

blossom, grow in the green grass, turn your bright face ever thus to the sun and teach lessons of humility. And the mother bade Jessie to go and take some toys and food to poor little sick Tim in the laue. At the same time she raised her heart to God, praying that her child might learn in youth the great lessons of unselfishness and self-denial.

It was fully two hours before Jessie returned. A bright, happy, contented look shone like a sunbeam upon her face as she entered, all weariness seemed gone.

"Here I am, mamma!" cried she, joyously; "now let me tell you what I have been doing."

Mrs. Sinclair expressed her readiness to hear, and Jessie thus commenced her little history.

"You must know that I went to see poor Tim and he was real sick. Well, I gave him the toys and the cakes, and you never saw anybody so happy, and I feel far more happy too than if I had tried to please only myself."

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 25, 1884.

WHAT WE MUST THANK GOD FOR.

I AM sure, my dear little people, that you and I have more that we ought to thank God for than we can possibly think about. I will tell you a true story that, may-be, will help us to remember some of the things.

Once a number of ministers were to meet at a certain place in the country. To get there, they rode on horseback over a very rough road among the mountains; and sometimes by deep and dangerous cliffs. When they came together, one man said: "I have a great deal to bless the Lord for. My horse stumbled and we came very near

falling down the mountain side. But the Lord kept us, so that we were not hurt. I thank and bless the Lord for it."

Then another man said. "I have more to thank the Lord for than that." So they all thought to hear of a still more narrow escape; and they asked him what it was. He said: "The Lord did not let my horse even stumble."

I am afraid, dear children, we sometimes don't think about it when the Lord keeps us from accidents, or harm of any kind. Let us remember this man, and what he had to be thankful for.

The Apostle Paul tells us that we ought "in everything to give thanks."

DISCONTENTED JESSIE.

"I WANT to go! Why can't I? I never do anything I want to."

Jessie did not mind what she said, if she could only go to the picnic. But her mother said gravely: "Jessie, is that quite true? Do you never do anything you want to. While you are a little girl, you must trust me to decide what is best for you; when you are a woman, you can decide for yourself."

Jessie went pouting to her room, and had a good cry. But soon the clouds that her mother had observed rising in the west, gathered overhead, and there was a great thunderstorm. Then Jessie went down stairs, and threw her arms around her mother's neck, and said: "I am sorry I was so naughty. You knew best, mother, dear."

A TRUE CAT STORY.

ONE day a cat who wanted to have a little rest lay down on the sitting-room floor and went to sleep. But something went wrong with a little girl who was in the room, and she began to cry loudly. Kitty stood it a little while, but at last, losing all patience, she walked up to the little girl and gave her box on the ear with her paw. The child cried still louder, and pretty soon the impatient cat gave her another blow, which nearly knocked her off the little stool upon which she sat. Then the little miss was angry, and catching kitty by the tail she dragged her all around the room! But, had not the cat as good a right to be angry and impatient as the little girl? I hope none of the girls who read this will ever act as cruel as this little girl did.



THE HUMBLE HOME.

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WHAT a beautiful little girl! and yet a rough house! But her sleep is as sweet as though she lived in a palace. She becomes wealthy some day, but she never forgets the pleasant time in the humble home. Her pure face is a fine illustration of the effects of contentment. Yet she wishes to go to a better house—"a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." She has given her heart to Jesus, and his child whether she wakes or sleeps. That "better country" none are ever sick.

THE LITTLE PLANT.

Two young girls, Margaret and Catherine, the daughters of a market-gardener, were walking together to a neighbouring town, and each was carrying a heavy basket, filled with fruits and flowers for market. Margaret grumbled all the way, and complained incessantly of the weight of her basket; but Catherine walked lightly and cheerfully on, singing as she went.

"How can you sing and look so pleased," said Margaret to her sister. "Your basket is quite as heavy as mine, and you are stronger than I am."

Catherine replied: "It is because I put in my basket a little plant which kept me from feeling the weight of it. I ask you to do the same."

"It must be a valuable plant," exclaimed Margaret. "I would gladly get one to make my burden lighter. Do tell me its name."

Catherine replied, with a smile: "The little plant which makes the heavy burden seem light is called Patience."