

SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

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LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

BY EUGENE FIFLD.

LITTLE All-Aloney's feet
Pitter-patter in the hall,
And his mother runs to meet
And to kiss her toddling sweet,
Ere perchance he fall.
He is, oh, so weak and small!
Yet what danger shall he fear
When his mother hovereth near
And he hears her cheering call.
"All-Aloney!"

Little All-Aloney's face
It is all aglow with glee,
As around that romping place
At a terrifying pace
Lungeth, plungeth he!
And that hero seems to be
All unconscious of our cheers—
Only one dear voice he hears
Calling reassuringly:
"All-Aloney!"
Though his legs bend with their load,
Though his feet they seem so small
That you cannot help forbode
Some disastrous episode
In that noisy hall;
Neither thre'ening bump nor fall
Little All-Aloney fears,



LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

But with sweet brava-
vado steers
Whither comes that
cheery call.
"All Aloney!"

At that in the years
to come
When he shares of
Sorrow's store
When his feet are chill
and numb,
When his cross is
burdensome,
And his heart is
sore,
'Tis that he could
hear once more
The gentle voice he
used to hear—
Divine with mother
love and cheer—
Calling from yonder
spirit shore:
"All, all alone!"

ONE OF THE WONDERS.

Do you know how the Laplanders got the Bible? It is a strange story. A young rioter named Lars Heatta was imprisoned for life for murder. His youth made his keeper lenient, and the prison chaplain taught the lad to read and write.

The Bible interested him greatly; he pored over it day after day, and finally formed the high purpose of translating it into his native tongue. Think of the weary years of labour Lars was a poor scholar, and the Lapp language not an easy one to handle. But the work was accom-