

good way of making a living, and one that I would be sorry to see Canadian boys adopting.

### A MALTESE CAT.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

When papa came home the other night  
He held the lid of a basket tight.

"Now children," he said, "guess that."  
And when they guessed everything but right,  
He lifted it just a little mite,  
And showed them a Maltese cat.

"And now," said papa, "though puss likes fun  
Yet, if you torment him, of course he'll run.

Don't love him *too* hard and squeeze him."  
"Why, papa," cried Ned, in surprise at that,  
"I thought they called it a *Maltese cat*,  
Just so's you could *maul* and *tease* him."  
—*Harper's Young People.*

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

### DOING GOD'S ERRAND.

HESTER was a little girl who was trying to love and serve Jesus. And she showed her love for Jesus by seeking to please Him in all she did. She loved to do errands for her mother, and to have her mother say she was a faithful servant when she did them well.

One day she had been talking with her mother about God. As they got through, she looked up with a bright thought beaming in her eyes, and said:

"Why, mother, then God is sending us on errands all the time! O! it is so nice to think that I am God's little errand-girl."

"Yes, dear," said her mother, "God has given us all errands to do for Him, and plenty of time to do them in, and a book full of directions to show us how to do them. Every day we can tell Him what we

are trying to do, and ask Him to help us. And when He calls us home to Himself, we shall have great joy in telling Him what we have been trying to do for Him."

"I like that," said Hester. "It is very pleasant to be allowed to do errands for God."

"One of my errands," said her mother, "is to take care of you."

"And one of mine, dear mother, is to honour and obey you. I think God gives us very pleasant errands to do."

You know that nothing makes us more happy than to do anything or a person that we really love. This is what Jesus meant when he said, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." That is what the apostle John meant when he said, "His commandments are not grievous." His people serve Him from love, and that makes everything they do for Him light and pleasant to them.

—*Children's Friend.*

### THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY JOHN HILL LUTHER.

LAMB of God! to Thee we sing,  
Dying that our souls might live;  
Lamb of God! to Thee we bring,  
All that children have to give—  
Hearts that sinful thoughts allure—  
Lamb of God! oh, make them pure.

Living, all Thy life was light,  
Cheering earth and opening heaven;  
Weeping, through the lonely night,  
All Thy tears for us were given;  
Dying, all Thy blood was spilt  
To redeem our souls from guilt.

Oh! ascended Lamb of God!  
Victor over death and sin,  
Let Thy life, Thy tears, Thy blood,  
Guide us, melt us, make us clean;  
Lamb of God! our sins forgive,  
In Thy likeness let us live.

Now within Thy presence met,  
Saviour, send the Heavenly Dove,  
That we may no more forget,  
What we are and what Thy love.  
Spirit, live thou in each breast,  
Till the eternal Sabbath Rest.

### THAT LITTLE SIN.

"O my! How dirty and drooping the leaves of my cineraria are," cried Emily Short as she stood gazing with a very sad face upon the fading, almost dead, plant in the window seat.

"The red spider has taken possession of it," said her father.

"The red spider!" exclaimed Emily, "what is that?"

"I will show you," said Mr. Short, stepping to the window with a pocket microscope.

Emily looked through the microscope, and saw the undersides of the leaves of her cineraria covered with dirty webs, among which were thousands of little active red insects running about as briskly as a party of children at a picnic. In fact, they were having a picnic, and feasting richly on the juices of the leaves which had been so broad, bright, and beautiful a few days before.

"O what tiny little things!" exclaimed Emily.

Yes, they were tiny little things indeed, but they had almost spoiled a fine, beautiful plant. Had the first pair been crushed the plant would have lived; but, being let alone, they had multiplied, and then devoured the flower.

That's the way our sins do. They seem small at first—a little fib, a little feeling of envy, a little thought of pride, a little covetous desire, a little feeling of revenge, a little selfish wish—little red spiders, ever increasing until, as in the case of wicked Judas, the love of money which made him crave to keep the "bag" of his fellow-disciples, grew into the crime of betraying the blessed Jesus to his enemies. O, my children, crush the little sins to death! Ask Jesus to give you strong wills by which you may say to your little sins, "Get out!" and they will obey you.

### NO ONE LIKE MOTHER.

POOR Joe has had a long spell of sickness, and is just becoming convalescent. During the weeks he had been suffering with fever, no one, not even his brothers and sisters have been admitted to his room—no one except mother, for who is like her?

Have you ever thought, children, how much these words mean? No one like mother? No indeed! She is always ready in every emergency. It is her tender hands that minister to you when you are sick, no matter how worn and tired she may be herself. And when you are well, who is it that plans so many enjoyments for you. Night and day has his mother watched beside Joe's bedside, until now he is out of danger. She reads to him at times, and sometimes tells him stories to while away the tedious hours. To-day, she has been reading to him of One who when He was on earth miraculously cured many who were sick of fever. Do you know His name? —*Old and Young.*