

they will let her, puts a slate pencil under their tongues, or arms, in order to take (as she has seen the doctors do) their temperature.

Our children are taught the lessons of faith and truth we daily learn ourselves. Sometimes at the evening hour the children, led by "Joey," our senior patient, who is quite a musician, have a little song service all by themselves, and when it is ended, little hands are folded and before the weary eyelids close for the night many little lips whisper reverently, "Our Father," or,

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity;
Help me, Lord, to come to thee."

Our Hospital is in every respect like a well managed Christian household. Superintendent, assistant, nurses and domestics are all servants of the Lord Jesus, and the influence is sweet and hopeful. We are greatly blessed in our Superintendent and assistant. Their hearts are wholly at work, and with faithfulness and tenderness they discharge their varied and onerous duties.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

A BOY'S SCHOOL IN INDIA.

A MISSIONARY in India writes of a boys' school. He says that the boys learn their lessons well and quickly. The children sit on the floor, their feet crossed under them. Those who are learning the alphabet, or easy lessons, hold in their hands a little black-painted wooden slate upon which are printed the letters or the words. Each boy studies aloud, and as he studies

rocks backward and forward. The older boys have books, but they study aloud just as do the younger pupils. The teacher sits upon a mat and calls his pupils to him when he wishes them to recite their tasks.

HOW THEY HELPED THE HEN.

JACK and HESSIE and Joe were in a state of the wildest excitement. The old hen had been sitting on her nest full of eggs for three weeks, and Jack was sure that he had heard a chicken peep when he went out to feed the other hens. He rushed in to tell Joe and HESSIE, and all three children dashed down stairs and out to the barn, although HESSIE had just put on her little white night-gown to go to bed.

"Hush!" whispered Jack as they crept up to Mrs. Hen's hidden nest. "Keep still and you will hear them peep."

Sure enough! "Peep, pee-cep," came faintly from the nest.

"Oh! I must see," cried HESSIE.

Jack gently lifted the old hen and took out from under her one, two, three, poor, weak, wet little chickens.

"The little darlings! Give them to me till I dry them and love them," begged HESSIE.

"How many are there?" asked Joe.

Jack lifted Mrs. Hen right off her nest.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed all three children.

"Just see those poor little chickies trying to get out of their shells. Why doesn't the old hen help them?"

"Maybe she don't know how, as these are her first babies," said Jack.

"Let us help her," suggested Joe.

So all three were soon busily picking the shells off from the half-hatched chickens.

"Jack!" said HESSIE, "I'm 'fraid we aren't doing right. The chickens look so queer."

"Doing right!" exclaimed their father behind them. "You are killing them. They were not ready to come out of their shells."

"Oh, dear!" wailed the children, "we meant to help the hen. We thought she didn't know how to get them out."

"Well, another time you trust the mother to know what is good for her chickens and her children too. Your mother says it is bedtime for you, and she knows best. You had better tell her about the chickens you've killed, I reckon."

Three little folks were very sad that night, but they concluded that mothers of all sorts know what is best for their babies.

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

GOD can see me every day,
When I work and when I play,
When I read and when I talk,
When I run and when I walk,
When I eat and when I drink,
When I sit and only think;
When I laugh and when I cry,
God is ever watching nigh.

When I'm quiet, when I'm rude,
When I'm naughty, when I'm good,
When I'm happy, when I'm sad,
When I'm sorry, when I'm glad;
When I pluck the scented rose
That in my neat garden grows;
When I crush the tiny fly,
God is watching from the sky.

When the sun gives heat and light
When the stars are twinkling bright
When the moon shines on my bed,
God still watches o'er my head;
Night or day, at church, at prayer,
God is ever, ever near,
Marking all I do or say,
Pointing to the happy way.

WORK AWAY.

JIM was a poor little newsboy. He wanted to buy a cake for his little sister because it was her birthday. But he had sold all his papers, he would not have money to spare; his mother needed it and she was poor.

"I wish I could raise three cents extra," he said to Will, his little comrade.

"Work away then," answered Will, and ran off crying his papers.

Jim ran off shouting also. He sold a good many of them; and when he was tired, Will's words, "Work away," would come back to him, and he would go again.

It was beginning to grow dark when he went into a horse car. All the people in it had papers or shook their heads at him except one young lady. She looked at the little boy, and bought a paper of him. It cost one cent. She handed him a five-cent piece. Jim was going to give her the change, when she smiled at him and said:

"The rest is for you."

Then he ran to buy the little frosted cake for his sister. Kitty gave him a share of it, and as they were eating it he said:

"I wish that lady knew."

And then he thought how glad he was that he had "worked away" instead of giving up.—*Child's Hour.*