

MY BABY.

JUST four months old she is, my baby,
And what does it matter how old am I
All the world is for me, my baby,
Down on the pillow where you lie.

What does it matter how wide the world is,
Or who has gold, or who has lands?
I have my world on baby's pillow,
And she has hers in her dimpled hands.

Just four months old she is, my baby,
And ah, how swiftly the years go by!
God keep her happy and good, my baby,
When she is grown as old as I!

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A CHILD'S IDEA OF PRAYER

LITTLE Nellie, who was only four years old, no sooner saw work laid aside than she ran to her mother's knee and claimed a seat there. Mrs. Lane lifted her to her lap, and went on busily thinking of her duties and cares, while she rocked herself and Nellie to and fro.

For a time Nellie amused herself very quietly by winding a string in and out through her fingers, but presently she began talking to herself in a low tone: "When I say my prayers, God says: 'Hark, angels, while I hear a little noise.'"

Her mother asked her what noise was that.

"A little girl's noise. Then the angels will do just so [shutting her mouth very tightly and keeping very still for a moment] till I say Amen."

Isn't this a sweet thought? I wonder if the children who read this have ever thought how wonderful it is that God always hears their prayers. He is surrounded by thousands of angels, and all praising him with their golden harps, and yet, through all the music and all the praises, he hears the softest prayer of a little child kneeling by the bedside. He

must be very loving and very kind to children. We should think he would sometimes forget, and be listening to the beautiful sounds in heaven, instead of the prayer of a little child; but he never does. There is never too much singing nor too many praises there for him to hear a little girl's noise. Do you not wonder that children do not pray to him much more and much oftener than they do?

A NEW WAY.

"Oh, mamma," cried Lily, as she ran in from kindergarten, "how many more days before my birthday? Edith had her birthday to-day, and she has such lots of presents."

"Why, Lily, you will be six years old next Thursday, and I have just been thinking about it. I want to talk with you, and see what you are going to do."

"Well, mamma, what do you think would be nice?" asked Lily.

"How would you like to prepare some little gift for each one in the home here?" said Mrs. Lane. "Try to make us all happy on your birthday."

"But, mamma, what could I make?"

"Well, you know Margaret would enjoy a new scrap-book like the one you made Dorothy. Herbert would delight in a set of harness made of that heavy braid."

"And I could dress Elsie's doll again for her, and string some spools for baby Arthur. Oh, how nice! But what could I make for papa?"

"I think he would be very glad to have a new pocket-pincushion; and I want a lavender sachet for my linen closet," said mother Lane. "Then for Mary and Bridget?"

"Yes, mamma, I know I could make Mary a pincushion for her basket, and Bridget a hair-receiver, from my kindergarten mats."

"Well, now, we must set to work in earnest, as we have only four more days to work. To-morrow is Saturday; so we can buy all we need, and get everything started."

Then Lily and her mother took paper and pencil, made out their list, and found they had almost everything they should want in the house.

With considerable help here and there from mamma, by Wednesday night the little gifts were all ready.

Lily wrapped up each little article separately and marked them before going to bed, entirely happy in the consciousness of having a surprise for each one in the house. The other children were excited at the secrecy, and little Margaret said, "Why, mamma, it's just like Christmas when we can't see things."

Bright and early the next morning, Lily awoke, and was more than surprised to see by her bedside a beautiful new doll with complete sets of clothes. She soon remembered her bundles though, and ran from room to room with her own birthday gifts. Each one had a kiss and best wishes for her, and they were all so pleased that Lily herself was aglow with pleasure.

She then ran back to her beautiful dolls and other presents. The whole day was one of delight, and Mrs. Lane was so pleased with the success of her plan, that she determined to try it on every succeeding birthday.

JOE'S FIRST PARTY.

"I KNOW I won't det'seepy. P'ease let me 'tay up, cause I never saw a birfday with tandles in it."

Mamma could not resist the appeal of her little boy as he threw his arms around her neck and begged of her to let him stay up to sister May's party.

So little Joe was arrayed in his daintiest white dress, and his eyes were as bright as two buttons as he watched the happy children sitting about from room to room.

When the supper hour came he clapped his hands with delight as he saw the lovely birthday cake with ten lighted tapers in it burning so brightly; but as soon as supper was over, little Joe's eyes began to look heavy, and when mamma came to look for her little boy, he could not be found. She peeped about in every corner, and at last found him curled up in a big arm-chair fast asleep. She took him up carefully and undressed him, and put him in his little bed, and when the sun had been up for hours the next morning, little Joe opened his eyes and said: "Mamma, where is I? I fought I went to May's party."

TWO SURPRISES.

AUNT CARRIE was writing at her desk by the window, when Clay-boy placed a square envelope before her and said, "Aunt Carrie, will you please address this to my teacher?"

He did not notice that there was another envelope on the desk almost like this one, and Aunt Carrie said,

"Oh, you are going to send Miss Phebe a valentine, are you? I suppose it's very lovely;" but she did not look in the envelope, and Clay-boy was very glad of this. He knew very well if she did that dreadful looking thing would never reach Miss Phebe.

But that other envelope contained a valentine for Clay-boy, and by mistake Aunt Carrie directed the pretty one to Miss Phebe and the ugly one to Clay-boy.

Valentine's Day Miss Phebe was so surprised and pleased, and Clay-boy was still more surprised, but not one bit pleased.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS.

THOSE who are kind to animals are the kindest to human beings. The man who is cruel to his horses is likely to be unkind to his wife and children. The boy who is cruel to dogs and cats, or other animals will likely grow up to be cruel not only to animals, but to men as well. All the fowls and sheep and birds belong to God, and we have no right to abuse them. We should not forget that for the sin of cruelty to animals we will have to give an account at the bar of God. He notes even a sparrow's fall.