

if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if they were not any love among them, the house will seem cool even in summer, and if you live there you will envy the dog when anybody calls him poor fellow.—*Dr. Holland.*

### WHAT SEED SHALL WE SOW?

A WONDERFUL thing is a seed,  
The one thing deathless forever!  
The one thing changeless—utterly true,  
Forever old and forever new,  
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, blessings will bloom;  
Plant hate, hate will grow;  
You can sow to-day, to-morrow will bring  
The blossom that proves what sort of thing  
Is the seed, the seed you sow.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13 1886

### THE EARLIER THE EASIER.

ONE day I stood at a locked gate which led to a beautiful green field. Between the closed gate and the stone wall was a small opening, but I could not push through it, even if it were to save my life. A band of little children came tripping up, and one after another went up to the narrow opening, and without any difficulty slipped through, and were in the play-ground. I could not but think how easy it is for children to get in. And I remembered the text which tells of another gate, easier for children to enter than for grown-up people: "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

ASK the Lord to help you be a good child all this week. He loves to help his dear little ones all the time.



OUR BABY.

### WEE BABIES.

BABIES short, and babies tall,  
Babies big, and babies small,  
Blue-eyed babies, babies fair,  
Brown-eyed babies with lots of hair,  
Babies so tiny they can't sit up,  
Babies that drink from a silver cup,  
Babies that coo, and babies that creep,  
Babies that only can eat and sleep,  
Babies that laugh and babies that talk,  
Babies quite big enough to walk,  
Dimpled fingers, and dimpled feet,  
What in the world is half so sweet  
As babies that jump, laugh, cry, and crawl,  
Eat, sleep, talk, walk, creep, coo, and all  
Wee babies?

### TELEPHONING TO GOD.

A LITTLE girl who had never heard of a telephone was filled with wonder when she first saw one being used. She understood there was a conversation being carried on, but with whom, and where the person was, were both mysteries to her. Seeing her deep interest, the matter was explained.

Some time afterwards she was visiting her grandpapa, and family worship was a new thing to her. She asked many questions about it. Her grandpapa told her of God, who made all things, and who gives us all the blessings we enjoy.

"But, grandpapa, I never saw him. Where is he?"

She was told that he was everywhere, and could see and hear us though we saw him not. For some time she sat lost in thought.

Then suddenly her eyes sparkled, and she exclaimed:

"I see; I know now. When we pray we telephone to God!"

When we pray, dear readers, do we always realize, as we do when we speak through the telephone, that our words will be heard and answered, "If we ask aright? As a tender parent stoops down to listen to the request of the little one, so our Heavenly Father "inclines his ear" to hearken to us. He is the "hearer and answerer of prayer." Whatever gives us anxiety or trouble, even though it be too small to tell our fellow-creatures, we may pour into his ear; with the assurance that if he does not see fit to remove it, he will give us strength to bear it. Let us in our prayers "become as little children."

### HOW HE WENT OVER IT.

"ONE Lord's Day a Christian gentleman was walking to church, when he met a man driving a heavily loaded waggon. The gentleman stopped, and, looking under the waggon as if in horror, said: "There you've gone right over it!" The driver was frightened. He stopped his horses and looked under his waggon, expecting to see some injured child or animal. But nothing was there. "What did I go over?" he asked. "Over the Fourth Commandment," was the reply. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

THE love of God in the heart, is a flower which in its early bud, is joy, and its full bloom is heaven.