

ON CHILDREN'S DAY.

Dear little daisies out in the meadows,
Nodding gay in the glad sunlight,
Tell me, you cheery, white-frilled darlings,
Why do you look so trim and bright?
Buttercups, in your robes of yellow,
Kissed by the golden sunbeams, say,
What is the tale the breezes carry?
The wild flowers whispered "Children's
Day."

Oh! human buds from heaven's gardens,
Sent to gladden this world of ours,
Give of your beauty and your sweetness,
Day by day, like the fragrant flowers!
Looking up to the dear all-Father,
Whose love enfolds our lives, I pray,
"Oh! keep these earth-blooms, pure and
stainless,
On this and ev'ry Children's Day!"

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 6, 1897.

SAYING GOOD-MORNING TO GOD.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

Tea was over at the Telfords, and the pretty, red-shaded lamp was lighted in the parlour. Papa had kissed the children good-night and gone off to his study, with a bundle of business papers.

"Now, mamma," said Ernest, "you'll read us a nice story, won't you?"

"First we must practice our hymns for the Children's Day service," said mamma.

"Oh! bother," cried Ernest, puckering his forehead up into wrinkles; "what's the use of our learning the hymns, anyhow? Miss Carter will play on the big organ, and lots of people will sing, and nobody will know, mamma, whether we are singing or not."

"Will nobody know, in heaven above or

earth beneath?" asked his mother, looking very grave.

Ernest looked down, and shuffled his toes on the carpet; he knew what his mother meant, but he did not want to say so.

"Once upon a time," said Mrs. Telford, (and three children pressed up close to her; she was going to tell them a story, after all;) "a father was walking down the road, and he met all his children; he had a large family of boys and girls, some big and some little. The father smiled upon them, and said, 'Bless you, my children;' and what do you think the children said, Ernest?"

But Ernest thought his mother was laying a trap for him, and he wouldn't say anything. "I s'ink they said good-mornin', farver," spoke up little blue-eyed Betty.

"Some of them did, Betsey, and some of them smiled back at him; but there were three little folks (a boy and two small girls) who did not look at him; did not smile at him, and did not open their lips. Do you think that good father would be pleased with them, Betty?"

"No," said little Betty, shaking her short brown locks, "he would be sorwy."

"Now then, children," said mamma, "these hymns are one way that we say good-morning to God, our heavenly Father, when we go to worship him in church and Sunday-school. When the Bible is read, that is God speaking to us; and when we pray, we are asking help and favours from him; but when we sing hymns we are just praising and greeting him; just saying 'Good-morning, dear God.' And if an earthly father would notice, and be sorry, if three of his children, even little ones, did not say good-morning to him, will not your heavenly Father be grieved, too, if even my little tots of children do not say good-morning to him?"

"Yes, mamma," said Ernest; he was ready to learn his hymns now, and as the little sisters were always ready to do what he did, they stood about her knee, and learned the words, and hummed over the tune with her, as long as she chose to keep them.

But in one of the baby hearts there was a question that needed an answer. "Mamma," said little Betty, with her round cheek against the chair-arm, while her eyes tried to peer through the darkened window pane, "we are so awful little, and the sky is so high up, I 'spect God couldn't see us."

"He says he can see things a great deal smaller than you, Betsey; what is it about the sparrows?"

"I know!" cried Ernest, "let me say it; 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

"How much bigger are you than a sparrow, Betsey?"

"Oh! so much," said the little girl, laughing and stretching her short arms out wide.

"Then you may be sure your heavenly Father sees you, too, and listens for your 'good-morning' voice."

HOW LADY JANE WENT TO DAKOTA.

Mr. Dawson was a home missionary. His little daughter said, "We live, like Minnehaha, in the land of the Dakotas."

The Dawsons lived in a sod house, just like the rest of the people. The year before there came a Thanksgiving box from some good people in the East; this year Janet said she guessed they forgot them, adding, "Any way, God knows where we live, and he never forgets. Maybe he means we shall have a Christmas box."

Mr. Dawson wrote what Janet said to the Secretary of the Board, and, sure enough, some one planned a nice box to send them.

At the women's meeting, when the letter was read, there was a little girl just Janet's age. Her name was Mabel Jackson, and she could not go to sleep that night for thinking how much she wanted to send something to the little Dakota girl.

Now Mabel was not a rich little girl herself. She did not need to count up the money in her purse. She could see in the dark the shining ten-cent piece, the one nickel and six pennies, and she had planned just how she would spend them for Christmas.

"It would not be right," thought Mabel, "to send what I have as good as given away, but if I had something really my own!"

With a sudden thought she sprang up in bed.

"There is my Lady Jane! but I couldn't give her up. To be sure I have Dorothy Ann, but she has but one arm, and both legs are gone, and she always sleeps with me." She caught the crippled doll up in her arms and nugged her. "No one else would love her—but any one could not help loving Lady Jane, she is so beautiful. But what would Aunt Mary say if I gave away her present? I'll ask mamma, and I hope she'll say no."

But the next morning when Mabel asked, mamma didn't say no, but, "Do just as you think best, dear;" and Aunt Mary said, "Lady Jane is yours to do with her as you please."

So Mabel did please to send her to Janet Dawson in the Christmas box, and the first thing Janet saw when she opened her eyes Christmas morning, was Lady Jane holding out her beautiful arms to be taken from mamma's stocking, which was the only one large enough to hold her.

If only Mabel could have seen Janet when she clasped her hands together and heard her say, "Some one did 'member; I guess God 'nuded' them, to make them 'member."

I wonder if it is too late to send a doll to some other missionary? What say little girls who read this story? Dolls come good 'most any time.

"It's awful hot out, mamma!" he said, as he sat on the back steps fanning himself with his big straw hat. "My neck is all presbyterianism! See how wet it is!"