

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 4, 1880.

"HE TOLD MY HEART SO."

"**N**OW do you know that Jesus saves people now?" asked a lady of her Sunday-school class.

One answered, "Because He can not deceive, and is still inviting sinners to come to Him;" another, "Because He never changes." Another quoted the text, "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and forgiveness of sins." The question came to a little girl at the end of the class. She hung her head a moment, while the colour rose to her forehead, then softly whispered, "Because He told my heart so."

She had heard no voice, she had seen no shape, she was only beginning to read the Bible for herself, and as yet it was a difficult task; but she had been told of the Lord Jesus, who when He was on earth took little children to His arms, and she asked Him to receive her. Into her heart the answer came, she knew not how; but she felt Christ loved her, yes, her in particular—not as one in a great crowd, but as if there was no one else to be loved in the whole world. She was a lamb of Jesus; she belonged to Him; He was *her* Saviour. He had told her heart so.

"In the silence of the twilight
I heard a solemn voice;
In the glory of the sunlight
It bade my heart rejoice.

"It told me I was purchased
At the costly price of blood;
That henceforth I was not my own,
But living unto God.

"So if my heart grows heavy,
Or my weary eyes grow dim,
I whisper softly to myself,
'Still I belong to Him.'"

—*Child's Treasury.*

DEAR CHILDREN FAR AWAY.

IN lands full of darkness across the blue
wave
Are many dear children the Lord died
to save,

Who, reaching out hands from over the sea,
Are pleading for light, here shining so free.

No kind Christian parents to show them
the way,

To tell them of Jesus, to teach them to
pray,

To lead them in paths of wisdom and truth,
And to teach them the love of God in their
youth.

No Bible to lighten life's pathway of gloom,
No hope full of glory beyond the dark
tomb,

No promise of God the sad soul to sustain,
No knowledge that death to the Christian is
gain.

No Jesus, no Bible, how sad is the sight!
While here o'er our pathway the gospel
shines bright.

Let us open our hearts to the poor children
there,

And give them the Bible, our help, and our
prayers.

A BOY'S FAITH.

TWO little boys were talking together
about a lesson they had been re-
ceiving from their grandmother, on
the subject of Elijah's going to heaven in
a chariot of fire.

"I say, Charlie," said George, "but
wouldn't you be afraid to ride on such a
chariot?"

"Why, no," said Charlie, "I shouldn't be
afraid if I knew the Lord was driving."

And that was just the way David felt
when he said, "What time I am afraid I
will trust thee." He knew that neither
chariots of fire nor anything else could
hurt him if God was present as his pro-
tector and friend.—*Sunday-school World.*