

WATCH THEM WELL.

There are four T's too apt to run,
'Tis best to set a watch upon:

Our Thoughts.

Oft when alone they take them wings,
And light upon forbidden things.

Our Temper.

Who in the family guards it best
Soon has control of all the rest.

Our tongue.

Knew when to speak, yet be content
When silence is most eloquent.

Our time.

Once lost, ne'er found; yet who can say
He's overtaken yesterday?

—Selected.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 5, 1901.

GIVING.

"Aunt Lena, if I were rich, I would give ever so much to the poor!" said Bessie, who had finished reading about a wealthy lady's charitable acts toward the poor.

"And what would you give them, Bessie?" asked her Aunt Lena.

"O, food and clothes to make them comfortable; and to please the little boys I would give them lots of balls, sleds, and tops; and to the little girls I would give boxes and boxes of dolls," Bessie answered.

"But why don't you give the poor some of these nice things now?" Aunt Lena asked, stroking one of the girl's long curls.

"Why, auntie, you know I have no money!" exclaimed Bessie, widely opening her brown eyes.

"But you have three dolls, one of which would no doubt make little Mary Flannagan very happy," auntie said.

"But I think ever so much of all my dolls, and I couldn't bear to part with one," said the little girl.

"Then you would like to be rich, so that you could give to the poor only such things as you would not miss out of your great abundance. Is that true charity to the poor, little niece?" and Aunt Lena took the rosy-checked face between both hands.

"N-no, auntie," said Bessie, and then jumped up.

"Where are you going, Bessie?"

"I am going to dress Rosamond and Rosalie, my two next best dolls, and give to Mary Flannagan and Kate Humel; and I think I will shine the runners of my sled and give it to Katie's little brother Johnny, for though I dearly love to coast down the hill, I think he will enjoy it more, for he never had a sled." And the little girl ran off, feeling happy at the idea of making others happy, even at some cost to herself.

—Olive Plants.

ONE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

BY JOHN A. CAMPELL.

On a bright morning in early summer Marjorie and her father were walking in the garden. During the night there had been a heavy storm of wind and rain; the ground was still very damp in some places, though the warm sunshine had long ago dried the shell path. Under the big maple tree in the corner Marjorie paused with a cry of surprise, and then picked up a little brown nest, all wet and bedraggled, and a small bird, one of whose wings appeared to be slightly injured. "I'm going to take them to the house," said Marjorie, and she ran off with her burdens to the warm kitchen, where the little nest was laid aside to dry in the sunny window, and the wee birdie was placed in a big box of cotton wool, with plenty of crumbs before him. Marjorie, waiting anxiously for the invalid to recover, said that he looked like a little boy in a very big house, and she kept peering eagerly over the sides of the box to see whether he had eaten anything.

In a few days he was well enough to hop about the kitchen floor. He learned to take crumbs and bits of apple from Marjorie's little fingers. This delighted her very much, and made her wish to keep him always with her; but as summer advanced the little visitor often flew to the window, and watched with his little black eyes the other birds darting from tree to tree. Mother said that he was anxious to join them, and so Marjorie one morning drew up the net and pushed him gently outside upon the ledge. "Good-bye, little bird," she said softly. He gave a sweet twitter, and, spreading his brown wings in the sunshine, rose into the air and dis-

appeared among the green branches. That was the last Marjorie saw of him, but she is sure that some morning he will come down to say "Good day" to the little girl who treated him so kindly while he was her guest.—Sunbeam.

WHAT OLD BEN KNEW.

Little Delia came into the hotel with her papa and mamma the other day. She had never been there before. The dining-room was quite full of people, and she looked rather sober, for the place seemed strange to her.

But almost as soon as she was seated at the table her papa said, "The hostler at the stable remembered old Ben."

"Why, yes, he was down here three years ago, when we took Harry to the train," answered mamma.

"Then Ben knew him?" said Delia with her face all covered with smiles, "and I don't mind how strange the place seems to me if he feels 'quainted and 'joys his dinner."

I didn't wonder that a lady whispered to a friend, "She's a dear, kind-hearted child."

It was so nice to have a little girl think so much of old Ben, the horse.

TWO STUDENTS.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

A little boy sat on the shore of a pond
While a bullfrog sat in the pool;
And each one gazed on the other one
Like scholars in a school.

Then at last the little boy spoke and said:
"Why, Frog, do you gaze at me?
Pray swim or jump, that I may learn
Some Natural History!"

The frog he croaked out this reply:
"That's what I'm here for, too.
I'm studying Boys, and their curious
ways,
For I've nothing else to do!"

Then the boy he turned and went away,
And the frog he sank below;
While circling ripples on the pool
Were all that was left of the show.
—St. Nicholas.

We are all by nature blind and weak and helpless not in our bodies, but in our souls. And we are poor, too; we have nothing, and we can do nothing. This is a very sad state. We ought to be as anxious to be helped and cured as Bartimeus the blind man was. We should pray as he did: "Jesus, have mercy on us." And Jesus, who heard and answered him, will hear and answer us if we pray in faith as he did, for he says: "All things that ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

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