DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

34

Exe you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray ? In the name of Christ our Saviour, Did you sue for loving favour, As a shield to-day ?

When you met with great temptations, Did you think to pray ? By his dying love and merit, Did you claim the Holy Spirit As your guide and stay ?

Oh, how praying rests the weary ! Prayer will change the night to-day; So when life seems dark and dreary, Lift thy heart to him who'll hear thee, Don't forget pray.

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The Sunbeam.

TORON 10, APRIL 23, 1887.

"O LORD JESUS CHRIST, PLEASE MAKE ME A CHRISTIAN."

This was the prayer of a poor Hindoo boy who had asked the Missionary to make him a Christian.

"It is impossible my dear boy," said the missionary. "It is possible only through the Lord Jesus Christ to make you a Christian. Pray to him."

It was not long after this advice had been given that the dear boy, with a sweet face and sweet voice, came again to the missionary and said .-

"The Lord Jesus Christ has come and taken his place in my heart."

"How is that ?" asked the missionary. The boy replied, "I prayed and said, 'O Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian,' and he was so kind that he came down from heaven, and has lived in my heart ever since."

THE STORY OF LITTLE JOHNNIE TWOBOYS.

WHEN Johnnie's mother dressed him in the morning she always buttoned up two boys inside of his jacket. One was named Good; the other Bad. These boys talked to him all day long, and told him what to do. Sometimes he minded one and sometimes the other. When his face was being washed, Bad would call out, "You don't want it washed; it's clean enough." And then Johnnie would turn his little nose around under the wash-rag and try to speak, and make his mother a great deal of trouble.

Sometimes Bad would talk to Johnnie all day long, but at night, when he was going to bed, Good would say, " Don't you feel sorry that you have been so naughty ?" And Johnnie would promise to try and do better just before he said his prayer.

One day Johnnie had a new ball. It was white and clean, and bounced as high as the door.

"Me wants it too," said Johnnie's baby sistor.

"She can't have it," said Bad.

"Me wants it too," cried Baby again.

"Well, I won't give it to you ; it's mine," answered Johnnie, giving it a toss. Baby cried. "It's mine, I tell you !" shouted Johnnie, stamping his foot.

"That's right," said Bad.

Baby cried so hard that mamma came, and Johnnie was sent out of the room.

"It's your little haby sister," said Good. "I don't care," said Johnnie.

"She put her two little arms around your

neck and hugged you just now," said Good. Johnnie felt rather ashamed, so he didn't

say anything more.

Pretty soon Johnnie's round face perped in the nursery, and two little rows of teeth showed themselves while the ball rolled over to baby.

Good had his way that time.-The Mayflower.

HEARING THE SERMON.

A LITTLE girl used to go to church. She was only between four and five years of age -quite a little girl. But she listened to her minister; she knew that he would tell her about Christmas, and she wanted to learn. Once, when she reached home from church, she said, "Mother, I can tell you a little of Mr. H's sermon. E. said, 'Touch not the unclean thing."

Wishing to know whether her little daughter understood the meaning of these words, the mother said, "Then, if Mr. H. | we must "think ourselves over."

said so, I hope you will take care in the future not to touch things that are dirty."

The little girl smiled and answered, "Oh mother. I know very well what he meant It was not that"

"What did he mean ?" asked the mother. "He meant sin," said the child; "and it is all the same as if he had told us, 'You must not tell lies, nor do what your mother forbids you to do, nor play on Sunday, nor be cross, nor do any things that are bad and wrong.' The Bible means that a sinful thing is an unclean thing, mother."

SLUMBER SONG.

Run, little brooks, from the uplands brown, Run, run to the sea !

Fly, little birds, when the sun goes down, Back to the greenwood tree!

Beat little wave, on the rocky shore, Sing on the pebbly beach!

And teach us the sweet truths o'er and o'er That you always used to teach.

Crowd, little birdies, 'neath mother's wings, The night is dark and cold;

Hide, white moon, from all earthly things, The month is growing old.

Nestle closer, oh, baby head,

To the tender, snowwhite breast 1 Soundly sleep on thy drowsy bed, Sleep, sleep and rest.

For the years come and the years go, Hearts of youth grow cold;

The roses bloom, but soon the snow, The world grows old.

"THINKING OURSELVES OVER"

" PLEASE tell me, mother, what is selfexamination ?" said a child. "Our superintendent said something about it, and he told us to spend a little while every Sunday practising it. Practising what, mother ?"

"Self-examination is thinking ourselves over," answered the mother. "You know how apt we are to forget ourselves, what we did and thought yesterday, and the day

before, and the day before that. Now, it is by calling to mind our past conduct that we can truly see it as it is, and improve your upon it."

dange Self-forgetfulness is a virtue in the comsaid e mon acceptance of the phrase, but it is not safe for one to always forget one's self. A Bible bad man never likes to "think himself got a over." It is only those who aim at sufimprovement who are willing to review the past and to profit by its lessons. If we " and would become truly good and successful cold, your

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