

## AWAKE AT NIGHT.

In the dark and silent night,  
Little child, you need not fear,  
Just as much as in the light  
God is near you—God is near!

Though the room be dark and lone,  
Though no moon be shining clear,  
You may say in truthful tone,  
"God is near me—God is near!"

If you feel afraid, or start  
At some sudden sound you hear,  
Keep this thought within your heart,  
"God is near me—God is near!"

He will guard you with his arm,  
He is your own Father dear;  
He will keep you safe from harm—  
God is near you—God is near!

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1899.

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAND.

I read a pretty legend not long ago about three women who were trying to decide which had the most beautiful hand. One reddened hers with berries, and said that the beautiful colour made her hand the most beautiful. Another put her hand in a mountain brook, and said that the bright, clear, sparkling water made her hand the most beautiful. The third plucked some lovely flowers from the road-side, and said the bloom of the flowers made her hand the most beautiful.

While they were talking a poor old woman appeared on the scene and asked for alms, and another woman who did not claim that her hand was the most beautiful, gave her what she sorely needed.

Then all the women decided to ask this beggar-woman the question as to whose hand was the most beautiful, and she answered: "The most beautiful hand of

them all is the one that gave relief to my needs;" and as she said these words, her wrinkles and her rags and her feebleness seemed to disappear, and there stood the Christ, who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A good rich man in a large city put up this notice over the door: "All who have no money, and are hungry, come in here and eat."

A great many people passed by, and said: "What a strange man to make such an offer!"

A poor man came along, looked at the sign, and said: "Well, I'm hungry enough; but then, if I can't go in without paying something, I don't want to go, and I haven't any money. So he passed on.

A poor woman stopped and looked at the sign, and said: "Oh that I might go in there and eat! but, alas! I am too ragged and dirty. I am not fit; he would turn me out." So she passed on.

And so on. One had one excuse, another some other; and so, hungry, starving, poor, wretched, the crowd passed by, and did not go in to the feast.

At last a little boy came along and saw the sign. "That must mean me!" he cried. Hungry? I'm hungry. Poor? I'm poor enough. No money? Well, that means me too. I'll go in!" And in he went: and not only had a great dinner, but was clothed, and given a beautiful home in which he should be forever happy.

## DON'T CRY, TOMMY.

Tommy is in sad trouble. His book is all torn and he can't keep back the tears. It is only a few days since his teacher gave him a new book, telling him to take good care of it, and now, though how it happened Tommy can hardly tell, his nice new book is in pieces and Tommy does not know what to do.

Tommy's little sister Emily feels very sorry for him, and is trying to comfort him as best she can. She is telling him not to mind, for he did not mean to tear the book, and she is sure the teacher will excuse him this time.

I think Emily is right, for Tommy means to be a good boy, and I am sure that, after this, he will be more careful with his new books, so that they will not get torn.

## ONLY A CENT.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn, where Dick and Joe were playing with two tame pigeons.

"Boys," he said, "my workshop ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping."

"Only a cent?" said Dick. "Who would work for a cent?"

"I will," said Joe; "a cent is better than nothing."

So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe would take a broom and sweep it, and he dropped all his pennies into his tin savings-bank.

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe into town with him. While he went to buy some lumber, they went to a store where there were toys of every kind.

"What fine kites!" said Dick. "I wish that I could buy one."

"Only ten cents," said the man.

"I haven't got a cent," said Dick.

"I have fifty cents," said Joe, "and I think that I will buy that bird kite."

"How did you get fifty cents?" asked Dick.

"By sweeping the shop," answered Joe.

"I saved my pennies, and did not open my bank until this morning."

## THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.

"For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

"They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

## WANTED.

We very often see this sign upon stores or offices, and every day we find it printed in the newspapers. All kinds of people and things are wanted. Sometimes it is a man wanted to attend to a garden or a woman is wanted to do sewing. Sometimes a teacher is wanted in school, and sometimes scholars are wanted to fill up the classes.

Did you ever think that boys and girls are wanted all the time by God, our loving, heavenly Father? Somebody has put this thought into these beautiful words:

"Wanted! young feet to follow  
Where Jesus leads the way,  
Into the fields where harvest  
Is ripening day by day;  
Now, while the breath of morning  
Scents all the dewy air;  
Now, in the fresh, sweet dawning,  
Oh! follow Jesus there!"

"Wanted! young hands to labour;  
The fields are broad and wide,  
The harvest waits the reaper  
Around on every side;  
None are too poor or lowly,  
None are too weak or small,  
For in his service holy  
The Master needs them all.

"Wanted! young ears to listen;  
Wanted! young eyes to see;  
Wanted! young hearts to answer  
With a throb of sympathy,  
While on the wild waves' sighing,  
The strange, sad tale is borne  
Of lands in darkness lying,  
Forsaken and forlorn."

"God's in his heaven;  
All's right with the world."