

## VIEW OF JAPAN.

"WHAT a beautiful country Japan must be!"

aid my little daughter thoughtfully,  
As she studied the views on her fan.

"It has red and white sky, and a mountain blue;

It has green and white grass, and pink trees, too.

Did you know trees were pink in Japan!"

"It has curious people in purple robes,  
Who play with sticks and toss up red globes,

And the women go gathering tea.  
I would like to visit the far-off, bright land,"  
She said as she held the fan in her hand,  
And then thought what Japan must be.

—Mary L. Branch

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## The Sunbeam.

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## HELP EACH OTHER.

A FATHER was walking one day in the fields with his two children. The wind was blowing over a fine field of ripe corn, and making the beautiful golden ears wave like the waves of the sea.

"Is it not surprising," said one of the children, "that the wind does not break the slender stalks of corn?"

"My child," said the father, "see how flexible the stalks are! They bend before the wind and rise again when it has passed over again. See, too, how they help to support each other. A single stalk would be soon bent to the ground, but so many growing close together help to keep each other up. If we keep together when the troubles of life come on us like a stormy wind, we shall keep each other up, when one trying to stand alone would fall."

## THE SLIDERS.

THE little pond by the roadside is filled every afternoon, after school hours, with a group of merry, laughing boys and girls, who delight to slide upon the smooth surface. Just now the ice is very slippery, and it is difficult to stand upon it, as Bob has found out.

Some of us older people, who are rheumatic and feel like keeping near the warm fire these wintry days, almost envy these younger ones, whose rosy cheeks and supple limbs speak of health and happiness. We are sliding down the hill of life, and when we reach the foot—what—where. Shall we slip away into a blessed eternity or into the pit of everlasting misery? It behooves us to settle the matter quickly.

"The wicked stand on slippery places," says the good Book. Did you ever watch a child learning to slide? At first he can scarcely stand upon the ice, if he can keep his feet at all. After awhile he is able not only to remain upon his feet, but to slide a short distance, and soon he can go rapidly without the least hesitation. Just so it is with one entering upon a course of sin. In the beginning his conscience makes him hesitate and draw back, but in a little while he slips from one evil into another, always going swifter and swifter upon the slippery road, until he is unable to stop and is plunged into endless woe. Let our prayer be: "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

## TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

CHILDREN, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain: but never again will you have the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in the struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old church-yard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—Macaulay.

## A VALENTINE.

SHE is fairer than the light,  
She is lovelier than the rose.  
More precious in my sight  
Than any flower that grows.

Her voice is sweeter far,  
Upon my listening ears,  
Than the song of morning star,  
Than the music of the spheres.

She is worth her weight in gold,  
In robes, and in pearls,—  
She is only two years old,  
With a head of yellow curls.

## "GENTLEMANLY."

"BE very gentle with her, my son," said Mrs. B., as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out very long before a cry was heard; and presently Julius came in, and threw down his hat, saying: "I hate playing with girls! There is no fun with them; they cry in a minute."

"What have you been doing to your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel walk; you have torn her frock, and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution to be gentle."

"Gentle! Boys can't be gentle, mother; it's their nature to be rough and hardy and boisterous. They are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It's very well to talk of a gentle girl; but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous! I should be ready to knock a fellow down for calling me so!"

"And yet, Julius, a few years hence, you would be very angry if any one were to say you were not a gentle man."

"A gentle man! I had never thought of dividing the word that way before. Being gentle always seems to me like being weak and womanish, and I don't wish to be so."

"This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire was a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still I dare say you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy."

"Yes, indeed, mother."

"Well, then, my son, it is my great wish that you should endeavour to unite the two. Show yourself manly in danger, in truthfulness, and in sickness and pain. At the same time, be gentle toward all men. By putting the two spirits together, you will deserve a name to be coveted."

"I see what you mean, dear mother, and I will endeavour to be what you wish—a gentlemanly boy."