

## MY FRIEND

I HAVE a friend whose eye  
Ne'er leaves me, day nor night.  
My ways and wants forever lie  
Within his loving sight.

His love I'm prone to task  
With many a wild request,  
He answers better than I ask,  
And gives me what is best

My faithful Friend is strong;  
Could earth and air and sea  
Make league with hell to do me wrong,  
His word should shelter me.

Upon his wide command  
Flout the vast worlds like dust,  
Secure I dwell beneath his hand,  
And love, obey and trust.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1894.

### THE ORPHAN FLOWER SELLERS.

MARIAN LEVERE was left an orphan in her twelfth year, with no brother or near relative to take care of her, and an only sister, five years old, dependent on her for support and protection. Her father died before her mother several years, and left only a small cottage and flower-garden, from which the widow was able, by diligence and strict economy, to procure a meagre support for herself and children. At her death the little property was placed in the hands of an honest but inefficient friend, who did nothing to improve it, and managed, in a blundering way, to render it almost useless. Marian, however, with a sagacity beyond her years, improved the flower garden and made it support herself and little sister comfortably. Her bright face and cheerful manner made her a favourite with all who knew her, and seldom failed to bring her customers.

Occasionally the supply of provisions ran low, and she felt anxious for to-mor-

row; but he—ho feeds the young ravens, and takes care of the sparrows, never suffered her and her little sister to suffer. The two children used to go and stand at the corner by the old church, with a basket of flowers for sale. The flowers were always fresh, and of the richest and rarest quality. Occasionally the two passed along the streets with their flowers so arranged as to attract attention; but usually they remained at their "stand" on the corner. One day, as Marian was offering a bouquet of flowers for sale, a stranger stopped and gazed earnestly at her for a moment, and then said:

"May I ask your name, my young friend?"

Marian responded: "Levere is our family name."

"Levere!" exclaimed the stranger. "What was your father's Christian name?"

"Pere."

"Is it possible? When did he come to this city?"

"In the spring of 1861, the year my little sister was born."

After a few moments' conversation, the stranger made himself known as the youngest brother of Pere Levere. He had returned from a residence of ten years in California, with an ample fortune, and was seeking his brother's family, and thus accidentally came upon the only survivors.

"The Orphan Flower Sellers" were taken care of by this kind friend, after a few years married well, and are living with their husbands, the bachelor uncle who took charge of them spending his time with them. He was attracted to Marian Levere by her striking likeness to his mother. They often tell the story of the "Flower Girls," and always refer their good fortune to the providence of God, in answer to a mother's prayers. They are both earnest, active, Christian women.

"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

### CAUGHT FAST.

A SHIP was once sailing toward a low, flat coast. Two miles out it cast anchor, because the water was not deep enough for it to go farther. The captain wanted to go ashore, and started in a small boat and went to the shore. As he was walking fast along the shore, he came to a heavy chain, and, not noticing that it was there, stuck his foot into one of the links. He tried to draw out his foot, but found it was fast. The men on the ship saw him struggling, and came to help him; but they could do nothing. To his horror he saw that the tide was rising. "Send for the doctor!" he shouted. The doctor came, but said a surgeon must be sent for to cut off the foot. But some time was necessary before the surgeon could arrive, and the water was rising. When he came he said he could not take off the man's foot so far under water. "Is there no one to save me?" cried the poor captain. But

there was no one. Higher and higher crept the waves, until at last they swept over his head. Now this is just like the power of evil habit. When once its grasp is fixed, it is almost impossible to get out of it. It holds its victim tightly down till the waves of sin and ruin and endless death sweep over him.

Boys and girls do not trust yourselves in the power of an evil habit. And now set your feet in the ways of truth and righteousness, and your faces as a flint against all evil.

### BEGGING.

DEAR little mistress, please be quick,  
We want some sugar badly;  
You see we've learnt the "begging trick,  
And though we do it gladly,  
We must confess without disguise,  
'Tis nicest begging for a prize.

One lump, one little lump for each,  
Bow-wow, bow-wow, Miss Mary!  
Suppose you learn, and we will teach,  
Now don't be "quite contrary";  
Give us the sugar-basin, pray,  
And let's begin this very day!

### THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"COME, on with your clothes, young man. A boy who has a birthday and has grown to be eight years old, should know how to dress quickly," said Mr. Gordon to his little Harry, one morning.

"Besides," he continued, "there is a birthday present waiting very impatiently to be given to a little boy named Harry Gordon."

"Can't I bring it to my room, papa?" asked Harry.

"I shouldn't try if I were you," answered papa, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Whatever can it be?" asked Harry. "Come on papa."

"What! without your morning prayer, and without thanking your Heavenly Father for all he has given you for eight long years? You wouldn't treat me so, I'm sure," said Mr. Gordon.

"I forgot," said Harry, blushing and hanging his head. Papa and Harry both knelt down and thanked God for his goodness and unfailing care.

"Now we are ready," said papa; and out he led Harry to the stable, where stood a goat harnessed to a dear little cart.

"For me? Oh, how good you are, you darling papa. I'll get sister Edith and take her for a drive right away. Won't we have a happy birthday?"

LITTLE Theo loved Auntie Bell very dearly, and she had been gone away a long time. The day before she came home, he said: "Mamma, I am going to be a good boy all day, so that you can tell Auntie Bell how good I have been." May be Theo didn't know that there is a dear Friend in heaven who wants him to be a good boy more than Auntie Bell does.