

A WONDERFUL CHILD.

I'VE read somewhere about a girl
Whose cheeks are rosy red,
While golden tresses, curl on curl,
Bedeck her pretty head,
Her eyes I'm told are bright and blue,
Her smile is kind and sweet;
The errands she is asked to do
Are done with willing feet.

'Tis said that when she goes to school
She's just the sweetest lass!
So quick to mind the slightest rule
And prompt in every class.
To girls and boys she's never rude
When all are at their play;
Her "conduct"—be it understood—
Is "perfect" every day.

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The Sunbeam.

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THE GOLD SCALES.

ON Tower Hill there is a building called the Mint, where English money is made. Before a sovereign is sent into circulation it is put into a scale and weighed, and is not allowed to go out if it is not perfectly exact in weight. There are times when we ought to carefully weigh what we say, and not let words go out at random. We ought to think whether what we are going to say is kind and true. A man in the Bible taught us to ask God to keep the door of our lips so that all our words may be fit for God to hear and such as God will approve.

Do think of this; because there are boys and girls who use lying words and bad words, and seem to think nothing of such bad coinage of the tongue. It is mean and silly and wicked to use lying

and bad words. They are not golden apples, but scarlet poison-berries, that grow on wild trees. You cannot always prevent others from using bad words, but never take any part in them yourself, and never laugh encouragement to those who use evil talk—for this mean kind of speech is usually indulged in to make others laugh. Don't laugh. There are plenty of funny things, and I hope you will laugh at them often; but bad words are not funny.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THE whole world is ringing with the name and the fame of Christopher Columbus. On the 11th of October will be celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. The story of his trials and triumphs is one that will be told in every school and by every fireside throughout the civilized world. Few things are more touching in that story than the account of he and his son wandering from land to land, and from court to court seeking for help and finding none, till good Queen Isabella of Castile pledged her jewels and crown on behalf of his enterprise. In our picture he is seen worn and weary, disheartened but not dismayed, an example of faith and endurance of which the world will never grow tired. In *Onward*, on the first of October, will be given an account of Columbus and the discovery of America, with many pictures.

HOUSE BUILDING.

THE ant family must have a new house, so the carpenters have all gone to work with hearty good-will. Naughty Ned, to try to stop them with his long stick! They think he is an ugly giant, who wants to do all the mischief he can; but he isn't. He is only a thoughtless boy, who doesn't remember that these little people have as good a right to be happy as he has. But after all he can't do much harm, for each little ant has six legs, and, of course, can run very fast!

See how they hurry! they want to get into that new house. One is carrying a straw, another a bit of wood, and another an old dead leaf. They take almost anything to stick into the walls of their houses. It doesn't make much difference, you see, because the houses are all covered up. Isn't it queer that they like to live in the dark? There are no windows in their houses, and the doors are all in the roof! That's another queer thing. Only think, how dark it must be on a rainy day, when the doors have to be shut tight!

"PAPA, FOT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR ME?"

SHE was ready for bed, and lay on her arm,
In her little frilled cap so fine,
With her golden hair fastened out at the edge,
Like a circle of noon sunshine.
And I hummed the old tune of "Banbury Cross,"
And "Three Men who put out to Sea"
When she speedily said, as she closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

And I answered:—"A dollar, dear little heart."
And she slept, baby weary with play,
But I held her warm in my love-strings arms,
And I rocked her and rocked away.
Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me,
The land and the sea and sky,
The lowest depths of the lowest place,
The highest of all that's high.

The cities, with streets and palaces,
Their pictures and stores of art,
I would not take for one low soft throb,
Of my little one's loving heart,
Nor all the gold that was ever found
In the busy, wealth-finding past,
Would I take for one smile of my darling face,
Did I know it must be the last.

So I rocked my baby and rocked away,
And I felt such a sweet content,
For the words of the song expressed to me more
Than they ever before had meant.
And the night crept on, and I slept and dreamed
Of things far too glad to be,
As I wakened with lips saying close to my ear,
"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I SHALL give that to the missionaries," said Billy. And he put his fat hand on the little gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box. "Why?" Susie asked. "'Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold, and the missionaries work for Jesus? Stillness for a little, then Susie said: "The gold all belongs to him, anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to him, and give him just what he asks for?" "What is that?" Billy asked. And Susie repeated softly: "My son, give me thine heart."