

THE LITTLE BAKER.

MUD pies! mud pies!

Please, now, won't you buy 'em?
You will find 'em very nice,
If you'll only try 'em.

Made of? Why they're made of dust,
Baked 'em in my hat, ma'am;
Must be good? Of course they must;
I am made of that, ma'am.

I'm 'most good enough to eat,
Don't you often say, ma'am?
Yes, I know it's 'cause I'm sweet.
Won't you please to buy, ma'am?

Won't you please to buy me out?
I have more a-making.
Thank you, ma'am; I'll fly about
And do another baking.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1886.

GOD'S VEILS.

LITTLE Mary had just come from the window with evident pleasure, and sat down on her little stool at papa's feet. It was just at sunset, and a most glorious sunset it was. The western sky was mantled with clouds of gorgeous hues, upon which the little girl gazed with thoughtful pleasure. "Papa," she said at length, "do you know what I think when I see those pretty clouds?" "No; what do you think of, Mary?" "I always think they are God's veils. Doesn't he have beautiful veils, papa, to hide him from us?" "True enough, little one," thought I; "the clouds that veil him from our sight now are beautiful. There is a rainbow on them if we will see it; they shine with mercy and truth." Was not that a pretty thought of little Mary's? And does it not remind you of the time when the veils shall be parted and he shall come with clouds, and every eye shall see him?

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

"LITTLE boy, you don't know Jesus, do you?" asked Elma Byington of a little bare-footed boy, with a checked apron, who lived in a house on the way to Aunt Jennie's.

Elma had sat down on a log to rest, for her new shoes hurt her feet, and while sitting there, heard this little boy saying some very naughty words, because he could not make an old cabbage stalk, which he was trying to plant in the dust, stand up straight.

"No, I don't know as I do," said the boy. "Who is he?"

"He is the Son of God, who came to die for you and all the other people in the world; and he don't like to hear you talk that way," said Elma.

"Don't he?" asked the boy with surprise.

"I didn't ever know anything about him."

"Can't you come to our school Sunday afternoons?" said Elma. "You can hear about him there. My teacher tells us lots of things about him. Just wash your hands and face clean, and comb your hair nicely, and I'll come by this way and stop for you. They have picture-cards and everything at our school," said Elma.

"Give 'em away?" asked the boy.

"Yes, they give them to you for being good and learning; our lessons," replied Elma.

"I'll be there," said the boy.

And this is the way it happened that Elma took a new scholar to Sunday-school the next Sunday.

Could not you, every one, find at least one new scholar for your class or school? Try. You can not tell how much good may be done in this way. God says, they that turn many to righteousness shall be "as the stars for ever and ever."

A JESUS-CHILD.

"How can I be like Jesus?" asked Harry of himself as he went from church, where the minister had talked about taking Christ for our example. "How can I be like Jesus, when he was a big man and I am only a little boy?" "How can you be like Uncle Phil then? yet the other day when you had on your soldier hat and wore your sword in a belt, you said you were a soldier like Uncle Phil." "I just meant that I was a boy soldier, not a real big soldier." "Well, and do you think Mr. Smithson meant more than you should be a boy Christian, not a grown-up one? Jesus was once a child himself, but he was just as truly Jesus then as when a man." Harry thought the matter over, and then said, "O, I see! I can be a Jesus-child now, and a Jesus-man by-and-bye." That is it, and that is just what Jesus wants of every child—to be a Jesus-child now.



A WISE LITTLE GIRL.

ALL the world seems full of pleasure;
Every one is bright and gay;
Children's voices too are calling,
"Why does Alice so delay?"

Alice, sitting where the sunlight
Falls upon her golden hair,
Scarcely heeds the passing bustle,
Cons her task in silence there.

With her lessons all unfinished
She cannot enjoy her play;
Business first and pleasure after
Is the motto of the day.

When her study-hour is over
She will join the merry throng,
And in all their sports will lead them
With her joyous laugh and song.

If you would have true enjoyment,
Wait until your work is done;
Then among the pleasure-seekers
You may be the happiest one.

A HERO.

THERE is a boy in Florida, fourteen years old, named Judson Blount, who saved many lives the other day. He discovered a place on a railroad where the rains had undermined the roadbed, and ran a mile and a half up the road to warn a passenger train. As with its precious freight it came thundering down the grade, the boy waved his hat. The engineer only looked wonderingly at him, and he then took off his coat and waved that. Of course it was all done in a moment; but the engineer realized that something was wrong, and stopped his train in time to escape a fatal catastrophe.

"WORK, work, with all your might,
Whenever work's begun;
Play, play, with all your might,
Whenever work is done."