

"WHAT CAN WE DO FOR JESUS?"

WHAT can we do for Jesus?
His work needs many hands;
New doors are opening daily
In distant heathen lands,
And eager eyes are watching,
The light of life to see,
While plaintive voices call us
To homes of misery.

What can we do for Jesus?
We'll help to send his light
To cheer the weary watchers
And chase away their night.
We'll answer those who call us:
"The Christ whom we adore
Belongs to every nation,
Our King forevermore."

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 9, 1892.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

THERE is no form of Church service or instruction which deserves greater commendation than the Sunday-school. Its home-like manner of unfolding those truths which are the most important elements in the composition of the moral character to mankind renders it the foundation of all true greatness and goodness; hence it is, boys and girls, that if you desire to become great, good, and useful in the world, you should go to the Sunday-school. Its teachings will enable you to withstand the terrible temptations to which you are daily exposed. It will give your minds employment upon the Sunday while your bodies are resting from the labours of the week.

Boys and girls, especially those without homes, are more apt to fall into sin upon

the Sunday than upon any other day of the week, for business being suspended, they are without their ordinary employment and are more easily led into temptation, for "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Then, boys and girls, as you all desire to become men and women of moral strength and purity, do not spend your Sundays in wandering about, but go to the Sunday-school, and there, surrounded by its sacred influence, you will learn those principles of the true, grand and noble, which will make you men and women of usefulness and power.

EDDIE'S PUNISHMENT.

"Now, Eddie," said Mrs. Langdon, as she was about to go away for a little while, "you must not go out of this room. Remember your throat has been very sore, and you should not breathe the damp air. You will remember?"

"Yes, mamma," said Eddie.

"Stay in this room, and play or read," added his mamma. "And above all things, Eddie, do not touch the fire. If it requires poking, ring for Jane; but mind that you do not go near it yourself."

"I won't, mamma," said Eddie.

Mrs. Langdon then went out. And for a while Eddie played and looked at pictures and amused himself nicely; but, after a time, he grew tired, and, looking around, he saw that the fire was low.

"Now there's no use to call Jane, if mamma did say so," he thought. "I will just poke it a little, and it will burn all right."

He went over to the grate, and began gently to stir the coals.

Just then his sister Grace passed through the room. "Eddie, mamma does not allow you to touch the fire," said she.

"Well, I'm going to leave off now," said Eddie. But, when Grace went out, he did not give over poking. Instead, he kept poking and watching the sparks fly, and making them fly higher and thicker, until, at last, a coal fell out and lodged on his pinafore.

Eddie did not see it until his pinafore began to blaze. Then he was frightened and ran into the hall screaming for Jane. But before Jane could reach him he was severely burned, and had to lie in bed, in great suffering, for many days. I do not think anyone pitied him very much, for he had brought his own punishment on himself by disobeying his good mamma. Perhaps next time he will mind her better.

WASH ME AND I SHALL BE WHITER THAN SNOW.

OVER there in the corner sits my boy singing,

"Whiter than snow,
Yes, whiter than snow."

"Harry, dear!" I call. "Come to window." The ground is covered with new-fallen snow, and I point, and say:

"You were just singing, 'Whiter than snow.' Did you ever see anything whiter than snow? Lay your little soiled hand against this soft drift on the window. Yes, I know you have been handling. But if you wash your hand ever so often you cannot make it 'whiter than snow.' The stain of an untruth is on your hand. Would you like to wash it off?"

A sob answers me.

"Then go back and sing that song meaning every word of it, and Jesus will wash the stain away, and make your hand 'whiter than snow.'"

The tears choke the song now, but and-bye it rings out softer, sweeter than before, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

A LESSON OF TRUST.

SOME time ago a boy was discovered in the street, evidently bright and intelligent but sick. A man who had feeling and kindness strongly developed went to him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come for me," said.

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of answer and the condition of the boy whose bright eye and flushed face bore the evidence of fever.

"God sent for father and mother little brother," said he, "and took them away up to his home in the sky, mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no body to give me anything, and so I stay out here, and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the gentleman, coming with emotion. "He has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eye flash with the smile of triumph break over his face as he said. "Mother never told me a lie; but you have been so long on the way!"

What a lesson of trust!