

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1881.

ARE YOU SAFE?

TWO little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing as they played :

" Safe in the arms of JESUS,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk, unobserved by them

" Sissy, how do you know you are safe?" asked Nellie, the younger of the two.

" Because I am holding JESUS with both my two hands—tight!" promptly replied Sissy.

" Ah! that's not *safe*," said the other child. " Suppose Satan came along, and cut your two hands off!"

Little Sissy looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought deeply. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out, " Oh! I forgot! I forgot! JESUS is holding me with His two hands, and Satan can't cut *His* hands off, so I *am* safe!"

Yes, my dear young friend, that is the secret. If you want to be happy, you must not be thinking about yourself, and your " feeling safe," but rest in the happy knowledge that JESUS has *you* safe.

A COURAGEOUS YOUNG SAILOR.—A missionary at work among the seamen, says that one night at the close of a prayer-meeting a young sailor, who had only a few nights before been converted, came up to him and asked him to write a few words on a card for him. " What shall I write?" he asked. " Write this: ' I love JESUS: do you?' " After writing the words, he inquired what he was going to do with the

card. He replied, " I am going to sea tomorrow, and I am afraid if I do not take a stand at once I may begin to be ashamed of my religion. So I am going to *nail this card on my bunk*, and that will let every one know at once that I am a Christian.

"GRAN'MA AL'US DOES.

I WANTS to mend my wagon,
An' I has to have some nails;
Jus' two, free will be plenty,
We're going to haul our rails,
The splendidest cob fences
We're makin' ever was!
I wis' you'd help us find em,
Gran'ma al'us does.

My horse's name is Betsey;
She jumped and broke her head;
I put her in the stable
And fed her on milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor;
We did'nt make no muss,
I wis' you'd let it stay there,
Gran'ma al'us does.

I's going to the cornfield,
To ride on Charlie's plough;
I 'spect he'd like to have me—
I wants to go right now.
Oh, won't I gee up awful,
And whoa like Charlie whoas;
I wis' you wouldn't bozzer,
Gran'ma never does.

I' wants some bread and butter,
I's hungry worstest kind;
But Taddie mustn't have none,
'Cause she would'nt mind;
Put plenty sugar on it,
Tell you what, I knows
It's right to put on sugar,
Gran'ma al'us does.

I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.—*Prov. 8. 17.*