

CHILDREN'S PENNIES.

LITTLE children, give your pennies,
Think not it will prove a loss,
Send the Gospel to the heathen,
Send the story of the Cross.

Send the babes Christ's invitation,
"Little children, come to me,"
Soon their willing hearts will answer,
"Blessed Lord, we come to Thee."

Heathen mothers in their blindness,
Of wooden gods salvation crave,
Give your pennies, send them teachers,
Tell them only Christ can save.

Bring your pennies, give them freely,
Treasures they will prove in heaven,
God will bless them, God will bless you,
For each little sum you've given.

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A LIGHT FOR OUR FEET.

MAY lived in a big city where the streets were bright with light every night. Once she went to visit her grandpa in the country. May saw many things she had never seen before. She had fine rides in grandpa's carriage, and walked by the side of the brook and saw the fish playing in the water. One evening grandpa and May went to church. Grandpa got down his lantern to take it along. May wondered what the lantern was for. When they started to go home from church, grandpa lighted the lantern. When they walked along the way the light in the lantern showed them where to walk. May was much pleased, for she had never walked by the light of a lantern before. Then grandpa said, The Lord's word is like this lantern. And he told May what the Psalmist meant when he said: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

THE LITTLE BLACKBERRY GIRLS.

HATTIE, and Mollie, and Rosey, that's what they call them at home, but we call them the little blackberry girls. They lived away back in the country, and wore coarse shoes and calico sunbonnets, and had no pretty sashes and slippers such as many little girls have. But they had something better than bright ribbons, as you will see if you read this story.

When blackberry bushes were in blossom the three sisters, roaming in the woods, made a plan. Grandma Craig lived in the little house at the foot of the hill with her son Thomas. Now Thomas was poor, and there were a great many children in the house, and though he loved his mother he could not do much more than to give her a home with him.

These little girls loved Grandma Craig, and they knew just what would make her very happy. It was a large print Bible, for there was no Bible in the cottage that the dear old lady could see to read. Do you guess what the "plan" was? Yes; it was to pick and sell blackberries enough to buy grandma a big Bible!

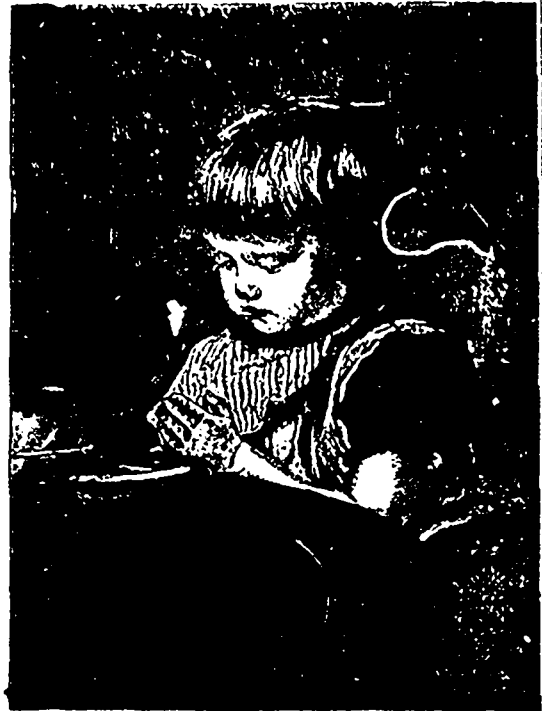
They did it, too. They scratched their arms, and burned their hands and faces, and were tired a good many times, but they bought the Bible, and went, together with their own mamma, who had cheered them on in their work of love, to carry it to Grandma Craig one fine evening.

Dear grandma! She laughed and cried, and laid her soft old hands on their bright heads in blessing, and said, again and again, "Who would have thought it?"

And when they were walking home in the twilight, mamma said, "This is the best summer's work my little girls have ever done."

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHRIST wants you now. Do not wait to become older. It is easier to give your hearts to Jesus and commence to live for him now than it will be when you are older. Every day of delay may take you farther from the Saviour. Those who "seek early" have special promises of success in finding. Christ wants you now—every one of you who read this. Ask him to forgive your sins, however small they may be, for every little sin needs forgiveness, and he alone can give this. Give yourself to Jesus now, and when you have done this, help your companions to do the same.



GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

MAKE us, Thy creatures, thankful, Lord,
For this our daily food,
Our deeds to Thee, how ill they are!
And thine to us, how good!

GRACE AFTER MEALS.

Lord, may we, strengthened and refreshed,
Rise up from every meal,
With voice to sing and life to show
The thankfulness we feel.

AUNT LUCY.

AUNT LUCY was a good old black woman who lived all alone in a poor little hut. She was often sick, and she was very poor indeed: so poor that sometimes she had nothing in the house for the next meal. One day a rich lady went to see her, and she said, "Aunt Lucy, you must be very lonely here." "O no! missis," said Auntie, "I am never alone; the good Lord is right here with me all the time." "But you are very poor, and you must suffer when you are sick." "Yes, missis, but the Lord is always giving me comfort, so I almost forget that I am poor, and old, and sick."

"TRY THE VELVET."

A CHURLISH man once gave a surly answer to a question, and a neighbour, having heard the rough speech, came by, smiling. "Aye, lad," said he, "a man's tongue is like a cat's, either a piece of velvet or a sheet of sandpaper, just as he chooses to make it, and you always seem to be using the sandpaper."

"Try the velvet, man! try the velvet!"