

DRARY'S HYMN.

I cannot think but God must know  
About the thing I long for so.  
I know he is so good, so kind,  
I cannot think but he will find  
Some way to help, some way to show  
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand - it lies so near,  
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear,  
"Dear Lord," I pray, "O, let me know  
If it is wrong to want it so!"  
He only smiles. He does not speak.  
My heart grows weaker and more weak  
With looking at the thing so dear  
Which lies so far and yet so near

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet  
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;  
I will not seek, I will not long,  
I almost fear I have been wrong;  
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,  
And wait till by some loud, clear word  
Thou callest me to thy loved feet,  
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Subs.
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00	
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp., Nov., monthly	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 40c., weekly, under covers	0 50	
3 copies and over	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 40c., weekly, single copies	0 25	
125 than 20 copies	0 21	
Over 20 copies	0 15	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12	
10 copies and upwards	0 11	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12	
10 copies and upwards	0 08	
How Drops, weekly	0 20	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 05	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 05	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 25 cents a dozen, \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
210 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HULSTIS,  
2126 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal Que. Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 2, 1899.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, says the teller of the story, if the son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said: "Empty out those apples, and take the

basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed, "And now," the father said, "put those apples back in the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the son said: "Father, they roll off, I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips, and then fill it with apples? You said that you did not know why you fell behind at school. I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold more than so much, and here you have been for the past month filling it up with chip dirt—cheap novels."

JOHNNY'S TEARS.

Johnny had a great trial. He was sitting on the floor looking over all his pictures, and baby toddled up and tore one right across, one of the prettiest. Johnny called out, "O mamma, see what baby has done!" and began to cry.

"Johnny," said mamma, as she took baby away, "did you know that tears are salt water?"

Johnny checked a sob and looked up.

"No," he said, with great interest; "are they? How did you find out, mamma?"

"Oh, somebody told me so when I was a little girl, and I tried a tear and found it was true."

"Real salt water?" asked Johnny.

"Yes; try and see."

Johnny would very gladly have tried if he could have found a tear. By that time there was not one left, and his eyes were so clear and bright it was no use hoping for any more that time. He looked at the torn picture, but it did not make him feel bad any more. All he could think of was whether tears tasted like salt water.

"Next time I cry I will find out!" he determined.

That very afternoon, while climbing over the top of the rocking-chair, he fell and got a great bump. It was too much for any little boy, and too much for Johnny, and he was just beginning to cry loudly when he happened to think what a good chance this was going to be to catch some tears. He put up his finger, too quick, in fact, for there had not a tear come yet worth mentioning, and now that his thoughts had wandered from the bump, he could not seem to cry about it any more. So that chance was lost.

"I can't get a single tear to taste of, mamma!" he said ruefully.

A BOY'S DIARY.

A mother describes in the *Interior* how she came to look upon the rubbish in her boy's drawer as his unwritten diary and the basis of his autobiography. She said to him one day: "My son, your bureau drawer is full of rubbish; you had better clear it out."

Yes, that would be his delight; so we began.

"This horseshoe is of no use."

"Oh, yes it is; I found it under grandpa's corn-crib, and he let me have it."

"These clam-shells you'd better break up for the hens."

"Why, mamma, I got them on the beach, you know, last summer!"

"And this faded ribbon, burn it up."

"Oh, no! That was our class badge for the last day of school, and I want to keep it."

"Here is that old tin flute yet? Why do you heap up such trash?"

"That is a nice flute that Willie gave me two Christmases ago. Didn't we have a splendid time that day?"

"Well, this bottle is good for nothing."

"Oh, yes it is. That is the bottle I used for a bobber when we went fishing at Green's Lake. A black bass pulled that bottle away under water!"

Then the mother thought that to destroy these historical relics would be to obliterate pleasant memories.

SPEAK TRULY.

"Ella, I heard you tell Jessie that you did not care if you never saw her again."

"O well, mamma, I did not mean exactly that; I just said it."

"Just said it? But why did you say it unless you meant it? What is it to say one thing and mean another? And a little while ago I heard you tell Roy that you thought him the meanest boy on earth. Do you really think you had such a boy for a brother?"

"Why, no, mamma; I did not mean that."

"You must think first before saying such things, Ella. Yesterday you said that you were tired of pudding for dinner, and never wanted any more as long as you lived. You know that you did not say what you meant, nor mean what you said. This morning you told Maggie that you were not going to practice any more to-day; yet you know that I told you that you must certainly do another half-hour before tea; and you know that I meant what I said. I have heard you lately declare positively that you would not do certain things, when you knew, if you stopped to think, that you were not speaking the truth. I am distressed."

"I only said these things, mamma; I did not mean them, though."

"Do not say again, 'I just said them,' daughter. Stop saying what you do not mean, and speak truly. The law of truth must be in your mouth as well as in your heart."

God promises wonderful things to his children, the very things that people the world over are seeking peace and purity and joy and abundant life; and God's promises cannot fail. Why, then, do so few, comparatively, hold the wonderful gifts? Is it not because our longing and striving for them is so intermittent? A stray wish now and then will not avail us much; but those who "hunger and thirst" after righteousness shall be filled.