

THE BEST WAY.

If I make a face at Billy,
He will make a face at me:
That makes two ugly faces
And a quarrel, don't you see?
For then I double up my fist
And hit him, and he'll pay
Me back by giving me a kick,
Unless I run away.

But if I smile at Billy,
'Tis sure to make him laugh;
You'd say, if you could see him,
'Twas jollier by half
Than kicks and ugly faces.
I tell you, all the while,
It's pleasanter for any boy
(Or girl) to laugh and smile.
—*Youth's Companion.*

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TORONTO, OCTOBER 19, 1889.

WHAT A LITTLE MAID GAVE.

"O DEAR, I've nothin' to put in the box for foreign missions!" complained a little girl.

"No," said her friend, as she gave the little maid a caress, "but you are a little home missionary."

And was she not? She spent an hour that morning amusing her baby sister, who was cross with cutting teeth. She sewed up a tear in her brother Ned's ball, and hunted up some twine for his kite-string, and she did it with a smiling face, and not a word of being bothered.

Yesterday this little home missionary attended the door-bell for Mary, the house-maid, and let her go to visit her sick child. Meantime she wrote a letter to her absent father, who was away on business, in which she told him all the home news in

artless way, giving the man a thrill of loving pride and pleasure in his little daughter. She listened to one of grandma's old stories, told many times before, with patient attention. She laughed just at the right time to please the old lady, and when it was ended, she said, "That's one of your good old stories, grandma."

In many ways did this little maid help and cheer her mother. So, though she could not contribute to the aid of foreign missions, she gave what she could to add to the happiness of those about her; and who can do better than that?

HOW HATTIE BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

SHE was only nine years old. I had been preaching to the children, and at close of meeting Hattie came to me and said, "I do want to be a Christian; how can I be?" and the anxious look in her great brown eyes assured me she was in earnest.

"Hattie, are you a sinner?"
"O yes; I am a very wicked girl."
"What! such a little girl as you a sinner? How can that be?"

The tears could be kept back no longer, and she sobbed as if her heart was broken.

"I am so wicked!" she said.
"Hattie, what did Jesus come into the world for?"

"To save sinners," came the answer between two great sobs.

"Then if you are a sinner, he came to save you, did he not?"

"Will he save me?" she asked.

"Yes, Hattie; Jesus is waiting to save you now. Will you go home and give yourself to him to be saved?"

"I will try," she replied.

Why did I ask her to go home to give herself to Christ?

The next afternoon Hattie was present at children's meeting, but her sad little face showed that the question was still undecided. She came to me, and I said:

"Well, Hattie, did you give yourself to Jesus?"

"I tried to, but I don't feel any better. I asked Jesus to take me, but I don't know whether he did or not."

I said to her:

"I think I know what is the trouble;" and as her face was turned so eagerly to mine, seeking so earnestly the light, I added, "You gave yourself to Jesus, and then took yourself right back again."

"Yes, that's just what I did," said Hattie, as the truth flashed upon her.

"Well, is that the way to do? Isn't it best to give yourself to him, and just trust

him to save you? Will you do that? and when?"

"O now—this moment;" and dropping upon her knees, she said, "Jesus, I am a sinner, and I give myself to you, and I'll never take myself back again as long as I live."

That was all she could do, and when she arose there was a new light in her heart; and to-day Hattie is one of the most joyous and earnest and useful little Christians in all the wide world.

Will my reader do as Hattie did?

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still:

Take the training or the task
As he will:

Just to take the loss or gain
As he sends it:

He who formed thee for his praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in his dear hands
Little things;

All we cannot understand,
All that stings;

Just to let him take the care
Sorely pressing,

Finding all we let him bear
Changed to blessing.

This is all! and yet the way
Marked by him who loves thee best,
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of his promised rest.

A MISSIONARY DOLL.

DID you ever hear of a dollie who went to a far-away land to be a missionary? I read about one the other day. It was a very pretty walking doll that a little girl put into a missionary-box.

It went away across the ocean. When it got to the end of its journey it was taken out of the box and wound up. All the little brown-faced children stood around the table. When dollie began to walk they all said, "Wah! wah!" One little thing said, "She is alive." Another said, "Without doubt she has a soul."

Pretty soon dollie said, "Papa! mamma!" then the little brown girls were more surprised than ever.

The fame of the walking and talking doll soon went over the city. The fathers and mothers came to see it. Then the missionaries had a good chance to tell them about Jesus. Was not dollie a missionary?