

THAT'S THE WAY

Just a little every day,
That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow,
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst.
Slowly—slowly—at the first.
That's the way
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
That's the way!
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit and mite by mite,
Never anyone, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and to power.
Slowly—slowly—hour by hour
That's the way
Just a little every day

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The Sunbeam.

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THE QUARREL.

A BROTHER and sister angry with each other! See how their eyes snap! Hear their naughty words!

"I'll never, never play with you again, you bad girl."

"I'm glad of it; I don't want you to," said the angry little girl.

"How dreadful is a quarrel between a brother and sister! It is so wicked to be angry, so wicked to tell untruths!" said a voice from the window. It was their mother's.

"Untruths! I didn't tell a story," said Amy.

"Nor I," said her brother Edmund.

"Both of you did!" said mother, "and anger almost always leads to falsehoods. You said, Edmund, you'd never play with your sister again. Now, you know you will. And, Amy, you said you were glad. Now, if I were to forbid your ever playing with your brother again, how you would cry! You would be very unhappy."

"So I should, mother, I'm sorry I said it." "I'm sorry, too," said Edmund, "but Amy was—"

"Stop, my boy. No matter to tell what Amy did, or for Amy to tell what you did. If you are both sorry, you can make up with a kiss. And then both of you can go upstairs, and kneel down and ask Jesus to forgive you."

WHAT GOOD IS IT?

ROWLAND HILL, on a voyage from Ireland, was distressed by the conduct of the captain and the mate, who were both given to the habit of swearing. In turns the captain swore at the mate, and the mate at the captain, then they both swore at the wind.

"Stop, stop," said Rowland Hill; "if you please, gentlemen, let us have fair play; it's my turn now."

"At what is it your turn?" asked the captain.

"At swearing."

"Well," says Hill, "they waited and waited till their patience was exhausted, and then told me to make haste and take my turn. I told them that I had a right to take my own time. To this the captain replied, with a laugh, 'Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn at all?'"

"'Pardon me, captain,' I answered, 'that I do—as soon as I can find the good of doing so.'"

The men learnt the lesson, and Mr. Hill did not hear another oath for the rest of the voyage.—*Selected.*

"MISS POSITIVE"

THE girls called her that because she was always so sure that she was right. Her real name was Ida. In Miss Hartley's school the scholars each said a verse from the Bible every morning at prayers. One morning Ida had such a funny verse it made all the scholars laugh; and even Miss Hartley had to pucker her lips to keep a little sober.

This was the verse, repeated in Ida's gravest tones: "It never rains but it pours."

Now, all the girls knew enough about the Bible to be sure there was no such verse in it, except Ida. She was "just as sure it was in the Bible as she was that she had two feet!" so she said, "and if they didn't believe it, they might ask Miss Hartley."

So at recess they all asked Miss Hartley at once: "Miss Hartley, is there such a verse?"

"Miss Hartley, there isn't, is there?"

And Miss Hartley had to say that, so far as she had read the Bible or heard it read, she certainly never had heard any such verse in it.

But Miss Positive was not convinced. She shook her pretty brown head, and said she couldn't help it, it was in the Bible—in the Book of Proverbs, and she could bring the book to school and show them.

Miss Hartley said this would be the very

best thing to do. So the next day came Ida, looking pleased and happy, with a little bit of a book in her hand, and pointing her finger in triumph to the verse in large letters: "It never rains but it pours."

"But, dear child," said Miss Hartley, "don't you know that isn't a Bible?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Ida, "it is out of the Bible, every word of it. Don't you see it says 'Proverbs' on the cover? Everybody knows that Proverbs is in the Bible."

Then all the girls laughed again; and Miss Hartley explained that the book was a collection of the wise sayings of different men, and that they were called proverbs because they had so much meaning in them, and were used so much.

After a good deal of talk, Ida had to own that she was mistaken, and that there wasn't a word of the Bible in her book from beginning to end. Then, how her naughty little playmates teased her!

At the play-hour they buzzed around her like so many mosquitoes, and giggled and asked her if she "got caught in the rain," and if it "poured hard to-day," and ever so many other silly things that they seemed to think were funny.

Ida stood it very well. At last she said: "I've got a verse for to-morrow that is surely in the Bible. Uncle Ed found it for me: 'Set a watch. O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' And, girls, in spite of all your teasing, I am going to try to keep the door shut." Then all the owners of those naughty tongues slipped away, one by one, looking ashamed. It wasn't the thing to say so much just about a mistake.

HOW BEN WET HIS FEET.

Two small boys were going home from school one sharp autumn afternoon.

"Look," said Benny Bruce, "the mill pond is frozen over."

"It won't hold you yet," said cautious Johnny Jones. "My papa says it has to freeze and freeze before it's safe."

"I'm going to try it," persisted Ben, "and if it holds, I'll go skating."

"I shan't go on," said Johnny, standing shivering on the bank, and watching Ben as he ventured out. Only a few steps, when the ice broke, and splash! Ben was up to his neck in the cold water.

Johnny turned and fled to the grist mill, for Ben's father was the miller. Pushing open the heavy door, there was Mr. Bruce, emptying a bag of corn into the hopper.

"Oh," panted Johnny, "Ben got into the water, and his feet are all wet!"

"I'll warrant it," said Mr. Bruce, starting out of doors. "He's always getting his feet wet. I'll show him!" and he hunted around for a switch.

"Oh, you'd better hurry," said Johnny, "for the water was up to his neck when I came away."

Mr. Bruce didn't stop longer, but rushing to the pond, had Ben out of the water in about two minutes.

And I think Ben was more careful after that.—*Youth's Companion.*