

## FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS.

Five little brothers set out together  
To journey the livelong day;  
In a curious carriage all made of leather  
They hurried away, away!  
One big brother and three quite small,  
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy,  
And they could not move about.  
The five little brothers grow very gloomy,  
And the wee one began to pout.  
Till the biggest one whispered, "What do  
you say?"  
Let's leave the carriage and run away!"

So out they scampered, the five together,  
And off and away they sped.  
When somebody found that carriage of  
leather,  
O, my! how she shook her head!  
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as everyone  
knows,  
And the five little brothers were five little  
trees.

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## Sunbeam.

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## THE JESUS-TEACHING.

At a meeting in Japan where a number of Christian girls were gathered together, the subject was: "How to glorify Christ by our lives." One of the girls said: "It seems to me like this: One spring my mother got some flower seeds, little, ugly, black things, and planted them; they grew and blossomed beautifully. One day a neighbour coming in and seeing these flowers said, 'Oh, how beautiful! I must have some, too; won't you please give me some seed?' Now, if this neighbour had only just seen the flower seeds, she wouldn't have called for them; 'twas only when she saw how beautiful was the blossom that she wanted the seed. And so with Christi-

anity: when we speak to our friends of the truths of the Bible, they seem to them hard and uninteresting, and they say: 'We don't care to hear about these things; they are not as interesting as our own stories.' But when they see these same truths blossoming out in our lives into kindly words and good acts, then they say, 'How beautiful these lives! What makes them different from other lives?' When they hear that 'tis the Jesus-teaching, then they say 'We must have it, too!' And thus, by our lives, more than by our tongues, we can preach Christ to our unbelieving friends."

## A LITTLE GIRL'S LOGIC.

A little girl, six years old, was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out yourself?"

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Get your Bible and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with excitement of discovery: "I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

## DIDN'T MEAN TO.

"I didn't mean to," said Benny, the other day when he left his sled lying in the gateway after dark, so that old Mr. Marvin fell over it and broke his leg. The dear old clergyman will never walk without a crutch again.

We shall miss his grey head and wise counsel and solemn prayer in our sick-rooms. He will be obliged to lie many weeks in bed before he can sit up or walk a step, and all because Benny "didn't mean to."

The careless nurse that held little Gracie, when she was a lively, strong, rosy baby, six months old, jumping and throwing herself about in all directions, tried to read a story-book and tend baby at one time. Gracie gave a jump, and fell back over the arm of the sofa, and injured her spine, so that from being the pride and joy of the house, she became a puny, wailing, deformed child, whom no doctor could cure. It was little comfort, as her mother sat up at night and soothed her distress, and her father tried all that wealth could do to make her straight and strong, to hear the nurse say, "I didn't mean to."

When little Johnny shocks his mother by saying bad words and using coarse slang phrases, it does not make the matter much better to have his big brother, from whom

he learned it all, say, "I didn't mean to say such things before the children."

Some young girls were working in a powder factory one day, full of life and happiness. They all expected to lie down in their homes as usual that night. Death seemed as far off to them as it does to you. One of them carelessly threw a pair of scissors to a friend sitting near. They hit a cartridge, and caused a terrific explosion, which sent a large number of young girls and men into eternity in an instant of time. When the relatives were weeping and wailing, and trying to find the dead bodies of their dear children among the charred remains of the victims of the accident, how little consolation was it to hear one say, "She didn't mean to."

I heard a father tell his son one day, "My boy, that's no excuse; don't let me hear that again; mean not to."

Very few mean to scatter sorrow and distress and woe in the path of others. None mean to lose their own souls, and few wish to ruin those about them. When the mischief is done, how poor the excuse, "I didn't mean to!" How much better to mean not to!—*Southwestern Methodist.*

## WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

Not to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew, or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits.

To observe all these rules, and they are are sure to be gentlemen.

## BRIGHTENING ALL IT CAN.

The day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly toward night the clouds broke, and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out, "Look, O look! papa, the sun is brightening all it can!" Brightening all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose." "How, papa? tell me how." "By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good, that's all."