

FEED THE HUNGRY.

COME in, little bird,
From the cold and the snow,
And feel the sweet warmth
Of our fire-side glow.

Come, join us at breakfast,
Confiding and free;
Then sing as you sung
On the snow-laden tree!

"Be happy and cheerful,"
Your notes seem to say;
"For troubles, like snow-flakes,
Will soon melt away.

"Be calm and contented,
Whatever betide,
And fear not the morrow,
For 'God will provide!'"

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The Sunbeam.

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THE LORD'S NEED.

It was only a little ungainly colt, clumsy in shape, and hideous in voice—only a poor, insignificant little beast, such as thousands of school-boys make sport of, that the Lord Jesus sent for when he wanted to go into Jerusalem. "Say that the Lord hath need of it," he told the messengers that went to fetch it.

It wasn't much that it could do. It could not sing for him, nor do anything grand or beautiful, yet the Lord had need of it. He had need of Moses and Samuel. He had need of Paul, and James, and John, and he had need, too, of this little colt. And if he had need of this little colt, surely, dear girls and boys, the Lord hath need of you. You can do more for him than a colt could do. When you are cross, and selfish, and false, you are helping the wicked Satan

who hates children. How much better it is to be kind, and loving, and true, and so help the good Lord who loves you so very much, and who has need of every little child.

Think of it to-day, boys, when you are tempted to do and say the wrong thing. The Lord hath need of you to do and say the right thing. Think of it, girls, when you are tempted to be pettish and unkind. The Lord hath need of you to be sweet-tempered and helpful. Every time that you conquer self for Jesus' sake, you are helping God to answer the prayers that good people have been praying for nearly two thousand years, that the minister, and the deacons, and your father and mother pray, when they say, "Thy kingdom come." Isn't it pleasant to think how you can help the great loving God, and how he needs you to help him every day?

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'er-shaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Their mother was busy writing, only stopping, now and then, to listen to the little ones.

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the youngest.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands tight!" replied her sister.

"Ah! that's not safe!" said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your 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: "Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his hands off; so I am safe."

A PENNY CANDLE.

A LITTLE girl once said, "I can't do anything. I can't do any more than that little candle."

"Well," was the answer, "that little candle can do a great deal: it can set a hay-stack on fire; it can burn up a house; yes, and help a poor creature to read God's Word. Do what you can, little girl; and let your little candle so shine before men, that others seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

AN HONEST BOY.

"WHAT a lot you have got! We have only caught five between us."

"I've been fishing all the afternoon," said Frank, looking with some pride at his bottle, in which some six or eight sticklebacks were swimming about.

"Mind the keeper does not catch you," said the elder of the two Bruces, who had just come upon Frank Saunders, in a sheltered corner of the park.

"Why?" said Frank, innocently. "Don't he like fishing?"

Both boys laughed heartily. "Not at all, when you do it. Why, man, he'd be so angry, he'd as likely as not send you in to feed the fishes yourself. But you've only got to keep out of his way and you'll be all right."

"I'll put them back," said Frank. "I did not know it wasn't allowed."

"You silly!" exclaimed Ned, "you're safe enough. He never comes around here."

"I'm not afraid," said Frank, gazing regretfully at his sticklebacks, as he poured them back into the lake; "but I wouldn't steal anybody else's fish any more than I would their money."

At this moment an old man came up, and the Bruces suddenly disappeared.

"Have you been fishing?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frank, gathering up his little rod. "I didn't know it wasn't allowed. I always fish in the park, and I thought it would be the same here."

"O," said the old man, "have you seen the gold-fish in the pond?"

"No, sir."

"Would you like to see them?"

"Yes, sir. Are you the keeper?"

"No; but I can show you the fish."

Frank followed his guide, who led him through beautiful gardens and hot-houses, to the fish-pond. He was delighted with all he saw, and the old man smiled at his exclamations.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"I'm staying with my aunt at the shop for a fortnight, sir," said Frank; "and then I must go back to school."

"Well, you may come here every day, if you like." Then, turning to a gardener who was passing: "Mullins, let this boy go anywhere he likes about the gardens, and see if you can't find him some fruit."

"Yes, my lord."

Frank looked up with some alarm. "Is this place all yours?" he said.

"It is," said the old man, "and I am very pleased to welcome to it a boy whom I can thoroughly trust; for if he won't take my sticklebacks, I know he will not touch my fruit and flowers."