

than the wonders wrought by this devil's draught, which in an hour turns love to hate, calmness to frenzy, quiet to confusion, and a mother to a fiend.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR CHRIST TO-DAY?

WHAT can I do for Christ to-day?
Whose love so patient, pure, and wise,
Shines as a bright, unchanging ray
Through all my journey to the skies,

His work shall be my pleasant task,
Who never turned a child away,
And every morning I will ask,
"What can I do for Christ to-day?"

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POST PAID.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular

Christian Guardian, weekly\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated 2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together 3 50
The Wesleyan Halifax Weekly 2 00
Sunday-School Hammer, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly 0 65
6 copies and upwards 0 60
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly, 20 pp. 8vo. 0 08
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2	
per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	.. 0 30
Less than 20 copies 0 25
Over 20 copies 0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. quarto, semi-monthly 0 30
when less than 20 copies 0 25
20 to 40 copies 0 22
Over 40 copies 0 20
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month 5 50
Sunbeam, semi-monthly, less than 20 copies 0 15
20 copies and upwards 0 12

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, King St. East, Toronto

C. W. Coates,
315 1/2 Street,
Montreal.

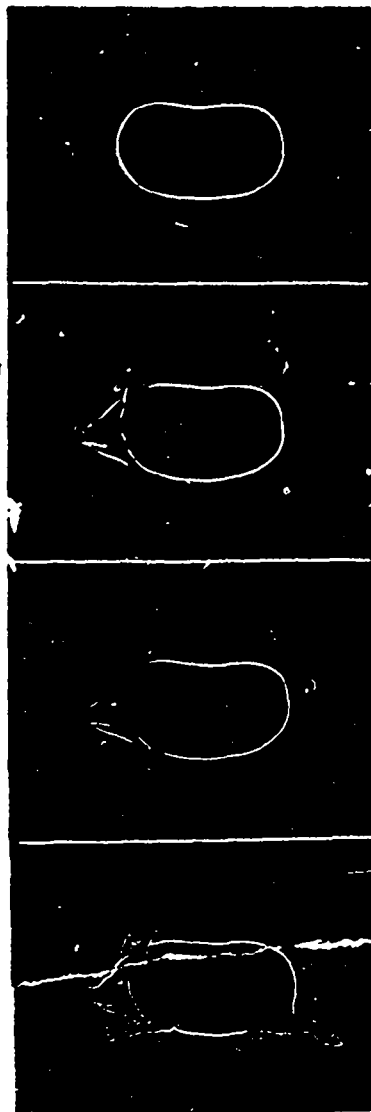
S. F. Huestle,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1883.

THE CHILD'S CATECHISM.

A LITTLE girl who had heard a good deal about the catechism, once asked if there was not a "kitty-chism," for little children. She meant a shorter and simpler form, having about the same relation to the catechism that a kitten has to a cat. Now, there is such a beautiful little book, specially prepared for the youngest children. A little bit of it will be given with each Sunday-school lesson, in each number of the SUNBEAM, and we want every one of our little readers to learn it off by heart and say it, first to their ma or pa at home, and then to the teacher at school. We hope that parents will help the little folk to learn and say this short lesson, and that each teacher will see that it is not neglected. A good plan will be to have it said by the whole class together at the close of the lesson. It will only take a minute, or less, and, if well learned, will never be forgotten, and will be a great blessing to the children all their lives long.



HOW TO DRAW A FIG.

The body of Piggy
Is shaped like a bean,
Except when he's poor
And uncommonly lean.

Then give him an ear
And a long handsome snout,
For the last is so useful
In rooting about.

Then a bright little eye
He must have without fail,
At the other end of him
A small curly tail.

Then give him four feet
And you have a whole pig,
Who can run for his food;
Be he little or big.

BESSIE'S PIN.

"Give me a pin, mamma," she said;
But I was busy reading,
And scarcely saw the golden head,
Or heard the soft voice pleading.

With thoughts upon my book intent,
I never stopped to choose it,
But gave her one—'twas old and bent;
Poor child, she couldn't use it.

She glanced at it and threw it down,
Then back her fair head tilted;
"I want," said she with a little frown,
"A fresh pin—that is *willed*."

THE LITTLE CARE-TAKER.

RACHEL is a busy little body, and very observing and thoughtful. Nothing escapes her bright eyes, and she knows as much of what is going on in the house as a little four-year-old ought to know.

She believes that God takes care of her, but seems to think she is needed too, as well as the Heavenly Father, to make everything go right.

The other night after her baby-brother had gone to bed, she leaned over his little crib to whisper, "Be a good boy, Charlie; God loves us, and he will take care of us, and I'll help him take care of you, baby."

THE PEAR ON THE GROUND.

A LITTLE boy, as he walked home from school, saw a ripe pear lying on the ground in the front yard of a large, fine house. It was a nice, yellow pear. The little boy was hungry. "How I would like that pear!" thought he. "I might reach it through the slats of the fence. No one sees me." Hardly had the thought come to him than he called to mind these words, *Thou God seest me*.

He at once turned his head away from the pear, and walked bravely on. But he had not gone far when a little girl came running after him, and said, "My mother sent me with this pear to give to you, little boy. She saw you through the blind as you looked at it, and sends it to you with her love."