

A CHILD'S PRAYER

I'm not too young to love the Lord
Who does so much for me;
My blessings come alone from God:
How thankful I should be!

I'm not too young a prayer to raise
To God who dwells on high;
He'll listen to my song of praise
And hear my feeble cry.

I'm not too young for Christ to save:
He even died for me.
Yes! he his life for children gave
And will their Saviour be.

O Saviour, listen to my prayer,
And change this heart of mine:
Oh, take me in thy loving care,
And make me wholly thine.

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Sunbeam.

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HELPFULNESS.

One day last winter, when snow covered the ground and a blizzard was raging, a street-car came to a standstill on the up-grade of a hillside. A descendant of Ham, with a mule of the same ebon hue attached to a heavily loaded cart, obstructed the track just ahead of us. The driver whipped and goaded and encouraged, and the dumb beast tugged and strained, but in vain; the slippery stones destroyed his power of locomotion. The shivering passengers, some of them, complained and scolded, and made matters worse, until a happy thought struck motor-man and conductor at the same moment. The current was turned on, the car gently moved forward until it touched the rear end of the cart, and quietly pushed cart and mule up the hill. The driver smiled from ear to ear, the passengers laughed and applauded, and, as well as we could

make out from his light step and shaking sides and ears moving to and fro, the mule himself was laughing heartily over the novel experience. No doubt he enjoyed it thoroughly. The track was soon clear, and we passed on our way.

Herein is a parable for Christian workers. Don't scold and complain at others who are struggling up the same hillside as yourself, but give them a push. You help yourself best by helping others. Obstructions occur constantly on slippery tracks. It is not only our business to reach our journey's end, but also to help those whom we pass on the way who need our help.

THE BOY WITH THE UMBRELLA.

In the middle of the garden stood a little boy under a big umbrella! He always kept it spread, and winter and summer, day and night, he was always in his place. A fountain fell on the top of the umbrella, which was iron; and all around the boy, which was iron too.

"O dear," thought the boy, "how I hate to carry this old umbrella. I wish I was the stone general over there in the park. Then, instead of this ridiculous old thing, I should have a great long sword in my hand; and I'd hold it right over the people's heads, as if I was going to fight them all."

Meanwhile the air in the garden was growing more and more sultry. The people in the dusty street looked longingly at the iron boy in his snug little water-house. How they wished they could change places with him!

At last a great drop fell, and then another, and then it seemed that some one was pumping water out of the clouds. Everybody rushed home. A schoolboy ran past, and looked up at the iron boy. "Wish I was that fellow!" he shouted. "Hello! lend us your parasol!"

"O, may I come under your umbrella?" gasped a butterfly, who was caught in her new spring dress. "How wise you are always to carry one!" She sat on his finger, and dried her blue-and-gold suit.

At last the sun came out again, and made a great rainbow in the sky and a little bow in the fountain. The butterfly said that she must go. "You have saved my life, you kind boy," she said gratefully. "How much nicer to hold an umbrella over such a helpless little thing than to flourish a sword like that big stone doll yonder!" And, waving her pretty wing to him, away she flew.

"Perhaps she is right," thought the iron boy; and he held the desired umbrella straight and high, as if he was proud of it after all.

WHAT THE BIBLE CAN DO.

In a retired valley of Joshu, in India, there is a little hamlet of charcoal burners. A few years ago their manner of life was the rudest possible. There seemed no glimmer of hope for better things. A missionary, in passing through the valley,

apoke to the people. Two men became interested, and purchased copies of the New Testament. Their employers soon noticed a change in the grade of charcoal from these two men; it was more carefully burned, was better packed, and free from stones and grass. This charcoal was looked upon as a special brand, and brought a special price. On Sundays work was suspended; and these men, with their families, gathered for religious worship and the study of the Bible.

Shortly after, they began to reclaim the mountain land around them, to plant wheat and garden stuff; and recently one has become forehanded enough to build a frame house in place of his old hut. His employers say that he is the most efficient and trustworthy man in the mountain. He himself says that he owes his new vigour to his weekly day of rest; and that without it he could not do his work.

HIGH TEA.

When Dorothy and I took tea, we sat upon the floor;
No matter how much tea I drank, she always gave me more.
Our table was the scarlet box in which her tea-set came,
Our guests, an armless, one-eyed doll, a wooden horse gone lame.
She poured out nothing, very fast—the tea-pot tipped on high—
And in the bowl found sugar lumps unseen by my dull eye.
She added rich (pretended) cream; it seemed a wilful waste,
For though she overflowed the cup, it did not change the taste.
She asked, "Take milk?" or "sugar?" and though I answered "No,"
She put them in, and told me that I must take it so!
She'd say, "Another cup, papa?" and I, "No, thank you, ma'am";
But then I had to take it—her courtesy was sham.
Still, being neither green, nor black, nor English breakfast tea,
It did not give her guests the "nerves"—whatever those may be.
Though often I upset my cup, she only minded when
I would mistake the empty cups for those she'd filled again.
She tasted my cup gingerly, for fear I'd burn my tongue;
Indeed, she really hurt my pride—she made me feel so young.
I must have drunk some twoscore cups, and Dorothy sixteen,
Allowing only needful time to pour them in between.
We stirred with massive pewter spoons, and sipped in courtly ease,
With all the ceremony of the stately "Japanese."
At length she put the cups away, "Good-night papa," she said;
And I went to a real tea, and Dorothy to bed.