

SUNBEAM

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No. 1.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Little Johnnie lay burning with yellow fever, and, becoming very hungry, said, "Aunt Kate, can I have a piece of bread? I am so hungry."

His aunt said, "No, darling; the doctor says it will make you worse."

Then another aunt came in, and was met with the same plaintive cry, "Aunt Alice, give me a piece of bread."

Tears came into the eyes of both ladies, as Aunt Alice said, "No."

In a little while someone else came—probably the mother—only to hear the same pitiful cry.

The little boy finding that his case was hopeless, went to another source of comfort. He, like many boys and girls of larger growth, found that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Like grown people, when human help failed, he turned to God. His parents and teachers had taught him to pray, and the evening incense of prayer went up nightly from the little boy's heart. Now, in his hunger, he remembered the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." With hungry lips and weak voice, laying his little hands on his breast, he said earnestly, "Dear Jesus, your poor little boy is starving for a piece of bread; please give it to him. He is so hungry."

Of course, mamma and aunties all began to cry; but, wonderful to relate, grandma came in, and seeing the state of affairs, said, "Girls, don't you remember the doctor said if Johnnie

wanted to eat, we could give him some milk?"

Every one ran to get it. Tender hands raised Johnnie's head and held the cup to his lips, and never did milk go gurgling down a more grateful throat.

Johnnie is not a story-book boy, made up for this occasion, but a great fellow in his teens now. Then he was about six years old, or, maybe, eight.

Children, bear in mind the last part of this story—the "Thank you, Jesus." Any of us can beg for a thing; but do we, like Johnnie, always give thanks when the blessing sent goes to "the part what hurted"?

Like little Johnnie, let us go to God with all our wants; and when he answers our prayers, let us be thankful.

IT WILL HOLD MORE.

"That measure's full up!" said Rob, holding the wooden measure even, and noticing the rounded top as his father poured the stream of yellow grain from the meal bag.

"Not quite," said the farmer; "it will hold a little more if you shake it down well."

"Does, doesn't it?" answered Rob thoughtfully, as a gentle shaking left a half-inch of the sides of the measure visible. "Now it's full, though."

"It will hold a little more," repeated his father steadily. "Set it down hard, once—there? A pint more will go in easily. Things look full long before they really are so. Some folks round up their time that way. Day's packed full. Can't get in another chore if they tried to. No time to

do an errand, dreadfully busy. Worst of it is, they think so, and 'tisn't all hypocrisy and excuses. What they need is a good shaking up and setting down hard. Never



YOUNG CANADA AT PLAY.

Instead of lying down immediately, the child raised his beautiful eyes, and said, "Thank you, dear Jesus. It went to the part what hurted."