

THE SUNBEAM

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I'M LOST.

WERE you ever lost, my child? One spring evening a friend and myself were walking along a beautiful country road. The sun was just setting, all gold and purple, and everything looked very lovely indeed. Just in front of us was a little girl, walking slowly along, whom we found to be crying bitterly. At first we could not tell what she said because of her sobs; but after a little time, we found out she was saying, over and over again: "I'm lost." Presently she told us that her parents had only just come to the village, and that her mother had sent her to the shop at the corner of the street where three ways met. She had taken the wrong road, and now was lost. Well, we comforted the poor child, and put her right for her home, to which she went still sobbing with fright.

Now, I know a great many boys and girls like this child—they are lost. They do not know where they are going. How is it with you? You know you will not stay in this world forever. Do you know where you



THE SLIDE.

will go when you leave it? The little girl was going farther and farther from her home every step she took, and so it is with all who are not the Lord's. Every day they get farther and farther away from Him.

I know where I am going when I leave this world, and so do thousands of other persons, for the Lord Jesus is the Way. "I am the Way," he says. He will lead you, if you only ask him. He will be your Saviour and your friend. And then you will know where you are going; for he will have told you. Has he yet so spoken to you?

MARY'S PRAYER.

HERE is a prayer a dear little girl used to say. Could anything be sweeter? What a very dear little girl she must have been! How many of my dear little readers will learn Mary's prayer, and then say it with heart and soul in every word?

"Dear God, bless my two little eyes, and make them twinkle happy. Bless my two little ears, and make them hear my mother call me. Bless my two little