

THE SUNDAY SCHOLAR

"I'm going to Sunday-school,
The bell has already rung,
And I must hasten to be in my seat
Ere the opening hymn is sung.

"Before the school begins
I'm always in my place;
I would not miss the hymn and prayer,
Nor the smile on teacher's face.

"I have learned a beautiful hymn,
And twenty verses to say,
I'm sure I shall get a perfect mark
In the record book to-day."

There's something better than that,
Let me tell you, little boy;
To do all this to please the Lord
Will give you greater joy.

For love of God do right
In every time and place;
Better than teacher's marks and smiles
Is the smile of Jesus' face.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.
PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 90 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.	0 60
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per doz., per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 6c. per 100.	
Home and School, 3 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Over 21 copies	0 25
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 00

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal.
S. F. HURSTIA, Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1888.

INATTENTIVE CHARLIE.

"WHAT was your lesson to-day?" asked mamma of little Charlie. "It was about ten tigers." "Ten tigers! What do you mean?" "Well, it was about ten tigers, or ten leopards, or something of that kind." And this was the clear knowledge one pupil had received concerning the healing of the ten lepers. Whose fault was it? Partly the teacher's fault, perhaps; she had not been close enough in her questions to find out whether she had been understood. But it must have been still more the fault of the scholar. Charlie did not attend to his teacher, and so did not catch her meaning and the meaning of the Bible story.

GENERAL JACK AND HIS ARMY.

BY A. C. STONE

HE was a poor little general, lying flat on the nursery floor, his face all stained with powder and with tears, and his eyes red and swollen. He had been beaten, terribly beaten in battle. Who was the enemy? A frightful Russian, with a mustache as big as a whisk-broom? A Turk in a fez, and a silk sash stuck full of dreadful knives? An Indian with his belt ornamented with scalps? O no! General Jack's enemy was worse than these. The Russian and the Turk can only hurt the body, but Jack's enemy hurts the soul, and spoils it so that the angels cannot love it.

The truth is, Jack has been having a terrible tussle with General Ill-Temper and Colonel Obstinacy, and at last Commodore Crying had come upon the scene, and altogether they had quite finished him.

He lay there on the floor sobbing and wiping his eyes on his little dirty pocket-handkerchief, when Bess peeped in and ran out quickly to tell mamma. Pretty soon the door opened, and somebody tall and slender, and dressed in white, came softly in. It was a very sweet somebody, and she smiled in the little boy's face, and kissed him on the forehead.

"What has become of your army, General Jack?" she whispered.

"O mamma, I forgot all about it."

"And you didn't muster General Love, and Colonel Perseverance, and Captain Good-nature, and have them on the ground ready to meet the enemy?"

"No, mamma. I guess you needn't call me General Jack any more. No use trying to be a soldier!"

"So you are going to be a deserter—that dreadful character that you despise so much. Suppose papa had deserted when he went with his regiment to Vicksburg? How sorry and ashamed his little son would have been all his life. And how sad papa will feel if I write to him that General Jack has deserted his colours, and that the enemy has put him in prison!"

"I haven't any colours," said Jack, his eyes brightening, "nor any shoulder-straps."

"You must win them. The first time that you bring your army off the battlefield in good order, and leave ill-temper and laziness and all those naughty fellows groaning with their wounds, I will make you some shoulder-straps, and work you a silk flag with embroidered stars."

"What will the stars mean?"

"We will let them mean states of mind: innocence, goodness, kindness, care for others, perseverance, faithfulness, industry."

"That will be beautiful," said General Jack, putting his arms around his mother's neck. "I don't think I shall want to secede from those states. But you'll have to help fight."

"I'll be secretary of war," said mamma, "and secretary of the treasury, too, and keep you in supplies."

So General Jack began again to fight the battle of life with new courage. And I am glad to tell you that he won his shoulder-straps before long. After that he organized a company of little boys and they had a colour-bearer, to carry the beautiful flag that mamma made for him, and the best of it is, no boy is allowed to be colour-bearer who does not deserve the privilege. If a colour-bearer does a mean action the flag is taken from him, and given to the bravest, most truthful, most generous boy of the company. But each boy is allowed to win back the lost honour by good behavior.

Would you like to belong to General Jack's company, and fight in his army? There is room for thousands of new recruits, and your own mamma is an authorized officer to enlist you at once.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALL.

HEAR the gentle Shepherd
Calling lambs like me;
In his sweetest accents,
"Let them come," says he.

Yes, we come, dear Saviour,
We, a little band,
Marching on together
To the heavenly land.

He will bid us enter;
When our tired feet
Reach the golden city,
He'll be there to greet.

Thanks to thee, dear Jesus,
For thy words of love,
Bidding children enter
Thy bright courts above.

OUR PONY.

WHEN I was a little child at home, we had an Indian pony, called Jimmy, that we children used to ride a good deal. One day my two brothers and sister and myself all got on the pony's back at once, to ride. I was the smallest, and, for some reason, was the last one on. As it was a very warm day, I soon fell asleep, and when I awoke, where do you suppose I was? On the ground! I had fallen off, and the pony stopped as soon as he felt that his load was lighter, and turned his head to see what had happened, and stood quietly until my brother placed me unhurt on his back.