

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1881.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

INTO her chamber went
 A little child one day,
 And by a chair she knelt,
 And thus began to pray :
 "Jesus, my eyes I close,
 Thy form I cannot see ;
 If Thou art near me, Lord,
 I pray Thee speak to me."

A still small voice she heard unto her call :
 "What is it, child ? I hear thee ; tell me all."

"I pray Thee, Lord," she said,
 "That Thou wilt condescend
 To tarry in my heart,
 And ever be my friend.
 The path of life is dark,
 I would not go astray ;
 Oh, let me have Thy hand
 To lead me in Thy way !"

"Fear not ! I will not leave thee, child, alone."
 She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all
 The living pass away ;
 The aged soon must die,
 And even children may.
 Oh, let my parents live
 'Till I a woman grow !
 For if they die, what can
 A little orphan do ?"

"Fear not, my child ! whatever ills may come,
 I'll not forsake thee, and I'll bring thee home."

Her little prayer was said,
 And from her chamber now
 Forth she passed with the light
 Of heaven upon her brow.
 "Mother, I've seen the Lord,
 His hand in mine I felt ;
 And, oh ! I heard Him say,
 As by my chair I knelt,

'Fear not, my child ! whatever ills may come,
 I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home.'

"IN HEAVEN I CAN DO NOTHING
 FOR THEM."



THE little girl who used these words had been thinking a good deal about the heathen. She was suffering great pain and weakness, and believed that her Heavenly Father would soon remove her from this world of sin and suffering. This was not long before she really did die. She had learned in health how precious the Saviour is, and how she longed and prayed that "all the world might find him precious too !" As long as she could hold up her head she knelt on the bed, with her arms resting on a pillow on the table, making little pin-cushions for a missionary basket. On some one offering to help her, she said : "O, that would not be my doing ! I want to do something for the heathen while I am on earth ; in heaven I can do nothing for them. I pray for the poor heathen every day."

GOD COUNTS.



BROTHER and sister were playing in the dining-room, when their mother set a basket of cakes on the tea-table and went out.

"How nice they look !" said the boy, reaching to take one.

His sister earnestly objected, and even drew back his hand, repeating it was against their mother's direction.

"She did not count them," said he.

"But perhaps God did," answered the sister.

So he withdrew from the temptation, and, sitting down, seemed to meditate.

"You are right," replied he, looking at her with a cheerful yet serious air ; "God does count, for the Bible says that the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.—PROV. 20. 11.