

## LITTLE KENNETH'S TEXT.

OUR Kenneth went to Sunday-school  
One pleasant day. He was but three;  
But in his brand-new hat and coat  
He felt quite like a man, you see.

His little text he learned so well,  
That grandma heard it with delight;  
Kissing his rosy cheeks, she said,  
"Now you'll be sure to say it right."

Among the troops of little ones  
That round the teacher's smiling face  
Were filling every vacant chair,  
He quite demurely found a place.

And now what do you think he said,  
When asked if he his lesson knew?  
"Honor my papa and mamma,  
And honor my nice grandma, too!"

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1880.

## A CHILD LOST!

A CHILD is lost in the snow. It is night; all is dark. One man has a lantern, another is blowing a horn, another is calling with all his might. Oh, how sad it will be if they do not find the poor lost child! It will die before morning.

It is a dreadful thing to be lost; yet the Bible says we are all lost in sin. We have gone astray like lost sheep. We have wandered away from our Father's house like disobedient, naughty children, and if we are not found we shall perish.

Now we see the tender love of Jesus. He says, "I will seek that which is lost." Down from heaven he came to seek lost sinners; and when the poor lost soul is found, Jesus calls, "Rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep which was lost."

Dear child, what would you do if you

were lost in the snow and could not find your way home? Would you not cry? Yes, and those who were seeking you would hear, and would hasten to bring you home.

And what will you do when we tell you that you are lost in sin? Will you not cry out to Jesus, that he may hear and save you? This is what he says: "Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am."

He longs to be your loving Guide  
In all your earthly way;  
He wants to give you heaven beside—  
How can you stay away!

## A KING'S DAUGHTER.

JEZEBEL was not only the daughter of a King, but she was also the wife and mother of a King. Yet she was a bad woman.

She had a good name. But her character was unlike her name. We have known girls named "Grace" who have not been at all gracious, and others named "Mercy" have been harsh and unjust, and others named "Charity" have been often unkind. A good name does not make a good boy or girl.

Jezebel died a horrible death. Jehu wished her body to be buried decently, and the reason he gave was that "she was a King's daughter."

King's children may be either good or bad. You are all King's sons and daughters—the sons and daughters of King Jesus. And yet I fear many of you are not good. You may have good names, but you may not have good habits. Billy Bray called himself "The King's son;" so may you. Billy Bray lived the life of a "King's son," and so may every boy.

King's children have a beautiful home. Heaven is the beautiful home for King's children. A little girl was one night gazing at the sky when all the stars were shining brightly, and on being asked what she was thinking about, replied: "Oh, mamma, I was thinking, if the outside of Heaven is so beautiful, how very beautiful it must be inside." Quite right, little one, only the inside is far more beautiful than the outside can suggest to us.

Beautiful characters are found in the home for King's children. Jesus Christ is there; so are John and Paul, and many others. And if we are to live there with them we must be made beautiful. "The King's daughter within the palace is all glorious." We must try to live well here, so that we may be prepared for dwelling forever among the beautiful ones in the King's palace.

How should a King's sons and daughters live? You must learn to be generous. Children always think that kings are rich, and that young princes and princesses are well-dressed, well-behaved, and liberal. Certainly the sons and daughters of King Jesus, who receive so many blessings from Him, should be ready to give freely. Florrie was allowed to invite several little friends to her birthday party. She made up her mind not to invite those who often went to parties, but those who had very little happiness in life. So she asked the poor blind girl, the little lame boy, her old nurse, the girl who helped her mother at home, and deaf and dumb Tommy. They all came, or were brought, and they had a good time together. That is the way in which kings' sons and daughters should act. Be generous and kind.

Learn to be noble. You may all be real princes and princesses, belonging to the great palace of your King. Should you not try to live like little princes and princesses? You must try.

The best way of learning how to be and do all this, is to try never to displease your King. Jesus cares for all his children, and if he sees that you are trying to be like him, he will help you; and every day the King will watch over all his little princes and princesses, and assist you to become good and noble King's sons and King's daughters.

## WRITING IT DOWN.

UNCLE JOHN would sometimes take a tiny note-book from his pocket and begin to write when the children were naughty and called each other names. Afterward he would read aloud to them what he had written. They did not like to hear it, although they knew it was true, every word of it; "for somehow," as Bess declared, "it wouldn't have been so dreadful if it hadn't been written down." By-and-by, whenever uncle John began to write in the little book, they would run to him and say: "Please don't write it down; we'll not say any more naughty words." The good man would smile as he put away the little book, and spoke to them lovingly of a Book where every thought and word and deed is written down. As time passes we forget that we have been so naughty, but it is all there against us, and when the book is opened we will find much written there that we would gladly erase. Dear little friends, the pages of your life are lying clean and white before you. What shall be written there? Now is the time to begin a record of which you will never be ashamed.