

it, and it made me feel afraid all that day. Carry it back to mother, Jennie, if you don't want to feel as I did."

"She'll punish me," sobbed Jennie.

"You had better be punished than feel as I did all that day. Do carry it back."

Jennie came softly down stairs, and placed the sugar in her mother's hand. Her heart was full; she could only sob without speaking.

As soon as she was calm enough, she confessed the whole truth, and was forgiven, for her mother saw that she was already penitent. Mrs. Brown was made very happy by the account which Jennie gave her of her brother's influence over her; and most anxiously she prayed that her little ones might oftener guide one another along the pleasant paths of virtue and peace.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

### THE SUNBEAM.

CHILDREN, you are household sunbeams; don't forget it, and when mother is tired and weary, or father comes home from his day's work feeling depressed, speak cheerfully to them, and do what you can to help them. Very often you can help them most by not doing something; for what you would do may only make more work for them. Therefore, think before you speak or act, and say to yourself, "Will this help mamma?" or "Will this please papa?" There is something inside of you that will always answer and tell you how to act. It won't take a minute, either, to decide, when you do this, and you will be repaid for waiting by the earnestness of the smile or the sincerity of the kiss which will then greet you. One thing remember always—the effect of what you do lingers

after you are gone. Long after you have forgotten the smile or cheerful word which you gave your father or mother, or the little act which you did to make them happy, it is remembered by them, and after you are asleep they will talk about it, and thank God for their little household sunbeams.

### EMPTYING OUT THE WHISKEY.

WE know of a dear, beautiful little boy in Pennsylvania, who signed the temperance pledge at one of the temperance meetings held for children. A short time afterward his mother was busy in her kitchen, preparing cakes and pies. "Davy," she said, "go up to the closet and bring down the whiskey jug. I want some for these mince pies."

Davy, as was his habit, instantly obeyed. But, as he went dancing up stairs, the thought came to him, "Can I, a temperance boy, carry a whiskey-jug?" He stopped right there on the stairs and decided the question. Then hurrying back to the kitchen he said:

"Oh, mamma! I can't carry a whiskey jug—I've signed the pledge—but I'll stir the batter while you go."

Without a word, the mother gave into his little hands the spoon with which she was stirring the batter, and went herself to bring the jug. She felt a strange, choking sensation in her throat, but she walked up those steps with a firm tread, and seized the jug. When she came down the dear little fellow was beating away at the dough with all his might. His eyes followed her as she went to the sink and began to empty out the contents of the jug.

"What are you doing, mamma?"

"I'm emptying out the whiskey. We'll not have any more in our mince pies."

"Oh, mamma! do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean to use lemons instead."

"Goody, goody! I'm glad—then I can eat them, too, can't I mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; and mamma will never make anything again that her dear little boy cannot eat."

"Goody, goody! we're going to have temperance pies."

And Davy fairly danced up and down in the kitchen, as the whiskey gurgled in the sink.

Don't you think Davy is a real good temperance boy? Then follow his example.

Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, and you will not be defiled.—*Everybody's Paper.*

### THE YOUNG SEAMSTRESS.

"I AM learning how to sew," said an eager little maid;

"I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;

I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,

And mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.

Its over and over—do you know

How over-and-over stitches go?

"I have begun a handkerchief—mamma turned in the edge,

And basted it with a pink thread to show me where to sew.

It has Greenaway children on it stepping staidly by a hedge;

I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks, you know,

And that is the way I learn to hem

With a hemming stitch—do you

know them?

"Next I shall learn to run, and darn, and backstitch, too, I guess,

It wouldn't take me long I know, if't wasn't for the thread;

But the knots keep coming, and besides—I shall have to confess—

Sometimes I slip my thimble off, and use my thumb instead.

When your thread knots, what do you do?

And does it turn all brownish, too?

"My papa, he's a great big man, as much as six feet high;

He's more than forty, and his hair has grey mixed with the black;

Well, he can't sew! he can't begin to sew as well as I.

If he loses of a button, mamma has to set it back.

You musn't think me proud, you know,

But I am seven, and I can sew."

### LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE labours rightly done,

Little battles bravely won,

Little masteries achieved,

Little wants with care relieved,

Little words in love expressed,

Little wrongs at once confessed,

Little favours kindly done,

Little toils thou didst not shun,

Little graces meekly worn,

Little lights with patience borne—

These shall crown the pillowed head,

Holy light upon thee shed;

These are treasures that shall rise

Far beyond the smiling skies.