

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Cups and plates of dainty ware,
Tea and cakes and such fine fare—
Don't you wish you had been there?

Many a guest this feast can show,
Sitting primly, row on row,
Finely dressed from top to toe.

Comes an unexpected guest
(Hungrier than all the rest),
Seizee, carries off the best.

"Go 'way, Floss, you horrid bear!"
Bessie cries in shrill despair;
Helpless, Josie tears her hair.

All in vain! The thief has fled,
Carries off the gingerbread;
Now, how can the dolls be fed?

Says sweet Bess, "Though we have none,
We can play the dolls were done;
That will be just lots of fun."

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS. PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	5 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo	0 60
Quarterly Boy's Service. By the year, 24c a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c a dozen; 80c per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 25 copies	0 25
Over 25 copies	0 25
Pleasant Hours, 3 pp., 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 25 copies	0 25
Over 25 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 25 copies	0 15
25 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 25 copies	0 15
25 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 00

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

C. W. COATES,
3 Bleury Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HURST,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

WHEN IT IS ALL RIGHT.

LITTLE Mabel's mother had long been dead, and while her papa was away from home she had no companions but her governess and the servants. Her father had often told her not to admit to the house any person with whom she was not acquainted. One cold wintry day a poor, ill-dressed woman stopped at the door and asked permission to warm herself by the kitchen fire. "But," said Mabel, "my papa doesn't know you." The woman was shivering with cold, and the rain and sleet dropped from her thin wraps. A bright idea soon entered the child's head. "Say," said she, "do you know Jesus?" Tears started to the poor woman's eyes, and she

began to tell how kind the Saviour had been to her. "Will," said the child, "if you know Jesus, you may come in; for papa knows him, and I'm sure he won't care." Thus should the manifestation of a knowledge of the Redeemer's love for him be the countersign by which we are to know all true Christians.

BIG ENOUGH.

"I WILL work for Jesus
All the live long day;
Though I'm small and feeble,
Jesus says I may"—

sang little Edith Marvyn, in her sweet, childish voice.

"You! what can you do? You're too little!" laughed a big man.

"I think Jesus wants little people's work as well as big ones," said Edith.

"But you're too little for anything," said the man, in a tone that made Edith feel that he was making fun of her.

She felt most like crying until she remembered the verse mamma had taught her about a cup of cold water in Jesus' name. So she went to the brook for a whole pitcher full of water.

The very first man she saw was the one who had made fun of her. He had been working, and was very warm and tired. At first she thought she would not give him any; but then she remembered "for Jesus' sake." "Why, you are big enough for something, aren't you?" he asked. And then, after he had taken a good drink, he added: "I guess you're right. The little ones count too."

CHEERING UP.

THE Scotch shepherd sat in his arm chair thinking. The storm was raging without, but his sheep were in the fold and the dog was sleeping quietly by his side. His home was not what it used to be, for his dear wife had died a few months ago, and his two little laddies had just been laid in the graveyard beside their mother. Only little Lisbie was left to him.

"Poor motherless bairn," he called her, but she was a bright, cheery little girl, and tried to help her father and to do what her mother used to do.

When she saw her father look so sad today she tried to cheer him. I can't tell you what she said in her own way of speaking; you will understand it better if I tell it in our way.

"Now, father," said she, "let's say all the sheep-and-shepherd verses we know. You say one and I'll say one; I'll take my turn first; 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I

shall not want.' Isn't that a good one, father? If the Lord takes the same good care of his sheepies as you do of ours, sure and we will be all right."

"We will," said her father, brightening up; "and now I'll say mine; 'I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.'"

"How can he know us all, I wonder?" said Lisbie. "Do you know all yours, father?"

"Every one, child; there's a mark on every one—a bit ear or a black patch or a scrub side; and there's Lame-Foot, you know her."

"Oh, yes, and little Black-Nose and Short-Tail."

"We know them by their scars; don't we? Maybe that's the way the Lord knows us. Somebody else has thought so too, for here's a verse like it:

"My name is called among his sheep;
His rod my straying feet doth keep;
And that which makes him best know me
Is his poor sheep's infirmity."

But I can't tell you all the sweet verses the shepherd and his little Lisbie said that day. They seemed to know every one in the whole Bible. What a good lesson it would be for our little readers, some Sabbath afternoon, to try to find in the Bible all "the sheep-and-shepherd verses," as the little Scotch girl called them.

GLOOM AND LIGHT.

A WISE man in the East had two pupils, to each of whom he gave, one night, a sum of money, and said, "What I have given you is very little; yet with it you must buy at once something that would fill this dark room."

One of them purchased a great quantity of hay, and cramming it into the room, said, "Sir, I have filled the room."

"Yes," said the wise man, "and with greater gloom."

Then the other, with scarcely a third of the money, bought a candle, and lighting it, said, "Sir, I have filled the hall."

"Yes," said the wise man, "and with light. Such are the ways of wisdom, for it seeks good means to good ends."

This teacher certainly had a droll way of instructing his pupils, but it was a very good way. They learned that it is one thing to fill, and another thing to fill properly. One of them knew this before; the other seemed not to know it. He was a simpleton. There are many such in the world.