

"My name is in the Bible," said her mother.

"Mother! you don't mean that 'Mrs. Stuart' is truly in the Bible, do you?"

"No, but it is there in God's way; and I like his way better than any other I can think of."

"How do you mean, mother? Where is it?"

"In the verse you just read," said her mother; and Marian read it again and studied each word. "There is no name in it but 'Moses,'" she said.

"Oh, yes, there is. That long word 'Whosoever' is the one. There can't be any mistake about that, you see. If I believe him and trust him, I'm counted in that promise."

Marian was still then for quite a while. At last she said softly, "I mean to be counted, too, mother."

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 31, 1903.

### YOUR WORK.

God does not love lazy people, nor stingy people, nor selfish people. He gives every one of us work to do, and expects us to do it. Of course we cannot all do the same work, nor the same amount of work, but we can all do something.

It is a great work to be a missionary and carry the blessed Gospel to the ignorant heathen beyond the sea; but we cannot all be missionaries. If, however, those who stay at home did not work to raise and give the money for the support and help of those who do go, would their going do any good? So you see we must be up and doing in the missionary cause though we never go a mile from home.

And then we may find the heathen; yes, plenty of them, right at our own doors. We must care for them, too, and if we have not thousands to bestow, then give mites with a loving prayer and a cheerful heart, and God won't measure his blessings by our gift.

We cannot be all teachers and preachers, and give our lives to leading men and women to Christ, but we can give our warm prayer and our little bounties to every good cause, and all that God demands is to do our best, be it much or little.

God will bless the little work that in your simple way, wherever you find a chance, you do for love of him; the tiny amount that you give in a meek and lowly spirit, far more than the heavy purse of gold which the millionaire drops in to be seen of men and praised by them.

Only be sure you find your work, and then do it, and God will take care of the rest.

What a sweet but simple answer! I wonder how many of my little readers really love Jesus? Have you come to him to receive pardon? If not, oh, come to him now! for he is waiting to receive you. Do not put it off any longer, to think that you will be a Christian when you grow older. for the Lord Jesus may come to-day, or if he tarry, you may be called to die. Think of it now, dear little reader, before it is too late; take God at his word, and accept Christ as your Saviour.

### HOW BOYS AND GIRLS MAY SUCCEED.

BY D. WISE.

Is Miss Mary discouraged because she makes so little progress with her music or her composition? Is Master George in despair because he finds it difficult to solve his problems in algebra? or to commit his recitation to memory? If so, let me assure both Mary and George that they may succeed if they will take for their motto this short sentence, "Be in earnest and you are sure to succeed!"

A very uncouth minister, whom very few people cared to hear, and who was very desirous of being a successful speaker, asked a teacher of elocution one day what he must do to become such. The teacher gave him the above motto. He put it into practice by striving with all his might to conquer his awkwardness, to be graceful in manner and correct in speech. It was hard work at first, but he kept on trying, and succeeded at last in becoming one of the most popular speakers in the land.

Thus you see that our motto is a sure guide to success. Let Mary, George, and all the disheartened readers of The Sunbeam, try it, not by a short-lived spurt,

but by steady, every-day, patient endeavour to make their very best efforts to do whatever is given them to do as well as they can. The result will be that their difficulties will soon vanish away, and they will pluck that success which is the fruit of all truly earnest work.

### CHILDHOOD.

BY LILY TYLER.

There's many a pain and many a joy  
In the life of every girl and boy;  
There's many a smile and many a tear,  
Many a sorrow for mother to cheer.

There's many a foe and many a friend,  
Many a toy to borrow and lend;  
There's many a laugh and many a cry,  
Many a thread for mother to tie.

Yes, childhood has its joy and pain,  
Its sunshine and its chilling rain.  
A cloud will come, and then it's flown;  
Anger is gone, love stays alone.

### MOLLY AND PUSSY.

Mr. Barnes has a fine library in his house. It contains many choice volumes, and he takes a great deal of pleasure in reading them.

The other day Mr. Barnes came into his library and found that he was not the only one who enjoyed reading his books, for there on the floor was Molly, with a large book stretched out before her, and by her side was Puss, Molly's favourite pet and her almost constant companion.

They both looked very wise, and seemed to be reading the book together. Mr. Barnes could not help laughing, however, for he knew that the book they had was not written in English, and so Molly could not possibly understand a word of what it said.

"When you've finished with that book, I'll choose one for you to read," he said to Molly.

"O, I guess I've finished with this now," replied Molly, anxious to see the book her papa would give her.

"Here's one I think you'll like," said Mr. Barnes, handing her another, quite as large as the one she had had.

"O, what a beauty!" exclaimed Molly, as she turned the leaves and saw page after page with the prettiest pictures that you can imagine.

"I guess I know what little girls like," said Mr. Barnes. "Next time you want a book out of my library, let me choose it for you."

"We surely will, won't we, Puss?" answered Molly; and Puss, still looking very wise, gravely blinked her eye and purred as if to say, "That's right."