

gool. Little feet led by your example may be induced to climb. You may help them to, by telling them what dangers to avoid, and how best to keep going steadily upward.

Dear children, can one who loves you, and wishes to meet you in heaven, persuade you to take the first step up this heavenly ladder? and there is One who loves you far more, even Jesus, who says with a heart full of love to you: "Little children, come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.

ROB'S BATTLE."

"There isn't any use in my trying to do good, mother," said Rob Winter one Sunday afternoon. "I've tried this week so hard, but it didn't do any good. I get mad so quick. I think every time I never will again, but the next time anything provokes me, away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him the right way, Rob; remember how David went out to meet Goliath; who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, because he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts."

"Now, your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you, but if, like David, you go in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again to-morrow, Rob; ask God to go with you and help you, and when your enemy rises up against you, fight him down. Say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight with God's help and strength."

"Well," promised Rob, "I'll try; but I can't help being afraid."

Everything went smoothly the next day until afternoon recess. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Rob of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned towards the accuser, but the angry words died on his lips.

His conversation with his mother flashed into his mind. "I will try if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. He shut his eyes tight together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help, and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Rob that night, "but my giant isn't dead if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother; "but every victory makes you stronger and him weaker, and when the warfare is over there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."

HE IS LOOKING FOR YOU.

"Hello, little stranger, what is the matter?"

The rough-looking waggoner softened his voice in speaking, for the child in the road was crying.

"I am lost! I can't find my father," sobbed the child.

"Is he a big man with a long white beard?"

"Yes; that's my father."

"It's all right, then, because he is looking for you. Keep right along, and if you don't find him he'll find you."

And the child dried his tears, and sprang into the road again, for if his father was looking for him, of course he could not fail to be in his arms again after awhile.

Dear boy, dear girl, if you are trying to come to Christ, and the way seems dark, and the path steep and difficult, take courage. He is looking for you, too, and if you only persevere you are sure to meet him in the way, and to hear his gracious voice saying, "Come unto Me."

HATS OFF!

The father of the present Lord T., who was remarkable for the stateliness of his manners, one day when riding through a village near Oxford, met a lad dragging a cow along the road, who, when his lordship came up to him, stopped and stared him full in the face.

His lordship asked the boy if he knew him.

He replied, "Yes."

"What is my name?"

"Why, Lord T.," answered the boy.

"Then why don't you take off your hat?"

"I—I will, sur," said the boy, "if ye'll hold the cow."

Think well of your home; in a few years you will go forth therefrom, to return only as a guest for a day. The childhood home is a very dear spot, and few in age cease entirely to long for its return.

THE ALPHABET-TREE.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

To Jack all play was good,
All learning very bad,
Until one night, when tired out,
A charming dream he had:
In a wide garden space,
All shine and green, stood he,
Where, in the sunniest, fairest place,
Grew an alphabet-tree.

Fruits purple, gold, and red,
Bent every tiniest twig;
A's were apples, the bunches of B's
Bananas yellow and big;
He spied an orange—O;
A plum, and that was P;
O was a cherry, Q a quince,
And a great blue grape was G.

How full of juice they were!
How ripe the syllable-seed!
And when he had eaten from every bough,
Behold, Jack liked to read!
He ate from red-streaked A
Way down to X, Y, Z,
And cried, "There never was anything
So nice as this alphabet-tree!"

KITTIE'S NEW SONG.

Kittie had learned a new song to sing,
For her heart was full of joy and music.

"Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away,"

sang little Kittie again and again, down in the summer-house; and the silvery notes came through the open window into papa's study, and papa laid down his book to listen.

Soon the voice ceased, and the little pattering feet were heard on the stairs, and then a gentle knock.

"Come in, Kittie."

"Papa, isn't this a nice hymn? Please may I sing it to you?"

And so papa listened again to that soft voice, singing the same sweet hymn.

"I like the 'Happy day' part best, papa."

"The chorus, you mean, Kittie, but why?"

"Because, papa, I can't quite understand the rest, but I know that if Jesus had not washed my sins away, I could never go to live with him."

"Why not, Kittie?"

Kittie repeated slowly the verse she had learned that morning about the city of God. "'There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.' And papa, I used to make lies."

"And do you think Jesus has washed that sin away, Kittie?"

"Yes, papa, I asked him to; and if we ask we shall receive, you know. Don't you like those lines, too, papa?"

"Yes, Kittie, very much."

"Please sing it with me once."

And so papa and his little Kittie sang together of that happy day when Jesus washed their sins away.