

## SONG OF THE MITE GATHERERS.

Hear the pennies dropping,  
Listen as they fall;  
Ev'ry one for Jesus,  
He will get them all.

Dropping, dropping, ever,  
From each little hand;  
'Tis our gift to Jesus  
From his little hand.

Now, while we are little,  
Peanies are our store;  
But, when we are older,  
Lord, we'll give thee more.

Though we have not money,  
We can give him love;  
He will own our off'ring,  
Smiling from above.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1901.

## GETTING READY BEFOREHAND.

"Have you learned your part of the dialogue for next week, 'sonny'?" Gilbert's mother asked him when he came in from school one Monday afternoon.

"I know some of it already, mamma," Gilbert answered readily; "and, anyway, I don't need to begin to learn it so soon. Why, it's most two weeks before I'll have to speak it."

"It is less than two weeks, my dear."

"But, mamma, it's so easy! It won't take me more than a day to learn it."

"But even if that is so, Gilbert, it would be better to take the time now, when you are sure of having it. If we expect to do anything well, we must get ready for it in time, even though it does seem to us very easy."

"You needn't worry, mamma," Gil-

bert said, in his most grown-up manner; "I'll learn it in time."

But, somehow, the days slipped away faster than Gilbert realized, and when, on Wednesday of the next week, his teacher asked him to stay after school to practice the dialogue, he was not at all sure that he knew his part.

"I'm disappointed, Gilbert," Miss Marston said, closing the book at last. "I was sure you would know your part, and here I've had to prompt you at almost every line. We will practice it again tomorrow, but I'm afraid it is too late to learn it thoroughly. You remember, I told you that we could not have more than two rehearsals, and you promised me that you would learn it at home."

Then Gilbert really began to study his part; but, as his teacher had said, it was too late to learn it thoroughly, and the shortness of the time made him nervous; and so, when he stood in his place on Friday afternoon, the words would jumble themselves in his mind and on his tongue, till Fred Lathrop, who had the other part in the dialogue, stumbled in his lines and almost failed.

It was several weeks after this day, which Gilbert never liked to remember, that his father sat one evening looking over a bright-coloured seed catalogue, from which he was making a list of the plants that he wanted for the garden.

Little Rob, when he saw what was going on, began to laugh gleefully. "Just think, Gilbert," he said, with a funny little chuckle, "pa's getting ready for his garden now, when there's some snow on the ground. Isn't it funny?"

Gilbert looked up from the example he was working to say, wisely: "That's what people ought to do, Rob. If you're going to do anything well, you must begin in time."

Just then Gilbert happened to catch a twinkle in his mother's eyes, and he stopped suddenly in his little sermon, and grew very red. Then he went on bravely, with a half smile on his flushed face: "That's the truth I've told you, Rob; and I ought to know, because I've tried the other way."—*Young People's Weekly.*

## A BOY'S TRUE FRIENDS.

Every well-formed boy has at least ten good friends to help him on to success in life; yet many a lad is lazily waiting and wishing for some one to help him to make his way in the world, apparently ignoring the fact that there are ten capable friends all the time with him, waiting to help him if he will only give them a chance. What I mean by these ten "friends" will be made clear by the following story which I once read:

"I wish I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried a youth, whom we will call "Lazy Dennis."

"Good friends! Why, you have ten at least!" cried his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me," Lazy Dennis replied.

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

Dennis looked down at his strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," said his master.

"I have; there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say you have not ten good friends able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you go to grumbling and fretting because others do not help you."—*Sunday-school Messenger.*

## HE KNEW.

The butcher's boy, who had called to deliver a parcel, thoughtlessly left the garden gate open, and the seven-year-old ruler of the house called after him to come and shut it.

The butcher's boy stopped, but showed no inclination to obey the command. "I don't have to!" he shouted, defiantly.

"Yes, you do," insisted the seven-year-old. "You come right back and shut it, or somebody's going to get the worst licking he ever had!"

The butcher's boy came running back full of fight. "He is, eh?" he said. "Well, who's going to lick him, eh?"

"Mother is," calmly responded the youngster. "If you leave that gate open, I'll be certain to get out into the street; mother'll see me, and I'll get licked. Shut it tight, please, so I can't get out."

And the butcher's boy shut the gate.—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

## POLLY'S MIRROR.

Every Saturday Polly has to scour the spoons. That is all that mamma asks her to do, and it does not take much time; but Polly has always dreaded it so long beforehand, and grumbled so while she rubbed them, that it seemed like very hard work indeed. Every week it was the same old story, and you would think that the little girl was asked to clean the family plate in some old mansion.

But last Saturday her mamma heard her laughing all by herself in the kitchen, and asked her what she was doing. "Making mirrors, mamma!" shouted Polly, gleefully. Then Polly's mother went to see. Polly was rubbing away on a spoon; and when it grew quite bright and shiny, sure enough, there was a little mirror in the bowl of the spoon, and such a funny Polly reflected there, with very fat cheeks and very small eyes and no hair. When she moved her head her cheeks grew thin, and her eyes as large and round as an owl's. How Polly did laugh! When she had twelve of these droll little mirrors her work was done, and she was surprised to find that it was only play after all.—*Youth's Companion.*

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