

## TO THE CHILDREN.

As sunbeams that shine  
In the sweet morning hours,  
And coax into blooming  
The half opened flowers  
That bring with their brightness  
To many sad places  
The spirit of hope,  
Are the smiles on your faces.

As a bird song that floats  
Through the soft summer air,  
While we listen enchanted,  
Forgetful of care,  
As the carols at dawn,  
When all nature rejoices,  
Are the accents of love,  
In your gentle young voices.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1899.

## A BOOK FOR ALL

No man has ever written a book that suits all men. No man can write such a book. No matter how willing men may be to accept, they will find something wanting in any book written by man alone. There is a book, however, that does suit all who honestly read it. No matter who the man is or where he may live, that book will precisely suit his case. That wonderful book is the Bible. Of this book the great statesman Daniel Webster once said: "I have read the Bible through many times. I now make a practice of going through it once a year. It is the book of all others for lawyers, as well as for divines; and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought, and rules for conduct." That book is suited as well to the children as to the parents, to the poor as well as to the rich. No man, woman, or child can afford to be without it.

## WHAT OUGHT WE TO DO!

PATTY, come here, for I want to ask you some curious questions that your mother has been asking me. What ought we to do in March when the wind blows?"

"What ought we to do? Why, hold our bonnets fast, that they may not be blown away."

"Yes; but that is not the answer. I will tell you what it is: We ought to love one another."

"Very true; but I did not think of that."

"Now, for another question. What ought we to do in April when the showers fall?"

"Why, put up an umbrella, or run under a tree or into the house."

"You have not given the right answer now. This is the right answer: We ought to love one another."

"That is just the same as the other."

"Yes, it is. And now for my last question. What ought we to do when May comes, with its flowers?"

"Why, 'love one another,' I suppose."

'You are right, Patty. Let the month be what it may—whether the wind blows, the showers fall, and the flowers spring or not—every month of the year, and every hour of the day, we ought to keep the commandment of the Saviour, 'Love one another.'

## ANNA'S HALF-HOURS.

"MOTHER," said little Anna Graves when she came home from school one winter afternoon, "may I go to school a half hour before John and Grace every morning?"

"Oh, did you ever?" cried Grace, laughing. "What time was it when you got through your breakfast this morning, Miss Quickstep?"

The little girl's face reddened, for in truth she was rather lazy about getting up to breakfast.

"Why do you want to start so early, daughter?" asked her mother.

Anna put her arm round mother's neck, and a great whispering went on for some minutes, Grace and John pretending to listen.

The next morning little Anna had her hat and coat on and was off across the snowy fields before her brother and sister had finished their breakfast.

"What is Anna up to, anyhow?" asked John. But mother would not tell. All the rest of the session Anna kept going off on her secret mission, though sometimes it was very, very hard to get out of bed so early. But before it was time to go to grandpa's

for the summer she took mamma and papa with her to Ann Kelly's little house, and as a great favor John and Grace were allowed to go along.

Ann Kelly was the woman who came to do the washing every Monday, and the children used to go sometimes to see Matt, her little lame boy. Matt suffered a great deal, but he was a cheerful little fellow, and did his best to amuse himself while his "mammy" was away at work.

All these early half-hours little Anna had spent teaching Matt to read, and it was wonderful how fast he learned.

When Anna took her mother and father to see what progress he had made, you couldn't say which was the gladdest and proudest—the little scholar, the little teacher or the poor hard-working mother who was standing by.

"Ooh, Matt," she said, "sure an' the little leddy's made a mon o' ye, me boy."

## BENNY'S MENAGERIE.

BENNY joined the I-Will-Try Band of his Sabbath-school, which meant, "I will try to get all the money I can for the missionary-box."

"But what can I do to earn money?" he asked his mother.

"Think for yourself, sonny," she said.

Benny was very fond of pets, and spent much of his time playing with them. One day the thought came into his mind, "Why can't I turn my pets into money? I will have a menagerie," he said, "and show them off."

After trying a good while he printed that long, hard word MENAGERIE on a piece of card-board and hung it on a branch of the apple tree. "That's my sign," he said. He had many talks with his mother, and she advised him to ask a penny a sight, and to invite all the family and neighbours, and by and by his schoolmates.

A famous little showman he made as he stood before his friends. His mamma paid her penny every day just to hear Benny make his speech. How many pennies do you think Benny got for his missionary-box? Sixty-three. He had more than any one else in the class.

## PRAYER.

LORD, teach a little child to pray,  
Thy grace betimes impart,  
And grant thy Holy Spirit may  
Renew my sinful heart.  
For Christ can all my sins forgive,  
And wash away their stain,  
And fit my soul with him to live,  
And in his kingdom reign.