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WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

THE twilight had fallen, the lamps were not lighted, and the firelight cast soft, flickering shadows over the room where mamma and Nora were sitting.

Nora was very quiet. Unlike most children she liked the soft half light of the fading day, and never wanted the lamps brought in until it was entirely dark.

This was Nora's special hour for confidential talks with mamma, and for the fairy stories she loved so well.

To-night she came and leaned with her elbows on mamma's lap, and said: "Mamma, tell me a true story to-night. Tell me about when you were a little girl. What did you do?"

"When I was a little girl I had no doll. My cousin had one with a china head, and china hair, that we thought very wonderful," began mamma. "We used

to play 'dress up and go visiting' a great deal, and we used to have famous tea parties with acorns for cups and saucers, and bits of broken china for plates. We were as happy with these make-believe dishes as you are with your real ones. We used to play 'I spy,' and 'Ring around Rosy,' and 'Little Sally Waters,' just as other children have done for a great many years, and do



JESUS AMONG THE DOCTORS.

yet. On Sundays we went to church at ten o'clock. In winter there were two great stoves in church, and we were very glad to get close to them. We always took our dinner to church."

"What for?" interrupted Nora.

"Because we had Sunday-school at half-past twelve, and had only half an hour for lunch. We had no lesson papers as you

have, but learned verses from the Bible. For every verse we were given a blue ticket. And once a year the tickets were counted. The one who had learned the most verses received a Bible, and the one who had learned next to the most a Testament. I received a Testament once, and I was very proud of it. After Sunday-school we went to church."

"What again?" Nora asked.

"Yes, from half-past two until half-past four. Then we went home and had a hot supper. Here come the lamps. I can't tell any more to-night."

"I like my Sundays best," said Nora.

WILLIE lives in the country, but one day he went into a large city with his papa, and saw something which seemed very queer to him. It looked like a man riding on a horse, and Willie cried out: "O papa

what is that?" "It is a statue," said his father; and when they came nearer to it Willie looked up into the horse's open mouth, and there was a little bird's nest! There was another in the horse's ear, and one in the man's hand; and the little birds flew around and sang, for they knew that the horse was not alive and could not hurt them.