

LITTLE ACTS.

Little acts of kindness,  
How they cheer the way;  
Rays of light that brighten  
Many a shadowed day.

Little acts of kindness  
Soothe the tired heart,  
Bringing joy and gladness,  
Bidding care depart.

Little acts of kindness  
Charm the darkest hours  
Make a desert pathway  
Bloom with lovely flowers.

Little acts of kindness  
Angels work below;  
None can tell their power  
Or their sweetness know.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 4, 1905.

DANNY'S GIFT.

"Hello! Danny, don't you want to sell that lamb? I'm needing a pretty, gentle, trained lamb for a city man who has a lame little girl, and yours would be just what's wanted. I'll give you five dollars; and that's more than you can get at the butcher's."

"Sell my lamb! I guess not!" answered Danny, indignantly.

"You might, now, seeing as it is wanted for a little girl that can't run around as you can. 'Tisn't as if I was asking you to sell it for somebody to kill and eat it. You know it'll be well taken care of."

Danny put his arms around his pet, and said, defiantly: "There's no use asking. Nobody can make me sell my lamb."

The next day was Sunday, and Danny went to church as usual. But up there in the pulpit was a stranger, instead of his own dear pastor.

The stranger proved to be a missionary. He told a story that made Danny's heart beat loudly, and that made him wink very hard to keep back the tears. The missionary ended by an earnest appeal for money to help carry the good news of Jesus' love to the poor people among whom he had lived so many years.

"I wish I had something to give," thought Danny to himself. Suddenly a remembrance came that made him gasp and shut his teeth hard together. He had his lamb.

The next morning Danny went to the man who had wanted to buy the lamb and said: "Mr. Brown, if you haven't found a lamb to suit you I'll let you have mine. Give me the money, quick, please, and take Nanny."

In a few moments Danny was at his pastor's house with five dollars for the missionary.

When the good man heard the story, he declared that this was among the most precious gifts he had ever received.

Jesus, I would love thee;  
Thou art meek and milk,  
Help me now to serve thee,  
And be thy little child.

WHO COMES HERE?

Maggie and Madge have started for a walk together down the lane that leads from their house to the brook. But now they have met with a stranger in the path, and they hardly know whether to go forward or backward.

Madge stands stock-still looking at the new-comer, to see what he is like, but Maggie looks scared, and if Madge were not in front as a kind of protector, I think she would have run away by this time.

Yet this strange-looking object is only a harmless turtle, and it means to do no harm to these little girls. This is a land-turtle or tortoise, as it is often called. It is often kept as a pet, and perhaps some of my little readers have owned a pet turtle themselves.

Turtles are also found in the great ocean, and sometimes they are of enormous size. There is one kind of sea turtle that weighs over eight hundred pounds.

I suppose you have all seen the beautiful tortoise-shell that comes from one kind of land turtle, and is used for making combs and ornaments.

Little Maggie and Madge haven't learned anything about turtles as yet, but after they have reached home and told papa and mamma about the queer-looking animal that was in their way, they will hear all about turtles, and learn what curious and wonderful creatures they are.

"JESS GOINGTO."

"Jess Goingto!" I hear some one say. "Why, who is she? Do you know her? Tell us what she is like."

Yes, I know her only too well. Her name is often on the lips of certain of my young friends, but I am sorry to say that my opinion of her is not very good. It is said that you can always tell a person's character, even that of a child, by the company he or she keeps. Now Miss Jess Goingto may generally be found hand in hand with that very questionable character, Procrastination; and it is singular that when a boy or a girl is about to give way to the persuasions and temptations of old Procrastination he or she will very frequently assume the name as well as the disposition of this objectionable young lady.

"Have you washed your face yet, Kitty?"

"No, mother; but I'm Jess Goingto."

Kitty's features present an unmistakably soiled aspect for perhaps an hour afterwards.

"Fetch me that shovel of coal, Harry; the fire is getting very low."

"Yes, mother; I'm Jess Goingto."

Ten minutes later the fire goes out.

"Water those cuttings for me, Tom, before you forget it; they are very dry."

"Yes, father; I'm Jess Goingto."

In the hot sunshine two hours later father's choice cuttings droop and die. Peculiar, isn't it?

Another bad habit which results from association with Miss Jess Goingto is the making of idle excuses.

"Here's a dreadful mess you have left from your fretwork, Herbert," says his mother. "Why didn't you clear it away when you were done?"

"I was Jess Goingto, mother; only Addie called me to look at something, and then I forgot."

"I don't believe you have given your bird any fresh water this morning, Nellie. How thoughtless of you!"

"No, mother; I was Jess Goingto when Lucy came for me, and I hadn't time."

Many are the scrapes into which those fall who are much in the society of Miss Jess Goingto, and many tears does she cause them to shed. Having, then, been an eye-witness of so much evil that she has wrought, who can wonder that, though I have never seen Miss Jess Goingto, and my knowledge of her is only hearsay, my estimate of her character and influence is unfavorable in the extreme? I wish to avoid becoming personally acquainted with her, and I hope that she isn't a friend of yours.

"While others early learn to swear,  
And curse, and lie, and steal;  
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear  
And do thy holy will."