

her childish question that started Uncle George on a generous, active, Christian life.—*Selected.*

### BABY'S VISITORS.

My baby sat on the floor:  
His big blue eyes were full of wonder,  
For he had never seen before  
That baby in the mirror door—  
What kept the two, so near, asunder?

He leaned toward the golden head  
The mirror border framed within,  
Until twin cheeks like roses red  
Lay side by side, then softly said:  
"I can't get out, can 'ee come in?"

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 6, 1886.

### A CHILD'S LOVE.

BACKWARD and forward in her little rocking-chair moved Alice Lee, now clasping her beautiful doll to her bosom, and singing low, sweet lullabies; then smoothing its flaxen curls, patting its rosy cheeks, and whispering softly, "I love you, pretty dolly!" and anon casting wistful glances towards her mother, who sat in a bay-window, busily writing. After what seemed to be a very long time to the little daughter, Mrs. Lee pushed aside the papers, and looking up, said pleasantly, "I am done for to-day, Alice; you may now make all the noise you choose." Scarcely were the words uttered ere the little one had flown to her, and nestled her head on her loving heart, saying earnestly, "I am so glad; I wanted to love you so much mamma." "Did you, darling?" And she clasped her tenderly. "I am so glad my Alice loves me so; but I fancy you were not very lonely while I wrote, you and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together." "Yes, we had, mam-

ma; but I got tired, after a while, of loving her." "And why?" "Oh, because she never loves me back." "And that is why you love me?" "This is one why, mamma, but not the first one or the best." "And what is the first and best?" "Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes grew very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so." "And we love God because he first loved us," whispered the mother.

### "THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT."

ONE day Robert's uncle gave him a penny.

"Now," said he, "I'll have some candy, for I've been wanting some a long while."

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"Oh, yes! I want the candy very much." And he hurried on his cap and ran off in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny, but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the candy store. Then he stood awhile with his hand on the latch and his eye on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for. Then she was more surprised to see him come off the step and run back home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlour, with a bright glow upon his cheek, and a brighter glance in his eye, as he exclaimed:

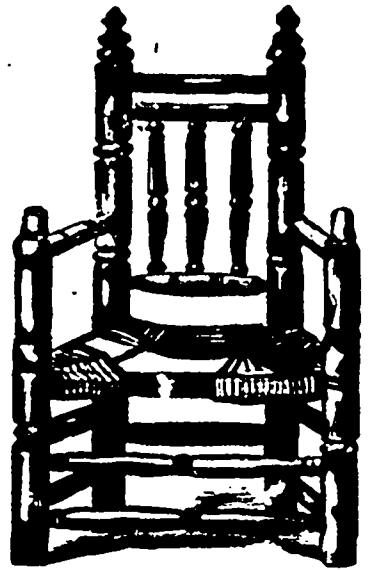
"Mother, the heathen have beat! the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat?'"

"Why, mother, as I went along, I kept hearing the heathen say: 'Give us your penny to help send us good missionaries; we want Bibles and tracts; help us, little boy, won't you?' And I kept saying, Oh, I want the candy, I do want the candy. At last the heathen beat, and I am going to put my penny into the missionary box. It shall go to the heathen."—*Missionary Echoes.*

### POLITE TO GOD.

"HUSH!" whispered a little girl to her class-mates who were laughing during prayer, "we should be polite to God." Dear children, do you ever think how wickedly rude it is to laugh and whisper in your class, or while the superintendent is engaged in prayer? Be careful how you laugh during God's service, lest some time he laugh at you and "mock when your fear cometh."



THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

BY C. M. W.

Art and invention have greatly changed (some say improved) all the articles necessary to our comfort and happiness. In nothing is this more noticeable than in the furniture which fills our houses. How striking the contrast between the old-fashioned low bedstead, with its bed-cord to hold the bed, and the new style high head-board beds, reaching the ceiling, with a wealth of carving that would have almost frightened grandpa at the extravagance of the thing. How many of the dear children have seen somewhere in the house an old arm-chair, cherished as a treasure of great value by father or mother? How different from the easy chairs of to-day! But around it are sacred memories precious as life. It was one of these old arm-chairs that a sweet poet wrote the following lines:

I love it, I love it! and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair!  
I've treasured it long as a holy prize,  
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it  
with sighs.  
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my  
heart;  
Not a link will sever, not a tie will start.  
Would you learn that spell? A mother  
sat there;  
And a sacred thing is the old arm-chair.

I've sat and watched her many a day,  
When her eyes grew dim and her locks  
were gray:  
And I almost worshipped her when she  
smiled  
And turned from her Bible to bless her  
child.  
Years have roiled by, and the last one sped—  
My idol is shattered, my earth-star fled;