

MOTHER'S COMFORT.

I know a little girlie,
With loving eyes so blue,
And lips just made for smiling,
And heart that's kind and true.
She wears no dainty dresses,
No jewels does she own,
But the greatest of all her treasures
Is her little self alone.
Her name is Mother's Comfort,
For all the livelong day
Her busy little fingers
Help mother's cares away.
The sunshine loves to glisten
And hide in her soft hair,
And dimples chase each other
About her cheeks so fair.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

THE STORY OF BANBEE.

Banbee was a little heathen girl who had been taught to pray to an idol that was in her home. It was a very dreadful-looking thing, with a face that made one want to turn away from it at once. But, notwithstanding the idol was such a fright, little Banbee prayed to it, and gave it food and some of her few little treasures. Often when very hungry the poor little girl would offer all her dinner to the god, thinking it would do her soul good.

One day she hurt her hand with a piece of glass, and when the blood flowed she became frightened and ran to the idol asking it to help her. When her hand grew worse she laid it on the stiff, wooden fingers of the god, expecting every moment the pain would be gone. But the pain increased, and little Banbee cried, but still she did not lose faith in the god.

At last Banbee's arm began to look red and sharp, cruel pains ran up and down from her shoulder to her finger. This new trouble the little girl showed to the

idol, but the great dull eyes just stared on and never noticed her. At this time a good missionary was going home from visiting some sick people, and hearing some one moaning, she went to the hut where Banbee lived, and there she saw a little child, thin and suffering, sitting close to an ugly idol, begging him to stop the pain in her hand. She would hold her little brown hand in the well one, and then lift it close to the great staring eyes, saying words little folks in this country could not understand—for Banbee lived in India—but which meant, "See, see! help poor Banbee!"

The missionary had medicine with her in a case, for part of her good work was to heal the bodies of the poor heathen as well as to care for their souls. She went into the hut, and, taking the poor, aching hand, said, "Little girl, I am your friend."

Banbee was not afraid, for she had seen "the clean mamma," as they called the missionary, going through the village a number of times. She watched her with interest when she opened a bottle and bathed so very gently the wounded finger and then the whole hand in a cool wash. And as she bathed it and the pain lessened Banbee listened to the story of Jesus' great love for little children; how he came to earth to save just such little ones as Banbee. And then the lady told the little girl how useless it was to pray to anything made out of wood, which had once been a senseless tree.

It was a wonderful story for Banbee to hear, and Jesus seemed just the friend she needed, for the little girl had not many friends. But it was quite a time before Banbee could entirely give up her wooden god. She would often, after talking with her new friend (the kind missionary), creep into the room where it was and pray to it. But at last Banbee took Jesus for her best friend, and said she loved the far-away Christians, because they sent "the clean mamma" to tell her of Je us.

A QUEER CROW'S NEST.

A firm of opticians in Bombay have rooms where pebbles and spectacle-frames are manufactured. Quite recently an assistant discovered that a large number of gold, silver and steel spectacle-frames had mysteriously disappeared. The men employed were suspected, and orders were given that no one should have access to the room but the manager. Still the thefts continued, and the manager could not discover the thief. One day however, he was startled by hearing the flapping of a bird's wings at the window, and saw a large crow, which, when it had picked up a frame in its beak, flew away to the roof of a neighbouring building. A search was made on this roof, when it was found that the thieving bird had constructed thereon for itself a cosy nest composed of the missing frames. The design of this gold and silver structure was so ingenious, and presented such a beautiful appearance, being so deftly and carefully woven together,

that it was decided to keep it intact for a time, and before the materials were unwoven and separated a photograph of the nest was taken. It was not only a queer crow's nest, it was also a dear one, consisting of eighty-four frames, of the value of about £50.

A LITTLE BLACK BOY AND A BIG CHIEF.

In Uganda, in Africa, every Christian is expected to do something for the Master, and teach others of Jesus. They are sent from village to village to carry the good tidings. A little boy once went to the chief's house, but he refused to let him come inside of the fence; so the boy stood outside and called through the fence that he was like one who had good medicine for the sick, but the sick would not take it.

The chief called out, "I am not sick; I am quite well."

"That is just what I thought about myself once," said the boy, "but I was not only sick, but dead, and worse than dead; for I was so bad I was spoiling all around me."

The chief became interested in the determined little fellow who would not go away, and invited him to come in and eat with him, and ended by buying a book and promising to learn to read.

And the last we heard of that old chief he was getting ready to be baptized. How glad that boy will be when he sees him join the army of the Lord.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

I know a little saying
That is altogether true;
My little boy, my little girl,
The saying is for you.
'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,
And gray—so deep and bright:
No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether field or glen
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh or labour's hum
Entice your feet to stray.
Someone is always watching you,
And, whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Someone is always watching you,
And marking what you do,
To see if all your childhood acts
Are honest, brave and true;
And, watchful more than mortal kind,
God's angels, pure and white,
In gladness or in sorrowing,
Are keeping you in sight.

Oh, bear in mind, my little one—
And let your mark be high!—
You do whatever thing you do
Beneath some seeing eye
Oh, bear in mind, my little one,
And keep your good name bright,
No child upon this round, round earth
Is ever out of sight.