

dred. They are about eight feet in height. Their hearing and sight are very acute, and these seem to be about all the sense the bird is blessed with. His legs are very powerful, and his only weapon of defence; when he attacks his enemy, he does so by kicking, but always strikes forward and never backward.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 23, 1902.

A BRAVE EXAMPLE.

John was sent to a boarding-school. He had been a Christian for two years, and his mother had received his promise that he would read his Bible and pray every night before getting into bed. When he arrived at the school he found that he was to sleep in a room with three other boys, a year or two older than himself. They were lively boys, and seemed disposed to be friendly with him. When they were ready to jump into their beds one of them, named Andrew, said: "Why don't you go to bed, John?"

John was on the point of giving up his duty, when he asked himself: "Am I more afraid of these three boys than I am of offending the Lord?" Then he said: "I am going to read a chapter in the Bible and say my prayers, first."

"O, you are, are you?" said Andrew.

"But I've got something to say about that." Then, turning to the others, he said: "We don't want any saints in this room; do we, chums?"

The chums made no answer to this, and Andrew began humming a tune as loudly as he dared. John took his Bible and read a chapter, and then knelt down and prayed. Upon rising he was surprised to find two of his room-mates on their knees, and Andrew staring at them with tears in his eyes. All three of these boys had been trained to Christian duty, but on coming to this school had fallen into the temptation of being afraid of one another, and had left off this good old habit. If John, through a cowardice, had not been brave enough that night, very likely all of the boys would have gone farther away from their duty and from their Lord.—*Westminster Junior Quarterly.*

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?"

In a beautiful village, a boy, about ten years old, lay very sick, drawing near to death, and very sad. He was dying, and his heart longed for a treasure worth more to him than all gold. One day I came into his room. I sat down by him, took his hand, and, looking into his face, asked him what made him so sad.

"O!" said he, "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words, and the look of trouble which he gave me. I said to him: "My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love him without trying at all."

With a surprised look he exclaimed: "What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again, and I shall never forget how his large eyes opened on me and his cheek flushed as he slowly said: "Well! I never knew that before. I always thought I must love God first, before I had any right to trust him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered; "God wants us to trust him. That is what Jesus always asks us to do first of all; and he knows that as soon as we trust him we shall begin to love him. That is the way to love God—to put your trust in him first of all."

Then I spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent him, that we might believe in him; and how, all through his life, he tried to win the trust of men; how grieved he was when men would not believe him, and how every one who believed came to love without trying to love at all.

He drank in all truth; and simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort put himself in Christ's hands that very hour. And so he came into the peace of God, which passeth understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end.

None of the loving friends who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to; and that dying he went to Him whom, not having seen, he had loved.

SING IT.

When I was a little boy I used to play with my brother and sister under the window where mother sat knitting. She rarely looked out, but the moment we got angry she always seemed to know, and her voice would come through the window, saying: "Sing it, children, sing it!"

Once, I remember, we were playing marbles, and I shouted out to my brother: "You cheated!"

"I didn't!"

"You did!"

"Sing it, children, sing it!"

We were silent. We couldn't sing it. We began to feel ashamed. Then came the sweet voice, the sweetest but one I ever heard, singing, to the tune of "O, how I love Jesus!" the words:

"O Willie, you cheated!

O Willie, you cheated!

O Willie, you cheated!

But I did not cheat you."

It sounded so ridiculous that we all burst out laughing.

You cannot sing when you are angry; you cannot sing when you are mean; you cannot sing when you are wicked; in other words, you cannot sing unless you feel in some degree faith or hope or charity.—*Selected.*

SLEEPY TOWN.

BY JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

In Sleepy Town

They think a night-cap worth a crown,
And there the law commandeth peace,
And all good people take their ease:
A wise old owl, big-eyed and brown,
He is lord mayor of Sleepy Town.

In Sleepy Town

The wheels are shod with eider-down,
The pavements are all silk and wool;
The quiet there is beautiful;
A bumble-bee in gold-black gown
The beadle is in Sleepy Town.

In Sleepy Town

Black shadows never fall or frown,
Nor do they feel the sunshine's glare;
But gentle twilight reigneth there,
While poppy scents blow up and down
The gardens fair in Sleepy Town.

For Sleepy Town

We'll mount a cloud of vapour brown,
We'll close our eyes and fold our hands
And call a wind from distant lands;
O'er valley's rim and mountain's crown
We'll float away to Sleepy Town.

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