

away my pain, Sarah?" asked the boy eagerly.

"Yes, Willy, I know he will if you ask him."

"But I am such a little fellow; don't you think the Saviour may overlook me among so many here?"

"No, Willy; he cares for every little child." Then Sarah told him her little story about Jesus, and ended by saying, "He loves little children; and when he lived on earth he took them up in his arms and blessed them."

"Then I will hold up my little hand," said Willy, "and when the Saviour passes by he will notice me."

The little trembling hand was raised, and he waited patiently for Jesus; but, being weak and weary from suffering, he dropped asleep.

How long he slept none knew, for when the nurse went to his bedside some time afterward, little Willy was dead. The Saviour passed by while he slept, and had taken him from all pain and suffering.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1901.

IN A MINUTE.

Ethel was out on the long plank wharf when the dinner-bell rang. She was feeding the cunning little baby ducks with cracker crumbs.

"I'll go in a minute," she said to herself, as she broke another cracker into tiny pieces; but the baby ducks were hungry, and it was such fun to feed them that Ethel forgot all about her dinner and the big

brass dinner-bell, just as she had done ever so many times before.

She had only one cracker left when Bruno came running down the wharf to see her. The old mother duck spied him as he came bouncing over the planks.

"Quack!" she called, loudly; and what do you think? Every one of those baby ducklings scrambled and scrambled, and into the water they went with a splash.

"Quack!" said the mother duck again, and all the little duckies swam hurriedly after her and disappeared among the rushes that grew by the edge of the pond.

"Why," exclaimed Ethel, in astonishment, "they didn't wait to gobble another piece. They minded their mother the very first minute she called them."

Very still she stood for a second, thinking; and then she gave her basket to Bruno, and ran quickly up the wharf, across the street, and into the house.

"Late, as usual," said brother Hal, as Ethel came into the dining-room and took her seat at the table. "It's twenty minutes, instead of one, that you waited this noon," he continued, as he glanced up at the clock.

"But it's the last time I'll be late," said Ethel, decidedly, "'cause—'cause—it is."

And Ethel kept her word. She had learned her lesson, and learned it well; and nobody but the big white mother duck knew who taught it to her.

I'm very sure that she will always keep her secret; but why? She can't tell it; that's all.—*Youth's Companion*.

PUSSY'S BIG PLAYMATE.

The superintendent of the Central Park menagerie, at New York, the other day found in the rhinoceros cage his large black cat, Snyder, which had been missing for a week. While going through the elephant house, in which Smiles, the old rhinoceros, is kept, Superintendent Smith saw the missing cat coiled up in the hay beside the big beast. The rhinoceros was licking the cat's paw with its tongue. Superintendent Smith watched the pair for a time, and tried to coax the cat out; but it would not leave Smiles. A keeper informed him that the two had struck up a strong friendship in the past week, and, when the rhinoceros was asleep, the cat would frequently perch itself on Smiles' back and keep watch.

"In its native state," explained Superintendent Smith, "a bird known to hunters as the rhinoceros-bird keeps watch over the rhinoceros when sleeping, and pecks at his ears to arouse it at the approach of danger. Nature, perhaps, is working on the same lines in bringing Smiles and Snyder together; but it's a queer friendship, and I shall not disturb it."—*Alliance*.

HOW HE MANAGED.

You never seem to get weary;  
You work about all day.  
Do you ever wish for evening,  
Or for a time to play?

You go to the store for mamma—  
She's too busy to go;  
You run to play with baby—  
It takes your time, I know.

You always help little sister—  
Her sums are very hard;  
It is your task, I see, to cut  
The long grass in the yard.

"All these things trouble me little,  
They do not spoil my day;  
I meet them as they come to me,  
And try to think they're play."

"I WANT YOU."

One stormy night when the wind was making a great noise, a little boy awoke from a sound sleep. He was afraid when he heard the noise of the storm, and he put out his hand to take hold of his father, who was in the same bed. His little warm hand touched his father's face and awakened him. The father reached out and drew the little boy very close to him. "My dear, what is the matter?" he asked. The little boy said, "Nothing." The father asked, "What do you want?" He replied, sobbing, "I want you." The father said, "Are you sick?" "No." "Are you hungry?" "No." "Don't you want something?" "No, I just want you, it is so dark." Then he nestled in his father's arms and was satisfied. Just so will Jesus make us satisfied when we come to him and tell him, "I want you."

NCT TO BE CAUGHT TWICE.

A collie in Scotland, whom I know well, is in the habit of fetching from his master's room slippers, cap, keys, or anything he is sent for. One day, sent on the usual errand, he did not reappear. His master followed, and found that the door of the bedroom had blown to, and that the dog was a prisoner.

Some days later he was again told to fetch something; and as the wind was high, his master, after a few minutes' delay, followed him. He found him in the act of fixing the door firmly back with the door-mat, which he had rolled up for the purpose, and having taken this precaution, the prudent animal proceeded to look for the slippers.

It takes years to form a good character, but a few minutes are sufficient to seriously if not irreparably damage it.

BOYS

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LESSON

JESUS TEA

Mark 10. 35-45.

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10. 45.

QUESTION

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