

SOME LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

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, oh, there were so many
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling—
Those frightened little folk.

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

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The Sunbeam.

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KEEPING THE LAW.

A GENTLEMAN wanted some sewing done. A young girl who could sew nicely was to do it, and he was to pay her for it. When she had just begun it, she was taken very sick, and could not work at all. Her older sister, who could sew even better than she could, said she would finish it for her. By the time it was done the one who had been sick was well again, and she carried it to the gentleman. He looked at it and was well pleased. "Did you do all this work?" he asked. She told him, "No, sir. I was sick, and my sister did for me." He said: "Well, 'tis well done, and I accept it just the same as if you did it."

That is something the way Jesus, our Elder Brother, keeps the law that we cannot keep because we are weak by sin; and if

we trust Jesus, God accepts his keeping the same as if we did it ourselves. It is because he died that we may live.

"ARCHIE FOR SHORT."

A LITTLE boy came to our house one morning on an errand. He was a pretty boy, and his dress was neat as a pin. He had a very polite way of speaking too.

"Good morning," said I.

"Good morning," he replied, taking off his cap.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Archibald Foster, ma'am, but folks generally call me Archie for short."

"I think you have a good mother, Archie. you look so neat and nice."

"I haven't any mother; she died when I was a little baby; but I have a nice sister," he said. "Mary takes good care of me, the best she can."

"Have you a father?"

"Yes, ma'am; but—"

I saw he faltered there. "What is his business?"

"He hasn't any."

"Is he sick?"

"No, ma'am; but—" and here the little fellow stopped short again.

"But what, Archie? Tell me about him."

"He drinks, ma'am," and after quite a pause he added, "awful bad."

I said a few kind words to him, and then he told me how hard his sister had to work, and how he tried to help her, but he could not get nice clothes to go to Sunday-school. "See how these are patched and darned," he said, "and they are not fit to wear to church and Sunday-school."

"Have you asked God to send you some?" I said.

"No, ma'am, I never thought of that. Do you think he would?"

"I do; he has said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' And more than that, I believe if you ask God he will change your father's heart so that he will quit drinking."

"Do you?" he exclaimed. "I never thought of such a thing as that. I'll ask him; you better believe I will!"

I gave him a few words of instruction, and Archie went home rejoicing to tell his sister, and to get her to pray too that father might become a good man.

I have not heard from him since, but I really believe I shall hear good news when I see him again.

You must work for the Master, either willingly or unwillingly; cheerfully or complainingly. Which will you do?

LITTLE JOHNNIE TWO-BOYS.

WHEN Johnnie's mother dressed him in the morning, she always buttoned up two boys inside of his jacket. One was named Good; the other Bad. These boys talked to him all day long, and told him what to do. Sometimes he minded one and sometimes the other.

When his face was being washed, Bad would call out, "You don't want it washed; it's clean enough." And then Johnnie would turn his little nose around under the wash-rag and try to speak, and make his mother a great deal of trouble.

Sometimes Bad would talk to Johnnie all day long; but at night, when he was going to bed, Good would say, "Don't you feel sorry that you have been so naughty?" And Johnnie, just before he said his prayers, would promise to try and do better.

One day Johnnie had a new ball. It was white and clean, and bounced as high as the door.

"Me wants it, too," said Johnnie's baby sister.

"She can't have it," said Bad.

"Me wants it, too," cried baby again.

"Well, I won't give it to you; it's mine," answered Johnnie, giving it a toss. Baby cried.

"It's mine, I tell you!" shouted Johnnie, stamping his foot.

"That's right!" said Bad.

Baby cried so hard that mamma came, and Johnnie was sent out of the room.

"It's your little baby sister," said Good.

"I don't care," said Johnnie.

"She put her two little arms around your neck and hugged you just now," said Good.

Johnnie felt rather ashamed, so he didn't say anything more.

Pretty soon Johnnie's round face peeped into the nursery, and two rows of teeth showed themselves while the ball rolled over to baby.

Good had his way that time.

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

"MARY, what do you wish to be when you grow up?" asked a little girl of her companion.

"I want to be like my teacher," was the quick, earnest reply.

My interest was awakened, and, drawing near, I said: "Why do you wish to be like your teacher, my dear?"

"Oh! because she is so kind and good. She knows a great deal, and she takes such pains to teach us. Then she is always trying to make us happy. I am sure she does good wherever she goes."

"Like teacher!" How much is expressed in those words!