

**A LITTLE BOY'S TEMPERANCE SPEECH.**

SOME people laugh and wonder  
 What little boys can do  
 To help this temp'rance thunder  
 Roll all the big world through,  
 I'd have them look behind them,  
 When they were small, and then  
 I'd just like to remind them  
 That little boys make men!

The bud becomes a flower,  
 The acorn grows a tree,  
 The minutes make the hour—  
 'Tis just the same with me.  
 I'm small, but I am growing  
 As quickly as I can;  
 And a Temperance boy like me is bound  
 To make a Temperance man.

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**CAREFULLY GUARDED.**

In the great Paris Exposition two years ago there was on exhibition a diamond of extraordinary size and value. The weight of the gem was one hundred and eighty carats, or about an ounce and three quarters. Its estimated value was three million dollars. It was kept in a strong glass case, and on account of its great value was most carefully guarded by special policemen night and day.

Do my readers think of anything in their own possession of even greater value than this? We must understand that God, who made the worlds and all that in them is, understands values better than men. And Jesus in comparing things said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what

shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" If this earthly gem, brilliant and beautiful, is reckoned at so high a value, and guarded with so great vigilance, of how much higher value should each one esteem his own soul, and with what sleepless care should he guard its welfare. When diamonds and all costly worldly gems shall have perished, the soul will shine and sparkle on forever.

**"MISS POSITIVE."**

THE girls called her that, because she was always so sure 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 the scholars all laugh, and even Miss Hartley had to pucker her lips a little to keep sober.

This was the verse, repeated in Ida's gravest tone:

"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 had never 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 to 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 this 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 the girls all 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.

**A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.**

ABOUT ten years ago there was a little girl, about six or seven years old, sojourning for a time in a city apart from her parents. She was a regular attendant at the Sabbath-school, and one day she told her teacher she wished to have a conversation with the minister. He was informed of the fact and called upon the child, who she told him to find her a short and appropriate morning prayer. She said that the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc. did for the evening, but she wanted one like it for the morning.

The minister promised to gratify her request and took his leave. A few days after, and before he had fulfilled his promise, the little one was stricken with the scarlet fever, and although the minister called upon her, she died without seeing him. He then set about the task, and decided to publish the facts and call for an original prayer suitable for the morning. The case was published in one or two leading papers, and taken up by others spread all over the country and parts of England. In response hundreds of prayers were sent in, and it was the intention of the minister to publish a little book containing a full account of the case and all the prayers, but it has never been done, or had not been when the writer met him. The best one of the collection is given below, and may fill a want that has been felt by many parents and children.

"And now I rise and see the light,  
 I pray the Lord to lead me right;  
 In all I do and think and say,  
 I pray the Lord to guide my way."

**HOW TO KNOW A GOOD BOOK.**

BOOKS, like friends, either help to make us better or worse. We must read very carelessly, indeed, if what we read leaves no impression upon us. That is reading without receiving anything in return for the time we spend on it. To read a bad book is worse than not to read at all, because it leads us to bad thoughts and bad acts. A good book, like a good friend, helps us to think, speak, and act more nobly and with more edification and benefit. We advise you to apply the following test to your reading.

A good book is one that leaves you further on than when you took it up. If, when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desire for that which is better, it is in no sense a good book.