

## GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY REV. J. E. KETTERIDGE

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,  
The noisy boys, the funny boys,

The thoughtless boys;

God wants the boys with all their joys,  
That he as gold may make them pure,  
And teach them trials to endure.

His heroes brave

He'll have them be,

Fighting for truth

And purity.

God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,  
The loving girls, the best of girls,

The worst of girls:

God wants to make the girls his pearls,  
And so reflect his holy face,

And bring to mind his wondrous grace,

That beautiful

The world may be,

And filled with love

And purity.

God wants the girls.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1894.

## A NOBLE JAPANESE.

A JAPANESE who had become a Christian and learned to read the Bible was so grateful and so anxious that others of his people should have the precious knowledge too, that every morning when he went out of his house to go to work he left his door open with this notice on it:

"If any one wants to come in here while I am gone and read my Bible he may do it."

Now, wasn't that beautiful of him? He had learned the way, and Oh he was anxious that others should learn it too, that others should read the Book that had proven so precious to him.

What a sweet trait is this, dear little workers, just the very sweetest in a Christian's character—unselfishness. Indeed, I

doubt if any one can be a real Christian without it.

Now we have this precious Book. We read it every day, or, that is, we can read it if we choose. How anxious are we to send it to the many millions over the seas who perish without it? So anxious that we would deny ourselves something to do it? How I hope so!

## THE ESQUIMAUX.

BY LOUISE DERICK.

It had been snowing all day and Johnny could not go out to play. To amuse him his mother gave him a book of pictures to look at. At last he came to something very funny, he could not imagine what it was. He looked up and said:

"Mamma, can you tell me what this is?"

Mamma put down her sewing, looked at the picture and said:

"That is the picture of an Esquimaux village, and those little round things are houses."

"Oh, please tell me about them."

"The Esquimaux live in a very cold country where they have ice and snow all of the time. For nearly six months at a time they never see the sun. How would you like such a country as that, Johnny?"

"I don't think I would like it at all. What is the little hole near the ground?"

"That little opening is the door; the other small hole is the window. It has no glass in it, only something which was taken from the inside of the seal and stretched over the hole to keep out the cold. The house has only one room, which is warmed and lighted by a sort of lamp with long wicks of moss, and plenty of fat to burn. They do not have good things to eat, Johnny. They have nothing but meat and sometimes the milk of the reindeer."

"What do the little girls and boys have to play with, mamma?"

"Oh! they have great fun with their sleds, which are not like yours. I will show you a picture of one. No trees grow in this cold country, so of course there is no wood to make sleds; so they take the bones of the walrus and whale, and bind them together with strips of sealskin. It has a back to lean against, so that the little girls will not fall off. The girls play with queer-looking dolls, which they dress in soft deer-skins. Don't you think they would be surprised to see the lovely dolls little girls in this country have?"

"Yes, indeed, I do; I would like to send them some. What do the boys play with?"

"They play with balls which are sometimes as large as a boy's head. Each boy carries a crooked stick, and with these play bat and ball. When the sun comes back the people are very glad to see it, they know it will stay with them for months. The girls and boys play out just as much as they can; they sit out and listen to stories, for they have no written stories and even if they had they could not read them."

"Well, mamma, I think I would much

rather live here; we have a great deal more fun."

By this time it had stopped snowing, so mamma said Johnny might go out and play with his sled for half an hour.—*The Child's Hour.*

## THE JAM TART.

ALICE and Hubert used to feed the swans every morning, and so long as they took them bits of bread everything went well, and they and the swans were the best friends possible; but one morning, Hubert took it into his head to offer the swan a bite of raspberry jam tart which Aunt Eliza had made for him that morning. Now Hubert, naturally did not wish to give all the tart to the swan, and the swan had never been taught to sit up with a bib on and take small bites, so when it saw a nice jam tart held out to it, it took all of it, and Hubert was left without even a bite for himself.

"You greedy thing!" he cried, and caught hold of the swan to try and get back the tart. But the tart was eaten, and the swan was very much offended.

"For," it said to itself, "it's anything but good manners to try to take a thing back when you've once given it."

But little Hubert hung on to the swan, and the swan flapped its wings at Hubert, and Alice cried and tried to pull Hubert off; and the end of it was that they all rolled into the water together. The swan went off chuckling, and the children were pulled out by the under-gardener, and put to bed by the nurse. And then Hubert went to sleep and dreamed that a great frog, as big as a horse, was teaching all the chickens and ducks and swans in the world in small classes. He taught them out of a big book, and the name of the book was "manners."

## "BUSY AS A BEE"

I HEARD a little girl say once that she did wish she was a bee, so that she would have nothing to do but to fly about from flower to flower and get all the sweets she could.

Now I wonder if she really thought that was all a bee had to do! Why, a bee is always at work. This is why we so often hear the expression, "as busy as a bee." It isn't such fun as this little girl thought to fly from flower to flower as the bee does. It is back and forth, back and forth, from the flower to the hive, carrying the sweets with which to make the honey, till I am sure the little creature must often and often be very tired.

How many of our little missionary folks will be like busy bees, real workers, flitting here and there, getting all the sweets they can, yet turning them into precious stores to be of use to others? Little pennies, bright wee nickels, silver dimes, Oh the good they can accomplish when gathered and given by brave little hands! And Oh the sweets the little gatherers may get out of the pleasure of doing!