

will be no resurrection for him, though there will be for the vilest thief he kept from our doors; but none the less, in looking over his honest, blameless life, we see he was never faithless to any. He was a good and faithful servant, although he was "only a dog."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1904.

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

The great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back of their childhood, we see there the maternal influences which formed the aims and future habits of their future life.

Bayard, the flower of French knighthood, the soldier without fear or reproach, never forgot the parting words of his mother when he left home at fourteen to become the page of a nobleman. She said to him, with all the tenderness of a loving heart, "My boy, serve God first. Pray to him night and morning. Be kind to all. Beware of flatterers, and never become one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred, and lying, as vices unworthy of a Christian; and never neglect to comfort widows and orphans."

When Bayard was foremost in battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when, in his own great thirst, he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel, and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a talisman against temptation, and a stimulus to a good life.

TURNING CLOUDS TO ROSES.

BY MARY A. WINSTON.

Letty knew what was in the parcel before she opened it. For Aunt Louise had told Letty that on her birthday she would send her what she wanted most—and that, of course, was a dear parasol, all her very own.

Oh, what a pretty, dainty, silken, rose-colored parasol it was! Letty propped it up on the chair, and took a peep at it now and then while she read Aunt Louise's letter, for Aunt Louise had tucked it in the box beside the parasol. This is what it said:

"My Darling Letty:

"I hope the sun will always shine upon you through the roses of this parasol. If you have a chance to turn anybody's clouds to roses, too, be sure to do it. Begin on your birthday, and do it all the year round."

Letty laid down the note and took up the rosy parasol.

"I guess I know what Aunt Louise means. And I'm going to begin right away."

So our little girl went down into the sunny garden and picked a great bunch of the sweet June roses. Oh, how beautiful they were! Letty took them in one hand, and the parasol in the other, and went through the gate and down the street. She had the roses all ready, and she did not have far to look for the clouds that morning.

The first children she met were Johnny Price and Dick Lloyd. The little fellows were very angry about something, and Johnny was just going to strike Dick, I am afraid, when Letty stopped and handed each of them a great, sweet rose. Then she laughed, and they had to laugh, too, and so that cloud of anger turned to roses without any trouble, in less than a minute.

Further down the street Letty found little Bessie Turner, crying, oh, so hard, because she had fallen down and bruised her knee. But when Letty kissed her and gave her a red rose, Bessie forgot all about her knee, so I don't suppose it was a very bad bruise—do you?

Then Letty, with her roses, met an old Irish laborer, going from his work. He was dusty and tired, but he smiled when our little girl gave him a blossom, and said, "Sure, it's a rose you are yerself, my little lady!" And he carried the rose home to his wife, who loved flowers and had no place where she could grow them.

Last of all, Letty came home by Jean Willis' house, and when she saw the sick girl sitting by the window—for Jean had been very sick all spring, and was just beginning to get better—she held up all that were left of her bunch of roses and dropped them over the sill into Jean's lap.

"Oh, Letty!" said Jean, "they're just like sunshine out of a dark cloud. I was ready to cry a minute ago, because I couldn't get out among the June roses, but now the roses have come to me. And, oh, what a pretty parasol that is of yours!"

Letty looked pleased. But when she went home she said, "Mother, isn't it queer I had a happy day with my new parasol, but it wasn't the parasol that made me happy at all—it was giving away the roses! I guess Aunt Louise meant it to be like that when she wrote about turning clouds to roses, didn't she?"

"Yes," said mother, smiling. "Aunt Louise was once a little girl herself, and so she knows the best way for little girls to be happy."

"It's a very good way," said Letty. "I wish I'd tried it before. Now I know about it, mother. I'm going to try it always."

LET JESUS IN.

A wee little girl was playing Sunday-school. She sang and talked as if she was a teacher with a class. She told the scholars they must read the Bible, and mind what papa and mamma say. After while she looked toward the door, and quickly said, "Let Jesus in." She imagined that Jesus was standing there waiting to come in. Jesus does stand at the door of our hearts, and wants us to let him in. To love Jesus with all our hearts is to let him come in.

You may learn the beautiful words of Jesus: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me."

A MUTUAL IMPULSE.

If we think lovingly of others we will always find a good excuse for doing something for them. A really generous and affectionate heart will give out of abundance or out of poverty, and finds a sufficient reason for the gift in any circumstances. A Jewish rabbi tells this beautiful story, about two such natures:

"Once there were two affectionate brothers who tilled the same farm. On a certain night, after the gathering of the harvest, one of them said to his wife, 'My brother is a lonely man, who has neither wife nor children. I will go and carry some of my sheaves into his field.' It happened that on the same night the other said, 'My brother has wife and children, and needs the harvest more than I; I will carry some of my sheaves into his field.' So the next morning their respective heaps were unchanged, and thus it happened night after night, until, at length, one moonlight night the brothers, with their arms full of sheaves, met midway face to face."

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