

Jack never cries when Mamma says he must go to bed, like some children I have seen. Oh! no; he goes quietly to bed with Nursie, for his Mamma told him that little boys must be

“Early to bed, and early to rise,”

if they want to grow up into big men like their fathers.

Little Jack never forgets to say, at his mother's knee, before he goes off with Nurse, “Now I lay me down to sleep.” He is also very fond of the sweet Bible stories of Joseph in the Pit, and Isaac on the Altar, and David and Goliath, and Daniel in the Lions' Den. But, best of all, he loves

That sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He took little children as lambs
to his fold,
I would like to have been with Him then.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 7, 1881.

MAMMA'S KISSES.

A KISS when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my finger,
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins;
My mamma is full of kisses
As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair;
She covered me over with kisses
The day I fell from the stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
For her own little baby boy.

TELLING A STORY.

LITTLE Blue-eyes is sleepy,
Come here and be rocked to sleep,
What shall I tell you, darling?
The story of Little Bo-Peep?
Or of the cows in the garden,
Or the children who ran away?
If I'm to be a story-teller,
What shall I tell you, pray?

“Tell me”—the Blue-eyes opened
Like pansies when they blow,
“Of the baby in the manger,
The little child Christ, you know.
I like to hear that story,
The best of all you tell.”
And my four-year-old nestles closer
As the twilight shadows fell.

And I told my darling over
The old, old tale again:
Of the baby born in the manger,
And the Christ who died for men;
Of the great warm heart of Jesus,
And the children whom he blest,
Like the blue-eyed boy who listened
As he lay upon my breast.

And I prayed as my darling slumbered,
That my child with eyes so sweet,
Might learn from his Saviour's lesson
And sit at the Master's feet.
Pray God he may never forget it,
But always love to hear
The tender and touching story
That now he holds so dear.

GOD SEES ME.—Annie was ready to have her picture taken. “Now, Annie, you must look pleasant,” said her Aunt Lou. “Why?” asked Annie; “will God see me?” Annie had been taught that God can see all things, and that a naughty temper can be seen in the face. He can look down into the heart, and if there is any wrong there he can see it. He knows all our thoughts, whether we speak them or not.