

lips, and make them speak kind and true. Bless my two hands, and make them do good, and not touch what they mustn't. Bless my feet, and make them go where they ought to. Bless my heart, and make it love Jesus, and my mother and father and Georgio, and everybody. Please never let ugly sin get hold of me—never, never, for Christ's sake. Amen."

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1894.

FOUND AT LAST,

A LITTLE girl stood by her mother's death-bed, and heard her last words.

"Jessie, find Jesus."

When her mother was buried her father took to drink, and Jessie was left to such care as a poor neighbour could give her.

One day she wandered off with a little basket in her hand, and trudged through one street after another, not knowing where she went. She had started out to find Jesus. At last she stopped, from utter weariness, in front of a saloon. A young man staggered out of the door and almost over her. He uttered the name of him she was seeking.

"Can you tell me where He is?" she inquired.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Will you please tell me where Jesus Christ is? for I must find him."

The young man looked at her curiously for a minute without speaking; and then his face sobered, and he said in a broken, husky voice, hopelessly:

"I don't know, child—I don't know where he is."

At length the little girl's wanderings brought her to a park. A woman, evidently a Jewess, was leaning against the railing, looking disconsolately at the green grass and the trees.

Jessie went up to her timidly. "Perhaps she can tell me where he is," was the child's thought. In a low, hesitating voice she asked the woman:

"Do you know Jesus Christ?"

The Jewess turned fiercely to face her questioner, and in a tone of suppressed passion exclaimed:

"Jesus Christ is dead!"

Poor Jessie trudged on, but soon a rude boy jostled against her, and snatching her basket from her hand threw it into the street. Crying, she ran to pick it up. The horses of a passing street-car trampled her under their feet—and she knew no more till she found herself stretched on a hospital bed.

When the doctors came that night they knew that she could not live until morning. In the middle of the night, after she had been lying very still for a long time, apparently asleep, she suddenly opened her eyes, and the nurse, bending over her heard her whisper, while her face lighted up with a smile that had some of heaven's own gladness in it:

"O Jesus, I have found you at last!"

Then the tiny lips were hushed, but the questioning spirit had received an answer.

MILLY'S COAST.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

THE snow was very deep, but the top was all shiny and smooth, for it had rained in the night and a fine crust had formed on top.

Milly stood at the window watching the big boys go down on their sleds in the field back of the house. It was great fun, and they had such a good time the little girl thought she would like to try it too. So after they had all run off to school, her mamma bundled her up warmly, and helping her down the steps said, "Have a nice time, dear, and mamma will watch you from the window."

She had never tried coasting alone before, but it looked so easy she was sure she could manage if she wasn't but five years old.

She was very careful at first, and sat on the sled with her fat little legs sticking straight out in front, and had several very nice coasts over the hard crust.

"The boys don't go so; guess I'll try the other way," she said to herself; and after quite a time of getting herself fixed, she lay down on her stomach, and the little fat legs stuck out behind as she went spinning down the field.

But oh, dear me! The heavy sleds had broken the crust away down at the end of the field, and Milly couldn't see very well, and couldn't steer herself in this new position. Whiz! went the sled, faster and faster every minute, until it reached the broken place, and then, instead of going over it, it went right under the crust, Milly and all; and all that could be seen of the little girl was two feet sticking out of the snow and waving wildly in the air!

Mamma was watching, and in a minute was hurrying out to help her; but a man passing by had seen it all, and rescued Milly, sobbing and crying in pain and fright.

Such a looking face you never saw, for

the skin was scraped by the hard snow, and it was bleeding badly.

"Poor little girlie!" said her mamma, comfortingly, as she carried her home. "She tried to be like a boy and couldn't. Mamma's sorry, so sorry; she was having such a good time all by herself."

All winter long Milly's poor little face troubled her, and she could not go out with the others for a long time. And when she did get up courage to coast once more, she didn't try the boys' way again.

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

God wants the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys—
God wants the boys with all their joys,
That he may as gold make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure;
His heroes brave
He'll have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys,

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls—
God wants to make the girls his pearls,
And so reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace.
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls.

OBEYING PLEASANTLY.

"AUNT Mary," said Harry, "can I go up to the top of the house and fly my kite?"

"No, Harry, my boy; I think that is a very dangerous sort of play."

"All right; then I'll go out on the bridge," said Harry.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother one day.

"Spinning my top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride?"

"All right?" shouted the boy as he put his top away in his pocket and hastened to obey.

"Uncle William, may I go over to the store this morning?" said Harry.

"Yes, Harry," said his uncle; "I shall be very glad to have you go."

"But I can't spare you to-day," said his mother. "I want you to go out with me."

"All right," said Harry.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or when refused, his constant answer was, "All right;" he never asked, "Why can't I?" or, "Mustn't I?" Harry had learned to obey in good humor.

A LITTLE boy was asked, "Who made you?" "God made me," he said. "Why do you think God made you?" was asked. "Because," he said, "he wanted a little boy to love him."