

## "SAYING GRACE."

"Come, come, mamma, to the window!"  
Cried Freddie, with eager face;  
"Just look at my little biddies—  
They are drinking and saying grace."

I quickly came at his bidding,  
And saw a pretty sight;  
Six downy little chickens  
Drinking with all their might.

And as they sipped the water  
They craned their necks on high,  
As if their thanks were lifted  
To the beautiful blue sky.

And so I could not wonder,  
So rapt was his eager face,  
That to him the little chickens  
Were "drinking and saying grace."  
—*Sunday-school Visitor.*

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 14, 1902.

## WHAT THEY PUT IN THEIR ENVELOPES.

A minister gave each of the children in the infant class an envelope, and asked them to bring an offering on the next Sunday for foreign missions.

"Now, little folks," he said, "when you put the money in, be sure to put in a prayer as well."

Some of the little ones thought he meant to put in a written prayer, and so when he opened the envelopes on the next Sunday, he found one had written the Lord's Prayer, and put that in the envelope. Another had written on a slip of paper this prayer, "O Lord, do send a blessing on me, and be my guide for ever, that I may be thy son."

Though you may not write your prayers as these children did, yet always send a prayer with every gift you make for God's work.

## A BOY HELPED BY GOD'S SPIRIT.

Little Ben ran in from school, smiling brightly.

"Why, my dear, you look very happy," said his mother.

"Well, mother, I've had a regular fight, and now that it is over, I do feel happy, indeed."

"Had a fight? I'm sorry to hear that."

"Well, the other boys stopped on the way home to pick some of Farmer Adams' apples. I stopped, too, and as we were climbing over the fence something said to me, 'Don't do it.'"

"I looked round but could see no one; the voice was so small it seemed like a little girl's voice."

"Then I heard quite a loud voice say, 'Oh, go on! he has plenty of apples.'"

"It is wrong," came the little voice again.

"Oh, it will not hurt any one, and the other boys are going," the loud voice said.

"But the little voice said, softly, 'It will hurt you, Ben. Don't do it.'"

"Then I jumped down and ran home, and I have not been able to do anything but smile ever since."

When little Ben jumped down from the fence Jesus smiled upon him; and Ben smiled, too.

Look out, children, for the little pleading voice—God's Holy Spirit. Obey that, and you will always have the smile of Jesus.—*Westminster Lessons.*

## RONALD'S WISH.

There was once a boy called Ronald.

He was the most wonderful boy for wishing, and if only a very few of his wishes had come true, he would have been the happiest of boys—at least so he thought. He would wish that he were a king, or a great general. He would wish that he could fly or that he had a pocketful of gold.

But his highest ambition was to be a magician.

He would say, "Boys, if I only were one, I wouldn't have to wish any more. I'd just need to say, 'Come!' Mother, wouldn't you like your little boy to be a magician? I'd have everything I wanted, and I'd be as happy as a king."

"So you think to have everything would make you happy. Well, I know one thing a magician couldn't have."

"Tell us, mother!"

"If you wished for all the world held, and got it, you would lack the one thing to make you happy."

Ronald suddenly looked as if he understood.

"Oh, mother, I know what you mean, I

remember my verse, 'One thing thou lackest.' I would have to have Jesus' love in my heart. That is the one thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear, that will bring all else."

"And mother, I don't need to be a magician to have it, do I? I just need to wish hard enough, and to give him some of my love."

## A MOUSE STORY.

Three mice stole silently along a narrow plank over a trench, and a man stopped to watch them. Though the path was narrow, they kept three abreast, like soldiers, instead of one after another, like Indians.

Looking closer, he was surprised to see that they were carrying a straw, of which each one took hold. At first he couldn't understand why it took three mice to carry a straw. But he kept very still, and as the little fellows came nearer, he found the mouse in the middle had something the matter with his eyes. He was nearly blind, and his two friends—who knows but they were his own grown-up children?—were guiding him over the dangerous bridge by means of a straw.

If they had been boys and girls, they could not have done better.—*Leaves of Life.*

## A DOLL SHOW GIVEN BY A QUEEN.

All my little girl readers are fond of dolls, I am sure. Most of you have dolls of your own. I know you will all enjoy hearing about a doll show which was given in a far-away country called Roumania.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania was the one who thought of having this doll show, and she wrote to kings, queens, and other famous people asking them to send dolls. In answer to her letters, dolls were sent from all over Europe. There were Russian dolls, Italian dolls sent by the Queen of Italy, Dutch dolls from good Queen Wilhelmina, and a whole wagon-load of dolls from Paris. Some one sent twelve hundred dolls dressed in different styles, showing the kinds of dresses worn from the earliest times until now. There were dolls dressed as fairies and brownies, and in every possible way you can imagine. I suppose it was the greatest doll show ever seen. Perhaps the happiest person at the show was the kind-hearted queen who had arranged it all.

## BE PLEASANT.

When little ones worry  
Their parents are sorry,  
And all who are near them are sad,  
But when they are good  
And smile as they should  
Their friends are happy and glad.  
How much better it is  
To be cheerful and sing,  
Than to have to be called  
A cross little thing.

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