

# SUNBEAM

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## PUSS AND THE TURTLE.

Puss started out this morning for a walk in the warm sunshine, when to her surprise she met the strange-looking black thing slowly moving up to her. Puss had never seen a turtle before, and like a wise old cat she stands away from him at a safe distance and takes a good look at his queer little wagging head and his bright eyes. Pussy wonders why he carries his house on his back that way, just allowing his head, tail and four feet room outside. He moves along so slowly, too, that pussy is sure that this queer-looking object must be quite harmless. She bravely lifts her paw to feel what the hard-looking black house the turtle carries on his back feels like. Take care, pussy, for the turtle's jaws are very strong and sharp!

## LITTLE SNOWDROP.

The very day that she was given to us the first snowdrops blossomed under the dining-room windows. Aunt Jessie came into mamma's room holding up a beautiful spray of buds and blossoms, and said, "See my snowdrops," and mamma replied, "See my snowdrop, my wee spring flower." And there, under the blankets, lay the tiniest baby girl you ever saw.

How Aunt Jessie did jump! For she was so surprised.

"We must call her Snowdrop," declared Aunt Jessie, and so Snowdrop she was to all of us; although papa wrote her

name in the big Bible, Mary Eleanor Gray.

One morning early in the spring, when she was just two years old, she crept down stairs and out of the open door. Nobody was near, so she stood up and looked around. Just beyond the walk, in the soft wet earth, the snowdrops were unfolding their pure white blossoms.

With a crow of delight she toddled over

## THE SHEEP IN THE FURROW.

Returning home from a visit to the country one dark night, Uncle Ben's way lay through a ploughed field, where the earth lay in deep furrows. Fancying that he could dimly see a moving object not far from the path, he sought to find what it might be. It was a sheep which had tumbled into one of the furrows, and was there lying helplessly upon its



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to them, clutched a handful, and turned back to the house.

Up the stairs she climbed, and called, "Mamma, see pitties."

"Bless her heart, she has found her own name-flowers," exclaimed mamma, kissing her. "Mary Eleanor may do for a grown-up lady, but my wee blossom shall be Snowdrop to us as long as she is little and white and sweet." And she has been called Snowdrop ever since.

back. Uncle Ben stooped down, helped the poor animal out of its difficulty, and so saved its life.

That sheep is not the only wanderer that has fallen into danger. Out in the world's darkness are many people who "like sheep have gone astray," and have fallen into sin. How helpless they seem! Jesus would love to have them all within the shelter of his fold. Children! by prayer and effort try to lead them there.