

A CHILDREN'S HYMN.

I CANNOT do great things for him
Who did so much for me;
But I should like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto thee.
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour, may I be

There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey.
And thus may show my love to thee
And always every day
There are some little loving words
Which I for thee may say

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,
Some sorrows I may share,
And little bits of work for thee
I may do everywhere

So I ask thee to give me grace
My little place to fill
That I may ever walk with thee
And ever do thy will
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.

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HOW A CHRISTIAN CHILD SHOULD PRAY.

It was little Ida's birthday, and her mamma had given her a birthday party, and she had received many presents, a little set of dishes from mamma, a lovely doll with real hair from papa, a little work-box from grandpa, and many things besides from other friends. Ida was very happy. She played with them all day, and when bed-time came she put them all away in her little play-house, with mamma's help. In her evening prayer she thanked Jesus for the doll, and the dishes, the work-box, and every thing, but she remembered that there was something much greater to be

thankful for, so she said. "I thank you O Jesus, that you was punished 'nstead of me."

Ida's mother thought that she did not understand what she was saying, so a few days afterward she showed to Ida a picture of Jesus dying on the cross, and asked, "Why was Jesus punished so? Had he done something naughty?"

Little Ida answered: "No; it was me. It is because I was so naughty, and Jesus loved me so much he didn't like me to be punished, so he was punished 'nstead of me."

In all of your plays and joys remember Jesus just as little Ida did.

One day a little boy, who was trying to be a Christian, came in crying, and laid his head on mamma's lap. Then he said, "O mamma, I don't believe I am a Christian boy at all, for I forget all about Jesus when I play." He was partly right and partly wrong. It makes children play more sweetly and kindly to think about Jesus. It helps them to play like Christians, but if they should forget about Jesus sometimes, for a little while, it is no sign that they are not Christians—*Selected.*

HOW TWO LITTLE BOYS CAME TO JESUS.

As the children were leaving their Sunday-school one afternoon the superintendent gently placed his hand upon the shoulder of one little boy, saying:

"Are you trusting in the Lord?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Would you like to trust him?" asked the good man tenderly.

"Yes," said the little fellow, and with such deep earnestness that the kind superintendent was convinced Willie was really longing for the knowledge of salvation through Christ.

The same evening Willie was listening attentively to a preacher reading a portion from John 20, who, at the end of verse 27, at the words, "Be not faithless but believing," paused and said, "Be not unbelieving, but believing."

These words were impressed upon Willie's young and tender heart.

At the close of the service, the boy, together with his brother, remained, by the wish of his superintendent, to speak with the preacher. Willie's whole frame quivered with emotion as he owned how he had been long desirous of salvation. And then the four knelt down together.

"O Lord, save me!" prayed Willie, and he repeated after the preacher these well known words.

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me;
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Without a storm was raging, and the rain was descending in torrents, but within poor Willie's heart there was a storm scarcely less fierce.

"What hinders you from accepting

Christ and obtaining salvation through him, Willie?"

"I want a sign to know that I am saved," he replied.

If you had offended me, and I had you I forgave you, would you believe my words—or would you ask me for a sign that I had forgiven you?"

"I would believe you without a sign," the boy answered.

"Can you not believe God?"

"Lord, may I not be faithless, but believing!" he sighed.

"Jesus says, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,'" was whispered to him.

"Lord, I come to thee, and ask thee to save me!" was his response.

Jesus says, 'No man cometh unto the Father but by me.' Just tell God that you come in the name of his Son."

"O God, I come in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and ask thee to save me!" said the little boy, earnestly.

Above the fury of the storm was heard that simple petition, and the Lord spoke peace to Willie's soul.

"I am saved," he said. "Lord, I thank thee for having saved me! Lord, I pray thee to keep me from evil, and to save my dear brother!"

Now Tommy, who had remained silent, began to pray aloud too, and, with child-like simplicity, followed the prayer of his much-loved superintendent, repeating every sentence after him, word for word.

"Jesus is so loving, and gracious, and tender," said the servant of Christ to the little boy; "cannot you trust him?"

And Tommy told the Lord he could do so, and then all arose from their knees and stood and praised the Lord.

"Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb forever!
Jesus Christ is our redeemer!
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord."

While we thank God that Willie and Tommy are now happily conscious that they are safe for time and for eternity beneath the shelter of the blood of Christ, let us ask you, dear young readers, to consider well whether you have fled to him for shelter, who is indeed a hiding-place from every storm.

THE OLD SCORE.

"MARK you," said a pious sailor to a shipmate, "mark you, it isn't breaking off swearing and the like; it isn't reading the Bible nor praying nor being good. It is none of these, for, even if they would answer for the time to come, there's still the old score, and how are you to get over that? It isn't anything that you have done or can do. It's taking hold of what Jesus did for you, it's forsaking your sins and expecting the pardon and salvation of your soul, because Christ let the waves and billows go over him on Calvary. This is believing, and believing is nothing else."