

# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.

[No. 1]

## I SEE YOU!

"I SEE YOU!" And how scared the little miss does seem over the announcement. Yet, she might have known, silly child, that Polly couldn't very well help seeing her, and she must also be quite familiar with his ability to declare the fact, since the vocabulary of parrots is commonly very limited. But the trouble is the little girl is doing wrong, getting ready to taste of forbidden fruit, evidently, so poor Polly's opportune remark naturally startles her. Does she forget, what should be in her thought, that God sees her, and is displeased by her wrong-doing?

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

IN a Sunday-school at Nantasket there was a little girl of whom the following incident is related. It occurred when she was only six years of age:

Her uncle was brought home very sick, and the doctor told the family

he could not live. The little girl heard it, and at a time when no one was in the sick room, she went softly in, and up to the bedside, put one hand on the cheek of the man, and reaching up, pressed her face close to his, and whispered, "Cast your sins on



I SEE YOU!

Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God." His bodily distress had been very great, a moan coming with every breath; but at her whispered words, the flood-gates of his soul were unlocked, and he burst into tears. The little girl went about her play, not

telling any one she had been in the room. His mental anguish was as great as his bodily suffering. All through the night he lay praying for mercy and forgiveness of sin. The next day the little messenger God sent watched her chance, and again went to the sick man and whispered with a winning tenderness.

"Did you do as I told you, Uncle William?"

"Yes, I did, I did! He washed away my sins."

Only a few hours before he died, he implored God's richest blessing on his "little angel," as he called her, for teaching him the way to Jesus.

## A GOOD PRAYER.

A LITTLE boy, the son of a Friend, about six years old, after sitting like the rest of the congregation in silence, all being afraid to speak first, got up on the seat, and, folding his arms over his breast, murmured in a clear, sweet

voice, just loud enough to be heard on the fore seat, "I do wish the Lord would make us all gooder and gooder and gooder, till there is no bad left." Would a longer prayer have been more to the purpose?