



AN ODD TEAM.

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THERE, little people, did you ever see anything like that? I suppose not. But in some countries, away across the seas, dogs are taught to work like the one in the picture. They are harnessed up like horses. It is said that a large dog trained in this way can easily pull three to four hundred pounds in his little cart. Sometimes two dogs are harnessed together, and the driver walks along behind and guides them with the reins. The editor of the SUNBEAM has seen many a team like this in Belgium, where the very dogs have to work for their living.

NOT OUR OWN, BUT CHRIST'S.

BY M. S. RHODA.

DEAR little one, to whom do you belong, besides to dear mamma and those about you whom you love so much? You belong to the blessed Saviour, who bought us with his own precious blood. You know that the blood in our bodies is our life. If the blood were lost, we could not live a moment. When our dear Saviour gave his blood for us, he gave his very life. And why did he give his life—why did he leave his happy home in heaven to come and die for us? Because he loved us so much that he

wanted us to be happy forever in heaven with him.

Satan tempts us so as to make us wicked like himself; but Jesus bought us for himself with his own precious blood, and he will keep us from sin and Satan, if we ask him.

Well, if we are not our own, but belong to Jesus, we must use every part of our body for him. We cannot do for him as Mary and Martha did; but for others we can do acts of kindness, and give little words of love, because we love Jesus, and so it will all be for him.

Did you ever think that your little hands could do something for Jesus, by working for others; and your little feet by running readily on some message for one you love; and your tongue, by speaking kindly and gently, even when others speak unkindly to you? Your thoughts also you can, by his help, keep pure and good for him. Whatever we do for Jesus, whose eye is always upon us, he will see and love. How sweet it is to think that we belong to such a loving Saviour!—*S. S. Times.*

CHILDREN who roam the streets will learn much that is evil, and that will unfit them for the duties of good citizens.

WHAT IS IT MAKES A LADY?

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Asked my little girl of me,
One sunny summer morning,
As she stood beside my knee
And I told her that it is not
Fine dress nor shining gold,
Nor all the bright and flashing gems
The caves of ocean hold

But it is a gentle temper,
And thoughts of peace and love,
And a mind that seeks in all things
Some goodness from above,
That seeks another's comfort
Before it seeks its own
And strives to live on earth the life
That is in heaven known

It is this that makes a lady,
And not being rich or poor.
For kind thoughts, kind words and actions,
Make the lady, I am sure.
So think of this, my darling,
And to the truth be true,
And soon will love and kindness
A lady make of you.

DOING THINGS FOR JESUS.

It was for his name Paul said he was willing to give up everything; or, as we say, "for Jesus' sake." Papa says he will stop smoking for Jesus' sake, and give the money for missionaries. Mamma goes early every Sunday morning to teach a class in the Sunday-school, though she has so much work to do and so many children to dress she hardly knows how to spare the time, but she says, "I won't give my class up; I will try to keep it for Jesus' sake."

Then sister Molly, she wanted a new sack this winter, and had a beautiful one picked out at Smith's; but when the news came of the poor starving people who could not get work or enough to eat, and papa asked, "What can you give them, Molly?" she thought hard about it, and then the next day said, "I'll give up my new sack and wear the old one."

"What!" said Nell, "wear that old one?"

"Yes," said Molly, "for Jesus' sake."

Now what can you do "for the name of Jesus?" If you drop some of your candy pennies into the missionary-box, won't that be for him? If you leave the play you like so well, to mind baby for mother when he is cross, isn't that for the name of Jesus? If you do it cheerfully and without pouting, Uncle Frank thinks it is—*Our Children.*