

## A BOY WANTED

"WANTED—a boy." How often we  
These very common words may see!  
Wanted a boy to errands run,  
Wanted for everything under the sun.  
All that men to-day can do,  
To-morrow the boys will be doing, too;  
For the time is coming when  
The boys must stand in the place of men.

Wanted—the world wants a boy to-day,  
And she offers them all she has for pay—  
Honour, wealth, position, fame,  
A useful life, and a deathless name;  
Boys to shape the paths for men,  
Boys to guide the plough and pen,  
Boys to forward the tasks begun;  
For the world's great task is never done.

The world is anxious to employ  
Not just one, but every boy  
Whose heart and brains will e'er be true  
To work his hands shall find to do,  
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind,  
To good awake, to evil blind;  
Heart of gold without alloy,  
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE  
MOWER.

"MISTER! I say Mister!" called a wee little girl to the big man who was mowing the field.

But the wee little girl had a wee little voice, and the scythe kept going swish, swish, swish, so loudly that the man did not hear anything else.

The wee little girl stood still a moment, and then ran right in front of the big man and called again, "Mister!"

My, how the big man did jump!  
"Look out!" he shouted. "Don't you know better than to run right in front of this big, sharp scythe? Why, if I hadn't

happened to catch sight o' your pink skirt I might have cut both your little feet right off. Don't ever do such a thing again, little girl!"

"Well, I called and called, and you just wouldn't listen one bit," said the little girl.

"I didn't hear you, little one. What do you want?"

"I want you to please stop cutting down my flowers," said the little girl. "Some big man cut them all down in that field over there yesterday, and now they are all dead. You mustn't hurt them so, please, 'cause its naughty." And the wee little girl gravely shook her curly head.

The big man sat down and took the wee girlie on his lap. "See here, little one, you like milk to drink, don't you?"

The little girl nodded.

"Well, what do you think the cows would do all winter if somebody didn't cut down and dry the clover and grass to make hay for them to eat? God made this clover for them to eat, as he made the cows to give milk for you to drink."

"Then you are a good man, and I love you. When I grow big I will cut down flowers for the cows to eat. Good-bye." And the wee little girl walked soberly away. And the big man turned his back so that she might not see him smile.

## PUSSY'S BREAKFAST.

I'm a pretty, white pussy-cat, and my name is Snowball. I'm as white as snow, they say. I don't know how white that is, for I never saw any snow. I know white from black, though, for I am put to bed with my little mistress, and nurse always washes me before bedtime, so I shall not soil the clean white sheet. She says I must not go into the kitchen, for I would get as black as a coal. I know what coal is, for I have seen cook put some into the fire, and she had very dirty hands afterward. I wouldn't like to be like that. If I get a speck on my fur, I lick and lick until it is all off.

My little mistress is very good to me. I did not know how good until I went to my cousin's one day. There were several children at that house, and it makes my hair stand up with horror to remember how they treated me and my cousin. They pulled our tails, and swung us by a leg, they slapped us, turned our ears inside out, tickled our noses until we sneezed, pulled our whiskers and abused us until my little mistress cried, and carried me home.

## A BOY'S TEMPTATION.

You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking force had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try to take the castle; but one soldier said: "I will show you how we can take the castle." And he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day never moving the cannon. About

nightfall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same the next day, and the next. By-and-bye the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week, he made a hole in that castle big enough for the enemy to walk through.

Now, with a single gun firing away at every boy's life, the devil is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul; and if you never have any temptation, you will never have any practice. A boy who attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than the one that drills only twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourselves resolutely to face them.

## A LITTLE BROWN PENNY.

A LITTLE brown penny, worn and old,  
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand,  
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,  
Sent far away to a heathen land.

A little brown penny, a generous thought,  
A little less candy just for one day,  
A young heart awakened for life, mayhap,  
To the needs of the heathen far away,

The penny flew off with the prayer's swift wings;

It carried the message by Jesus sent,  
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant light,  
Wherever the prayer and the message went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought  
To the souls of the heathen far away,  
When the darkness fled like wavering mists  
From the beautiful dawn of the gospel day?

And who can tell of the blessings that came  
To the little child when Christ looked down;

Or how the penny, worn and old,  
In heaven will change to a golden crown.

ALICE and Frank had been reading out under the trees one hot Sunday afternoon. After a while they grew tired of sitting still.

"Let's see how many different kinds of leaves we can find," said Alice.

"Why, yes," Frank answered.

So they walked around the garden, picking a leaf off every bush and tree and plant. Then they laid the leaves out in a row, and tried to remember what the name of each one was.

They were very much surprised when supper time came, for the afternoon had seemed very short.

MAKE no man your idol, for the best man must have faults; and his faults will insensibly become yours, in addition to your own. This is as true in art as in morals.