

AN EVENING PRAYER.

FOR A LITTLE ONE.

JESUS, blessed Saviour,
Thou hast died for me;
Make me very thankful
In my heart to thee.

Help me do thy bidding,
Thy commands obey;
Make me kind and loving,
Blessed Lord, I pray.

Make me pure and holy;
Take me when I die
Up with thee in heaven,
To thy home on high.

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BEST THINGS.

CHILDREN are very apt to like to possess the things that are the best, and we say to you, "Get the very best things that are to be had."

The best book is the Bible, because it is filled with the sayings of the wisest men and the sermons of the Saviour who loved us so much that he died for our redemption.

The best lessons that we can learn are those that we learn when Christ is our teacher, and the best hopes and aims that we can have are those that spring up in our souls when we give ourselves to Jesus and make up our minds to live to please him and for his glory.

The best love, and the strongest that the world has ever known is the love of God to men and all this wonderful love merits your love in return. The Saviour is pleased when children seek after the best gifts and give the best things they have to Christ in return for them.

SUNSHINE.

THERE was a poor widow once living on a stony little farm a great way from any neighbours. She had an idiot boy to care for and a great deal of work to do, and but little money and few friends and a great deal of trouble. And you could always see by her face that she was not happy; her skin was wrinkled and she had scarcely ever a smile for any one, but wore a dark, sad look all the time that made one feel like crying just to see her.

She didn't get to church very often, partly because she had so much to do and partly because she was so unhappy she did not care to go. One pleasant morning, however, in the summer-time she went, but she felt so strange that she took her seat in a far-off corner where she thought no one would see her.

But Mrs. Noble saw her in the lone corner, and as soon as meeting was over she hastened with her cheery step to shake hands with her and bid her good morning.

"And how are you to-day, Mrs. Barnes, and how is your boy? I'm glad to see you out."

"Here you come smiling at everybody," said Mrs. Barnes, without trying to answer Mrs. Noble's questions. "You seem just like a streak of sunshine. It does me good to look at you, but I don't see how you manage it, for you've plenty of trouble like other folks. But you never let anybody see it; you hide it all away."

"That's the right way."

"Well, I can't do it," said the poor woman. "I'm just bent double with my burdens, and everybody has to see how I go hobbling along."

"You are not honouring the Lord in that way," said Mrs. Noble. "He invites you to cast your burdens on him."

"I know it, but I can't seem to do it. I wonder if that's the reason you are always like sunshine?"

"It's the only right way for us, my friend." And then she talked to the poor woman about the dear Saviour who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well, I'll think over what you've said, and I'll try," and Mrs. Barnes turned towards her home.

If she does what Mrs. Noble has told her about, she will find the sunshine in her own poor little home as well as in her friend's bright, cheerful face. The sun always shines where Jesus is. He is himself the Sun, and if we will open our hearts and let him come in and live there as he wants to, we may carry the sunshine about with us wherever we go.



TIRED OF PLAY.

"TIRED of Play." It seems strange, when we only think about it, that people could ever grow tired of pleasure. Yet experience proves, even with very young children too, that such is certainly the case. Look at the discontented face of the little girl in our picture, as she sits there frowning after casting her playthings aside. She is thoroughly tired of the amusement they afforded her, but let us hope she will find profitable employments to properly vary her occupation when she grows to be a somewhat bigger girl.

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast;
There by his love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk, unobserved by them. "Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two. "Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands tight!" promptly replied sister. "Ah! that's not safe!" said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!" Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought seriously. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out: "O I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his hands off; so I am safe!"