

## POLLY'S SWEEPING.

WHILE mother was sweeping  
Her cottage one day,  
She heard little Polly  
So plaintively say

"Mo's tied up my hair  
Wiv' a hood like 'oo,  
Oh, please let me 'sweep  
Wiv' a broom—Oh, do."

So mother let Polly  
At house-cleaning try;  
But sad to relate,  
It all ended in cry.

For Polly found out  
That the broom wouldn't go.  
For why? It was stronger  
Than Polly, you know.

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## The Sunbeam.

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## WHAT DOES UNSELFISH MEAN?

THREE little children were sitting in the room, one evening, while their mother was busy ironing—Johnny, Fred, and Louise. Johnny was nine years old, and he read aloud to his little brother and sister. Whenever they came to any hard word that they could not understand their mother would tell them what it meant.

Louise held up her hand for attention. "I'd like to have mother tell us what 'unselfish' means. Maybe I know, but I want her to tell it her way," said the child.

"I will illustrate it by a little story when Johnny is through reading, and I have done ironing," said their mother.

Then, after the space of an hour, she told this story:

"Once upon a time there were three little children, and their mother told them that she would give each one a penny for every six eggs he brought into the house. The oldest child brought in six or eight

eggs a day, but the younger ones couldn't find any. The nests were all low down in quiet places, easily reached.

"The eldest of the three little ones thought of a plan that pleased him exceedingly, and he put it into execution.

"He would peep into the other nests slyly, and if there were no eggs in them he would take those out of his nests and put them in theirs, and let his little brother and sister think they had been laid there.

"That is what one calls an unselfish act. He was glad to give up his own pleasure to make his little brothers and sister happy, though I believe his delight was greater than theirs. You should all seek to be unselfish—study the comfort and happiness of others before your own. If there is anything good or enjoyable, try and help someone else to get it. Never fear but you will be happy enough. An unselfish person is rarely unhappy.

Just here the mother's eye fell upon Johnny. Little fellow! he was appearing unspeakably full of some kind of emotion. His hands were thrust down into his pockets, and he looked right into the grate, just as though he thought the red blazes were something wonderfully new and beautiful. His face was red too, but then the reflection of the glowing fire might have made that. He twisted his head round uneasily when his mother's eye fell upon him.

"That boy in the story was our blessed little brother Johnny, wasn't it, mother? Say, wasn't it, Fred? Say, all of you. Oh! oh! I thought my hen pitted me, and laid lots of eggs just to please me, and there it was our Johnny all the time!" And Louise flew to the little hero, and pulled his head about, and hugged him, and kissed him, and there he sat looking just as ashamed as though he had stolen somebody's hens' eggs, and been caught at it.

"Oh, who told you that, ma?" said he, looking down, modestly. "I didn't want 'em to know if ever——"

"Oh, maybe a little bird sang it to me," said the glad mother, laughing.

"Nobody can do anything that our mother won't find out," said Fred, laying his hand on Johnny's shoulder.

"Now we know what unselfish means, don't we?" said Louise, "and I mean to try and be just as unselfish as ever I can." And here she flew at her little brother Johnny, and began fuzzing up his hair and patting his cheeks, and all the while proud of the shy, kind brother, who had set such a sweet example of unselfishness before them.

## MASTER BRIGHT-FACE.

THAT'S what everybody called him, although, of course, it was not his name. His real name was Philip Augustus Grey. But his every-day name was Master Bright-face.

He always was smiling. I never saw him frown or pout, like some children do. Once somebody asked him why his face

was always so bright, just like the shine? "Don't know," he answered, "less it's 'cause I love the sunshine so. I get up in the morning, as soon as light, to watch the sun rise, and when goes to bed I go too."

There was more in his answer, perhaps than he knew, for the old adage, "Rise early, and early to rise, makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise," is true. He makes bright faces and cheerful temp-

## FILLED WITH LIGHT.

A WISE man in the East had two pupils to each of whom he gave, one night, a sum of money, and said:

"What I have given you is very little, yet with it you must buy at once a thing that would fill this dark room."

One of them purchased a large quantity of hay, and, cramming it into the room, said:

"Sir, I have filled the room."  
"Yes," said the wise man, "and it is a gloom."

Then the other, with scarcely a thought of the money, bought a candle, and, lighting it, said:

"Sir, I have filled the hall."  
"Yes," said the wise man, "and it is a light. Such are the ways of wisdom, it seeks good means to good ends."

This teacher certainly had a droll way of instructing his pupils, but it was a good way. They learned that it was not a thing to fill, and another thing to fill, but a thing to light. One of them knew this before, but the other seemed not to know it—he was a simpleton. (There are many such in the world.)

## 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 sold all his papers, he would not have any money to spare; his mother needed money, she was poor.

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

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

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

It was beginning to grow dark when he went into a horse-car. All the papers were sold except one young lady. She looked at the little boy and bought a paper of his for a cent. She handed him a first-class ticket. Jim was going to give her the ticket when she smiled at him and said:

"The rest is for you."

Then he ran to buy the little cake for his sister. Kitty gave him a piece 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.