

I CAN IF I WILL

I MAY, if I have but a mind,
Do good in many ways:
Plenty to do the young may find
In these our busy days.
Sad would it be, though young and small,
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

Then let me try each day and hour
To act upon this plan:
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by and by.

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"WHO'LL PRAY NOW?"

In a family there were two young children. The mother has been a Christian for a number of years. The father commenced to live a Christian life only a few months ago. For some time the mother had asked a blessing at the table. A short time since she was taken sick and confined to her room. When the family came to sit at table without mother, the youngest child, a boy three years of age, said, "Papa, who'll pray now, mother's sick? Shall I say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'"

The father took up his cross, and since then his performed his duty. "A little child shall lead them."

AH, EDDIE!

"MAY I go into Uncle Mark's rooms and see the pictures, mamma?" asked Eddie.

"No, dear," said mamma, "Uncle Mark is gone out. You must never go in when he is not there."

"But my horsey wants to see his horses."

"Your horsey must wait," said mamma. Eddie went to run up and down the hall with his horse. Uncle Mark's rooms were on the other side of the hall. After a while Eddie peeped in to see if his uncle had come.

He had not, but the little boy pushed the door a little way. Then a little farther, then he stepped into the room.

There were pictures of dogs and of flowers and little girls and boys. Eddie liked them all, but the one he liked most was a picture of a battle. There were men and horses in it, and Eddie gazed at them until he could almost hear the tramping and the shouting. He did not hear Uncle Mark come in and go at his painting.

"Get up! get up!" cried Eddie. "Why don't you run like my horsey?" He picked up his whip and lashed the picture horses. Then he heard quick steps and Uncle Mark was standing behind him.

"You have ruined my picture," said Uncle Mark, in a voice which showed that Eddie had done something dreadful. Then Eddie saw what mischief he had done.

Uncle Mark had that morning been putting fresh paint on the horses and Eddie's whip had blotched and daubed it.

Mamma felt very badly about it and told Eddie he must not go into Uncle Mark's room for a long time.

"I only wanted to drive the horses," said Eddie. "They are soldiers' horses. I'm going to be a soldier some day."

"You will make a very poor soldier if you do not know how to obey," said mamma. "That is the first thing a soldier has to learn."

A SNOW PRAYER.

A LITTLE girl went out to play one day in the fresh, new snow, and when she came in she said, "Mamma, I could not help praying when I was out at play."

"That was right, my darling. What did you pray?"

"I prayed the snow prayer, mamma, that I once learned in Sunday-school, 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

What a beautiful prayer! And here is

a sweet promise to go with it, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." The Bible says, "They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

EDDIE AND HIS LITTLE SISTER.

WHILE aiding her mother in removing the plates from the tea-table, Jennie Brown espied a large tempting lump of sugar in the bowl which she was carrying to the cupboard. She felt that it was wrong to take it without permission, and was careful to do it when her mother could not see her. The temptation was strong. She took it, but it only made her unhappy, so unhappy that she dare not eat it.

When her conscience reproved her, she strove to silence it by giving the sugar to her sick brother.

"Who gave you this?" asked Eddie; "did mother?"

"No," faltered Jennie; "I got it for you because you are sick."

"Without leave? If you took it without leave, I dare not eat it. It is the same as stealing. Ask mother first if you may eat it, and then it will taste good."

"Oh, I don't want to eat it; but you can, because you did not take it."

"If I ate it, I should be just as bad as you, though," answered Eddie.

Jennie pondered. It was good advice, but it was hard for her to follow. That little lump of sugar became a very heavy weight. She was afraid to eat it—afraid to restore it.

Even her slumbers were disturbed by it, for early in the morning she brought it again to Eddie.

"Do eat it, Eddie," she pleaded.

"No," answered Eddie; "once I did just so. I took such a lump of sugar and ate it, and it made me feel afraid all that day. Carry it back to mother, Jennie, if you don't want to feel as I did."

"She'll punish me," cried Jennie.

"You had better be punished than feel as I did all that day. Do carry it back."

Jennie came softly down stairs, and placed the sugar in her mother's hand. Her heart was full; she could only sob without speaking.

As soon as she was calm enough she confessed the whole truth, and was forgiven for her mother saw that she was already penitent. Mrs. Brown was made very happy by the account which Jennie gave her of her brother's influence over her; and most anxiously she prayed that her little ones might oftener guide one another along the pleasant paths of virtue and peace.