

THE BEST WAY.

If I make a face at Billy,
He will make a face at me;
That makes two ugly faces,
And a quarrel, don't you see?
And then I double up my fist
And hit him, and he'll pay
Me back by giving me a kick,
Unless I run away.

But if I smile at Billy,
'Tis sure to make him laugh;
You'd say, if you could see him,
'Twas jollier by half
Than kicks and ugly faces
I tell you, all the while,
It's pleasanter for any boy
(Or girl) to laugh and smile.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 16, 1897.

THE CHILDREN OF A KING.

ONE cold wet day, our city missionary climbed the steps of a house he had not visited before. He had heard of some little ones up in the garret room, and his visit was for them. The steps were very steep and very dark, and the missionary had to fumble about for the handle of the door. He knocked, but there was no answer, so he opened the creaking door and walked in.

"Oh, please don't make such a noise, sir," said a sweet little voice; "you'll wake the prince."

You may imagine how astonished the visitor was to hear of a prince in that half-lighted, bare room. Presently he saw through the dim light a little wooden cradle, with a poor skin-and-bones baby in it, and at the foot of it a girl about six years old anxiously rocking it to and fro.

"You see the prince is very hungry," she said, "an' of he wakes up he'll holler orful."

"Are you hungry, too, my child?" asked the missionary.

"Yes, course; I'm big, you see, an' kin wait. The prince don't know 'bout mammy comin' home 'fore dark an' bringin' a loaf."

The gentleman brought out of his overcoat pocket a couple of sandwiches, intended for his own lunch, and gave them to the brave little sister; and while she devoured one he asked her why she called the baby by such a strange name.

"Oh, that's a little play mamma taught me," said the child, with a smile, "to keep me from thinking about being cold and hungry. She tells me stories at night 'bout kings and queens; and then when she's away at work all day I play the queen's out drivin', and me an' baby are livin' in a big warm house an' havin' sausage every day for breakfast. It helps a lot."

"Well, my dear little princess," said the missionary, "you and baby are in truth children of a heavenly King, and he has sent me to-day to see about you. There is a nice warm house not very far from here, just open to-day, where you and the prince can stay all day while your mother is at work. You'll get bread and milk there every day, and sausages, too, sometimes."

"Is it the palace?" asked the little girl, her eyes shining.

"They call it the Nursery," answered the gentleman, "but it belongs to our heavenly Father, and he has sent me to tell you about it."

Just try to think what it was to these cold and hungry children to be sent to this warm, comfortable place every day, to be clothed and fed and taken care of! The baby got fat and merry, and was always called "The Prince;" but the brave little sister never forgot that the King had sent them all these beautiful times.

"YOU CAN'T RUB IT OUT."

"DON'T write there, Willie," said a father to his little son, who was writing on the window with a diamond; "you cannot rub it out when the mark is once made."

Yesterday a little boy was very cross because mamma wished him to work when he wanted to play, and he said some harsh words which grieved his mamma to hear. Ah, Harry, that was sad indeed; for "you can't rub it out."

And a little girl there was, with a fair, innocent face, but with a naughty tongue, which often led her astray. When her teacher was not looking she whispered to her school-mate, which she knew was against the rule. Ah, Jennie, beware of even a trifling sin; for, once committed, "you can't rub it out."

When Harry's father asked him if he had done the errand on which he had been sent, Harry answered, "Yes, sir," but did not say that he had loitered by the way, and reached the office too late for the noon mail. Why not bravely tell father of the fault, and ask his forgiveness? "It was not much to tell," you say. Ah, but it

is wrong; and, once done, "you can't rub it out."

So, no matter how slight or small the sin may seem, yet, once committed, like the writing with the diamond on the glass, "you can't rub it out."

How much better it would be, dear young folks, to keep out every sin which is likely to spot the fair soul that is meant for eternal life! And if we would dwell forever with the precious Saviour, we must keep ourselves unspotted; for "only the pure in heart shall see God."

DAISY'S GOOD WORDS.

LITTLE Daisy and her mamma waited on the platform for the train to get ready to take them to grandpa's. The engine, a few yards off, was puffing and sissing pleasantly, as though it was glad to get a rest; for this was a "half-way station," and here those who travelled expected "ten minutes for refreshments."

The refreshment-room had swallowed all the passengers but one. This one was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, but his head was bent low, and his face looked as the sky does when thick clouds come over it. He walked up and down with long steps, but did not once look at Daisy. He muttered to himself, but did not seem to hear or see anything.

Little Daisy saw the trouble in his face, and her baby heart (she was only three years and a half old) longed to comfort him. She slipped her hand from mamma's, and when he again came near she took a step or two forward, made a quaint little bow, and cooed out in her sweet tones, "Eow do?"

The gentleman stopped and looked at her, the trouble still in his eyes.

"How do?" Daisy again lisped, as her sweet, grave face looked up at him.

"How do you do, my little lady?" he asked in pleased surprise, as he held out his hand to her.

"Pitty 'ell," she returned, putting her tiny hand in his.

The darkest clouds had all gone from his face now.

"'Ou solly (sorry)? I solly, too!" were her next words.

With a flash of light in his eyes, and something like a sob in his voice, the stranger caught her up in his arms tenderly.

"I 'ove 'ou," she said; and she laid her soft cheek lovingly against his.

"Her sweet words have done me more good than I can ever tell, madam," the gentleman said as he put Daisy in her mother's arms, and hurried into another car.

What battle was going on in his soul that little one helped him to win, or what trouble she had lifted from his heart, we will never know this side of heaven; but we cannot doubt that God sometimes makes children "ministering spirits to them who shall be heirs of salvation." How true that "heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop, but a good word maketh it glad."