

on the quay; and then, when she was out of sight, he climbed up the mast to get a last look of his old town, and drop a quiet tear or two. That night, when he said his prayers, he told God he would try to be good; and he felt that God heard him, and would help him.

## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 3, 1880.

### THE BABY'S SERMON.

**T**HE children had been up in their mamma's room after breakfast, that Sunday morning, learning their text, and when they had it perfectly, and were coming down stairs again for a run in the garden while nurse was busy, Nannie and Frank fell to disputing. And what do you think about? Why, who should carry the great rubber ball down stairs.

Nannie wanted it because she had thought of it first, and Frank wanted it because he was the oldest. "You're a mean, selfish boy," said Nannie.

"You're a pig," said Frank.

"I'll just tell papa what a horrid boy you are," said Nannie.

"And I'll tell mamma I wish she'd sell you to somebody. I don't want such a sister," answered Frank.

"I don't love you one single bit," said Nannie.

"And who wants you to?" inquired Frank.

So these naughty children went on from bad to worse, saying all sorts of unkind and unpleasant things to one another—so very unkind that they were ashamed enough whenever they remembered them afterwards.

All this time baby Ben was coming down the stairs behind them. Slowly, one foot at a time, holding fast to the banisters with both fat, small hands, the little man made

his way, and wider and wider opened his big blue eyes, more and more surprised he looked, as he heard the angry words.

The children stopped to finish their quarrel at the foot of the stairs. Frank was trying hard to get the ball away from Nannie, and she had got as far as pulling his hair, the naughty girl, when the baby stopped on the lowest stair and preached his sermon to them.

"Ickle chillen," said he, "love one another."

That was every word he said. It was the text the children had been learning in their mother's room such a short time before. Nannie dropped her hands, her face flushed, and she turned half away from baby Ben, and nobody said anything for a moment.

"Here, Frank," said Nannie at last, holding out the ball, "you may have it. I'm going to be good."

"So am I," said Frank. "You shall have the first toss, Nannie. I'm—I'm real sorry I was cross."

So the two went off to the garden, hand in hand, ashamed enough of having been so naughty, while the baby curled himself up in papa's big chair in the study, and there nurse found him, after a long hunt, fast asleep, with his thumb in his mouth.—*Churchman.*

### THE GIFT OF GOD.

**J**ESUS is called in the Bible the "gift of God." "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." He is called the "unspeakable gift," because it is impossible to tell its worth.

If a friend were to offer you a handsome gift, what would you do, my little child? Would you not put out your hands and take it, saying, "Thank you," and go away feelin' very happy?

And have you accepted God's precious gift to you, and do you thank him for it every day?