

MISSIONARY NUTS

'I'm going nutting,' said Johnnie,
And said Jane 'I'm going, too,
And with all the nuts I gather
This is the thing I'll do.
I shall sell them all for money,
And every penny bright
Will be for the 'Willing Workers,
'To send the Gospel light.'

So the nuts are falling, falling
On the grass and on the rocks,
And the pennies dropping dropping
In the missionary box
And the Gospel light is shining
In the darkness far away,
And the children both are happy
In their work and in their play

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LITTLE HINDOO GIRLS AND THEIR DOLLS.

BY COUSIN HELEN.

I MUST tell the SUNBEAM readers of something I read not long ago about the little girls of India and their dolls

Once a year regularly the little Hindoo girls are expected to destroy their dolls. It is on a festival day when a great feast is made to one of the gods. Early in the morning the little girls dress themselves in their brightest colours. They then carry offerings of rice to the god. Coming back from the temple, they get their dolls and go marching through the streets in procession till they come to some one of the many country roads. There under the overhanging mango trees is a fountain which has generally been erected by some

pious Hindoo. Around the fountain is a great deep tank in which are feathery bamboos, beautiful swaying ferns, and tall, white lilies. Marble steps lead down to the water. Down the steps the little Hindoo girls go, and clasping their precious dolls to their hearts with a last good-bye, toss them, with misty eyes, into the water.

Now we may well believe that it is a struggle for these little girls to give up their dolls. But they think the god will bless them if they thus give him their dearest treasures. Even in this Christian land little girls may learn a lesson from these poor heathen children. How many of you, here in the midst of the bright light of the Gospel, have the spirit of these little Hindoo girls to give to God the best you have?

"BE GOD AFRAID?"

THE sun was shining brightly, when the fisherman kissed his wife Jean, and baby Jeannette, and set sail for a month's absence.

"I pray God bless and keep thee, wife," he said in husky tones.

"Me too, daddy?" said the little one, clinging to his knee.

"Ay, ay," he answered, lifting her tenderly, "ye too, my bonny wee lass: the Lord keep thee safe till daddy gets back."

"Is God way out on the big water too?" she asked.

"That's what he is," was the hearty answer, "else it would be a bad journey for me. God grant I may never go where I cannot find him."

And so Jeannette was left clinging to her mother's gown, while the great creaking swaying sail carried her father away out beyond her sight.

But as the day wore on, the sun hid his face behind black clouds; the wind came booming up across the waters, making the waves rear up their heads with angry white faces. Mother Jean's face grew white too, not with anger, but with fear, and little Jeannette, looking up from her play on the cabin floor, and where she had been dragging a small, white-rigged ship, grew sad.

She left the little craft lying on its ribs, while she crept up to the mother's side: "Mammy," she said, pulling down the apron, which the fisherman's wife had thrown over her head to hide her distress from the child, "Mammy, be you 'fraid 'cause the wind blow?"

Mother Jean only answered by bursting into tears, as the thunder now shook

the cabin, and the rain came down against its walls. Jeannette stood at the window watching the fierce power of the storm, then creeping back to her mother's arms, "Mammy," she whispered, "be you afraid too?"

"Child, no," answered the mother, "what storm can touch him?"

"But he is out on the water with daddy," said the little girl, "ye mind he said so. If God is not 'fr' mammy, he'll keep daddy safe; sure, I know he will," and back went the little truster to the wee ship on the floor.

And though the storm raged madly that night, Jeannette's mother held the little sleeper on her quiet bosom, saying over and over to herself, "God is not afraid and he is with Jem on the water."

I AM ALL NEW.

BY REV. W. TENDALL.

I SAW a little girl who was just ready to go to church one bright Sabbath morning a few days ago. Her mamma had bought her a new dress, new mantle, new shoes, a new hat, and as she looked at herself in the mirror she joyfully claimed, "Oh, ma, I am all new."

"No," I replied, "my little dear, you are not new. It is only the clothes that are new on you that are new. There is more of you than their clothes, which they can put on and take off at pleasure. There is the body, which needs food for nourishment; and then there is the soul, which will live when your body is dead. Your soul is not new. You were born a sinner, and the Bible calls the sinful soul 'the old man,' and God commands us to 'put off the old man with his deeds,' which means that all little boys and girls, as well as men and women, must be born again—that is made new by the Holy Spirit.

I knew a little boy who felt that he was a great sinner. Well, he was very sorry for his sins, which means that he repented. He went alone and prayed to God to forgive him for Jesus' sake, who died for his sins. He believed that Jesus Christ saved him, and at once he was forgiven and made 'all new,' and was very happy. He ran around with delight. Everything he saw seemed new and bright with the glory of God, because his heart was made new. Let all who read this story 'Create in me a clean heart and renew the right spirit within me,' and when God does this they will be able to say with a better meaning than the little girl referred to, 'I am all new.'