

KITTIE LENDS A HAND.

"Hurrah for a game of blind-man's-buff!"
"Yes, let us," cried May, "if we're enough."

Said Jack, "If only we'd one more one
But hurry, and let's have lots of fun."

"Now come every one, stand in a row
While I count you, 'Eny, meeny, mo,'
And 'Hop-a-du-cha, pop-a-du-cha!'"
"O Tot, you're it. How does that suit you?"

Then around the room they danced with
glee,
Thought Kittie, "I wish they'd play with
me."

I'll jump on this chair as Tottie goes by;
Maybe she'll think me a child that's nigh."

How they laughed when Tottie caught
the cat,

Giving it many a loving pat.

"You darling thing, we needed one more,
For blind-man's-buff is jolly with four."

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18 1899

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT JESUS.

BY M. L. CADY.

Supper is over, and while mamma is clearing away the tea things, Mamie draws a stool up in front of the fire to let Robbie warm his feet before he is undressed and carried away to bed. Robbie is not inclined to sit still, however. The bricks in front of the fire place are nice and warm, and he says he likes to "stand on them barefooted." So, to keep him quiet, Mamie talks to him about another little child, who was once born into the world. Robbie's brown eyes open wide with wonder, when Mamie tells him how Herod the king searched for the little child, and finally killed all the babies for the sake of putting Jesus to death.

Robbie is very quiet now and listens with a great deal of interest, as he hears how this little child became a man who healed all the sick folks who came to him, gave sight to the blind, and even caused dead persons to live again. He cannot understand why the people were so wicked as to kill one who was so good to them; and he looks very indignant as he talks about it. He wishes he could have seen Jesus and been blessed like the little children whom Christ held in his arms when he was on earth.

Perhaps some of the children who read THE SUNBEAM may have wished the same. The writer remembers having done so when she was a little girl.

But Christ's invitations to the children were not alone to the little ones who lived at the same time that he did, but to all the children who will love him and obey him. When he said: "Suffer little children to come unto me," he intended that the children of all coming ages should have his blessing, as well as the little ones he held in his loving arms. He asks lovingly for the heart of every child today, and wants you to give yourself to him. He has a work for each one of you, which no grown person can do. It is a beautiful thought and full of comfort to us, that we can go to Jesus in prayer and faith, just as truly as those did who lived in Christ's time.

"Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,

And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

"In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,

For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there:
For of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

THE OLD MAN OF DARTMOOR.

There was an old man of Dartmoor, who, for many years, obtained his livelihood by looking after the cattle distributed over those wild moorland hills. At last, through infirmity and old age, and the constant and unusual exposure to all kinds of weather, his sight entirely failed him, so that he had to seek an asylum in one of the West of England infirmaries, to end his brief remaining days. While there he was frequently visited by one of his granddaughters, who would occasionally read to him portions of the word of God.

One day, when the little girl was reading to him the First Epistle of John, when she reached the seventh verse, "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," the old man raised himself and stopped the little girl, saying, with all earnestness;

"Is that there, my dear?"
"Yes, grandpa."
"Then read it to me again; I never heard the like before."
The little girl read again:

"And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I should like to feel it."

She took the old blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verso, when he said:

"Now read it to me again."

The little girl read, with her soft, sweet voice,

"And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"Are you quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Then, if any one should ask how I died, tell them that I died in the faith of these words:

"And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

And with that the man withdrew his hand, his head fell softly back on the pillow, and he silently passed into the presence of Him whose "blood cleanseth us from all sin."

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL
THERE'S A WAY."

This is a very old proverb, and a very true one. Sometimes we forget it though, and say "I can't" before we have really tried at all. Some years ago a few kind people made up their minds to try to get hold of all the chimney-sweeps in Dublin and give them an education. One day a little fellow came who was asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh yes," he answered.

"Can you spell?"

"Oh yes."

"Can you read?"

"Oh, yes."

"What books did you learn from?"

"Please, sir, I never had a book."

"Then who was your schoolmaster?"

"I never went to school at all."

The gentleman stared, for it seemed very strange that a boy should be able to read and spell, and yet never had a master.

"Then how ever did you learn?" he asked.

The little boy smiled, and linked his arm in that of a sweep somewhat older than himself.

"Please, sir, Jim taught me the letters over shop doors as we went to our work, and now I know all the words by heart; and if you'd kindly let us have some books to read, and teach us to do sums and writing, we'd be very thankful."

Can't you fancy what good pupils those two boys became, and how they delighted in reading in books instead of making their necks ache by peering up at the shops?

The new pair of shoes came home for little five-year-old. He tried them on, and, finding that his feet were in very close quarters, exclaimed: "Oh, my! They are so tight that I can't wink my toes."