

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 19, 1881.

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL

THE baby has gone to school ; ah, me !
 What will the mother do,
 With never a call to button or pin,
 Or tie a little shoe ?
 How can she keep herself busy all day,
 With the little hindering thing away ?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
 Another "good-bye" to say.
 And the mother stands at the door to see
 Her baby march away.
 And turns with a sigh that is half relief,
 And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
 When the children one by one,
 Will go from their home, out into the world,
 To battle with life alone.
 And not even the baby left to cheer
 The desolate home of the future year.

She picks up garments here and there,
 Thrown down in careless haste,
 And tries to think how it would seem
 If nothing were displaced.
 If the house were always as still as this,
 How could she bear its loneliness ?

FAREWELL TO WINTER.

FAREWELL winter, ice and snow,
 We are glad to see you go.
 Long enough has been your stay ;
 Spring is waiting, haste away !

Spring is coming with its joys,
 Full of cheer for girls and boys.
 God, we thank thee for the Spring,
 Help us all thy praise to sing.—*Ex.*

THE PRAYING CHILD.

"**M**Y children," said a poor widow to her five little ones, "I have no food for you this morning, as all the bread in the house is gone, and I have no money to buy more. Pray to the good God to supply our need, for He has said "Call upon Me in the day of trouble."

Little Christian, one of the widow's children, who was not more than six years of age, went on his way to school sad and hungry.

But as he passed the door of the church he saw that it was open, and determined to enter in and pray there ; for his mother's dwelling was so small and crowded that he was never able to say his prayers quite alone. So he went into the church, not knowing that any one was there ; he knelt down in the middle aisle and said the following prayer :

"Dear Father in heaven, we children have nothing left to eat. Our mother has no food in the house for us, and without Thy help we must all starve. O Lord, help us. Thou art rich and powerful, and to Thee it is an easy thing to help us. Thou hast promised to do so, therefore now fulfil Thy word."

So prayed Christian with child-like simplicity, and then went to school. On his return home he saw the cloth laid for dinner, and bread, meat, eggs, and rice temptingly spread upon the table.

"Thank God," said little Christian, when he saw it. "He has heard my prayer. Mother, did a beautiful angel bring these things for us ?"

"No," replied the widow, "but God has sent them in answer to your prayer. When you were in church you thought no one saw you but God : but there was a lady sitting in one of the pews, and she heard you pray, and saw you through the lattice-work on the side of the pew. She sent us our feast ; she is the angel whom God raised up to help us. Now let us ask his blessing on our meal, and never forget, my children, those sweet lines :—

"Trust the Lord and wait His hour,
 He will aid in love and power."