

Make me love to do thy will,  
 All thy wishes to fulfil,  
 So that I may grow like thee,  
 Gentle, patient, loving be,  
 Ready for my heavenly home,  
 When thy voice shall bid me come.

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## The Sunbeam.

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TORONTO, JULY 2, 1881.

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### SAMMY AND WILLIE.



SAMMY is a bright boy of ten. Willie, his cousin, a wide-awake lad of nine summers. Their places are seldom vacant in the Sunday-school, and it is a pleasure to see their eyes sparkle when the Superintendent hands around the SUNBEAM, and *Pleasant Hours*. Sammy and Willie are not like some little boys. They study the Lesson Leaf during the week, and on Sunday they listen to all their teacher says. They often talk about God, and that happy place where we all should want to go. One day Sammy wished to explain to Willie how very uncertain life is, and this is how he did it:

"You know, Willie, the chickens fly up on the roost at night. Well, they never know anything about us going to kill them, till we just go up and catch one and cut off its head. Now, we are exactly like the chickens; we don't know when the Lord wants us, and maybe he will take us when we are not thinking about it at all. So we ought to be good all the time, every day, and do all that Ma and Pa says."

How many of the SUNBEAM boys and girls think that Sammy is right? All that do, should be careful to say or do nothing that would displease Christ for it is through Him we expect to enter heaven.

### GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

HUSH-A-BYE, my baby dear,  
 Mamma bids you go to sleep;  
 Babies have no need to fear,  
 God his little ones will keep.

For his strong and loving arm  
 Will be round you all the night,  
 To protect you, sweet, from harm,  
 Till the morning dawns so bright.

You've been busy all day long  
 With your merry little play;  
 Listen now my good-night song,  
 Then to dreamland sink away.

God your little bed above  
 Has his pretty star-lamps set,  
 Showing how his watchful love  
 Never will a child forget.

When these star-lamps paler grow,  
 When the day begins to break,  
 When the cow begins to low,  
 Then, my birdie, you may wake.

RUTH ARGYLE.

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### GRATITUDE.



HERE is a very touching little story told of a poor woman with two children, who had not a bed for them to lie upon, and scarcely any clothes to cover them. In the depth of winter they were nearly frozen; and the mother took the door of a cellar off its hinges and set it up before the corner where they had crouched down to sleep, that some of the draught and cold might be kept from them. One of the children whispered to her, when she complained of how badly off they were, "Mother, what do those dear little children do who have no cellar-door to put up in front of them?"

Even there, you see, the little heart found cause for thankfulness.