

THE RAIN-DROPS' RIDE.

SOME little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage,
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But O! there were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

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DO NOT BEGIN THE DAY WRONG.

SOON he climbed down from the rail and walked slowly toward school. Before he reached there he met another boy who ought to have been in school. He was walking on stilts. He said "Don't let's go to school; let's have some fun." They played together and with some other boys, all the morning. These other boys were rough and bad. Andy knew he had done wrong, and was unhappy. After a while they began to quarrel, and might have hurt each other if they had not been separated. Andy was very unhappy when he went home. He tried to act as usual, and as if he had been at school all day. When his mother asked if he had known all his lessons, he said: "Yes, ma'am," but then something choked him in his throat, and he went right out of the room. His supper

did not taste good, and soon he went upstairs to bed. He could not sleep. Then he told his mother, and asked God to forgive him. I do not think he will spend another such day. You see that Andy began the day wrong, and kept on doing wrong. He could not be happy, of course, until he had humbly confessed his sin and was forgiven.

"HEAPIN' COAL."

"HARRY, you're cheatin'."

"I don't care."

"I won't play."

"Don't, then." And Harry Chester picked up his marbles, and those that belonged to his playmate, and ran away.

Willie, his little friend, who was two years younger than he, and only six years old, went in to his mother.

His face was very red, and his hands were clinched, and he had hard work to keep back the tears.

"Mamma," he said, "Harry has stolen my marbles, and the next time I see him, won't I give him a pounding!"

His mother caught his little hands in hers, and, looking down into his flashing eyes, said sadly, "Is that the kind of a little boy you are? Then you don't love your mother."

"No that is not the kind of a little boy, I am, and I do love you; but I'll find some big boy, and I'll get him to pound him."

Then his mother took her angry boy by the hand and told him the story of our Saviour—how cruel men nailed him to the cross, and put a crown of thorns on his head, and struck him, and pierced him, and spat on him, and taunted him; and how, when Jesus might have called thousands of angels to come and punish them, he only prayed to his Heavenly Father, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"Why didn't he send for the angels, mamma? I would."

"Because he loved his enemies, and wanted to save them; and he could not unless he suffered for them."

"What did he do, mamma?"

"He died, and rose again the third day, and went to prepare a place for us. What does my little son think now about pounding Harry?"

"I wouldn't do it myself, mamma; but I'd like to get the boy."

"Willie, we read in the Bible, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'"

"What is an enemy, mamma?"

"A little boy who steals your marbles."

"And what is heapin' coals on his head?"

"Heaping coals of fire on his head is being as kind as possible to him the very first chance you get."

"I believe I'll do it, mamma."

Then his mother kissed him, and called him her good little boy; and the bell rang, and they went down to supper.

It rained for two days, and Willie did not go out to play; but the third day about noon he came running in to his mother, and exclaimed,

"Get me a penny out my box. Harry's mother gave him two pennies to buy a kite, and he's lost one, and he's crying, and I want to heap coals—quick!"

His mother gave him the penny, and joyfully he ran to Harry with it.

"What makes you give it to me?" Harry asked.

"'Cause you're my enemy, and I'm heapin' coals."

"I don't know nothing about your coals, but I know I was awful mean to take your marbles the other day. Here, I'll give you all these," he added, drawing a handful of marbles from his pocket and presenting them to his playmate.

Then Harry and Willie were friends again.

Don't you think "heapin' coals" was much better than Willie finding a big boy to pound Harry?

A FRIEND IN NEED.

RATTLETY-BANG! rattlety-bang—down the street clattered an old tin can tied to the tail of a poor, friendless, and frightened dog! A crowd of boys followed at the runaway's heels, with cries and shouts, increasing alike his terror and his speed, until, at last, he had out-distanced his pursuers, but not, alas! that horrible, noisy thing that clattered and rattled at his heels.

Thoroughly tired, and quite as thoroughly terrified, the poor dog looked to right and left as he ran for help or shelter. At length he spied, at the corner of a cross-street not far away, a large friendly-looking, Newfoundland dog. With piteous cries and an imploring look, the exhausted dog dragged himself and his noisy appendage to the Newfoundland, and looked to him for help.

Nor was his appeal unheeded, for the Newfoundland seemed to appreciate the position and at once showed himself to be a generous dog. A patient gnawing at the string finally released the can; and then, lifting it in the air, the Newfoundland flung it from him with a triumphant toss of the head, while the other dog joyously bounded up from his crouching position—thankful to be rid of his troublesome burden which his human tormentors had inflicted upon him.