

CHILD'S HYMN.

GOD, make my life a little light
Within the world to glow—
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God, make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And make the sinner glad.

God, make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so, what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbour best.

God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,
Of faith that never waxeth dim
In all his wondrous ways.

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CHILD-LIKE FOLLOWING GOD.

VERY suggestively does an inspired writer say: "Be ye followers of God as dear children." A good model is thus commended. Children naturally imitate or follow the example of their parents. Whatever they see them do they attempt to do. They conform as closely as possible to the copy set before them in parental doings and sayings. This tendency is developed at quite an early period in life. The young child is found in various ways resembling the parent. To this imitative principle in human nature

allusion is evidently made in the apostolic injunction just quoted.

Thus, to follow God is to fully confide in him. No feeling of a child toward a parent is more spontaneous and distinguishing than confidence. Hardy anything is more unnatural than a child's distrust of a parent. Ordinarily, a child's highest idea of excellence is embodied in the parent, who is deemed a paragon of perfection. Many a child trusts a parent even without a question. It is taken for granted that all is right in what a father or mother does. Of the class of children who believe that their parents can do nothing wrong was the little girl, seven years old, who said of a counterfeit coin which some one had refused to take of her, "I am sure it is a good one, for my father has just made it." Such a confiding child certainly deserved a better father, that she might never come to know that her confidence was misplaced.

LAWYER GEORGE.

GEORGE LEE was ten years old. His good parents had taught him to be kind and helpful to every person, and that animals should never be ill-treated.

One day a horse was drawing a cart full of stones over a road. The mud was deep, and soon the wheels sank into it so far that the poor, tired horse stopped, and could not pull the cart another step. The driver struck the helpless animal several cruel blows, and had lifted his big whip again, when George Lee ran up and stood between the man and horse.

"Don't strike that horse again; don't," pleaded George. "It's wicked to abuse a dumb beast."

"Boy, get out of the way," said the man angrily. George did not stir an inch.

"Mister, how would you like to be a horse and when you were so tired you couldn't draw any more, to get a whipping?" he asked.

The man laughed and lowered the whip. "If you will make believe that you are a horse and are in his place, and that he is in yours, I guess you'll never strike him again," said George.

"Well, you are right, I know."

"You must get another horse to help him," said George.

Just then two strong men came up, and each put a shoulder to the cart, and gave it such a push that the horse pulled it out of the mud, and went on easily.

I think George made a good horse lawyer, and, what is better, he says he will "never drink a drop of liquor as long as he lives."

OPEN rebuke is better than secret love.

"I AM MY FATHER'S."

"WILL you not be my little girl?" I said one day to little Nannie Wheeler; "you do not know how much I love you, and how happy I will try to make you, if you will only be my little Nannie." She looked up earnestly in my face with her bright black eyes, and said:

"I'm father's."

"Well, Nannie, I will give you such nice things if you will be my little girl. I will give you a beautiful new dress, and a hood, and such a fine little muff to keep Jack Frost from finding your fingers, and a little shawl, and new shoes. Now, do be my little girl!" She looked up again in the same touching manner, and said:

"I'm father's."

"Oh, now, Nannie," I continued more earnestly, "when poor Aunt Carrie has no little girl, and your father has Augusta, and Willie, and Tooty, as well as you. Oh, I will buy you a new doll, very large, with black eyes bright as yours, and a little rocking-horse; and you shall have so many toys that I will give you a drawer on purpose to keep them in, all for yourself; and such picture-books! Dear Nannie, now do be Aunt Carrie's little girl." She again said, in her quiet, simple way:

"I'm father's."

Dear little girl, how few would have withstood temptation so strongly set forth! She is only three years old, and yet she would not, for any inducement held out, give up her love for her father.

Little children, we have all one Father, even "Our Father which art in heaven." The world with all its allurements is held out to tempt us from his love. Do we turn from it, and with childlike faith and love answer, "I am my Father's"?

Loving friends gather around us, and may lead us to forget that there is One whom we must love above all others; do we turn from them, and say, with Nannie, "I am my Father's"?

Comforts and luxuries are brought to us to tempt us on every side; do we take up the cross humbly, and walk in the footsteps of Him who "had not where to lay his head," and answer, "I am my Father's"?

Let us all take a lesson from little Nannie in her unswerving love for her father. Nothing can tempt her from his side; she follows him about like a little lamb, and she nestles in his arms, and lays her precious head on his bosom. May the good Shepherd watch over her, and keep her; and may I hear that dear voice repeat those words, "I am my Father's!"