

## A Little Sunbeam.

A little sunbeam in the sky  
Said to itself one day:  
"I'm very small, but why should I  
Do nothing else but play?  
I'll go down to the earth and see  
If there is any use for me."

The violet beds were wet with dew,  
Which filled each heavy cup;  
The little sunbeam darted through,  
And raised their blue heads up.  
They smiled to see it, and they lent  
The morning breeze their sweetest scent.

A mother 'neath a shady tree  
Had left her babe asleep;  
It woke and cried, but when it spied  
The little sunbeam peep  
So shyly in, with glance so bright,  
It laughed and chuckled with delight.

On, on it went, it might not stay;  
Now through a window small  
It poured its glad but tiny ray,  
And danced upon the wall.  
A pale young face looked up to meet  
The sunbeam she had watched to greet.

And so it travelled to and fro,  
And glanced and danced about;  
And not a door was shut, I know,  
To keep that sunbeam out;  
But ever as it touched the earth,  
It woke up happiness and mirth.

For loving words, like sunbeams, will  
Dry up a fallen tear,  
And loving deeds will often help  
A broken heart to cheer.  
So loving and so living, you  
Will be a little sunbeam too.

## A Bright Example.

During the war in Soudan a British officer lay in much suffering and dangerously wounded on a field of battle. Earlier in the day he had received a slight injury, or what he had chose to deem such, in his left arm; but he had kept his seat on his horse, and not till toward the close of the decisive engagement, when victory crowned our arms, and the enemy were in full retreat, flying from the field, did the young officer receive his severer wounds, and was carried by his men to a bank a little way from the mass of the dead and dying.

It was a ghastly field, for the combat had been fierce and prolonged. In a few hours the streets of London would be echoing with the shouts of news vendors: "Glorious victory!" and few, comparatively, would estimate its cost, or let their mind's eye carry them to the scene after the battle. But to many it would mean desolate homes, widowed hearts, orphan children, and weeping bereaved mothers.

A young surgeon, in answer to the call of one of his own men, came up to examine his injuries, but was waved off with the words, "Leave me for the present; go to those who are suffering more, and needing your services more urgently."

The officer's servant expressed his disappointment at his master not having allowed himself to be attended to, and received the response, "Fetch me a drink of water, Colin, that's what I long for most; and are very long the clear, sparkling draught was at his lips, but yet untasted, when the eyes of a soldier beside him opened, and a sound between a gasp and a groan issued from the dying lips, while the gaze of intense longing of the hungry eyes spoke their thirst. The untasted draught was held to the parched lips and eagerly drained, and the look of gratitude, never to be forgotten, was ample compensation.

While Colin had gone for a fresh supply, the officer, with his left hand and least disabled arm, unhooked the soldier's tunic, and with an effort beyond his real strength, managed to raise the dying head, momentarily revived by the draught of water. A hand was groping in his breast, and the officer, following the movement, found a pocket Testament; but it was an expiring effort, and too late. Yet one word he heard as he bent over the face, and the dying lips formed the name of Jesus. Then the features relaxed, and pain and suffering disappeared from the countenance, and in their stead was a look of perfect peace and rest.

The young soldier, who had fought his last for his earthly sovereign, had entered into the presence of Him whose name was dearest to his gallant heart and last upon his lips. The officer's servant was once more returning with the fresh supply from the little brook, which he had sought for higher up the stream, for below it was mingled with crimson stains, and he found the dead soldier nestled on his master's breast. There was no question now, death had claimed his victim, and two dragoons coming up and kneeling down were about to remove the body, which pressed on the wounded officer.

"Stay, Colin, stay, sever a lock of his hair first. He may have a mother, and the nut-brown curl was laid in the Testament, and placed in the officer's pocket by his direction. The scene was enough to touch a harder heart than that on which the young soldier

had breathed his last, which was strangely softened by the events of the last week, for in the earlier days of it he had tended many a wounded and dying man as he walked over the field at evening after the morning's engagement.

Ever and anon his thoughts recurred to the dying face of the youth, seemingly about his own age, not one of his own regiment, but an infantry soldier, whose last moments he had striven to soothe, and the look of calm peace, nay, he thought even more, of joy, as with that name on his lips he breathed out his life. A grand reality it must be to bring joy to such a scene. A longing to have learned more at those lips, sealed in death, came over him—"happy fellow!"

And he recalled the words so familiar from their frequent use in the opening sentences of the church service, which as a soldier he attended on duty each Sunday: "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Then memory again brought to him, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified;" and they became prayers. Jesus was the happy resting place of the young soldier; but how could that hiding place be searched? And there and then, as taught by the Holy Spirit, the young officer surrendered to the captain of his salvation, and in after life proved himself a true soldier of the cross by a faithful and devoted life of obedience and truth.—*Friendly Greetings.*

## Simplicity of Language.

Boys, if you have anything to say or write, say or write it in a plain, simple manner. Do not be verbose (that is, wordy); do not aim at a florid style; above all things avoid the grandiloquent (fine talking). Words were not designed to obscure thought. High-sounding phrases do not indicate the scholar. Monosyllables are abundant; the Anglo-Saxon is essentially vigorous.

A simple style of speaking or writing can be graceful and elegant. Even sublime thoughts are most charming when clothed in simple language. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." What can be grander than the thought and yet what can be simpler than the language?—all monosyllables, but compact with vigor. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father," etc. Suppose we change that to, "The feathered tribes are considered of small importance, and yet they share the protection of Providence." Does that not greatly weaken the passage? The energy and the searching sense of the appeal are gone.

Most of the frequently quoted sentences that have come down to us from classic times are sharp, terse sentences. Of more modern times the remark is just as true. What made General Dix's order so famous but its short, sturdy, vigorous character? He said, "If any man pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." It was spoken at the right time in the right way, and subsequently made him governor of a great state. Such would not have been the result had he worded his order as follows: "If anybody removes the United States colors from the pole, enter complaint against him at the earliest convenience, and have him committed for trial at the next term of the supreme court for the country."

Balfour's style was gorgeously verbose, Erskine's on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. The following anecdote is told about the two barristers: Coming into court one day, Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was bandaged. "Why, what is the matter?" asked Erskine. Instead of replying, "I fell from a gate," Balfour answered, in his usual round about manner, "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden," he said, "and on coming to a gate I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of the blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, for you certainly would have broken your neck."

The Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, of Princeton Theological Seminary, was a very learned man, but exceedingly plain in his language. He knew how essential simplicity was to clearness and force. There was a school house in the vicinity, where the students held religious services and aired their eloquence. An old colored man attended every Sabbath, but the students talked so far above his comprehension that he remembered little of the sermons and understood less. But one Sunday afternoon Dr. Alex-

ander preached. The old colored man was both delighted and instructed, and made the following comment: "A poor, unlearned old man; just like myself preached. I don't know who he was, an' didn't spose he was hardly fit to preach. But I'm glad I went, for I remember everything he said." In this criticism was hidden a compliment of the highest order.

The language of Franklin is notably simple and explicit—a fact that may have been the result of experience in his boyhood at which period he was afflicted with a tendency toward the grandiloquent. He was studying philosophy, and was in the habit of applying technical names to common objects. One evening he mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some acephalous mollusks, whereupon his father seized him and called loudly for help. Mrs. Franklin came with warm water, and the hired man rushed in with the garden-pump. They forced half a gallon of water down the boy's throat, then held him by the heels over the edge of the porch, and shook him, while the old gentleman said, "If we don't get them things out of Benny he'll be p'isoned sure." When they were out, and the boy said they were simply oysters, his father punished him for alarming the family. We are not prepared to vouch for the truth of this story, but it at least illustrates the folly of using uncommon and high-sounding words when simpler ones are far more pleasing and explicit.—*Harper's Young People.*

## Saved by a Sheep.

On the fourth of May, in the year 1795, "when George the Third was king," there was at Portsmouth a man-of-war called the Boyne, a vessel of ninety-eight guns. Persons engaged on the shore were that day startled by a terrible report, and looking out toward the Boyne they could see that an explosion had occurred on board. The powder magazine had exploded! In a few minutes the ship was enveloped in flames, and the people on board seeking the best means of escape. A large number of persons lost their lives—some by drowning, in attempting to swim ashore. At the moment of the explosion a marine on board was seated in his berth with his wife and child—a dear little baby boy, a year and eight months old. Finding all hopes of escape to be in vain, the marine went to the pens where were kept the cattle for the food of the crew. The animals were, of course, in a state of wild excitement and fear, but seizing a full grown sheep, the man tied his little boy to the creature's back, and dropped them both overboard, saying, "There, to the land, and God be with you!"

The wife now leaped into the sea, and the husband followed and supported her. At length they were picked up by a boat that had been sent out to rescue the sufferers. At the same time the sheep struck out for land with its precious burden, and was rescued by the spectators on shore, who rushed forward to meet it and released the child. The little fellow was very soon restored to his parents, apparently little the worse for his strange experiences and narrow escape from death.

## Brother and Sister.

There are a few classic examples of very close and precious relations between brothers and sisters, like the Wordsworths and the Lambs, for instance; but we are glad to believe that in the ordinary walks of life it is possible to find many such instances. Here is one about which the *United Presbyterian* tells:

Jennie and Jim are twins, and inseparable companions. They walk to and from school together, they play together, they pore over the same lessons at night. Both rejoice in this close companionship, and neither dreams of forsaking it for newer ties. "Come, Jim, come along with us," called one of the boys, as they issued from school on a snowy afternoon. "Don't hang round there, waiting for Jennie. She can take care of herself." "Perhaps she can," said Jim, stoutly; "but she shan't, as long as I've got an umbrella and she hasn't."

"Then leave it for her, and come along with us. I'd be ashamed to go round with a girl under my umbrella!" "I say, Jim," said another, "I should think you'd get awfully tired of that sister of yours!" Jim had been growing more and more crimson. He seemed to consider whether he should resort to words or blows. "I tell you what, fellows," he burst forth, at length, "I'm not tired of her, and shouldn't be if the days were twice as long, and there were two of her instead of one!" Surely, no declaration could have been more effective.

## Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK.  
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## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

\* \* { If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try, try again. } \* \*

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 37.)

No. 240.—David.  
No. 241.—1. Zi-don.  
2. A-i.  
No. 242.—  
1. Hammerfest. 2. Christiana.  
3. Strauraice. 4. Bannockburn.

No. 243.—b u r d o c k  
u s h e r s  
r h o m b  
d e n y  
o r b  
c s  
k

No. 244.—"Treasures of wickedness profit nothing, but righteousness delivereth from death."

No. 245.—  
I. J. II. P  
J A Y R A P  
J A Z E L R A C E R  
Y E X P A C K W A X  
L P E W I T  
R A T  
X

III. P  
B I B  
B U R I N  
P I R O G U E  
B I G O T  
N U T  
E

## The Mystery—No. 40.

No. 258.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)  
In far away Spain;  
In grinding pain;  
In golden grain;  
In soldiers slain;  
In honeyed cane.  
Find a time on which any works begun  
To a bad end will surely come.

No. 259.—ACROSTIC.  
(BY ETHEL J. KEER, Williamsburg.)  
The initials name a beautiful woman.  
1. An Israelite. 2. A valley mentioned in Psalms. 3. A son of Aaron. 4. A book of the Pentateuch. 5. Father of Saul. 6. Uncle of Moses. 7. A bishop of Rome.

No. 260.—PI PUZZLE.  
(BY L. LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.)  
"Nda thah serida pu na onrb fo  
tanosval ofr su ni eht usheo fo ihs  
vtrnea vidad."

No. 261.—WORD SQUARES.  
(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)  
I. Visage; an author; Bible name; warmth.  
II. Dark; a tree; Bible name; to strike.  
III. Mud; decess; Bible city; a volcano.  
IV. Liquid matter; verily; a turn of mind; a girl's name.  
V. A case for tools; sailors; boundary mountain; a piece of land.

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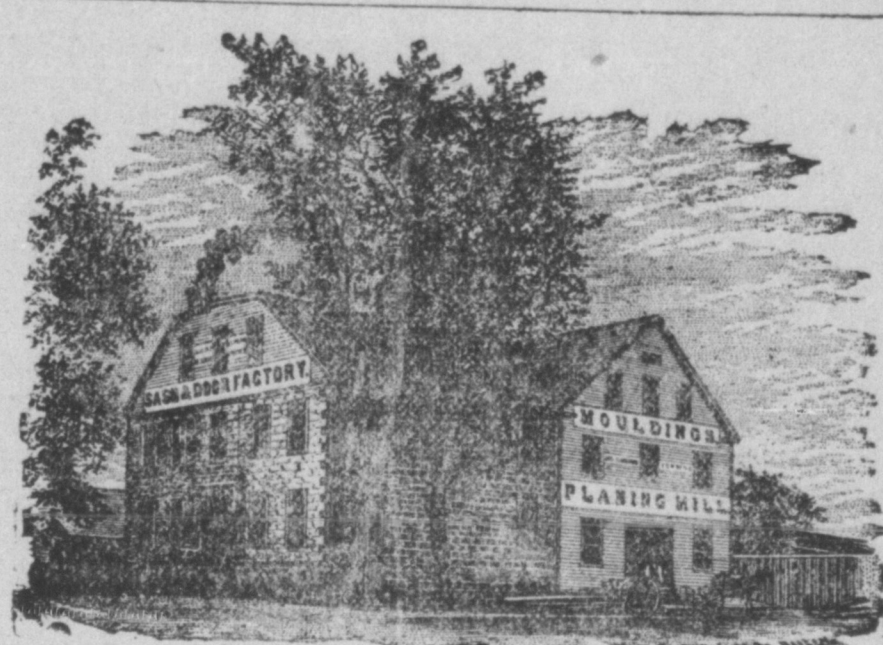
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