

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1881.

LITTLE ROBBIE'S PRAYER.

T IRED Robbie, in his night-gown,
After playing all the day,
Kneels, with heavy drooping eyelids,
By his mamma's side to pray.

"Come, begin, my pet—'Our Father,'—
"No, not 'at," breaks in the elf,
"At too long, and me too sleepy,
Make a little prayer myself.

"Dod bless all the folks an' chilums,
Keep 'em safe till mornin' light,
Speshly me and my dear mamma,
Amen. Tiss me quick—dood night."

PHOEBE AND HER PAPA.

IT was a dark night, and little Phoebe was out for the first time after sun-down. Her papa was by her side and yet she felt a little afraid, the world looked so different from the one she knew in the sunlight.

"Papa," she said, drawing in her breath, "I don't know where we are going. I don't know where home is."

"But I do," said papa. "I can see the way. Take hold of my hand and I will bring you home all safe."

She held tight to the strong hand, and went along talking half to herself and half to her father.

"Yes, you do know the way, don't you, papa? You'll take care of your little girl, 'cause you love her, don't you, papa?"

So she trudged on happily in the dark, and reached at last her happy home.

Just so you want to trust God in the dark. He will take care of you, because He loves you.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

IT was raining very hard, and little Charley was looking out of the window and feeling very bad about it.

"I hate the rain," Charley said; "its always raining when I want to play. I wish it would go away and never come back again."

Just then a little bird in a tree began to sing merrily.

"Goodness sake," said Charley, "you'd better get into your nest, and pull the bed-clothes over you. How can you sing when it rains so hard?"

"I sing," said the bird, "to see the rain that has come to make the grass grow, and the flowers come out, and the little brooks run. The dear, kind rain!"

"I never thought of that," said Charley. "I suppose it is best." God knows what is best.

NELLIE'S HEN AND CHICKS.

BY THE CORPORAL.

NELLIE was the happy owner of a fine hen, which she called Specky, because her white feathers were mixed with brown ones. I cannot write how much pleasure Specky gave to the little girl.

One day, after three weeks' absence in the hennery, Specky strutted up to her mistress with half a score of fuzzy little chicks at her heels. This threw Nellie into an ecstasy of delight. Clapping her hands, she cried:

"O, you darling old Specky, what dear little chicks!"

Nellie was very gentle both with Specky and her restless little family. She fed them daily. She would even take her breakfast bowl of bread and milk into the yard and say:

"Good kind hen, come to me quick,
Brick each darling little chick;
They with us to-day shall dine
On this bread and milk so fine;
You shall watch them while they eat
Of this food so nice and sweet."

Of course Specky and the chicks soon