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# The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17, 1694,

## HOW HATTIE BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

SHE was only nine years old. I had been pre-ching to the children, and at close of meeting Hattie came to me and said, "I do want to be a Coristian; how can I be?" and the anxicus look in her great brown eyes assured me she was in carnest.

"Hattie, are you a sinner?

"O yes; I am a very wicked girl" "What! such a little girl as you a sinner? How can that be!"

The tears could be kept back no longer, and she soubtd as if her heart was broken.

"I am so wicked!" she said.
"Hattie, what did Jesus come into the world for i"

"To save cinners," came the answer between two great sobs.

"Then if you are a sinner, he came to save you, did he not?"

"Will be save me?" she asked.

"You, Hathe; Jesus is waiting to cave you niw. Wil you go home and give yours If to him to be saved?"

"I will try," she replied.
Why and I ask her to go home to give horself to Christ?

The mat niternoon Hattie was present at children's meeting, but her sad little face showed that the question was still undecide i. She came to me, and I said:

" Well, Hattie, did you give yourself to Jesus?"

"I tried to, but I don't feel any better. I asked Jesus to take me, but I don't know whether he did or not"

I said to her: 'I think I know what is the trcuble;" and as her face was turned so eagerly to mino, seeking to cornestly the light, I added, "You gave yourself to Jesus, and then took yourself right back again.

"Yes, that's just what I did," said Hattie, as the truth flashed upon her.

"Well, is that the way to do? Isn't it best to give yourself to him, and just trust him to eave you? Will you do that? and when?"

"O now—this moment;" and dropping upon her knees, she said, "Jesus, I am a sinuer, and I give myself to you, and I'll never take myself back again as long as I

That was all she could do, and when she arose there was a new light in her heart; and to-day Hattie is one of the most joyous and corness and usoful little Obristians in in all the wide, wide world.

Will my readers do as Hattie did!

#### YOUR FACES.

I know they are resy, children; I know that your eyes are bright, That your cheeks have the cunningest dimples

And your brows are as fair as the light; But I know something else, my darlings,

That maybe you have not heard. So listen, my pets, and remember A wise old grandmother's word: Whenever you fret and quarrel,

Whenever you frown or cry, There's a line on your faces that talk it, And will tell it by-and-bye;

And when you would fain look pleasant. The tell-tale marks will say:

"She or he may try to be pretty, But have been cross in their day."

### AFRAID.

Where was Gracie? Auntie May had been left alone to take care of her while Gracie's mamma had gone to town. At first, Auntic May had kept Gracio with her all the time, but after a while her eyes fell upon a book that she was very much interested in. G. acie was amusing herself with some blocks, so that it could do no harm to take a peep inside. In a few moments Auntie May had forgotten all about Gracie. and about everything except her book. Gracie spoke to Auntie May two or three times, but as she received no answer she wandered away. She went to the kitchen, and Kate, the cook, gave her a piece of cake and sent her out of doors to est it so as not to scatter crumbs upon the kitchen floor.

Gracie went into the garden, and to her surprise the hen and the chickens and the geese followed her. She was very much afraid of a fierce old garder that always hissed at her, and of the coss old hen that roffled her feathers and pecked anyone who came near her chickens, so she was not at all pleased to have them all rul after her. She backed and backed awe, until she backed right into the hollyheak I edge. The fowls come after, and Gracie lift d up her voice and wepk

Protty soon Auntie May heard shriek from the garden. She dropped her book and ran. There stood Gracie, sereaming with all her might, and the hen and to goese jumping and flying at hor. As coopers she saw Auntic May, Gracio dropped her cake, which the greedy fowls seized and ran away with, it quarrelling among thou solves for pieces.

"Gracio was 'fraid of the naughty chickies." she sobbed. You may be sun Auntic May did not touch that book agair

rntil mamma came home.

#### GOOD ENOUGH.

Dean boys, I want to give you A motto safe and good; Twill make your lives successful If you heed it as you should. Oboy it in the spirit, Obey it in the letter-Don't say a thing is "good enough" Till it can be no better.

And whether at your lessons, Or at your daily work, Don's ba a half-way dabbler-Don't slip and slide and thirk, And think it doesn't maleer, That such talk is "trash" and "stuff," For until your task is perfect, It is never "good enough."

If your work is in the school-room, hake every lesson tell; No matier what you mean to be, Build your foundation well. Every knotty point and problem That you bravely master now, Will increase your skill to labour With the pen or with the plough,

If you sweep a store or stable, Be sure you go behind Every box and bale and counter; It will pay, you'll always find, To be careful, patient, thorough, Though the work be hard and rough And when you've done your very best 'Twill then be "good enough."

## HOW JENNY HELPED MANMA.

JENNY's little baby brother was ve cross one morning and cried and cried, jr as cross babies do Mamma had a hea ache and could not take care of baby, at when it cried it made her headache work!

Jenny thought, "Now I can help ma"

so she got a rattle-box and a l rubber ball, and baby had soon stopp orying and was cooing with great pleasure. Mamma could then sleep, and her he soon stopped soning. When Jonny's ma ma woke, she said:

"Jenny, you are a dear girl. My he day does not ache any more, and baby fee better just because you played with his pl And I know you feel happier, too." A Jenny know she did.

tar

If you wish to be as happy as a ch! I please one.