

SUNBEAM

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"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

Fold the little hands in prayer and say those sweet words which, wherever the English speech is known, are the last words of childhood night after night, year after year, throughout the world. Probably no other words are so often used. A touching story is told of a good old man of eighty, who lay dying, and he thought he was a child again; and just before he died he repeated the simple rhyme he had learned in his mother's arms eighty years before.

THE DOLL CLUB.

Twelve little girls formed themselves into a club for the purpose of sending dolls to poor children. The mother of one of the girls suggested that they name each doll for some one who had done good in the world. The girls liked this plan, and they had a fine time hunting up names.

One of the biggest dolls was called Florence Nightingale, for that good woman who spent so much time on battlefields and in hospitals, nursing the sick soldiers. One of the girls had a book that told the story of this dear woman's life; and she copied part of this on sheets of paper, and pinned them to the doll's dress. Then they sent it to a girl who had a sick mother to nurse.

In a Sunday-school paper they found a picture of Sister Dora, with a short account of the good work that she did. They cut this out, and pinned it on a doll, and named her Sister Dora, and sent her to another child.



"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

When they heard of a little cripple who loves dearly to sing hymns they named a doll Fanny Crosby, and sent it to the little maid, with a collection of Fanny Crosby's hymns that they copied in a blank book.

They named another doll Louisa Alcott, and sent her, with a copy of "Little Women," to a dear little girl only seven years old, who minds her younger brother and the baby all day, while the mother goes out to work. It took a good while for

the club to save enough money to buy "Little Women;" but the girls said that they thought it would be a lovely keepsake, and Annie could read it when she got older.

Frances Willard went to a little girl whose father had lately signed the temperance pledge, and with her was a bow of white ribbon for the little girl to wear.

Pansy was the prettiest of all the dolls, and she was sent to a chubby little four-year-old who has just begun to go to kindergarten.

DAISY'S SCHOOL.

"Why, Daisy Dumpling!" said I, "what have the poor dollies done that you have to take such a big whip to them?"

"They haven't done anything. That's what's the matter. They will not learn their lessons. I've told them over and over and over to sit up and study. Just see that! Mary Ann will lean over on Rosa Bell Lee, and Yan Foo is the naughtiest child you ever did see. Dear, dear, dear,

what a trouble I do have with my children!"

"Do you approve of whipping?"

"Why, certainly."

"Then when you don't learn your lessons, I shall have to whip you, shall I?"

"Oh! why, that's different, I'm only playing, you know," she said.

Just to keep sweet and to repress uncharitable opinions is to go far toward commending the lovely Gospel of Christ.