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"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

FOLD the little hands in prayer and say those sweet words which, wherever English speech is known, are the last words of childhood night after night, year after year, throughout the world. Probably no other words are so often used. A touching story is told of a good old man of eighty, who lay dying, and he thought was a child he again; and just before he died he repeated the simple rhyme he had learned in his mother's arms eighty years before.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL

THE following incident, related of a little heathen Bengalee girl, shows what children in those far-off countries sometimes have to suffer for the sake of their religion.

A little girl came to school a few days ago with a severe bruise on her forehead, and on being asked by Mrs M. what had caused it would give no answer, but looked ready to burst out crying. But another little child, a relative, was not so reticent, and said her father, having observed that she had not done her "puja" for a great many



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them." This so enraged the father that he seized her by the back of her neck, took her before the idol, and, having first bowed reverently before it himself forcibly bent the child's head several times, striking it so violently on the ground that it bled profusely, the child bitterly crying the whole time. But she smiled happily enough when this was related in school, and said that she did not much mind it; adding, "I cannot believe that trees and wood and stone will save me."

WHERE IT IS SAFE.

"AUNTIE," said little Alice, "when people put their money into a bank, do they worry about it because they are afraid it isn't safe?" Her aunt replied: "That depends upon the character of the bank. If the officers who manage it are reliable men, those who place their money there have no reason to fear for its safety." "I thought so," said Alice. "And, auntie, I was thinking about my soul, whether

it is safe; and I've given it to Jesus, and I feel as if it must be safe there, and I needn't worry about it. He will take care of it, won't he?" "Yes, dear, it is perfectly safe in the hands of Jesus," replied her auntie