

yonder a vessel lost in the darkness, and we will hang out a light and direct her in the true way. Won't that be much better than to call her an enemy, and build a fort and destroy her? See how beautifully she sits upon and glides over the smooth water. Her sails are like the open wings of a bird, and they bear her gracefully along. Would it not be cruel to shoot great balls into her sides, and kill the men who are on board of her? O, I am sure it would make us feel much happier to save her when in darkness and danger. No, no; let us not build a fort, but a lighthouse; for it is better to save than to destroy."

The girl spoke with tenderness and enthusiasm, and her words reached the better feelings of her companions.

"O yes," said they, "we will build a lighthouse and not a fort."

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

### FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

THERE was once a coloured nurse girl left to mind a baby. The father and mother of the baby were out, and the little nurse was alone with it in the house. She sung to it, and rocked it to sleep, and while it was sleeping quietly, she went to put the dining-room in order. A storm was coming up, and the wind began to blow very hard. Hepsy closed the windows, and then continued her work.

Pretty soon there was a smell of fire. Hepsy looked around but could see nothing. Then she went to the nursery and found the room in flames. The wind had blown a lamp over, and caused the fire. Her first thought was for the baby.

"My baby! I must save my baby," she cried: Wrapping a blanket around the baby, she groped her way to the door,

almost blinded and suffocated by the smoke. She made her way down stairs, and got as far as the door. There she met the parents of the baby, who took it from her, and she sank down insensible. The fire was soon put out; the baby was uninjured; but poor Hepsy was burned so badly that she died in a few days. Just before she died, she asked if the baby was safe. When told that it was, she said, "I'm so glad." Then she said to her mistress, "I'm going to die; but my Father's coming for me." He soon came and took her home.

Dear children, our heavenly Father sometimes allow his childrer to suffer and die in doing their duty. But we must expect to suffer in this world if we are His. He will comfort and help us; and if we are faithful to the end, He will give us a crown in heaven.

### THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

SAID the corn to the lilies,

"Press not near my feet;

You are only idlers—

Neither corn nor wheat.

Does one earn a living

Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the lilies—

Neither yea nor nay;

Only they grew sweeter

All the livelong day.

And at last the Teacher

Chanced to come that way.

While His tired disciples

Rested at His feet,

And the proud corn rustled,

Bidding them to eat,

"Children," said the Teacher,

"The life is more than meat."

"Consider the lilies,

How beautiful they grow!

Never king had such glory;

Yet no toil they know."

Oh, how happy were the lilies

That he loved them so.

—*Sunday Afternoon.*

### JACK'S REZURLUTIONS.

JACK started for school in a brown study. He took out his diary and wrote: "Resolved that i'll be xtry good if I have a chance. John Appleton Willis."

Jack surveyed this production with much pride; he took it out every few minutes and read it over, until recess drove it out of his mind. He never thought of it again until the next morning; then he came rushing into the kitchen where mamma was helping Bridget.

"O mother, I want something to eat now, and some luncheon put up. We have got a holiday, and we are going chestnutting—the whole school of us," he said.

"How's Maggie?" asked Mrs. Willis of the washerwoman, as she put up the desired luncheon.

"She's better, ma'am, but she don't gain so fast as if she could get out some of these nice days."

Jack swallowed the gingerbread and rushed upstairs after his chestnut bag. There on the table lay the diary, open at the "Rezurlutions." The last words caught his eye: "If I have a chance." Just then Mrs. Donovan's words flashed back on his mind, and the thought came with it how the sick girl's dull eyes would brighten at the prospect of such enjoyment as he was promising himself that afternoon.

"I wonder," he said, "if this is a chance! But nobody would expect a fellow to do it," he said to himself, then bent his energies to finding his bag; but the voice whispered on: "If you were sick and poor in that dingy little street, think how you would like to get out for a nice ride."

Jack hesitated. "How the boys would laugh to see a fellow taking her to ride, and just think of the fun I'll lose if I don't go chestnutting with them! It's too much to ask of a fellow. Where on earth is that bag? The voice kept whispering; "It's a good chance. You are not very brave if you can't stand laughing at."

There was the bag. Now he must decide whether to go chestnutting or get old Fan, and take Maggie out to ride. All at once Jack bounded down stairs three steps at a time. "Say, Mrs. Donovan, don't you think Maggie would like to ride with me this afternoon? I drive mamma very often, so you needn't be afraid to trust her; and its real nice out to day."

Mrs. Donovan looked up in surprise for a moment, and then she broke down completely. "There's nothing in the wide world would do her more good, and I'll bless you foriver!" she sobbed out.

"Inasmuch," whispered mamma, as she kissed him tenderly.

Jack wrote in his diary at night: "Resolved, that ill try being common good awhile 'cause I couldn't be xtry good if I did have a chance."—*Sunday School Times.*

A TEACHER in the Chinese Sunday-school at Portland, Me., was relating to one of the pupils the story of Job, when he suddenly exclaimed: "Job, me know him; me see his name on waggon!"