

about their eyes, as they gently led the little thing away, and when the case came into court, his Honor whispered to the woman to go home, and for her child's sake behave as a mother should. Perhaps she will do so—unless she should meet with some one licensed to deal out for the "public good" that which makes fathers act like brutes, and mothers forget the sucking child. Perhaps she will prove a true mother—unless some honourable and respected citizen gets her crazy on a dram on which he makes a profit of six cents. Strange things are done in this world; but few are more strange than the wonders wrought by this devil's draught, which in an hour turns love to hate, calmness to frenzy, quiet to confusion, and a mother to a fiend.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 19, 1884.

### HOW TO PRAY.

A LITTLE boy in Jamaica called on the missionary, and stated that he had been very ill, and often wished the minister had been present to pray with him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself."

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Why, sir, I begged."

A child of six years in a Sunday-school said, "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God."

A little girl about four years of age being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him."

"But how do you know he hears you?"

Putting her hand to her heart, she said, "I know he does, because there is something here that tells me so."

### LOVELINESS.

"Beautiful thoughts make a beautiful soul, and a beautiful soul makes a beautiful face."

ONCE I knew a little girl,  
Very plain;  
You might try her hair to curl,  
All in vain;  
On her cheek no tint of rose  
Paled and blushed, or sought repose:  
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain  
Came and went,  
As a recompense for pain,  
Angels sent:  
So full many a beautiful thing,  
In her young soul blossoming,  
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,  
Pure and true;  
And in time the homely face  
Lovelier grew;

With a heavenly radiance bright,  
From the soul's reflected light  
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,  
Plain or poor,  
If your thoughts are undefiled,  
You are sure,  
Of the loveliness of worth:—  
And this beauty not of earth  
Will endure.

### OUR TWO ARMS.

KATIE Genfield and May Hoffman, aged each about four years, were discussing theology. In other words, they were talking earnestly about heaven and the way to get there.

"You don't go to heaven when you die, at all," said Katie. "When our big boy died they put him in a great big coffin, and put that down in a deep grave, and he didn't go no place."

"Mamma, do they go to heaven when they die?" inquired May.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Hoffman, intent on her work.

"How do they go there?"

"I do wish you wouldn't bother me," replied Mrs. Hoffman, "you are a perfect little nuisance; do let me have a minute's peace," and she placed the smoking pie just taken from the oven on a shelf in the pantry, for the dinner that was engrossing her whole attention.

May's eyes filled with tears as she inquired timidly: "Mamma, do you wish that God hadn't made me?"

Her mother ignored the question, but

stooped down and kissed her little one affectionately, and said: "There, girls, run into the dining-room and have a good time, you are in my way here."

"I told you they don't go to heaven," said Katie, when they had reached the dining-room.

"They do, too," insisted May; "Mamma said they do. She didn't say how they go. I'll tell you how; you just hold up your two arms to Jesus, and he jumps you up into heaven right through the coffin."

Well done, little May! There was more orthodox theology in that speech than we often hear from learned minds who are moving or trying to move the world. It contains a whole lesson for parents as well as children. Just hold out your two arms to Jesus—the arm of repentance and the arm of faith—and he will jump you right through the grave into heaven.—*Western Advocate.*

### THE RIVER NILE.

ONCE on a time, long since gone by,  
In a small ark of rushes,  
A weeping mother placed her child,  
Where Nile's clear water gushes.

Ere long, down the river's brink,  
Came Pharaoh's royal daughter,  
And saw the ark, among the reeds,  
Afloat upon the water.

She bade her maidens bring it forth;  
But little dreamed the lady  
That 'neath the lid, so oddly hid,  
There was a dark-eyed baby.

The child awoke as from a dream,  
Or in the morning early,  
And lo, there glittered on his cheek,  
A shining tear-drop pearly.

The princess bowed her jewelled face—  
As bee among the clover,  
Repeatedly the nectar sips—  
She kissed him o'er and over.

She loved and she adopted him,  
The history discloses;  
And there was not in all the land  
A man so wise as Moses.

—*Little Sower.*

OUR young Sunbeams will have a paper every fortnight of the year 1884. Sometimes last year there was an interval of three weeks without one. This will not be so in the future. Be bright and happy Sunbeams and we will make your paper brighter and sunnier than ever.