

## THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

I KNOW a funny little boy—

The happiest ever born;  
His face is like a beam of joy,  
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,  
And waited for a groan;  
But how he laughed! Do you suppose  
He struck his fanny bone?

There is sunshine in each word he speaks;  
His laugh is something grand;  
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,  
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,  
And till the day is done;  
The school-room for a joke he takes—  
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,  
You cannot make him cry;  
He's worth a dozen boys I know,  
Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

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## TAKING A WALK.

DORRIS and Davie went to take Dorothea out for a walk. Dottie carried the little blue silk parasol that grandma had given her last summer, and Davie had Brother Fred's cane. They saw the minister coming, and they were so interested looking at him, they did not notice how Dorothea's feet dragged on the ground. When the minister came up to them, he said: "As I passed your house, I heard your mother say she was looking for you."

"We will go right home," said Davie,

while Dottie picked Dorothea up in her arms so they could walk faster. "That is right; always honour your mother's wishes," the minister said.

"I wonder what he meant?" said Dottie. "We will ask mamma," said Davie. When they did so, mamma said, "Honour means a great deal. It is to obey because we love to obey, and to do all that we can to make others love them too. God says that children should honour their parents, and God always tells us the best thing to do."

## THAT KISS OF MY MOTHER.

GEORGE BROWN wanted to go somewhere, and his mother was not willing. He tried to argue the matter. When that would not do, instead of saying, "I should really like to go, but if you cannot give your consent, dear mother, I will try to be content to stay," he spoke roughly, and went off slamming the door behind him. Too many boys do so. George was fourteen, and with his fourteen years' experience with one of the best of mothers, one would have thought better of him. "But he was only a boy. What can you expect of boys?" So say some people.

Stop! hear more. That night George found thorns in his pillow. He could not fix it in any way to go to sleep on. He turned and tossed and he shook and patted it; but not a wink of sleep for him. The thorns kept pricking. They were the angry words he spoke to his mother. "My dear mother, who deserves nothing but kindness and love and obedience from me," he said to himself. "I never do enough for her; yet how have I behaved? her oldest boy! How tenderly she nursed me through that fever!"

These unhappy thoughts quite overcame him. He would ask her to forgive him in the morning. But suppose something should happen before morning? He would ask her now, to-night, this moment. George crept out of bed, and went softly to his mother's room.

"George," she said, "is that you? are you sick?" For mothers, you know, seem to sleep with one eye and ear open, especially when the fathers are away, as George's father was.

"Dear mother," he said, kneeling at her bedside, "I could not sleep for thinking of my rude words to you. Forgive me, mother, my dear mother! and may God help me never to behave so again!"

She clasped the penitent boy in her arms and kissed his warm cheek. George is a big man now, but he says that was the sweetest moment of his life. His strong, healthy, impetuous nature became tempered by a gentleness of spirit. It softened its rough-

ness, sweetened his temper, and helped him on to a true and noble Christian manhood.

Boys are sometimes ashamed to act out their best feelings. Oh, if they only knew what a loss it is to them not to do so!

## A CAREFUL LITTLE MOTHER.

BERTHA doesn't know that she is learning lessons every day. She is too little to go to school. But let me tell you something about her, and then you too will think she has learned some good lessons.

One day Alice came to see Bertha and brought her doll. When they had played a little while, Alice said, "My doll is bigger and prettier than yours."

Bertha's face grew very red, but she answered quite gently as she hugged her own dear doll to her kind little heart: "Yes, I guess she is, but my Dollie is real good; she hardly ever cries."

When Alice had gone, it was nearly time to help mamma set the table for tea. Bertha undressed her doll and set her little shoes carefully together on the floor. She folded Dollie's clothes, and had rocked her to sleep and put her in her cradle before mamma's voice called, "Come, little daughter!"

Now, perhaps you can tell what lessons Bertha has learned.

## WAS HE RIGHT?

ONCE a lady asked a little boy who made him. He answered: "God made me so big, and I grew the rest." As he said this, he measured with his hands as long as he was when he was a wee baby.

How many of our little ones think he spoke truly? Do you think he would ever have grown at all, if God had not made him grow? No, no, dear children. It is God who makes you grow, and who even keeps you alive. You could not grow, or do anything else of yourself, without him. Ought you not to be very thankful to him every day you live?

I once heard of a little boy who planted himself to grow. That is the way God makes flowers and trees to grow; but he has a better way for boys and girls. They can grow as they go about. Did you ever stop to think that God had made everything just the best way that it could be made?

LITTLE Susie coming home from her first attendance at church, was met with the playful remonstrance from her mother, "They tell me you went to sleep, Susie, how did that happen?" "All the mens did," said the child, in answer.