

## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 6, 1881.

### "THAT'S ME."

**A** POOR Hottentot in Southern Africa lived with a good man who had family prayers every day. One day he read, "Two men went up into the temple to pray."

The poor savage, whose heart was already awakened, looked earnestly at the reader and whispered, "Now I'll learn how to pray."

The man read on, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men."

"No, I am not; but I am worse," whispered the Hottentot.

Again the man read, "I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess."

"I don't do that; I don't pray in that way. What shall I do?" said the distressed savage.

The good man read on until he came to the publican, who "would not so much as lift his eyes unto heaven."

"That's me!" cried his hearer.

"Stood afar off," read the other.

"That's where I am!" said the Hottentot.

"But smote upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

"That's me! *that's my prayer!*" cried the poor creature; and, smiting on his dark breast, he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner," until, like the poor publican, he went down to his house a saved and happy man.

A beau-ti-ful answer was once given by a little girl in one of the London homes for the des-ti-tute. The question was asked why Jesus is called an "un-speak-able gift." There was silence for awhile, and then, with trembling voice this dear child said, "Because he is so precious that no one can tell *all* his precious-ness."

### "THE KING OF HEARTS."

**H**IS kingdom is the nursery,  
And mother's lap his throne;  
His subjects—all the household,

O'er which he reigns alone.  
Wee monarch of our hearts is he,  
This white-robed, blue-eyed "Willie wee."

We speak in softest whispers  
Whene'er he lies asleep,  
And at the dainty slumberer  
Take many an anxious péep;  
And e'en a fly can scarcely dare  
To brush the silken, golden hair.

And every twinkling dimple  
In neck, and cheek, and chin,  
Is where we snuggle kisses  
-And kiss them deeply in;  
For loving baby so, you see,  
A bundle of sweet love is he.

And when our king awakens,  
For his first glance we run,  
And fast the glad news travels,—  
"The monarch's nap is done!"  
And on his throne he sits in state,  
While loyal subjects on him wait.

No king e'er ruled a kingdom  
As rules our Willie wee,  
O'er hearts as fond and loyal  
As ever hearts could be.  
Long live our little king so fair,  
With sweet blue eyes and golden hair!

### IN GOD'S HOUSE

A dear little girl who was taken to church for the first time, and who had been frequently told that it was God's house, looked anxiously around, as if expecting to see some one, and then twitching her mother's sleeve, inquired eagerly, "Mamma, where's God?"

If we accustom ourselves to going to church with the expectation of seeing God, we will be more likely to feel his presence than if we went in a less reverent spirit.