

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

Little feet may find the pathway
Leading upward unto God;
Little hands may learn to scatter
Seeds of precious truth abroad.

Youthful hearts may be the temple
For the Spirit's dwelling place,
Childhood's lips declare the riches
Of God's all-abounding grace.

Little ones, though frail and earth-born,
Heirs of blessedness may be;
For the Saviour whispered gently,
"Suffer such to come to me."

And in that eternal kingdom,
Mid the grand, triumphant throng,
Childish voices sweet may mingle
In the glorious choral song.

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THE NEW BOOK.

THERE were only two books, and three children. One was all about a little boy; and as Dick was a little boy, it seemed clear that he should have that one. The other was about two little girls; but to which of the girls would papa give it? Would they quarrel, and each one want it? No, indeed! I am glad to tell you it was just the other way. Bess said: "It is beautiful; but Belle is the little one, and ought to have it." And Belle said, "It is lovely; but Bess is the oldest, and ought to have it." Wasn't that sweet and good in them? Then when papa talked with them, they said, "It will belong to both of us." They spent many happy hours with their two bright little heads bent together over it. Jesus wants all the children to love each other. And I am sure this must have made him very happy.

HOW SHE KNEW IT.

WHEN God's grace gets into a man's heart it will be seen in his life. No one can expect to hide his religion so no one can see that he has any. The change made by grace is not always so great as it is in the following case; but this illustrates nicely the fact that religion in the heart will show itself in the life.

"How is your father getting on now?" was asked of a little daughter of a man formerly a drunkard, but who, some months before had been persuaded to sign the pledge.

"He is getting along very well," was the reply.

"Has he kept the pledge?"

"Oh, yes," she joyfully replied.

"Are you sure he has?"

"Yes, sir, I am quite sure."

"How is it that you are so positive on this point?" I asked.

"Why," she said, and her face was radiant with joy, "he never abuses mother any more; we have always plenty to eat; and he never takes my shoes off to pawn them for a drink now. This why I know it, sir."

THE LITTLE SAILOR.

"JACK, you're a little sailor," said I.

"My father's a big one and I'm a little one," said he. "We have jolly times going fishing together in the *Susan*."

"Don't you get seasick?"

"No, indeed; nobody but greenies get seasick.

By "greenies" he meant folks that only go out on the sea once in a while. But Jack was used to it; he had been out in boats and ships ever since he was a baby, even in the roughest weather, and of course he wasn't seasick.

To-day they were going down to Kit's Point to get some fish Jack's uncle had left them.

"Take your ship along," said father.

Jack had a pretty little ship his papa had made for him in the winter evenings. Mother made the sails and the union jack at the top of the mast.

"There's going to be a storm," said father.

"How can you tell?" asked Jack.

"The gulls tell me. See them flying about and hear them screaming."

"How do they know the storm is coming?"

"The wise God teaches them," said father.

The waves were pretty rough that day, but Jack didn't mind the waves. He was not afraid in the boat with his father. And his father was not afraid. Can you think why? "Because," as he said, "Jesus was

always in the boat with him; and how could he be afraid where Jesus was?" There was one little Bible story he loved to read. It is in Mark 4:36-40. Will you find it and read it?

A great steamship passed quite near them, and father began to talk to Jack about it, but Jack didn't seem to mind.

"You don't seem to care for the great ocean steamer; guess I won't tell you any more," said papa.

"Can't 'tend but to one thing at a time," said the little sailor. "If I look at the steamer, my boat will be wrecked."

"Good for you, Jackie!" said papa. "I'm glad you remember your Sunday School lesson."

So Jack learned something every day by paying attention to what he saw and heard. That is the way for all little children to learn.

WOULD YOU HAVE DONE SO?

"I WISH I had a toy balloon!" said Freddy. "And oh, mamma, I've got five cents in my Wide Awake bag!"

"I thought you were going to give that to the missionaries."

"But I'll give another five cents ' them."

"It is your money. Yes, my little boy," said his mother.

Freddy knew his mamma was sorry. She always was when she said: "My little boy." But he ran and got the five cents and soon after came proudly down the street with his balloon.

"Ain't it lovely, mamma? Look, mamma! See, mamma! Look quick! quick! Oh, what's the matter? It's going in! I'll joggle it to make it bigger. Oh, now I've broke it!"

And down sat Freddy with the broken baloon and weeping eyes. And there was no five cents in his bag for the Wide Awakes.

Would you have done so?

HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH?

PAPA, I got weighed at Uncle Will's. How heavy do you think I am?" asked Harry. "Give it up," said papa. "How heavy are you?" "I weigh forty-nine and a half pounds." "And I weigh thirty and a half pounds," chimed in his little brother. "So papa has eighty pounds of boys. But are you sure Uncle Will's scales weigh right? I once read of a king who thought himself very heavy. But when God weighed him in his scales he weighed *nothing*." Who can guess who this king is? Whom must we take with us in order to be full weight?