll stood in the field all summer, and the children went often to see him.

And so, when things frighten you, if you can only be brave, like little Jack, and go right up and look at them, you will very often find them only scarecrows.

MOTHER'S LETTER.

Edwin Fellows and Ruth, his sister, were staying with an aunt in the country during the short Easter holidays. Ruth had just brought into the kitchen two loaves left by the baker's boy at the door, and Edwin said: "Oh, Ruth, a letter from mother."

"Read it out," exclaimed Ruth.

"All right, I will, though I had nearly got through it," answered Edwin.

"DEAR TED,

"Though you left only yesterday, I send you a few lines, as I am anxious that you should not put auntie to any more trouble than is necessary. Remember that doors have handles, and that they should be opened by the handle, and not by the toe of your boot and a lunge. Remember, also, that gentlemen usually scrape the mud off their boots before entering a house, and they generally remember that they have finger-nails which should be kept clean. A boy who wants a brilliant necktie, and forgets that he has finger-nails, is neglecting an important part of his education. Don't call Mary 'the slavey' because Tom Jones thinks it rather smart to do so; servants are not 'slaveys,' and none but 'cads' call them so. I don't want my boy, sharp as he is, to grow up a young prig. Be as happy as you may, and if you spend all your pocket-money I shall not complain. Sometimes lend uncle a hand, if only to open and shut a gate. Ruth's letter will come in a day or two. Tell her the kitten is all right, and the canary merry. I miss you very much. Boys are noisy; but I had rather have half a dozen noisy boys keeping up a din all day long, than be as silent and still as we are now. One thing, Ted, makes me very glad, and it is that I believe you will never cause me sorrow by doing evil things. Always try to do what is right, and ask God to help you. Wishing you and Ruth a very jolly time,

"Your loving mother,

"RUTH FELLOWS."

Strange to say, Ted forgot to write before his week was up, and so Ruth, in her letter, had to tell her mother all the news. "Just like boys," said the mother.

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