

THE WATER-MILL.

LISTEN to the water-mill,
Through the hvelong day,
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves.
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing, too;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid;
Love while love shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in the to-day;
Power, intellect, and health,
May, not, can not last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life,
That have drifted by!
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take—oh! hold it fast—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

"WHY, HE PROMISED TO."

A LITTLE maiden, about seven years old,
was once asked: "My little girl, are you a
Christian?"

Looking up with a happy smile, she an-
swered: "Yes!"

"How long have you been one?"

"Ever since last night," she said. "I
was at the meeting, and I felt I was a sin-
ner, and I went home and kneeled by the

side of my bed, and I asked God to put
away my sins; and he did it."

"How do you know he did it?"

"Why, he promised to," was her reply.

How this dear child's faith took God
simply at his word, believing that what he
had promised he would fulfil.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Churchman together	2 00
The Worker, Halifax, weekly	0 00
Weekly School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 00
Canadian Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.	0 00
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 21c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Love and Self, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 25
Reverent Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 25
Insomn, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 15
Screen Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 00

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
75 & 87 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COOPER,
3 Bloor Street,
Montreal.

B. F. HUBBARD,
Weekly and Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886.

PRAYING AND DOING.

"BLESS the poor children who haven't got
any beds to-night," prayed a little boy just
before he lay down on his nice warm cot on
a cold, windy night.

As he rose from his knees, his mother
said:

"You have just asked God to bless the
poor children; what will you do to bless
them?"

The boy thought for a moment. "Why,
if I had a hundred cakes, enough for all the
family, I would give them some."

"But you have no cakes; what then are
you willing to do?"

"When I get money enough to buy all
the things I want, and have some over, I'll
give them some."

"But you haven't enough money to buy
all you want, and perhaps never will have;
what will you do to bless the poor now?"

"I'll give them some bread."

"You have no bread—the bread is mine."

"Then I could earn money and buy a
loaf myself."

"Take things as they are now—you
know what you have that is your own;
what are you willing to give to help the
poor?"

The boy thought again. "I'll give them
half my money; I have seven pennies; I'll
give them four. Wouldn't that be right?"

TREACHERY.

LONG, long ago there stood upon one of
the hills in Rome a mighty fortress. It
was besieged by the Sabines, a fierce and
warlike enemy. For days they had tried
every means of gaining access to the strong-
hold, but had failed, so vigilant were the
defenders. The governor of the fortress had
a daughter whose name was Tarpeta. This
foolish girl was captivated with the golden
bracelets of her father's enemies, and agreed
with them to let them into the place if they
would give her what they wore upon their
left arms. They consented, and before long
the unfortunate garrison were surprised and
driven from their position. But the trait-
ress was fearfully rewarded. When the
Sabines came to fulfil their promise, their
commander first handed his bracelet, but
with it he threw his shield, which he also wore
upon his left arm. The others followed his
example, and the unfortunate girl was
crushed beneath the weight of the treasure
which she coveted.

"The wages of sin is death." How often
we fail to consider this! It sometimes
appears attractive, and charms our fancy,
until we desire what is not good for us.
To the young the pleasures of the world are
like the golden bracelets, and we are willing
to join with those who are not on the Lord's
side. It is a poor thing to turn our backs
on the service of Christ for anything the
world can offer. Remember when tempted
to do so, "The wages of sin is death."

WHAT STEPHEN DID.

You would like to know what it was. I
will tell you.

The church was filled with people.
Stephen was there; he kept his eyes and
ears wide open, for right up there in the
pulpit stood a man who had come all the
way over the sea from Syria. He told of
the many in that land who did not know
the way to heaven.

"Poor people!" thought Stephen; "I
wish they could know that Jesus loved
them. I cannot go to tell them, though,
for I am only a boy."

The man said that fourteen cents would
buy a New Testament, and that any boy
could make fourteen cents and send one to
Syria.

Good news! Stephen tried to think of
some way in which he could make fourteen
cents.

"How fast the grass grows along the path
outside of our gate!" said Mrs. Long. "I
cannot find a man in the village to cut it."

"That is my way," thought Stephen.
"I'll cut the grass for you, Mrs. Long," he
said. And he did.

The result was that he made enough
money to buy three New Testaments.