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FAST FRIENDS.

It is difficult from the picture to say which of the two appears most interested in the book before them—the dog or his little mistress. There they are, both sitting over the open book, and one of them, at least, absorbed in its contents.

It is very sure that the collie dog, with his handsome face, cares very little for the actual contents of the book so long as he can be in the presence of the little girl.

He is evidently an unselfish dog, for he is willing to give up his romp in the open air because of his love for her.

But it will not be long before the chapter will be finished and his mistress will then get up and go out for a run in the fields, and the faithful animal will be thoroughly rewarded for his patience, and in his joy will forget all about the dull moments he spent over a book he could not even understand.

What a good example of a true and unselfish friendship.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

There was once a little coloured nurse left to mind a baby. The father and mother of the baby were out, and the little nurse was alone with it in the house. She clung to it and rocked it to sleep, and while it was sleeping quietly, she went to put the dining-room in order. A storm came up, and the wind began to blow hard. Hepsy closed the windows, and then continued her work.

Pretty soon there was a smell of fire.

Hepsy looked around, but could see nothing. Then she went to the nursery, and found the room on fire. The wind had blown a lamp over, and caused the fire.

"My baby! I must save my baby," she cried. Wrapping a blanket around

fire was soon put out, but poor Hepsy was burned so badly that she died in a few days. Just before she died, she asked if the baby was safe. When told that it was, she said, "I'm so glad." Then she said to her mistress, "I'm going to die; but my Father's coming for me." He soon came and took her home.

Dear children, our heavenly Father sometimes allows his children to suffer and die in doing their duty. But we must expect to suffer in this world if we are his. He will comfort and help us.

A LITTLE RED GLOVE.

The twins were almost ready for church. They had on their white pique dresses, starched as stiff as anything, and their red sashes; white pique bonnets, with red ribbon strings, and red slippers. I don't see what else little girls could expect to wear to church.

But Aunt Sue had sent them each a cute pair of little red gloves from Richmond, and this was the first chance that they had had to wear them. They were fairly on their tiptoes, they were so eager to get their ten fat fingers into them.

"Here, Rose, honey," said the old coloured nurse, "you jes' run youh fingers into dese while I looks for Posy's."

"But these are mine, Mammy," cried Posy. "See, they are marked on the inside 'Posy.'"

"All right, den, chile; I ain't carin' who de 'longs to, jes' so I finds t'odder one."



FAST FRIENDS.

the baby, she groped her way to the door, almost blinded and suffocated by the smoke. She made her way down stairs, and got as far as the door. There she met the parents of the baby, who took it from her, and she sank down insensible. The