

## WORK FOR LITTLE ONES.

THERE is no little child too small  
To work for God;  
There is a mission for us all  
From Christ the Lord.

'Tis not enough for us to give  
Our wealth alone.  
We must entirely for him live,  
And be his own.

Though poverty our portion be,  
Christ will not slight  
The lowliest little one, so he  
With God be right.

Father, oh give us grace to see  
A place for us,  
Where, in thy vineyard, we for thee  
May labour thus.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

## A BOY'S RELIGION.

IF a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colours. He need not

always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

## SENDING THE LIGHT AWAY.

ONE day Willie was very naughty. His mamma sent him up stairs to think over his bad conduct. When it grew dark, she sent his sister Katie with a light, to bring him down to supper. But he still felt ugly and cross, and told Katie to go away. "Mamma told me to show you down, because the hall is dark," said Katie.

"I don't want to go down," said Willie, crossly. And Katie went away with the light, leaving him in the dark.

But now he had nothing to do but to think. He saw what a bad boy he had been, and was glad to see his mother when she came in with a light. He told her he was very sorry for what he had done, and would try to be a good boy, if she would forgive him for being so naughty.

Dear children, Jesus comes to show you how to live good lives, and find the way to heaven. When you are unkind, selfish, and disobedient, you drive him away. If you wish him to stay with you, you must give up your bad ways, and try to please him. One of these days he will want to take you away with him, and then if you are not ready to live with him in heaven, he will send you away to be punished forever.

## LOVE.

IN Chicago, a few years ago, there was a little boy who went to one of the mission Sunday-schools. His father moved to another part of the city about five miles away, and every Sunday that boy came past thirty or forty Sunday-schools to the one he attended. And one day a lady who was out collecting scholars for a Sunday-school met him and asked him why he went so far, past so many schools.

"There are plenty of others," said she, "just as good."

"They may be as good, but they are not so good for me," he said.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because they love a fellow over there," he answered.

Ah! love won him. "Because they love a fellow over there!" Sunday-school teachers should win the affections of their scholars if they wish to lead them to Christ.

## ANNIE AND THE MINISTER.

THE minister had come to call on Annie's mother, and was sitting in their little parlour when she came in from school.

"My little girl," he said, "I am glad to see you;" and he took her hands and drew her kindly to him.

Annie was a bashful child, and held down her head. She hardly dared look at so great a man as the minister. "But," she thought, "he seems very kind."

"Do you love Jesus, Annie?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you think you do?" he asked.

"Why, I know it by my feelings inside of me," she said, brightening a little when she found the minister so kind and fatherly.

"But, my dear, do you think Jesus knows it?"

"Why, yes, sir; can't he see my heart?"

"Does mother know it, and does your teacher know it, and all your little mates?"

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure."

"There is one way of showing it, Annie. Jesus says, 'If ye love me keep my commandments.' That's the way to show that we love Jesus—to do just as he bids us."

Annie never forgot the minister's little talk, and she never felt afraid of him after that day.

## THE BITE-SIDE DOWN.

A STAGE-COACH stopped at grandpa's door; it brought Allen and Nellie.

"How strong and rosy they will grow here!" said their mother. Allen was a stout boy, but something was always the matter with Nell.

"Can it be green pears, now?" thought her mother when they had been a week at grandpa's and Nellie was paler every day. Rows of nice little trees stood like armed soldiers in grandpa's garden. Once in a while they fired a hard but tempting bullet. Allen was never hit; of course not—the boy that minded mother. And nobody saw sly little Nell pick up anything under the trees. She looked guilty one morning, though, when Dinah, the nurse-girl, came out the porch-door.

"I didn't touch that pear," said Nellie, pointing to one that lay at her feet. Dinah picked it up. There were the marks of little teeth, and one bite had been taken by somebody.

"Now, miss," said Dinah, "you must take that pear and show it to your mamma."

"Must I?" said brown-eyed Nellie.

"Then I shall hold it the bite-side down." "No matter which way you try to hold it," said wise Dinah. "When one has been doing wrong, 'the bite-side' always comes up."—Our Little Ones.