

NAUGHTY DOG.

I WISH that I had tried to be
A better dog to-day,
And not torn up that horrid doll
While mistress was away,
But the doll lay upon the rug—
It was a tempting prey.

I bit its face, I tore its hair;
I hated it, you see,
Because my mistress nurses it
More than she nurses me,
And now I'm in the corner here,
As I deserve to be.

Yet, though I do deserve it well,
I'd not sit quiet so
But for the whip whose cruel use
Full well I've learned to know.
It lies here now, and while it's here,
I simply dare not go.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1894.

A PROMISE.

A LITTLE girl went with her mother to a large town. It began to rain, and the mother said, "Lucy, I am afraid to take you any further on account of the rain. I must leave you in this store while I attend to some business. I will come for you as soon as I get through." Then her mother went away. Lucy began talking to another little girl, and told her that she was waiting for her mother.

"Are you not afraid your mother may forget you?" said the girl.

"No; I am not afraid. I am sure she will not do that," said Lucy.

"But how can you be sure? She may, you know."

"She promised," was Lucy's answer, "and I never knew my mother to break her promise."

It was growing dark; the lamps were lighted, and still her mother did not come.

A lady whom she knew came in and of-

ferred to take her home in her carriage, but Lucy said, "No, thank you, ma'am; mother said she would call for me, and I know she will keep her promise."

At length her mother came. This is the same kind of trust God wants us to have in his promises.

BRUCE'S BOARDERS.

MRS. FOSTER was busy dusting her dining-room. She had a white cap over her hair and wore a long blue apron. Knock, knock, knock, went somebody's fingers on the door, and before she could whisk off her cap or say "Come in," the door opened slowly and cautiously.

"Who can be coming to see me so early?" thought Mrs. Foster. "Oh!" as a fair, curly head presented itself, "it's Bruce Pettigrew!—Well, Bruce, what can I do for you to-day!"

"Mrs. Foster," said the child, bringing in a small tin plate, "won't you, please, ma'am, save me your crumbs and apple-cores for my boarders?"

"Your boarders?" cried Mrs. Foster. "Yes, ma'am—the birds, you know. So many of em' come now, since the snow, that I don't have enough to give them, so I thought I'd bring over my plate and get you to help me. I'll come back for it after dinner," and the little boy was gone without waiting for any promise.

So day after day the little boy and the little tin plate travelled backward and forward, and the birds flocked more and more to the snow-covered ledge of that third story window.

But Bruce's plan did more than feed the birds—more than he knew of, as is the case with most plans for good.

"That baby has the right idea of helping," thought busy Mrs. Foster: "he gives all he can himself, and then he takes the trouble to get other people to help. Now, here's Mrs. Irwin; she has enough cast-offs to set the poor O'Connors up in comfort. I'll just step over and ask for them."

"An old dress?" said Mrs. Irwin in a friendly tone, "why, to be sure, if you think that red dress Mary has just laid aside would do any good;" and before the visit was over, Mrs. Foster had more than she could carry home—enough to make the whole O'Connor family happy.

It gave the Irwins a new interest in the O'Connors too, and in all those poor people in that alley.

Little Bruce kept on feeding his birds and collecting his crumbs, knowing no more than the birds of all this; but the heavenly Father, whose care is over all his creatures, smiled down upon the little boy.

FEED THE BIRDS.

DON'T forget the birds after the snow-storm, children. The brave, light-hearted, twittering little creatures are at our mercy then, for their food is all covered up. Scatter crumbs on your window sills, balconies, and doorsteps. You may be sure the birds are glad to find crumbs and seeds

scattered for them over the strange, beautiful white earth, that suddenly seems to have no insects, nor dry twigs and nor any specks of food. They like to find a little box with warm wool in it with soil and pebbles, in which they pick and scratch. I know of some children who always scatter crumbs to the birds before they go to bed, and say "the little bills" are sure to find all before breakfast time the next day

"Amid the freezing sleet and snow
(The timid birdling comes;
In pity drive him not away,
But scatter out your crumbs."

A FALSE ALARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

SHY little pansies
Tucked away to sleep,
Wrapped in brown blankets
Piled snug and deep,
Heard in a day-dream
A bird singing clear,
"Wake, little sweethearts,
The springtime is here!"

Glad little pansies
Stirring from their sleep,
Shook their brown blankets
Off for a peep,
Put on their velvet hoods,
Purple and gold,
And stood all a-tremble
Abroad in the cold.

Snowflakes were flying,
Skies were grim and gray,
Bluebird and robin
Had scurried away;
Only the cruel wind
Laughed as it said,
"Poor little April fools,
Hurry back to bed!"

Soft chins a-quiver,
Dark eyes full of tears,
Brave little pansies,
Spite of their fears,
Said, "Let us wait for
The sunshiny weather;
Take hold of hands, dears,
And cuddle up together."

FOR EVER.

A LITTLE girl whom we know, c her night clothes very early to her one morning, saying:

"Which is worst, mamma, to be or steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, that both were so bad she could which was the worse.

"Well," said the little one, thinking a good deal about it, and included it's worse to lie than to you steal a thing you can take less you've eaten it; and if you've you can pay for it. But"—and a look of awe in the little face— for ever."

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C
3.G. 171
Jan. 41.
Them
Sam.
1
2