

A WONDERFUL BABY

Oh, ours is a wonderful baby,
Not a shade of mistake about that.
He throws the dog into the shadow,
And goes far ahead of the cat.

He has a pair of bright blue eyes,
And a little pug-nose only think'
A chin that is covered with dimples,
And cheeks just as sweet as a pink!

'Tis plain he's a wonderful creature—
He crows, laughs, and kicks more and
more;
And of course there was never a baby
That cut up such antics before.

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A BEAUTIFUL ANECDOTE.

A HAPPIER illustration of the wonderful character of the Bible, and the facility with which even a child may answer the greatest of questions and solve the sublimest of mysteries, was perhaps never given than at an examination of a deaf-and-dumb institution some years ago in London.

A little boy was asked, in writing, "Who made the world?" He took the chalk and wrote underneath the words: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote: "This is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." A third question was asked, evidently adapted to call the most powerful feelings into exercise: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I hear and speak?" "Never," says an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of resignation which sat upon

his countenance as he again took the chalk and wrote: 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.'"

WHERE THE HEAVENLY FATHER LIVES.

A GERMAN school-teacher was instructing his boys one day on Scripture subjects, and in the course of the lesson he said: "Now, boys, yesterday I explained to you some of the different qualities belonging to the Creator. William, can you name them?"

"God is eternal, omniscient, and all-powerful."

"Yes; but there is still another you have forgotten; omni—omni—Come, then, who knows it?"

The whole school remained dumb, for no one knew it.

"Now, boys, where does the heavenly Father live? Can no one tell me that?"

From the last bench a small boy held up both his little hands: "I know, teacher."

"Well, Hans—that's a brave, good boy—come forward. Where does the heavenly Father live?"

"The heavenly Father—the heavenly Father, sir—lives—after you pass the mill there's a bunch of filbert-trees, right back of the king's forest, there, in a little bit of a house, the heavenly Father lives."

The whole school broke out in a loud laugh; even around the school-master's mouth a smile lurked.

"Be quiet, boys. Hans, my boy, why do you think God lives there?"

Little Hans was much abashed by his schoolmates' mirth, but the benevolent face of his teacher encouraged him to explain.

"Last week I went there with my father to buy some onions; a man lives in that house with his wife and two daughters; and they are married—his two daughters are, please, sir—and they have some little children. They all live together in three small rooms, and they are dreadful poor, but they are always good and kind. They never say bad words, they never tell lies; so father said to me—he said: 'Hans, see! the heavenly Father lives there.'"

The little fellow's courage had been slowly ebbing away, and at the end of his very long speech he put both his fists into his eyes and began to whimper. The master was greatly touched.

"Do not cry, Hans, your father is right; the good God lives there. He lives everywhere—where good men live, as a loving God, but where bad men live, as a punishing God. The heavenly Father, then, is omni—omni—"

"Omnipresent!" cried the whole school in chorus.—*Christian Observer.*

TOUCH NOT!

CHILDREN should never play with matches. Not many weeks ago a dear little boy, the joy of his parents, took a box of matches from the mantelpiece, which was near to his bed. The child amused himself for some time in striking lights and then blowing them out. At last one of the lighted matches fell on his night-clothes and set them on fire. Loudly did the child now scream. The nurse hurried to the room, but not in time to prevent the child being burnt and blistered all over. The doctor was sent for, but he could not save the life of the little sufferer. In a few hours he expired in fearful agony. Children, touch not the match-box.

TOMMY TILTON'S VERSE.

TOMMY TILTON was to go to church for the very first time one bright Sunday morning. His heart was as full of sunshine as was the day, as he walked along with grandpa and grandma toward the village meeting-house. Grandpa carried a book; so Tommy must have one too. The book was almost as big as he, but what did he care for that? He was almost a man to-day. Tommy walked into the church very soberly, and tried to keep very still. But it was a tired little boy that went home at noon, for the seats were not made for little people like him, and Tommy was not used to sitting still. But the boy learned one thing that day that he never forgot. It was this short verse: "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

"Why," said Tommy, as with bright eyes he told his mother of all the doings of the morning, "the minister said it over so many times it wouldn't go away."

"Why, yes," said grandma, "that was the text."

Tommy went with grandma every Sunday after that.

HIS FIRST SMOKE.

NED had seen men and boys puffing cigars, and he thought it must be very nice. He wanted to try it, but he knew that his mother would not approve, and so he must watch his chance when she did not know it. One day he found a stump of a cigar: he put it into his pocket, got a match, and went behind the wood-house to enjoy himself. But it wasn't such a great treat after all; a few puffs made him so sick that he threw the stump away, and sat down and leaned his head against the wall. Here his mother found him, and talked to him in a way that he will never forget.