

A LITTLE BOY'S PIECE.

I AM a little temperance boy,
And shall do all I can,
Then when I grow up big
I'll be a temperance man.

I've lately signed the pledge,
And mean to keep it too;
I'll never drink a drop of beer,
Or swear, or smoke, or chew.

My mother says such boys
Make honest men, and true;
We'll fight for home and native land,
And great the good we'll do.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

Table listing various Sunday school papers with prices. Includes titles like 'The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.' and 'The Westman, Halifax, weekly'.

Address: W. J. H. BATES,
311 Bay Street, Toronto.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

LET ME PRAY FIRST.

A SWEET little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town, when she came to a spot where several boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys threw a stone toward her and struck her in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready for the doctor to do what he could to cure her eye.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.
"Why do you wish us to wait, my child?"
"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered.

And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterward submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

WHAT SHALL THAT BOY DO?

Who will tell? The boy who reads this, what will he do? When he becomes a man, will he do manly things? Will he read, and so be intelligent? Will he bring the powers of body and mind into exercise, and so be useful and healthful and strong? Will he pray, and be pious, good—of a noble and virtuous soul? Will he write, and so be graceful in speech, ready in communication, and of a strong influence? Say, my boy, what are you going to do? Do you cheat, deceive, lie, steal? Do you do dishonourable things? Are you disrespectful to your parents and teachers? Remember, the boy makes the man.

THE GENTLE SOUTH WIND.

"Now, Walter Harrison Ames, you get right out of that chair this minute, for that's my seat, and I want to sit there;" and little Miss Rose, who looked more like a snap-dragon just then, tried to shake her sturdy brother, who had a very cool way of pretending not to hear when he did not mean to heed, and who sat as calmly looking out of the window as if only a fly were attempting to move him.

Papa was reading at the other window, but he seemed to know exactly what was going on, and so he called the little snap-dragon, though he did not use that name, to come to him, as he had a story to tell her.

A story was always a delight, and so the little changeable flower, almost a rose again, went instantly and seated herself on a little bench at his feet.

"This morning, Rose, as I was going down town," he began, "I met a disagreeable north wind, and it snapped and snarled in a very spiteful way. It began by trying to injure the trees and break off the branches; but the branches were too strong for it and wouldn't give way. Then it rushed at me and blew my coat as hard as it could, and said in a gruff tone as plain as wind can talk, 'Take off your coat quick, I won't wait.' But I laughed at the idea of obeying such a command as that, and so just buttoned my coat up as tight as I could, and the north wind tugged and tugged in vain.

"In the afternoon, as I came home, the south wind met me, and such sweet manners as it had! It came up and kissed me first, and then said so gently, as it played with my hair and patted my cheek, 'Open your coat, please, open your coat.' I opened it right away, every single button, for I was glad to get all the south wind that I could, and it is doing me good yet. Which

is my little girl—the stormy north wind, or the sunny south?"

"The sunny south, papa!" answered little Rose, cheerily, as she went up to brother Walter and kissed and patted him, and said, "Please let me have the chair, Walter, dear?"

Brother Walter didn't say one word, but he whisked out of the chair in a second, caught the little south wind up, clapped her in the chair, gave her two kisses, and scampered off to play.—Selected.

BLUE BELLS SERMON.

You are of no use, and might as well rot, said I to a little dried up root that I found last summer while doing a bit of gardening, and I tossed it into a dark corner. But the little thing knew better than that. I had given it up; but then it fell back on the only God it knew of—our blessed mother Nature. It ran rootlets into the soil by May, and began to sprout.

Then June came along, and said, "You must flower." But there was no flowering in that dark hole. So what should my brave little root do but creep out of the hole on a long stalk, find the sun, and unfold a blossom blue as heaven and beautiful, and then turn up its cup to drink the dew.

And so it was that one day, when I went to hunt up an old rake or something in the hole, there was my blossom—no, not mine, God's blossom—bowing to me in the sweet south wind seeming to say, "Good morrow," and I lifted the bonny blue bell and kissed it tenderly, on my knees.

I was myself down in the dark hole of that old panic; it told me I could pull out on a long stalk, find the sun again, and bloom forth by God's blessing. I have never heard such a sermon besides as my blue bell preached that day.—Selected

IN A HOLLOW PLACE.

A MOTHER was quietly engaged in her domestic work, when the dreadful news came: "Come to the police-station; your child has been run over by a heavy waggon."

She hastened to the station-house, and found her boy surrounded by strangers. The surgeon had not yet arrived. She was told that the wheels passed over his foot, but on examination she found no real injury. She said to her little darling: "Why, Willie, how could the waggon have passed over your foot, and not have crushed it?"

The child looked up in his mother's face, and said: "Mamma, I think God put it in a hollow place."