

LITTLE WORKERS.

LITTLE children can be workers
In the vineyard of the Lord;
If they do their labour gladly
They will find a rich reward.

They can gather from the by-ways
Children wandering in sin
Telling them the gates of heaven,
Wait to welcome wanderers in.

They can tell the poor and needy
Of the sins the Saviour bore,
That they might be heirs of heaven
Poor and needy nevermore.

They can scatter smiles and sunshine
In the pathways where they tread,
And the world will be the better
For the kind words they have said.

Little workers for the Master,
Grand will be your last reward
When you enter in rejoicing
To the kingdom of the Lord.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

BOY-CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community.

A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there will be no discount on his word. And there are such noble Christian boys, and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence.

They are the king-boys among their

fellow, having an immense influence for good, loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful. Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for your fidelity to the interests of the Church and Sunday-school. Be true in every friendship. Help others to be and do good.

WHY CHARLEY LOST HIS PLACE.

CHARLES was whistling a merry tune as he came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good-fellowship with the world.

He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was very anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that there would not be much doubt of his obtaining the place when he presented these credentials.

A few drops of rain fell, as the bright sky was overcast with clouds, and he began to wish that he had brought an umbrella. From a house just a little way before him two small children were starting out for school, and the mother stood in the door smiling approval as the little boy raised the umbrella and took the little sister under its shelter in a manly fashion. Charley was a great tease, and, like most boys who indulge in teasing or rough practical jokes, he always took care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself.

"I'll have some fun with these children," he said to himself; and before they got very far down the road he crept up behind them and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hand.

In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it. Charley took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it or throw it over the fence; and as the rain had stopped, he amused himself in this way for some distance, making the children run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.

Tired of this sport at last, he relinquished the umbrella as a carriage approached, and, leaving the children to dry their tears, went on toward the store.

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charley sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old gray cat was basking in the sun, and Charley amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mowed painfully and struggled to escape.

While he was enjoying this sport, Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage, and passed Charley on his way into the store. The boy released the cat, and, following the gentleman in, respectfully presented his references.

"These do very well," Mr. Mercer said, returning the papers to Charley, "if I had not seen some of your other references."

"Other references? What do you mean sir?" asked Charley in astonishment.

"I drove past you this morning when you were on your way here, and saw you diverting yourself by teasing two little children. A little later a dog passed you and you cut him with the switch you had in your hand. You shied a stone at a bird, and just now you were delighting yourself in tormenting another defenceless animal. These are references that have decided me to have nothing to do with you. I don't want a cruel boy about me."

THE IDLER'S FATE.

BY E. S. HILL.

"POOR little cricket! what makes you so sad,

You who forever are singing?
Out in the pastures all summer so glad,
Cheerful your shrill notes were ringing.

"Yes, I was idle, was careless and gay,
Dreamed not of frost's cruel nipping,
Thinking that life was a bright summer day,
For dancing and honey-dew sipping.

"Reckless and thoughtless, I garnered no store;

Hungry and cold, I must perish.
Friends? I have none to come in at my door,
Friendships I never did cherish.

"Selfish, in pleasure I always have lived,
Lone and unfriended I'm dying;
Over my errors too late I have grieved."
"To late!" the breeze echoed sighing.

PRAYING FOR FATHER.

A DEAR little girl had been taught to pray especially for her father. He was suddenly taken away. Kneeling at her evening devotion her voice faltered; and as her eyes met her mother's she sobbed. "Oh mother, I cannot leave him all alone. Let me say, thank God that I had a dear father once, so I can keep him in my prayers." Many stricken hearts may learn a sweet lesson from this child. Let us remember to thank God for mercies past as well as ask for blessings for the future.