

He likes good, hearty, not foolish fun, and never frightens or teases his sisters by throwing spiders or frogs at them. He is kind to animals, and is very gentle with little children. He never minds "holding" the baby—in fact, rather likes it—and that "uncrowned king" is generally "very good" with him. He does wrong things sometimes, but is speedily very sorry, and quickly asks forgiveness. He is usually as readily forgiven as he readily forgives an injury. When asked what he would like to be, he does not quite know, but thinks, in a vague kind of way, that he would like to be a carpenter, or a railway guard. He makes boats and things, and is particularly handy in correcting a broken latch or fixing shelves. His great difficulty is getting up in the morning. He does not grumble if he cannot invite his companions home to tea more than three times a week. On Sunday he sits very attentively in the pew, does not look at his watch (a present from his mother) on an average of once a minute, eat sweets, or read the hymn-book during the sermon. Above all, though the boy we like is human and has his faults, he has a bright, happy faith in the power and love of his Saviour and Master. He tries earnestly to follow him, and endeavors to fulfil his behests in daily pursuits and pleasures. The boy we like is a good boy. His life is happy and useful, and is a foretaste of that still larger life that lies before him in his years of manhood.—*London Baptist.*

#### A PENNY, AND A PRAYER, TOO.

"Was that your penny on the table, Susie?" asked grandmother, as the children came in from Sunday-school; "I saw it after you went, and I was afraid you had forgotten it."

"Oh, no, grandmother; mine went into the box all safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it?" asked grandmother.

"Why, no, grandmother," said Susie, looking surprised; "I hadn't anything to put in. You know I earn my penny every week by getting up early and going for the milk."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny?"

"No, grandmother."

"Do you care?"

"Oh, indeed I do; a great deal. I want it to do good somewhere."

"Well, then, every Sunday when you drop your penny in, why don't you drop a prayer in too that your penny may be blessed in its work, and do good service for God? Don't you think that if every penny carried a prayer with it the money the school sends away would do wonderful work? Just think of the prayers that would go out; some out across the ocean, some away off among the Indians!"

"I never thought of that, grandmother. The prayer would do as much good as the penny if it were a real true prayer, wouldn't it? I am going to remember, and not let my penny go alone again."—*Our Boys and Girls.*

#### "THEY ARE BROTHERS."

A little boy seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing.

"They are quarrelling," said he.

"No," replied the child, "that cannot be; they are brothers."

What a blessed thing if all children could remember that brothers should never quarrel! God has made them of one blood, and of one life, and they should always be kind and tender to each other.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1904.

#### MR. LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Three tiny kittens were crawling about the tent at the time. The mother had died, and the little wanderers were expressing their grief by mewing piteously. Mr. Lincoln picked them up, took them upon his lap, stroked their soft fur, and murmured: "Poor little creatures! Don't cry; you'll be taken good care of;" and, turning to Colonel Bowers, he said: "Colonel, I hope that you will see that these poor little motherless waifs are given plenty of milk, and treated kindly."

Bowers replied: "I will see, Mr. President, that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess, and that they are well cared for."

Several times during his stay Mr. Lincoln was found fondling these kittens. He would wipe their eyes tenderly with his handkerchief, stroke their smooth coats, and listen to them purring their gratitude to him. It was a curious sight at an army headquarters, upon the eve of a great military crisis in the nation's history, to see the hand which had affixed the signature to the Emancipation Proclamation, and had signed the commissions of all the heroic men who served the cause of the Union, from the general in chief to the lowest lieutenant, tenderly caressing three stray kittens. It well illustrates the kindness of the man's disposition, and showed the childlike simplicity which mingled with the grandeur of his nature.

#### A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes,"

But the "right sort" of book will ensure a surprise.

Let it be about Indians, pirates or bears, And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;

By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear. Now isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand, he's "tired as a hound,"

Very weary of life and "tramping around."

But if there's a band or a circus in sight, He will follow it gladly from morning till night.

The showman will capture him, some day, I fear.

For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to split,"

And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit."

But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon.

And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.

Do you think he "plays possum"? He seems quite sincere;

But—isn't he queer?

The true soldier wins his victory before the battle. It is a victory in the heart. That won, no matter how his cause may fare, the soldier is bound to come off conqueror.

Each one should try to become better, and also help others to do so.

For health, rise early; to be happy, be honest.

#### THE LIT

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Living temple  
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#### LESS

#### FOUR

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ELL.

#### LESSON

ELISH.

2 Kings 5. 1-14

Heal me, O  
healed; save me  
Jer. 17. 14.

#### QUESTION

Who was Na  
What great na  
"honorable" a  
valor." What  
Can leprosy be  
miracle. Who  
Whom did she  
about Naaman's  
king of Syria  
did Naaman de  
of Israel receive  
afterward go?  
meet Naaman?