

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1881.

TOTTY'S ARITHMETIC.

ONE little head worth its whole weight
in gold
Over and over a million times told.

Two shining eyes full of innocent glee,
Brighter than diamonds ever could be.

Three pretty dimples, for fun to slip in,
Two in the cheeks and one in the chin.

Four lily fingers on each baby hand,
Fit for a princess of sweet Fairy-land.

Five on each hand, if we reckon 'Tom Thumb
Standing beside them so stiff and so glum!

Six pearly teeth just within her red lips,
Over which merriment ripples and trips.

Seven bright ringlets as yellow as gold,
Seeming the sunshine to gather and hold.

Eight tiny waves running over her hair,
Sunshine and shadow they love to be there.

Nine precious words that Totty can say,
But she will learn new ones every day.

Ten little chubby, comical toes,
And that is as far as this lesson goes.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A CHILD'S FAITH.

IN the Highlands of Scotland there is a mountain gorge twenty feet in width and two hundred in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation (trees and plants) save in the crevices in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific travellers once offered a Highland boy a handsome gift if he would consent to be lowered down the cliff by a rope and

would gather a little basket full of them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor, but when he gazed at the deep chasm he shuddered, shrank back and declined. But love for his parents was strong within him. After another glance at the gift and then at the terrible depth his heart grew strong and his eye flashed, and he said "*I will go if my father will hold the rope.*" And then with unshrinking nerves and heart firm he suffered his father to put the rope about him and lower him into the wild abyss, when he filled the basket with the beautiful flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the strength of his father's arm and the love of his father's heart gave him courage and power to perform it.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

I ONCE heard of two little children," said a Sunday-school speaker, "a boy and girl, who used to play a great deal together. They were converted. One day the boy came to his mother, and said, 'I know that Emma is a Christian.'

'What makes you think so, my child?'

'Because, mother, she plays like a Christian.'

'Plays like a Christian!' said the mother. The expression sounded a little odd.

'Yes,' replied the child, 'if you take every thing she's got, she doesn't get angry. Before, she was selfish; and if she didn't have everything her own way, she would say, 'I won't play with you; you are an ugly little boy.'"
—*Frank Leslie's Sunday Mag.*

Eddie loves to watch the fire-flies
As the summer evenings pass,
Flashing like a shower of diamonds
In and out the meadow-grass.

"What are all the lights?" I ask him.

"Why, dear papa, don't you know?
God has sent these little lanterns,
So the plants can see to grow."