

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD CAN DO.

I'm a very little maid;
I can't do much, 'tis true,
Yet the mission I can aid
This a little child can do.

I can run on busy foot,
Work for mamma all day through
What I do for her is sweet:
This a little child can do.

I can talk to wicked boys,
Tell them what is good and true;
Make them love the Sunday-school
This a little child can do.

Tracts on mission I can give;
Send to heathen children, too;
Teach them better ways to live:
This a little child can do.

If "She hath done what she could,"
Jesus should say to you,
You'd be glad; I know you would;
This a little child can do.

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AS TO DRUNKENNESS.

Do you know, children, that the most terrible evil in all the world is drunkenness; that it causes more woe and wickedness than all other evils combined! It ends in poverty, misery, shame and death. Yet its beginnings lie in the beautiful, sparkling wine, the innocent, apparently harmless, sweet cider. Wine has been compared to a serpent which glides so quietly through the grass that you never suspect its approach, nor fear its coming, until its deadly fang has stung you and there is no hope. Little children, as soon as they can write, should sign the pledge, for if they never touch cider, nor beer, nor wine, there is no danger of their ever becoming drunkards. A little boy happened to be near the gallows where a young man

was to be hung. As he stood there the sheriff said to the man who was to die. "You have only five minutes to live; if you have anything to say, speak now." The young man burst into tears and said, "I have to die! I had only one little brother, he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him, but one day I got drunk, and coming home found him gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without cause and killed him with one blow with the rake. Drink had done it. It has ruined me. I have but one word more to say—never, never, never touch anything that can intoxicate." The young man died, but the boy went home and signed the pledge.

THE DYING MOTHER'S BEST GIFT.

A LITTLE boy about five years of age entered the room where his mother lay on her death-bed. For awhile he stood silent and sad. At length the mother said feebly:

"My child, will you not ask me how I do?"

Said the boy: "I know how you do, mother; you are very sick."

She called him to her side, and he stood leaning upon the bed, looking into his mother's face, as she said; "Do I look as I used to when I was well, Charley?"

"No, mother, your eyes are sunken, and your face is pale and thin."

"Well, Charles, sometimes people who are very sick, as I am, do not get well. I may not get well."

"I know it, mother; my little brother, Frankie, who was sick last year, did not get well—he died. Do you wish to die, mother?"

"I should like to get well to take care of you, if it is the Lord's will; but if not I am willing to die. Do you wish me to get well, Charley?"

"Yes, mother, I want you to get well, but if the Saviour wants you to go and live with him, I am willing you should go, mother."

Then for awhile they looked at each other; he earnestly, thoughtfully; she with all a mother's fondness beaming from her eyes, feeling that she saw him for the last time on earth. She then took from her pillow a little Bible, soiled with much use, and told her boy how she prized it, and how precious were its promises, and bade him read and love it for her sake, for it told him of the Saviour and the way of life.

"And did the disciples write in this book all they knew of the Saviour?"

"Yes," said she, "all that God would have them write; its all his Word."

The boy took the book, promising to read it and love it, but after a pause: "Mother," said he, "this reminds me of the poetry I read the other day," and he repeated:

My mother's hand this Bible clasped,
She dying, gave it me."

The mother kissed her child, looked

mournfully on him for a few moments and thus they parted to meet no more on earth.

These lines, by the mother's request were written in the Bible she gave her child, and in coming years, should his life be spared, he will read them, and who will doubt the beneficial influence of that parting hour?

"This book is all that's left me now
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lips and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.

"For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me."

A WISE LITTLE GIRL.

THE Italians have a proverb that "some things, if not true, ought to be true." Perhaps the following dialogue between a Roman Catholic priest and a little girl is one of them. Being asked to attend the religious instruction of the priest, she said it was against her father's wishes. "You should obey me, not your father," said the priest. "Oh sir!" answered the little girl, "we are taught in the Bible, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.'" "You have no business to read the Bible," said the priest. "The Lord said, 'Search the Scriptures,'" was the answer. "That was to the Jews and not children; and you do not understand it," said the priest. "But, sir," replied the girl, "St. Paul said to Timothy, 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures,'" "Timothy," said the priest, "was being trained to be a bishop, and was taught by the authorities of the Church." "Oh, no!" says the little girl, "he was taught by his mother." Thereupon the priest left her, saying, she knew enough of the Bible to poison a parish; that is according to his idea of poison.

UNSELFISH MEG.

MEG had a lovely dolly that a friend had brought her, and she loved it dearly. She kept it nicely laid away, and played with it only now and then. One day baby was left in Meg's care while mother was out, and she began to fret, and at last to cry very hard. Meg tried to amuse her with books and toys, but she could not please her. At last she thought of her dolly. She knew baby would like that, but how could she give it to her? At last she made up her mind to be unselfish and make her little sister happy, and so Meg brought the dolly to her and let her kiss it. She threw up her little arms and laughed, and her little face was bright as if a tear had never been on it. So Meg sat beside the cradle and let baby look at the dear dolly until mother came, and then the dolly, not a bit harmed, was laid away again, after mother had kissed her unselfish little girl.