

LILIES AND ROSES.

WHEN a child breathes a pure and earnest prayer,

Or cheers with gentle words another's gloom,

In heavenly gardens springs a lily fair
Before the angels evermore to bloom

But when it works with strong and earnest will

Some kindly act beneath God's watchful eyes

A fragrant rose, more rare and precious still,

Makes glad the shining fields of paradise.

So live, dear child, that each new day
may see

Lilies and roses owe their life to thee

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The Sunbeam.

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CHINESE CHILDREN.

MR. DYER BALL, son of an old Baptist Missionary in Canton, and son-in-law of Rev. S. J. Smith, formerly Wesleyan Missionary in Canton, who is interpreter at the Supreme Court, Hong Kong, and has known the Chinese from his earliest days, writes in his new book entitled, "Things Chinese," as follows:—

Under the heading of "Children" appear the following observations: "China is alive with children. . . . A walk on shore will bring one into a swarm of youngsters almost as numerous as the swarms of gnats and mosquitoes over one's head. The wonder is where they come from and where and how they live. Clothing does not cost much, for a number of old rags for swaddling bands is all that is provided for the new arrival at first, and then in the country side, in summer at all events, a single jacket is enough, or in many cases the nut-brown skin of the little ones is considered sufficient. Clothing

is added with added years, being delayed longer in the case of boys than that of girls. Childhood does not appear so charming to our Western eyes when surrounded by all the squalor and dirt incident to Chinese village and city life, but amidst all their filth and wretchedness, children will still be children the wide world over, and they have, even amongst the seemingly stolid Chinese, the faculty of calling forth the better feelings so often found latent. Their prattle delights the fond father, whose pride beams through every line of his countenance, and their quaint and winning ways and touches of nature are visible even under the disadvantages of almond eyes and shaven crowns. . . . New Year time is the most glorious of all for little John Chinaman! In all his fine toggery he trudges along at his father's side to pay his New Year calls, his little brain busy at work calculating how many cash he will get in presents from his father's acquaintances, while his father is thinking of the good bargains that this year will bring. 'Kung-hi, fat-tsoi!'—here they are, the little man bowing and scraping and shaking his chubby little fingers in exact imitation of his elders. A veritable chip of the old block, he takes his pleasure gravely; but evidently, the visits over, he enjoys the fun to the full, as with lighted joss-sticks, as assiduously as a chiffonier, he carefully turns over the mass of (smoking paper fragments, the remnants of a long string of crackers his big brother has just let off, to be rewarded by a half-a-dozen which have missed fire." Mr. Dyer Ball has evidently studied the Chinese minikin with a good deal of sympathetic interest.

WAS HE WISE?

SOME time ago, a lad, fourteen years old, received a present of fifteen pounds from his grandmother. She told him she hoped he would use it wisely, but he was free to do what he pleased with it.

He thought a good deal about it for one week. Then he told his father that he would like to put it out at interest.

His father approved, and this was done. Perhaps some of our boys will tell us how much capital this young man would find waiting for him at the end of seven years. This is an example in compound interest, remember.

He might have bought a fine boat and a lot of fishing-tackle and gone off on a boating excursion, and had a great deal of pleasure. Or he might have bought a quantity of ammunition and some fine guns and gone off on a wonderful shooting expedition.

But he did a great deal better. He preferred the unseen to the seen. Was he wise?

Boys and girls are choosing every day between the seen and the unseen.

Be careful that you do not waste upon seen pleasures what might one day prove valuable capital, if you would save it for a good now unseen.

BEN'S SACRIFICE.

BEN had two beautiful puppies, and he loved them, and was as proud of them as if they were human beings. But he was in great trouble about these same puppies. Although it almost broke his heart, yet he was going to sell them.

You see his little sister was very ill. The doctor had been coming to see her every day for three weeks.

Yesterday Ben had overheard the doctor say to his mother, "You must take her to the seashore. She will go into a decline if she is kept here. I have done all I can for her, and she will die unless she goes away."

As the doctor came out, he stopped and looked at Ben's puppies.

"Fine dogs, those," he said. "Pure breed. They'll grow into magnificent fellows. You could easily get fifteen or twenty dollars apiece for them if you wanted to sell them."

"Sell them!" Ben was indignant. He wouldn't sell them for a thousand dollars apiece, for he loved them.

When Ben went into the house he found his mother crying bitterly.

"Is it about Nellie?" he asked. "I heard the doctor. Why don't you go? I can take care of myself for a couple of weeks or more."

"It isn't that, but I can't go. I have sold everything I could possibly spare, for medicine and oranges, and I haven't five dollars left."

Ben went out and had a hard battle. "Maybe the doctor was wrong, and Nellie wouldn't die. Other people got well after the doctor gave them up," he said.

That afternoon the doctor was surprised to see Ben at his door with his two puppies in his arms.

"Is Nellie worse?" he asked.

"No, sir; but could you tell me where I could sell my dogs? You see, sir, it's for Nellie, so she can go to the seashore."

"Ah, I see!" said the doctor. "I'll do it all right for you." And so he did. The dogs sold for fifty dollars. When Nellie came back a month later, rosy and well, Ben felt fully paid for his sacrifice.

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

I SHOULD be ashamed to tell mother, was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I should know all about it myself, and I'd be a very mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you were not a girl! The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing."

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never, as long as I live, to do anything I should be ashamed to tell my mother."

Noble resolve! and one which will make almost any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell their mother.