

FOR THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

Once again, dear Lord, we pray
For the children far away,
Who have never even heard
Jesus' name, our sweetest word.

Little lips that thou hast made,
'Neath the far-off temple shade,
Give to gods of wood and stone
Praise that should be all thine own.

Little hands, whose wondrous skill
Thou hast given to do thy will,
Offerings bring, and serve with fear
Gods that cannot see nor hear.

Teach them, O thou heav'nly King,
All their gifts and praise to bring
To thy Son, who died to prove
Thy forgiving, saving love.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 8, 1902.

IN DANGER.

"Come in! Come in!" said Miss Mousie. "I have a lovely room all to myself, a regular castle; the walls are golden and I have had a fine feast. There is plenty of room for all of you; do come in!"

"You'd better come out," said the mother mouse. "If Tabby should catch sight of you where would you be then? Or suppose the cook should come in with her sharp knife, and cut into your castle; she would soon finish you."

"Oh, I am safe enough for a good while yet," said mousie. "The cook took several sips from the decanter over yonder before she went out. She also ate a couple of brandied peaches from that high jar, and I reckon she feels rather drowsy

by this time. A smart young mouse like myself can easily escape her."

Just then they heard a step, and away scampered the mouse family just in time. As they fled through the hole in the pantry the mistress, who saw them, exclaimed, "Why, there goes a mouse! We must set a trap. Where can the cook be? She will surely be late with her baking."

JIMMY AND THE CABMAN.

BY ANTHONY CHURCH.

Jim had been very ill—so ill that no one thought he could get well. For ten long weeks he had been kept in his little bed, but now he was quite strong once more and could run about and play with his toys. At last the doctor said he was to go to the seaside; so his nurse got a big trunk and put in all Jim's suits, and told him he was to go the very next day.

When the cab drove up to the door, Jim ran out to the gate and got in at once, but his mother said to the man, "You must drive fast, or we shall not catch the train."

"Mother!" said Jim after a time, "why does the cabman look so sad, and why did he look so hard at me when I got in?"

Mrs. Smith shook her head. "I do not know, dear," she made reply, "but you can ask him when we get out if you like."

At last the cab got to the station; the man got down from his box and made a boy come and hold his horse.

Then Jim went up to him and said: "Cabman, why have you got such a sad face?"

The man stood quite still and looked at Jim.

"What do you want to know for?" he said in a cross voice.

Jim was only five years old, but he was not at all a shy boy. "Oh, I feel so sorry for you," he said. "That was all; if I could I'd like to help you."

"I had a boy just like you once," the man said at last, "but he is dead now, and it was all my fault."

"Tell me about him," said Jim.

"There is not much to tell," said the cabman. "His name was Tom, and I was very fond of him, but one day I had too much drink, and I did not know what I did, and I hit him on the head with a stick."

Jim's face fell. "I hope he was not hurt," he said in a low tone.

"Jim, dear, we must go now, or we shall lose our train," said Mrs. Smith, but the wee boy shook his head.

"I want to hear about this man's poor little boy," he said.

"I should not have told him, ma'am, but he is so like my little boy was," said the man.

"Please go on," broke in Jim, "let me know all."

"Well, I hurt him very much," said the man, "and for a long while after his head was very bad, and one day when the

pain was at its worst I sent for the doctor, but he could not save him. Now I am quite alone, and I do miss him so."

Jim's eyes were brimful of tears. "Poor, poor man," he said, "don't say you are all alone. I love, and God loves you ever so much. You did not mean to kill Tom, and it was all the drink that made you so bad that night. Why don't you give it up?"

"I like it so much that I cannot," said the man.

"I know what I will do," said Jim, "I will pray for you every day, and God will make it easy for you to give it up, and you will be a good man."

"I must go now," said the cabman; "good-bye. I hope you will pray for me. I need it. If I do give up the drink, I will come and tell you."

Then he drove off.

It was a good thing the train was late; if it had been on time, Jim and his mother would not have caught it.

For the next few weeks, Jim was as happy as the day is long; he made sand castles with his spade, he waded up to his knees in the water, he bathed when his father or mother took a plunge in the waves; he almost lived on the beach, and soon grew brown and strong.

Each night when he knelt down at his mother's knee she heard him say, "Please God, help my cabman to give up drink, and make him good, for Jesus' sake."

"You will not ever see that man again," said Mrs. Smith; "at least—I do not think so, he will go from bad to worse."

But Jim's faith was strong. "I know I shall see him one day," he said. "Else why do I ask God to make him good?"

At last the day came for the Smiths to go home, and Jim felt sad to think he should not see the ocean any more for a whole year.

Day by day he went to the window to look for his cabman. But he did not come.

Two years went by, and still Jim prayed on.

One day a smart-looking man came up to the door, and said, "Can I see the little master?"

Jim ran into the hall. "Oh, cabman, you have come at last, I knew you would," he cried.

Mrs. Smith made the man come into the study and have some tea, and then he told them he did not drink at all now, and that he was not a cabman any more, but that he was able to keep a small shop of his own.

"I have a tiny little girl now," he told Jim.

"I should not have given up the drink at all but for you. God made it easy for me," he said.

"I knew he would," said the boy softly.

Dear boys and girls, Jim was right; God always hears the prayers of a little child, who pleads "for Jesus' sake."

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