

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1889.

[No. 18.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY B W FIELDER

I AM going to tell you a true story of a lost little girl. Her father lived on the Iron Mountain in Virginia, near the line between Wythe and Grayson counties. He owned a pretty little farm high on the level mountain-top. From his home, on the south, you could see the meadows and hills, with cattle and sheep here and there, down in the valley, and in the distance a neat church surrounded by trees.

Mr. Rhudy—for this was the gentleman's name—had fields of corn and rye and wheat growing in abundance. His family lived in a neat log-cabin with vines running over the doors and windows. All around the house were apple-trees and cherry-trees and peach-trees which the father had planted, and a cold spring of water in the yard, which was neatly swept and covered with green grass. Now, the little girl I tell of lived in this quiet, happy mountain home. She was five years old, and her name was Amella. One day in June she wandered away and became lost. She went in the afternoon, and late in the day was missed, and search was made all night long. Next day a great many persons came, and we continued hunting in the unbroken forest north of her home. About five miles away



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

came suddenly upon her, with some round pebbles in one hand and a wild toy-suckle in the other. She was sitting down on the ground playing, and laughed and said some thing about sleeping the night before under a big tree, and also something about wild strawberries which she had found.

The stars were out and shining when we carried the little girl to her home where she could sleep in her warm bed, and our hearts could not contain their joy when the lost was found.

This all happened ten years ago, and Amella Rhudy is now no longer a little child but a young lady.

STICK TO ONE THING.

EVERY young man, after he has chosen his vocation, should stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck, or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness, do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among such as took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, and conquered

and became lost. She went in the afternoon, and late in the day was missed, and search was made all night long. Next day a great many persons came, and we continued hunting in the unbroken forest north of her home. About five miles away

a track was found in the sand near a little brook which had gone dry in the summer. Amella had gone away bare-footed and bare-headed, and we felt sure that we would soon find the little girl, but some thought that she would not be alive. At last we

their prejudices against labour, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day.

He who would love his race must first love those of his race who are nearest to him.