

MORNING PRAYER.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide.
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

Oh, make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

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BEGIN RIGHT.

Our friends may wish us a Happy New Year, and do all they can to help us to this happiness, but it depends largely upon ourselves whether it be ours or not.

Then onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we'll go,
While "grace for grace" abundantly shall
from his fulness flow,

To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until his very presence crown our happiest
New Year.

THE LITTLE COTTAGE MAIDEN.

WHAT was her name? I do not know. But she was a real little girl, eight years old, with bright eyes and gentle ways.

She lived in a cottage with her mother only a few steps from the church. She liked to knit and sew and sing.

One day when this little girl sat by a fence, a gentleman stopped to talk with her.

"How many brothers and sisters have you?"

Two of her brothers were far away on the sea; two lived in a town near by; while a brother and sister were buried in the churchyard. How many will she say there are? Hark! this is what she said:

"Oh, master, we are seven."

"How can that be?" thought the gentleman. He counted. "Two are in heaven,"

he said. He was sure that there were only five left in this world. But the little girl shook her head, and said over and over again, "We are seven."

She told him how she would take her knitting and sit by the little graves in the churchyard, and sing—sweet hymns, perhaps.

Though her brother and sister were in heaven, she counted them with her other brothers and sisters. We may do this, for we do not really lose our friends when they die and go to Jesus. By-and-bye we shall see them in a beautiful new home in heaven.

The gentleman went home and wrote some pretty verses about the little girl, and called the story "We are Seven." Ask mother to read the verses to you.

WHAT IF I HAD BEEN DEATH?"

REV. DR. KING, of Aberdeen, was very eccentric, and had his own way of doing things. One of his people used to tell: I was busy in my shop when, in the midst of my work, in stepped the Doctor. "Did you expect me?" was his abrupt inquiry, without even waiting for a salutation. "No," was my reply. "What if I had been death?" he asked, when at once he stepped out as abruptly as he came, and was gone almost before I knew it.

What a question! What a thought for every one of us! Does not death come to most, if not to all, as unexpectedly as this?

Doesn't the inquiry impress the lesson from our Saviour's lips: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh?"—Spurgeon.



A LETTER TO BO-PEEP.

I WOULD like to know Bo-peep,
Where you feed your sheep,
In the warm, bright summer weather.
Is it amongst the hills
And the little laughing rills,
And the bonny, blooming heather?

Yes, and if they should stray,
From me too far away,
I must seek until I find them;
Or the eagle fierce, you know,
And the great hooked crow,
Might peck out their eyes and blind them.

LEARNING TO SPELL.

ARTHUR is a bright little fellow, just beginning his education. A short time since, in the presence of visitors, he came running to his uncle, exclaiming, "O uncle, I can spell sun!"

"Very well; let us hear," answered the uncle.

"S-u-n, sun."

"That is right. Now let us hear you spell another kind of son?"

Arthur's face wore a puzzle expression for a time, but soon brightened with an inspiration as he sung out, "M-u-n, moon?"

This was greeted with applauding laughter. The uncle then said, "Are you your papa's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; spell that kind of a son."

"M-e, me!" triumphantly shouted the little chap, to the confusion of his uncle and the glee of the others.—Dew Drop.

WHAT WINNIE THOUGHT.

"Now do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about all such little things we children do? I guess he is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted baby from his crib: "Do you think mamma is so busy with the big folks—helping the girls off to school and papa to his office—that she forgets the little ones? She just thinks of baby first, 'cause he's the littles and needs it most. And don't you think God knows how to love as well as mamma does, Johnny Gray?"