

you were helpless little babes? Perhaps sitting up night after night by your bed when you have been sick! And do you think of that All-seeing Eye that slumbereth not, nor sleepeth, but keeps watch and ward over you day and night all your life long? Should you not love and thank God very much for his loving care, and for your home, and friends, and teachers, and all the other blessings He gives you, and, above all, for the gift of His dear Son?

The Sunbeam.

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TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK.



A SWISS colporteur entered a three-storey house, in which, according to the custom of the country, three different families lived. He began with the highest storey, and sold copies of the Scriptures in this and in the next. On inquiring about the family on the ground floor, he was warned not to enter, but he did enter. He found both the man and his wife at home. He offered his bibles; his offer was replied to with abuse, and a positive order to leave the house instantaneously; he, however, stayed, urging them to buy and read God's Holy Word. The man then rose in a violent rage and struck him a severe blow on the cheek. Up to this moment the colporteur stood quietly with his knapsack on his back. He now deliberately unstrapped it, laid it on the table, and turned up the sleeve of his right arm, all the while steadily looking his opponent in the face. The colporteur was a very strong man. Addressing his opponent, he said:

"Look at my hand, its furrows show that I have worked; feel my muscles, they show that I am fit for work. Look me straight in the face; do I quail before you? Judge then for yourself if it is fear that mo'es

me to do what I am about to do. In this book my Master says, 'When they smite you on one cheek, turn to them the other also.' You have smitten me on one cheek, here is the other! Smite! I will not return the blow."

The man was thunderstruck. He did not smite, but bought the book, which, under the influence of God's Spirit, works marvels in the human heart.

DOLLY'S CHRISTENING.

"**I**'LL be the goodest little girl
That ever you did see,
If you'll let me take my dolly
To church with you and me.
It's too drefful bad to leave her
When we's all gone away.
Oh, Cosette will be so lonesome
To stay at home all day!"

'Twas such a pleading pair of eyes
And winsome-little face
That mamma couldn't well refuse,
Though church was not the place
For dolls and playthings, she well knew;
Still, mamma's little maid
Was always so obedient,
She didn't feel afraid.

No mouse was ever half so still
As this sweet little lass
Until the sermon was quite through;
Then this did come to pass:
A dozen babies (more or less),
Dressed in long robes of white,
Were brought before the altar-rail—
A flash of heaven's own light.

Then Mabel stood upon the seat,
With dolly held out straight;
And this is what the darling said:
"O minister, please to wait
And wash my dolly up like that—
Her name its Cosette." [head,
The "minister" smiled and bowed his
But mamma blushes yet.