

CHILD'S EVENING SONG.

A FAMILIAR HYMN AMONG THE CHILDREN OF GERMANY.

WEARY now I go to rest;
Fold my hands upon my breast.
Father, let thy loving eyes
Look upon me from the skies.

Have I not been good to-day?
Lord, forgive me now, I pray!
Jesus' blood and thy rich grace
Cleans me from each sinful trace.

Every near and absent friend
To thy care I now commend;
May all people, great and small,
Follow thee, O Lord of all!

Show to sick and sad thy love;
Send them comfort from above.
Take us all at last to thee,
Happy angels then to be.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1887.

A GOOD WAY.

Two little girls, Lily and Violet, were playing in a yard where they had strung some twine for a clothes line, and were washing their doll's garments in a diminutive tub, and hanging them out to dry. Along came Lily's brother, Master Jack, a juvenile tease, and with one sweep of his hand jerked the whole day's washing from the line and scattered it on the grass. Lily bubbled over in tears at once. Violet was saddened, too, but the necessity of playing peace-maker in the impending family quarrel was the first thought in mind; so she said soothingly: "Never mind, Lily, let's play Jack was a high wind."—*Syracuse Herald.*

GOD'S LITTLE CHILD.

THE Rev. R. Davey, of Bervie, writes as follows:—"The following was composed by a little boy now in his eleventh year, who has been recently converted in one of my special services. If you judge it worthy, please insert in the SUNBEAM. The name of the lad is Alfred Thompson, of Pine River P. O. "God bless the dear boy. May he grow up a sweet singer in the Church of Christ."

I am a happy child, you know,
And happy I shall be,
If I be good and faithful,
My Saviour I shall see.

Although I meet temptations,
I mean to fight them all;
I mean to fight the battles,
May they be great or small.

I'm on the road to heaven,
I'll be Christ's little child,
I'm trying to be like him,
Be gentle, meek, and mild.

And when I get to heaven
My loved ones I shall see,
And with them I'll be happy
Through all eternity.

In heaven I'll be an angel
All robed in snowy white,
And I shall sit at Jesus' feet
Amidst the glorious light.

FOOT-PRINTS.

"WHAT is that?" asked Benny.
"It is a foot-print, my son; and it is a sign that some one came into our front yard last night."

"It must be," replied Benny; for there could not be a foot-print without somebody had been there to make it."

"That is true, Benjamin; and now show me some of the foot-prints of the Creator."

"I don't understand you, father," Benny said.

"Well, who made all these beautiful flowers, these splendid trees, the clouds up in the sky, the great round earth, the mighty sun flaming in the heavens, and started the bright moon rolling round the world?"

"Oh! God, to be sure!"

"Then all these things are but the foot-prints of the Creator. They are the sign that there is a Creator, and that he has been here. See this ice-plant that I hold—man could never have made it. See the glistening grass, hear the chirping birds—man did not nor could not make them. God made them; and they are all simple 'foot-prints' of the great Creator, to prove



PROTECTING PUSSY.

to us that there is a great and good God, whom we love, worship, and obey. Do you understand?"

"Yes, father, I understand very well now; and I thank you for teaching me the lesson."—*Little Christian.*

PROTECTING PUSSY.

LITTLE Hallie Barton has a beautiful Maltese kittie, that gambols and plays with her all day long. It loves to chase a rubber ball across the room. One afternoon her little cousin George, whose papa had made him a present of a pretty little cane, went to see Hallie, and show her his gift. His little dog, Snap, followed him, and the first thing Hallie and George knew, Snap was chasing poor Kittie all over the house. Hallie ran to the rescue; and now you see her in the picture, comforting poor Kittie, and holding her well out of Snap's reach, who frisks about her feet.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

I ONCE asked a deaf and dumb boy, "What is truth?" He replied by thrusting his finger in a straight line. I then asked him, "What is falsehood?" when he made a zigzag with his finger. Try to remember this; let whoever will take a zigzag path, go you on in your course as straight as an arrow to its mark, and shrink back from falsehood as you would from a venomous serpent.

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