

BABY'S HANDS AND FEET.

LITTLE dimpled hands,
Busy, wondrous hands,
What shall they do?
When they older grow,
And when more you know
Good they must do.

Little rosy feet,
Now so soft and sweet,
Where shall they go?
When some other day
They find out the way,
Right they must go.

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PUNISHMENT OF EVIL NOT WRONG.

SUPPOSE a household with many children. Some are good, some very bad. Yet the parents treat them all alike. The boy who steals, the girl who lies, neither of whom show any sorrow for their evil deeds, are smiled upon, caressed, rewarded, just like the other children who are honest, truthful, obedient. No punishment is ever dealt out even for the most flagrant transgressions. What sort of a household would that be? Would you like to be a member of such a family? Again, suppose a community in which there were no laws against murder, theft, adultery, drunkenness, but where all were treated alike. Honest men have no preference, but thieves are elected to office, and evil-doers of every kind go unpunished. Would you like to live in any such community? Do we not all feel rightly that lying children and wicked men must be punished? Is it not wrong not to punish evil-doers? Well, just so it is in the government of God. If men reject the right and do the wrong, it would be wrong

of God to pardon them, unless they repent. Heaven would not be heaven any more were God to admit unrepentant sinners there. All restraint would be removed from evil-doers, and they would swiftly wax worse and worse.

GETTING RID OF BAD HABITS.

I ONCE heard a minister say: "Suppose some cold morning you should go into a neighbour's house and find him busy at work on his windows, scratching away, and should ask what he was up to, and he should reply, 'Why, I am trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I can get it off one square it comes on another;' would you not say, 'Why, man, let your windows alone, and kindle your fire, and the frost will soon come off.' And have you not seen people who try to break off their bad habits one after another without avail? Well, they are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his window. Let the fire of love to God and man, kindled at the altar of prayer, burn in their hearts, and the bad habits will soon melt away."

DID NOT KNOW IT WAS IN THE BIBLE.

A WELL-TO-DO deacon in Connecticut was one day accosted by his pastor, who said, 'Poor Widow Green's wood is all out. Can you not take her a cord?'

"Well," answered the deacon, "I have wood, and I have the team; but who is to pay me for it?"

The pastor, somewhat vexed, replied, "I will pay you for it on condition that you read the first three verses of the forty-first Psalm before you go to bed to-night."

The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the word of God and read the passage, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

A few days afterward the pastor met him again. 'How much do I owe you, deacon, for that cord of wood?'

"Oh," said the enlightened man, "do not speak of payment. I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the old widow's wants."

LITTLE children, a good word is easy, and not to speak ill requires only silence.

TOMMY'S GARDEN.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

TOMMY sat on a pile of boards in the sun, watching his mother making garden. The wild canaries were hopping about, and a robin was singing in the budding apple-tree.

"Mother, let me have a garden," pleaded the little man.

"You may have a bean garden in this nice corner," said his mother.

So Tommy mashed the dirt with his fat little fingers, put his seeds in their soft bed, and gave them a covering of warm earth. Next he stuck in a few sticks for the vines to climb over, then he sat down on the cellar door near, to watch his beans come up. The yellow birds picked up the scattered peas, but no other seeds came up that day.

Day after day Tommy watched his garden with an anxious heart. At last he saw something on the surface of his little bed. He gave a shout of joy that ended in a cry of distress. He had expected beautiful green vines, but there lay his old beans, all broken and spoiled.

Poor Tommy! He sat down on the bed, covered his face with his blue apron, lifted up his voice, and wept.

"Why, sonny, has a bee stung you again?" said his mother, running from the kitchen.

"No," sobbed Tommy; "my beans."

"They have come up nicely, my son."

"Yes," cried the little fellow, "but they are upside down. The vines have gone down and the beans have come up."

"Look here, Tommy;" and his mother took up one of the beans. Then he saw it was not a bean, but only the old shell which covered two little green leaves inside, while a strong little rootlet ran down into the ground.

"These bean-leaves are the overcoats to keep the baby leaves warm. They were full of food to feed the little plant until it was strong enough to do for itself," explained his mother.

Tommy smiled, and began to think after all he might climb as high on the bean-stalk as Jack did.

"My boy must remember, we must wait God's time for things to grow, and our plans often look 'upside down' to us, while God can see they are working all right, only needing time to show what they are."

Then Tommy learned things often look wrong and come out all right. And now he is an old man, he still remembers his mother's words, and waits for things to grow with a hopeful heart.