

EACH CAN DO SOMETHING.

WHAT if the little rain should say,
 "So small a drop as I
 Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields;
 I'll tarry in the sky?"

What if the shining beam of noon
 Should in its fountain stay,
 Because its single light alone
 Cannot create a day?

Does not each raindrop help to form
 The cool, refreshing shower,
 And every ray of light to warm
 And beautify the flower?

Then let each child its influence give,
 O Lord, to truth and thee;
 So shall its power by all be felt,
 However small it be.

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The Sunbeam.

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LIGHT ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

WHEN a cloud comes between us and the sun, it robs us for a time of the enjoyment of the sun's beams. The cloud does not prevent the sun from shining; it merely hinders our enjoyment of it. Exactly so is it when we allow trials and sorrows, difficulties and perplexities, to hide from our souls the bright beams of our Father's countenance, which ever shine with changeless lustre in the face of Jesus Christ. There is no difficulty too great for our God; yea, the greater the difficulty the more room there is for him to act in his proper character as the God of all power and grace. It is the privilege of faith to find God behind the cloud in all his faithfulness, love, and power.

HEAVEN NOT BURNED.

BY MRS. J. GREENE.

SOUTHAMPTON is one of the oldest villages in Ontario. At about 3 o'clock a fire broke out. The wind was blowing a gale off Lake Huron, which seemed to increase as wildly the flames fed on wooden buildings that had been so long standing. In a house just across the street from where the fire first started lay a little sufferer, Emma, who for a time before her illness had become very quiet and thoughtful. She was four years and five months old. With a quilt wrapped around her she was carried to a place of safety—again she was removed to her grandma's, where she was tenderly cared for, but the strain was too great for her weak form, and she sank rapidly.

One day she said to her ma, "I want to go home."

Her ma answered, our home is burned, we cannot go back there. But visions of a brighter home had already dawned upon her mind; she replied, "Heaven place not burned." A few days after she left us for the company of the blood-washed in the home above.

"There to welcome, Jesus waits,
 Gives the crown his followers win,
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
 And let the children in."

ROBBY'S FIDELITY.

WHEN Matthew Hale Smith was in Edinburgh, Scotland, he visited the old Greyfriars' Burying-ground, a sort of Potter's Field, where strangers are buried. There he saw a little shepherd's dog lying on the grave of his master. It seems that five years before a stranger had died on the streets of Edinburgh, and been buried at the city's expense in Greyfriars'. There was nothing about him to indicate who he was or where he belonged. While the burial services were being performed, a little dog was seen standing at the gate, watching the movements of the party. When the services closed the little dog walked up to the grave and laid down upon it. He was found there the next morning by the sexton. He was taken to a baker's shop, and some crackers given to him for his breakfast. A kind butcher gave him his dinner. He returned immediately to the grave. One dark and stormy night the sexton, out of compassion, shut him up in the vestry. He was found the next morning on the grave of his master, having carried away the entire window-sash to secure his freedom. For five years, as the hour of eight was chimed out daily, Bobby

started for the baker's. At noon he visited the butcher's. On Sundays, though the heavy chimes of Greyfriars' rang, Bobby never stirred from the grave. Eight and twelve pealed out as usual from the old ivy-clad tower, but the dog never left the church-yard. He never mistook seven for eight, nor eleven for twelve. He knew when Sunday came; he never mistook Saturday for Sunday. He knew his kind friends, the butcher and the baker, closed their stores on the Lord's Day. On Saturday he laid apart a portion of his breakfast and a portion of his dinner for Sunday use. He dug a little cupboard under a neighbouring tombstone, where he hid his food. Strangers visiting Edinburgh called for Bobby. The Lord Mayor gave him a gold collar with his name engraved on it. A fund was provided by the citizens, lest the kindness of the butcher and baker should give out. The little dog has an annuity for life, and can never be in want.

If little children would only love their Saviour as this little dog loved his master how much good they could do in the world.

THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.

(See next page.)

As you read your lesson for March 6th you must remember that Abraham lived many long years ago, and that he lived very near to many heathen people who had strange and dreadful customs. For this reason God's command to Abraham may not have seemed as dreadful as it does to us now. But it surely must have seemed very hard and must have puzzled Abraham a good deal. He does not seem to have told any one about it, but just got ready and gone on his journey very quietly. What a sad two days' journey that must have been to Abraham! Leaving the servants at the foot of the mountain, he went, with Isaac by his side, up the mountain to a quiet place. There he built an altar and prepared everything for sacrifice. He laid Isaac on the wood and raised the knife to slay him. But "The Friend of God" had been tried enough. He was commanded to stop and was shown a ram to be offered in Isaac's stead. Thus he was taught to believe in God, and he called the place Jehovah-jireh, which means: "The Lord will provide."

"MOTHER," said a little boy, "I waked up thanking God." That is waking up beautifully. A child waking up so will never come down-stairs cross, or find fault with his breakfast.