

IN CHURCH.

"NANNIE, dear, we must be quiet,
Must not talk in church, you know;
We must sing, now let us try it—
Big folks hold the hymn-book so.

"Jesus loves me, this I know"—
Nannie, do not sing so loud;
Big folks smile and look so queer—
Wonder why they feel so proud?

"Then we must look at the preacher
When he speaks, so mamma said;
When he prays, you know our teacher
Told us we should bow the head."

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, 40 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
Hercan Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen; 2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
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
Hercan Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 81 King St. East, Toronto.C. W. COATES,
3 Blouay Street,
Montreal.S. F. HURSTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

ANNIE CLARK was only ten years old, but already she had given her heart to Christ, and joined the Baptist Church in the little town of N.

She was an active worker in the Sunday-school, and almost every Saturday you might see her, with Sunday-school papers under her arm, trying to get scholars for the Sunday-school; so the superintendent used to call her little missionary.

Annie's papa was a real missionary—one of those who go to the far East to tell the simple story of the cross to those who have long been in darkness. A short time before he was intending to start on one of these journeys, Annie found him alone one day in the library reading. Going to him, and climbing into his lap, she said:

"Papa, I am going to help you a good deal while you are gone."

"Why, dear little one," said he, "we shall be thousands of miles apart."

Turning and looking earnestly up in his face, she said:

"Papa, I can pray for you."

Dear little friend, have you not some one for whom you can pray; some one engaged in active labour, in which you would like to be? Let them know that you are praying for them, and it may help them, as it did Annie's papa; for he said that many times when he was discouraged and weary, the thought of the little girl at home praying for him, gave him strength and cheer.

"IT STINGS."

"How pretty!" cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror, and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking, "It stings! it stings!"

What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful, and sweet smelling flower. How could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you.

A busy little bee, in search of a dinner, had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossoms, and was sucking the nectar from it most heartily when Sammy's fat hand disturbed it; so being vexed with the child, he stung him. That's how Sammy's hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound with harts-horn, and when the pain was gone she said: "Sammy, my dear, let this teach you that many pretty things have very sharp stings."

Let every child take note of this: "Many pretty things have very sharp stings." It may save them from being stung if they keep this truth in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty.

A boy once thought wine a pretty thing; he drank it, and learned to be a drunkard. Thus wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious pear from a basket and ate it.

"Have you eaten one?" asked her mother pleasantly.

Fearing she would not get another if she said "Yes," she replied "No," got another pear, and felt so stung that she could not sleep.

Thus you see that sin, however pretty it looks, stings. It stings sharply, too. It stings fatally. The Bible says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

If you let sin sting you, nothing can heal the wound but the blood of Jesus. If you feel the smart of the sting, go to Jesus with it, and he will cure it. After that never forget that many pretty things have very sharp stings, and be careful not to touch, taste, or handle such things.—*Our Boys and Girls.*

FINGERS AND TOES.

THEY ask me, a mite of a boy, sir,
Just out of my baby-clothes,
What I shall do with my fingers
And what I shall do with my toes.

My fingers belong to my hands, sir,
My toes, they belong to my feet;
And I find them quite handy, I tell you,
To work with or play in the street.

With ten such fingers to help me,
Though one on each hand is a thumb,
I ought to do battle right bravely
With brandy and whisky and rum.

And as I am told to walk straight, sir,
I hope my ten toes will obey,
And go in the path straight and narrow,
And not lead this young chap astray.

—*Temperance Banner.*

SENDING LOVE.

THE *Sunday-School Advocate* tells us that the little Indian girls in some of the northern tribes of America have a pretty custom.

When a little friend dies the children set snares and catch birds.

A little girl, holding the pretty bird tenderly in her hand, will talk to it in this way: "Oh, little bird, our dear Laughing Eyes has gone away at the call of the Great Spirit. She can no longer see our faces or hear our voices. We are sad and lonely without her, and we want you to fly away and tell her that we love her and our hearts are sad because she has gone. Go, dear little bird, and bear our message to Laughing Eyes." And then they set the bird free, and it flies away.

It is very sweet to send love, but it is even sweeter to give it. While our dear friends are still with us, while they can look into our eyes and hear our words of love, let us speak them freely. Some day mother, sister, brother,—all will be gone beyond our reach. Let us speak the tender, thoughtful, loving word while we may.

THE BULLY.

If there is anything mean, it is for big boys to bully and tease the little boys. Yet we may see a big fellow knocking off the hat of a little one, slapping his face, and even kicking him. For shame! for shame! You cowardly bully! you would not thus treat a boy as strong as yourself. You would not dare to provoke one who was larger than yourself. You are a coward and a braggart, and must strike somebody, and so you tyrannize over the little fellows. For shame!