

## SLUMBER-TOWN.

MAMMA'S closed the windows,  
Pulled the shades 'way down,  
So the light won't bother,  
When I'm in Slumber-town.  
Rocking back and forward,  
In a white night-gown—  
That's the way to travel  
Into Slumber-town.

Mamma's face grows fainter,  
Eyes so sweet and brown;  
Folks get tired travelling  
Into Slumber-town.

Mamma ceases rocking,  
Puts the baby down;  
For she's reached the station—  
She's in Slumber-town!

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1892.

## READING THE BIBLE.

WHEN Mr. Hone, who wrote the "Every-day Book," and was of skeptical views, was travelling through Wales, he stopped at a cottage to ask for a drink of water, and a little girl answered him: "O yes, sir; I have no doubt mother will give you some milk. Come in."

He went in, and sat down. The little girl was reading the Bible. Mr. Hone said: "Well, my little girl, are you getting your tasks?"

"No, sir, I am not," she replied, "I am reading the Bible."

"Yes," said he, "you are getting your task out of the Bible."

"O no," she replied. "It is no task to read the Bible; I love the Bible."

"And why do you love the Bible?" said he.

Her simple, child-like answer, was: "I thought everybody loved the Bible."

Her own love for the precious volume had made her innocently believe; that everybody else was equally delighted to read God's word. Mr. Hone was so touched with the sincerity of that expression that he read the Bible himself, and, instead of being an opponent to things of God, came to be a friend of divine truth.

## HOW JIMMY WAS CURED.

JIMMY was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent nor a bite of an apple nor a crumb of candy; he couldn't even bear to lend his sled nor his hoop nor his skates. All his friends were very sorry, he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "p'raps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother. "And think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself; if you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it."

The sled was sent off.

"How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by and by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away, you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away a kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before; he gave away a silver-piece that he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said: "I don't like this giving away things; it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better, I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide with him.

Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said: "You might give Johnny my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave

Johnny my sled; I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been better ever since.—*Our Little Ones.*

## DUTY COMES FIRST.

BY MATTIE D. BRITTS.

"MAMMA, can I go out and swing in the hammock?" asked little Harold Gray.

"Have you learned your lesson, to-day, Harold?" was mamma's answer.

Harold fidgeted with his sash, and in a little while said, "I don't like lessons."

"Oh, very well! But neither do I like stupid little boys, who don't care to know anything!" coolly said Mrs. Gray. Then she took up her own book once more, and Harold sat discontentedly pulling the sash end, and kicking the floor softly with his stubby little toe.

But soon he spoke again: "Mamma"

"Well, my son?" And Mrs. Gray looked up with a pleasant smile.

"Please, can't I go out just a little while?"

"Certainly, if the lesson is learned, dear." Then she began to read again. And Harold pouted and kicked, like a naughty little boy—which I am afraid he was, just then. But after a little while Mrs. Gray heard a voice very close to her ear, say in rather pleading tones: "Mamma, dear!"

The book was laid down, and mamma said, as kindly as ever, "What is it, Harold?"

"I will learn the lesson, now, if you will let me to."

"Bring me your book, then."

Harold ran for his book, and mamma opened it at the place where he left off the day before.

It was filled with pretty pictures, and the little lessons were very easy words, such as a boy of five years old could readily spell. Mamma explained everything they came to, telling Harold a great deal about the animals, which the book did not tell. The little fellow became so interested in the picture and lesson about the horse, that he quite forgot he wanted to play, until at last Mrs. Gray closed the book and said, smiling, "There, that will do for one day. Now you may go and play, if you choose."

"Oh, my; I forgot about the hammock, mamma; but I guess I'll go and swing a little while. It is nice to learn, after all, isn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear. A good education is the best thing a boy can have, and he must begin to get it while he is small."