

## THERE'LL BE SOMETHING TO DO.

There'll be something in heaven for children to do;

None are idle in that blessed land;  
There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be thoughts for the mind,  
And employment for each little hand.

## CHORUS:

There'll be something to do,  
There'll be something to do,  
There'll be something for children to do.  
On the bright sunny shore,  
Where there's joy evermore,  
There'll be something for children to do.

There'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of God,

As they wander the green meadows o'er;  
And they'll have for their teachers in that blest abode

All the good that have gone there before.

There'll be errands of love from the mansions above,

To the dear ones who linger below;  
And it may be our Father the children will send

To be angels of mercy in woe.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday-school Banner, 60 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 00
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 00
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 21
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly, per year	0 07
Per quarter	0 02
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly	0 00
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50c per 100.	

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2170 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.  
S. F. HURSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 19, 1897.

## "THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

D. VIRGINIA FABLEY.

Hundreds of children have spent many a pleasant hour in reading Andersen's stories and fairy tales: and for the children who are not yet able to read them, there is laid up a very rare treat. Hans Christian Andersen was born in 1805 at Odense, a town of Denmark, on the island of Funen. He was the son of a poor shoemaker, and at an early age began to help his father mend shoes. The people of Odense often employed him to "run

errands" for them, because he was a thoroughly honest boy, and always paid him for his services.

Young Hans was a favourite with grown-up people, and the children truly loved him because he was so good to them. Indeed, his love for children, his desire to please them, and to make their little lives bright, caused him to be known everywhere as "the children's friend." Even from the time he was a very young boy he would, whenever he had any leisure time, gather a number of little boys and girls around him and amuse them by telling the most wonderful stories, all of which he drew from his rich imagination. After a while the children formed a habit of congregating near the shoemaker's shop to watch for their young friend, so eager were they to hear the delightful tales from his childish lips. They liked also to watch him cut pretty designs from paper; for while he told them quaint stories there would fall from the scissors held in his awkward-looking little hands fairy scenes, bunches of flowers, dancers and numerous other objects. While Hans was still a child his father died, and he was thrown entirely upon his own resources. At the age of fourteen he went to Copenhagen; there he made many efforts to obtain work enough to furnish him with proper food and clothing, but was not very successful; so the youthful genius passed many months in adversity. But his honesty, his lovable disposition, and his rare talents finally gained for him generous friends, who placed him in the university at Copenhagen and had him educated. So the years passed, and Hans Christian Andersen continued to be loved by old and young. Ever and always he was "the children's friend," and he loved them with a love akin to passion. To the children he yielded place and gave time that men and women never even dared to expect; he never considered any child's questions as "too silly to be answered." Because he so truly loved the children he understood them and they understood him—he was their play-fellow, their confidant. To him the children brought their troubles, for he could always help them and find a balm for their wounds. His religion was sweet and childlike. Often he would say: "God has made it so, therefore it is right;" or, "God has said it is wrong, therefore it is wrong." One has but to read his sweet story called "The Loveliest Rose in the World," to know how grand and yet how simple was his religion. When he was a small boy everyone had said that "he would make a grand writer," and, as everyone knows, he did. His stories and poems have been highly praised, but his fame rests chiefly on his matchless fairy tales that were written to delight and instruct his little friends, "the children."

I suppose a good many juniors have read his stories, and I hope this little article will call the attention of many more to his delightful stories. I hope you will read them, for they cannot fail to instruct and please you.

"Andersen's Fairy Tales" have been

translated into many languages. He died on the fourth day of August, 1875, and the child-world lost a noble friend that ever had its interest at heart. The children knew it, too, and little ones of many lands joined hands and hearts in sending many heartfelt tributes of love to the funeral of "The Children's Friend."

## SPIDERS.

"Oh, mamma!" screamed Ethel. "Oh! oh!"

"What is the matter?" said mamma, running towards Ethel, who was still screaming loudly.

"A spider! a spider!" cried Ethel.

Mamma brushed the spider from Ethel's dress, and taking her in her lap wiped away her tears, saying,

"My little girl should not be afraid of a spider. Most of them are quite harmless, and very likely they are afraid of you."

Ethel was still sobbing and mamma continued to hold her.

"Did you ever watch a spider spinning his web?" asked she.

"Oh, yes, mamma. He runs up and down, up and down," said Ethel.

"Yes, my dear; the spider can spin a beautiful silk rope of over four thousand threads in a very short time. Would you not think it a great thing to be able to make a rope in a minute any time you wanted it?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And he has eight eyes," said mamma. "Perhaps he wonders how you can get along with only two."

"Some spiders are affected by changes in the weather," continued mamma. "There was once a man shut up in prison who noticed that at the approach of rain all the spiders in his cell disappeared and that as soon as they appeared again the rain ceased. You must not think the spiders caused the rain. They were affected by the state of the atmosphere."

"This man also observed the actions of the spiders at the approach of cold, and once, when the armies of his country were about to surrender because the ice on the rivers was breaking up, he knew by the conduct of the spiders that more cold was coming and sent word to the commander to hold out a little longer and he would be able to cross the rivers on the ice. He did so, and was enabled to conquer the enemy."

## IN A MINUTE.

Children, don't say, "In a minute," when mamma or papa tells you to do something. It is a very bad habit, and gives them a great deal of trouble. It does not take any longer to pick up a basket of chips or run to the store as soon as you are told the first time than it will after you have been spoken to half a dozen times. And neither God, your parents nor yourself will be as well pleased with work done that way, as with that cheerfully and promptly. Promptly means right off, you know.