

MAMMA'S LITTLE COMFORT.

I KNOW a little girlie

With loving eyes so blue,
And lips just made for smiling,
And heart that's kind and true,
She wears no dainty dresses,
No jewels does she own,
But the greatest of all treasures
Is her little self alone.

Her name is "Mother's Comfort,"

For all the livelong day
Her busy little fingers
Help mother's cares away.
The sunshine loves to glisten
And hide in her soft hair,
And dimples chase each other
About her cheeks so fair.

Oh, this darling little girlie

With the diamonds in her eyes
Makes in mother's heart a sunshine
Brighter far than floods the skies.
But the name that suits her better,
And makes her glad eyes shine,
Is the name of "Mother's Comfort"—
This little treasure mine.

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The Sunbeam.

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DOING GOOD.

THERE are so many ways of doing good, and it is a solemn thought that all our words and acts are so many seeds, which will spring up either with sweet flowers or tangled weeds. Sometimes I hear the expression, "O! I have no influence." What a sad mistake! Every one is writing a big book, and every day we turn a page. What kind of a book is yours, my dear little reader?

Lately I saw a beautiful letter from a

clergyman on the death of a lovely girl, and he said: "She was a great comfort to me in my ministry. So steadfast in fidelity, so regularly in her place, so through and through good. I was constantly helped by her presence. The silent influence of some is greater than the exerted influence of others." I knew this gentle girl well, and she deserved all this. I want you all to realize that your influence is going to live always, and try so to live that it may accomplish much for the good of the world.—*Ringwood.*

"DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

EDNA was sitting by the window in her little rocking-chair, watching the raindrops against the pane, but the little girl's face looked far from happy.

Grandma, who was sitting at the opposite window, gazed a while at the clouded face, and then asked, "What is the matter with my girlie? Doesn't she like the rain?"

"I was not thinkin' about rain, gran'ma; I was only just a-thinkin' 'bout that old serpent."

"Shall I tell you how to drive him away, dearie?"

Edna drew her little rocker to grandma's side and said, "Please, gran'ma, 'cause I do want to know."

"You say, 'Our Father' every morning; do you not?"

"Yes, gran'ma."

"And in that prayer are these words: 'Deliver us from evil!' and that means the evil one too. So you are asking 'Our Father' to keep the evil one from troubling you; but sometimes you say this prayer without thinking, and then God lets Satan come around, so that you will see how much trouble he makes and remember you must pray to be delivered. To say the Lord's Prayer is not really praying, dear; but you must think about what you are saying, and want what you ask for."

Edna thanked grandma, and then sat quite still, thinking for some time. At last she said, "I guess I didn't think when I said 'Our Father,' but I will now."

For several days after this, Edna's mamma noticed her little girl would often drop her toys in the midst of her play and run out of the room for a few moments. Thinking some mischief might be going on, Mr. Etting followed her one day, and there in a corner of the hall she saw her little girl kneeling, and, with folded hands and closed eyes, she was praying, "Our Father."

And this had been Edna's errand each time she left her play. Do you wonder she was delivered from the evil one?

A GOOD DAY.

"TIRED of play! tired of play!"

"What hast thou done this livelong day?" sang mamma.

Bobby was sitting in papa's great chair. There was a pillow behind him, his toys lay all about. It was growing dark; soon Nurse would come to put him to bed.

But first mamma came and took him in her arms, and sat down in the chair with Bobby on her lap. "What has my little boy done to-day?" she said.

Bobby did not answer. He had such a short little memory that he could not tell about the morning. He only remembered how he had been playing with his train of cars, and how Nurse had given him a wee sponge-cake with his bread and milk. He cuddled down in mamma's soft arms, and mamma remembered for him.

She remembered how he came running to her bedside in the early morning and waked her with soft kisses; how he had not cried while he was being dressed, although Nurse pulled his hair in combing out the tangles, but had been patient because she had asked him to be her good boy to day.

She remembered how he picked up all the buttons for her when she upset her button-box, and how, when he did not mind at once, he soon came to say that he was sorry and to ask to be forgiven.

These were all pleasant things to remember; and mamma kissed the soft sleepy little face that was pressed against her shoulder, and thanked God for giving her this baby boy. For, little as Bobby is, he has begun to try to be good. Very, very little children may do that. They may check their naughty tempers, be helpful to mamma in little ways, be gentle, keep back cross words.

A DYING REQUEST.

"PROMISE me one thing," said a dying father to his son; "it is my dying request; will you grant it?" The son, sobbing, gave his assent.

"I want you, for six months after my death, to go quietly and alone to my room for half an hour every day and think."

"On what subject?" inquired the boy.

"That," replied his father, "I leave solely with yourself, only to think!"

He had been a disobedient son, but he felt he would try and make some amends by keeping his promise, and after his father died he did try. At first his thoughts wandered to all sorts of subjects, till at length conscience began to work, and he was awakened to a sense of his wickedness and evil doings, and he set himself to amend his life and ways.