

## A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A FELLOW'S mother," said Fred the wise,  
With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,  
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt  
By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,  
Rags and buttons, and lots of things;  
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop  
To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care, not much, I mean,  
If a fellow's face is not always clean,  
And if your trousers are tore at the knee  
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad,  
But only sorry if you are bad;  
And I tell you this, if you're only true,  
She'll always forgive what'er you may do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise  
With a manly look in his laughing eyes,  
"I'll mind my mother, quick, every day,  
A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

## PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$3 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	4 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly.....	0 50
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.....	0 00
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2	
per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 6to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 6to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book & Publishing House,  
75 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

G. W. COATES, 8 Bligny Street, Montreal.  
S. F. REARICK, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N. S.

## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1889.

## WORKING FOR JESUS.

I WANT to tell you how some heathen children work for Jesus. A missionary writes from East Africa that the children there have formed themselves into a band of little preachers to go out among the villages near by. They do not really try to preach, but sing a few hymns and read and repeat Bible verses. They stop where they find a small group of four or five people, and the men and women listen attentively.

Sunday is a hard day to some there, as it is here. They go to church twice and Sunday-school twice, but still they have a good deal of spare time, and are quite restless and uneasy. The other children play games,

but those who have been taught in our mission schools know that is wrong.

The teachers think these little missionary meetings a very good way of employing their time. It is working for Jesus in the best way they know how.

I wonder if some of our children could not take example from these little Africans.

## WORK AND PLAY.

## A "PILLOW."

"How many children have you?" asked a gentleman of a friend whom he met, after a parting of many years.

"Only one," he answered; "a pillow."

"A pillow?" inquiringly.

"Yes," smiling; "a pillow is something to rest on, is it not?"

"Certainly."

"Well, that is why I call my little daughter a pillow, she's so restful."

The gentleman soon reached the home of the father of the "pillow," and a lovely young girl of about sixteen years old was introduced as "my daughter Emily." The visitor remained only one night, but by the time he had left he had fully decided that his friend's young daughter merited the name given her. The smiling face with which she greeted her father and her father's friend won the latter's heart at once. In a gentle, quiet way, she brought the evening paper and laid it open at the page he always read first, on the table near her father. His slippers and dressing-gown were brought, too, and she was rewarded with a fond kiss and a whispered "Thank you, dear." Later in the evening, when her father expressed a desire that she should sing something for his friend, she did not refuse, but did the best she could with a grace and sweetness indescribable. A little bell tinkled once, and Emily left the room hastily.

"My wife is sick this evening; she is a victim to nervous headache," explained the host. "I hardly know what she would do at such times, if it were not for Emily; the child is a born nurse."

The hostess free from her headache, but looking pale and weary, came down to breakfast next morning. She sat at her usual place—the head of the table—and poured out the coffee. But Emily was near at hand, and it was she who relieved her mother by putting the cream and sugar in the cups, and passing them. It was she, too, who dished the oatmeal in a neat and dainty way that was charming.

A pink-tinted rose-bud with a geranium leaf lay at each of the three plates. The father lifted his to inhale the fragrance, smiling his thanks.

"Where is yours?" he asked.

"There were only three this morning," she replied brightly; "I shall have the next one."

After breakfast, as the guest lingered for a few moments in the sitting-room waiting for his friend to accompany him down town, he heard Emily's voice say in a low tone of entreaty, "Now, mamma, go and lie down, please; I will help Bridget with the breakfast-work, so that she can get at her ironing, and do the dusting later. Don't think of anything."

"But she must think of something," thought the guest; "she must think of the helpful little daughter who is such a joy and comfort that she is indeed a pillow, something to rest the heart on."

## A CHILDREN'S HYMN.

These verses are very sweet. Will not each boy and girl who reads the SUNBEAM learn them by heart?

I CANNOT do great things for him  
Who did so much for me;  
But I should like to show my love,  
Dear Jesus, unto thee;  
Faithful in very little things,  
O Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life  
In which I may obey,  
And thus may show my love to thee;  
And always, every day,  
There are some little loving words  
Which I for thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,  
Small burdens I may bear,  
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,  
Some sorrows I may share,  
And little bits of work for thee  
I may do everywhere.

So I ask thee to give me grace  
My little place to fill,  
That I may ever walk with thee  
And ever do thy will;  
That in each duty, great or small,  
I may be faithful still.

## A GENTLE REPROOF.

A MAN was swearing angrily, at the corner of the street, when a little girl came along. She stopped a moment, looked up at him, and said: "Please, sir, don't call God's names, because he is my Father, and it hurts me to hear you."

The man pretty soon said: "Thank you, miss. My mother taught me that he was my Father, too. I will not swear again—never!" and he walked quickly away, with his head down.