

## JUST OBEY

Do as you are told to do  
By those wiser far than you,  
Do not say  
"What the use of this may be  
I am sure I cannot see."  
Just obey!

Do not sulk and do not sigh  
Though it seem in vain to try.  
Work away!

All the ends you cannot see  
Do your duty faithfully—  
Just obey!

When at length you come to know  
Why 'twas ordered thus and so  
You will say:

"Glad am I that, when to me  
All was dark as dark could be,  
I could trust and cheerfully  
Just obey!"

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1894.

## HARRY CLIFF'S PRAYER.

BY LAURA DAYTON EAKIN.

THE long voyage was coming to an end at last. That morning Harry Cliff had heard the mate tell the captain that they would sight land before nightfall. His heart gave a great bound, and big tears of joy stood in his eyes, and the captain, who had a kind heart under his rough coat, patted the little sailor's head and bade him watch for the lighthouse—his own lighthouse, where he had left his father and his mother and his baby sister, little Nan. As if he needed to be told to watch for that! He spent the day in the rigging, gazing until even his strong, clear eyes ached; but there was only the same waste of blue water, no rugged coast line, no jutting headland, crowned by the strong-built lighthouse that he knew so well. Would it ever come? Then he bethought himself of how his mother was praying for him at

home, and he slipped down, and getting on his knees behind a great pile of rope, he said:

"Dear Jesus, let me see my mother and little Nan this night!"

Then he went about his nightly duties, not noticing in his abstraction the restless uneasiness of both sailors and passengers. That something was wrong was very evident. The captain and mate were poring over the chronometer and making calculations, speaking occasionally in hoarse whispers to each other, or giving hurried orders to the anxious crew. Dark, angry clouds shut out the stars, and the wind had begun to moan through the flapping sails.

It was getting near midnight when Harry concluded to climb once more to the top of the rigging. No one bade him stay. No one noticed the little lad though nobody slept. Each one was wondering what would befall the ship if it went ashore on that dangerous coast. They had missed the harbour they were bound for, or the lighthouse would have long since given them its friendly welcome. They felt they must prepare for the worst; but they hoped against hope. Some prayed to God who had never prayed before. Some said, with white lips: "Thy will be done!" One stood upon the yielding ropes, and cried again and again: "Lord Jesus, let me see my mother and little Nan to-night. Amen."

Only the winds heard his cry "Hurrah!" A light shone away off to the northwest. Surely that was his father's lamp! He let go his hold to wave his cap, and then his foot slipped, and he fell outside into the seething, angry waters. He was not missed until next morning, when they made the harbour. His father came out to meet him, but no trace of the little lad was there. The captain and some of the crew remembered speaking to him after the storm came up, and the stricken man could only go back to his post alone. The cold, hard winter had done its worst. The mother and little Nan had slept on the bleak hillside, and for weeks the poor father had been wondering how he could bear such sad tidings to the lad. He had almost dreaded for the day to come.

A week afterward the little body washed ashore, and they buried him too in sound of the cruel waves that had been his death. They grieved that his bright young life had ended; but I do not doubt that Jesus answered his prayer wisely. He saw his mother and little Nan that night, for before he sailed he had put his soul in his Saviour's keeping; he had trusted him with sweet, childish faith, and Jesus knew just what was best for him that stormy night. If we are his in the sunshine, we can trust him in the darkest hour.

God sent little Willie a tiny baby sister. When the baby was old enough to notice people, Willie said to himself: "Now I must try to be very good, because we've got this baby; and if I'm naughty, she'll be naughty too."

## A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY.

DEAR little Dot has certainly found the wrong way this time, with the left stocking on the right foot. So she will have to pull it off, and try again. She looks a little bit puzzled; but there is no hint of a frown on her smooth, baby brow, nor any show of petulance on the sweet lips; and I am quite sure she will not get cross or ill-natured when nurse tells her to pull off the stocking, and put it on the other foot, so that the pretty red stripes will be on the right side instead of the wrong.

Darling little Dot's temper is always on the right side, as are her sympathies and loving words. One day, when she saw a big, rude boy on the street snatch a ball from the hand of one half a dozen years younger, and run off with it, she looked first surprised that anyone could be so wicked as to take what did not belong to him; and then she turned all sympathy towards soothing the grief of the little five-year-old, who stood crying bitterly at the loss of his pretty plaything, and said to him, softly and soothingly:

"Don't-oo cry any more. I'll dive on mine big parlour ball, if oo'll Jes tum home wid me and nurse." And when he forgot to thank her, Dot only said: "He was so spised he ferdot to say anything; but I'm glad I dave him mine big ball, tause ze poor 'ittle fellow cried so hard when he didn't want to lose his own pitty ball."

Our Dot found the right way again when her brother Joe was sick with the measles. Before that, when he was well and strong, he used often to tease his little sister, and call her "baby" when she wanted him to take her to ride or walk with him. This was not because he did not love Dottie, or enjoy having her to play with, but from the sheer love of teasing.

But when Joe had the measles, and felt very lonely if his mother had to go downstairs and leave him by himself, Dot stayed and waited on him, brought him books and playthings to amuse him, told him what was going on downstairs, and who had called to ask after him, and she tried to make his sick room seem bright with her sunny face and merry little songs.

Joe was in the wrong way when he teased his dear little sister so thoughtlessly, but now he turned "right about face," and was on the right side, when after he got well, he said:

"Dear little Dottie, Joe was a bad boy not to take you out, when you wanted so much to go with him, hunting birds' nests and playing snowball; and now I am strong and well again, I am going to take you riding with me every day."

They did go, and right merry times they had all the bright, sunny days during the long winter. They were both on the "right side" now, and the big, strong, generous boy loved his little playfellow better than ever, since she has led him so gently to follow her, as she follows the dear Saviour's command: "Little children, love one another."