

PRAYER.

O HELP us, God, while it is day,
By kindly words and deeds,
To store good memories away,
For the last evening's needs;
And so to hear, at set of sun,
The comfort of the Lord's "Well done;"
Nor feel remorse, and grief, and shame,
But gladly face the falling night,
And hope for heaven's eternal light,
Through the Redeemer's name.

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TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1883.

"MAN, JESUS CHRIST LOVES YOU."

It was not quite train-time, and among the waiting passengers a gentleman walked to and fro on the long platform, holding his little daughter's hand. A commotion near the door attracted the general attention, and several officers brought into the room a manacled prisoner. It soon became known that he was a notorious criminal, who was sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years. The little child looked at him, first with wonder and horror; then, as she saw the settled, sullen gloom of his countenance, a tender pity grew on her sweet face, until, dropping her father's hand, she went over to the prisoner, and, lifting her eyes to his face, she spoke a few low words. He glared upon her like a fiend, and she ran back, half afraid, to her father's hand; but, a moment after, she was at his side again, pressing nearer than before in her self-forgetful earnestness; and this time the prisoner dropped his defiant eyes as he listened, and a slight tremor passed on his hard face. Then her father called, and the little child went slowly away, looking back pityingly. The train came presently, and the prisoner

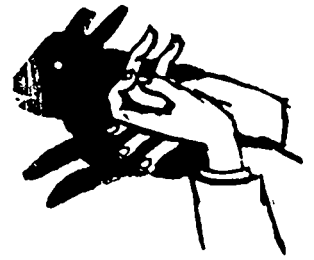
went quietly in, and during the journey gave the officers no trouble. Upon their arrival at the prison his conduct was most excellent, and continued to be so. Inmates of that prison, having terms of twenty years and over, are allowed a light in the evenings, and it was observed that he spent the time in studying the Bible. At length some one asked how it came that he brought with him such a reputation for wilfulness, since he had proved himself quiet and well-behaved.

"Well, sir," said he, "I'll tell you. It was when I was waiting at the station before I came here. A little mite of a girl was there with her father. She wasn't much more than a baby, and she had long shiny hair flying over her shoulders, and such great blue eyes as you wout often see. Somehow I couldn't help looking at her. By and bye she let go her father's hand and came over to me, and said, 'Man, I am sorry for you;' and you wouldn't believe it, but there were tears in her eyes! Something appeared to give way inside then; but I was proud, and wouldn't show it. I just scowled at her, blacker than ever. The little dear looked kind of scared-like, and ran off to her father, but in a minute she was back again, and she came right up to me, and said, 'Man, Jesus Christ is sorry for you!' O, sir! that clean broke my heart. Nobody'd spoken to me like that since my good old mother died years and years ago. I'd hard work to keep the tears back, and all the way down here I was just thinking of mother, and the many things she used to teach me when I was no bigger than the blessed baby. I made up my mind I would never rest till my mother's God was mine also; and O! sir," he exclaimed, while the tears ran down his face, "He's saved me—he's saved me!"

HE WOULDN'T SELL RUM.

THERE had been a temperance meeting, and all the boys attended. That evening, Carl sat in a brown study. He pressed his lips tight together and knit his forehead into frightful wrinkles, and glared straight into the fire without saying a word for a long time.

"What is it?" said Aunt Abby, smiling at the boy's earnest face. "No, Abby," said Carl, slowly and with much emphasis, "If I was as poor as a knitting needle, and hadn't any more money than a hen has teeth, I'd never sell rum!"



THE SHADOW PICTURES.

UNCLE HARRY can make queer shadows on the wall by the use of his hands. He makes us laugh a good deal by the odd things he shows us. Last night he fixed his hands so as to cast a shadow like that of a face. Then he gave us the shadow of a rabbit. You can see what he did, from the pictures I give you.

JOHNNY AND GRANDMOTHERS.

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation,
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples, and pennies, and cake,
Without a grandma or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma"
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
T'other way, when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row in the cellar,
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken-pie for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys;"

"Life is only short at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then look for awhile at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low,
To themselves as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then a boy stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last;
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night;
Some boys more than others, I 'spose,
Such as I need a wonderful sight.