



THE LITTLE BLACK DOG.

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I WANT to tell "The Sunbeam" readers a true story about a little boy who had a dog,—not a live dog, such as many of you have, but a dog made of black astrachan, which was sent to him by one of his aunts.

It is the size of a real, live puppy, and has on a red blanket. Wilson, for this is the little boy's name, often takes it with him when he goes out to walk; and it looks so natural, that one day a large dog came up to him and was going to take it right out of his hands.

Wilson had always wanted a dog; but his grandpa, with whom he lives, would not give his consent for him to have one. So, when this dog arrived, the little boy thought he would play a joke. As soon as grandpa came home to tea, Wilson began to make a noise like a dog. His grandma went in and told grandpa that Wilson had had a dog sent to him, and wanted to know if he could keep it.

Grandpa shook his head, and said, "Wilson knows I am not willing for him to have a dog. I wish he would not ask it."

"But," said grandma, "when you see what a cunning little thing it is, I don't believe you will object. I'll go and bring it in." So she took it in, and put it on the floor a little way off.

Grandpa looked up from his paper over his spectacles, as much as to say, "Well it is cute, sure enough." And then the most comical expression came over his face when he found what a good joke had been played on him. He said very meekly, "Tell Wilson he can keep the dog."

THE best way to procure the most enjoyment from any pleasure, is to have others share it with you.

LITTLE HANDS.

THEY all belonged to the primary class, and they all wanted to help at the coming Sabbath-school concert.

"Dear me!" said the teacher, "they are such little dots, I don't know what I can have them do! But yet, I want them to learn early to speak of Jesus. I must try to think."

So she thought, and the result was, that on a sunny

Sabbath afternoon the eight little dots stood up in the church, in the space between the seats and the pulpit, and recited the sweetest verses. Mamie was first, and her voice was sweet and clear as she said:

Oh, what can little hands, little hands do,
To please the King of heaven!

As she spoke she held up her chubby little hands and looked at them thoughtfully.

Mabel, the seventh girl in the row, bent forward and gave her a bit of an answer.

The little hands some work may try,
That may some sinners want supply.

Then wee Alice, the smallest in the class, but a very clear-voiced maiden, said:

Beautiful hands are those that do,
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Then did Mamie fold her small hands and raise her eyes to heaven, and said slowly:

Such grace to mine be given.

Anna was the next to speak, and she had a good word: "Jesus said: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'" And Carrie said sweetly:

Little deeds of kindness to a wandering soul,
Blessed by God may lead him back to Jesus' fold.

Bella, the sixth little girl, held up her hands and said:

These two little hands must be ready to labor,
For Jesus all my days.

And now all the little girls who had spoken, clasped their hands and looked up and said:

Such grace to mine be given.

Ida had a wonderful promise ready: "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger."

And Kate added: "I the Lord have

called thee in righteousness and will hold thine hand and will help thee."

Then the eight little girls folded their hands and bowed their heads, and said in concert:

Take my hands and let them move,
At the impulse of thy love.

Now, just at their sides, fastened by ribbons, were little squares of bright coloured pasteboard. As they finished reciting this prayer, they raised their bright boards, forming an arch over their heads, and on each square was a word, so that the whole read:

HIS BANNER OVER ME IS LOVE.

The fathers and mothers all decided that the little girls from the primary class had helped along the Sabbath-school concert very nicely.

"SUBJECT UNTO THEM."

DEAR little children, reading
The Scripture's sacred page,
Think, once the blessed Jesus
Was just a child, your age;
And in the home with Mary,
His mother sweet and fair,
He did her bidding gladly,
And lightened all her care.

I'm sure He never loitered,
But at her softest word
He heeded, and He hastened—
No errand was deferred.
And in the little household
The sunbeams used to shine
So merrily and blithely
Around the Child Divine.

I fear you sometimes trouble
Your patient mother's heart,
Forgetful that in home-life
The children's happy part
Is but like little soldiers
Their duty quick to do,
To mind commands when given,
What easy work for you!

Within St. Luke's evangel
This gleams, a precious gem,
That Christ when with his parents
Was "subject unto them."
Consider, little children;
Be like Him day by day,
So gentle, meek, and loving,
And ready to obey.

—Margarette E. Sanjster.

A LITTLE boy, disputing with his sister on some subject, exclaimed, "It's true; for *ma* says so; and if *ma* says so it is so, whether it is so or not!"