

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

They say our God lives very high !  
But if you look above the pines,  
You cannot see our God. And why ?

And if you dig down in the mines,  
You never see him in the Gold,  
Though from him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, he wears a fold  
Of heaven and earth across his face,—  
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that his embrace  
Slides down by thrills, through all things  
made,

Through sight and sounds of every place :

As if my tender mother laid  
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,  
Half-waking me at night, and said,  
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear  
guesser?"

ELIZABETH BALRETT BROWNING.

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HEAR WHILE YOU MAY.

LET people use their ears for God's glory, while they can hear. I have an intimate friend, once a church member, who strayed from grace and became an infidel. He tried to prevent his wife from attending church. They live in the country, and he would not let her have a horse and chaise.

She said to him, "I will serve the Lord." She took her children by the hand and led them to the house of God. The neighbours, knowing the state of affairs, would often take them home.

On the Sabbath before the fourth of July, a thunderbolt struck that man, making him deaf in one ear and injuring the other. Now the latter is recovering so that he can

hear with one ear. It is an awful judgment. I sent him word to save his soul by listening to the gospel with the one ear, and thus it would be more blessed to him than the two ears had been.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."  
—*Truth in Life.*

ONE DROP OF EVIL.

"I do not see why you will not let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cheap cigars and pipes, and once in a while swears, just a little. But I have been brought up better than that. He will not hurt me. I should think you could trust me. I might do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure water and put just one drop of ink in it."

"Oh, mother! who would have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so?"

"Yes, it has changed the colour of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put a drop of clear water in it and restore its purity."

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me! Not one drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty, will do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."—*Juvenile Missionary.*

MAY'S REBUKE.

BY K. H. H.

LITTLE May Williams had been given a pair of chickens, to her great joy. One morning she came dancing into the house, nearly wild with delight, because her hen had five tiny chickens. These proved a great source of amusement and interest to May.

"What makes 'em lift their heads ev'ry time they drink, mamma?" asked she.

"That's their way of saying 'Thank you' to God, or 'grace,' my dear," said mamma.

"Why doesn't Tray say 'grace' mamma, when he drinks?" asked May.

"He hasn't sense enough," replied mamma.

Then she left to go into the house to her work, and her talk with May passed out of her mind. But not so with May. It made an impression on her mind never to be forgotten. Often she was heard to say to Tray, when 'e drank: "Tray, you hasn't got sense enough to say 'grace.' I doesn't think it nice of you."

One day her mother took her to dine at Mr. Mell's house. Mr. Mell was a pro-

fessed Christian, but neglected to say "grace," like many other Christians. At May's house "grace" was never omitted. The meal began without prayer. May watched proceedings for a while, and when she saw Mr. Mell set down his glass she spoke up: "You is like our Tray, Mr. Mell, you hasn't got any sense!"

Every one at the table gazed at May in astonishment. But the sober little face forbade any one believing the remark was meant to be saucy.

At last Mr. Mell said: "Why, May, what do you mean?"

"'Cause Tray hasn't got sense enough to raise his head and thank God for his eating, like my little chickens has," said she, gravely.

Mr. Mell coloured with shame, and inwardly thought May was right. From that time on he never neglected "grace" at his table.

WHY I AM GLAD.

BY W. H. SHULTS.

I'm glad the Bible tells us,  
The story of God's love;  
And how it brought the Saviour  
Down from his home above.

I'm glad he loves us children,  
And said, "Come unto me,"  
Oh help us, now, dear parents,  
His lambs we want to be.

I'm glad we have dear teachers,  
To lead us in the way;  
And tell of heaven and Jesus,  
On every Sabbath day.

I'm glad for all this kindness,  
Which God has shown to me;  
So I will always love him,  
And try his child to be.

TONGUES.

"I wish I had not said that."

"I always do speak before I think."

"I didn't mean it."

"A fellow can't say a thing but what she flies out about it."

These are every-day words—yes, and a hundred-times-a-day words. What do they mean? Simply that one of the temptations against which we guard ourselves least, is the temptation to let our tongues say their own say in an irresponsible fashion, without much thought or intent. Is it their own say? Yes; but they are only repeating what the heart has told them, as little children express their opinions gathered at the breakfast-table. Watch yourselves. Watch your tongues.—*The Well-Spring.*