

A REASON FOR SMILING.

BERTHA was a little maid
 Wrapped in blindness' awful shade;
 Yet her face was all alight
 With a smile surpassing bright.

"Bertha, tell," I said one day,
 "Why you look so glad and gay—
 Brimming full of happiness?
 What's the joy? I cannot guess!"

In a tone of wondering,
 Speaking thoughtfully and slow,
 "Why!" said she, "I didn't know
 There had happened anything"—
 Here the laughter rippled out—
 "To be looking sad about!"

—*Emilie Poulsson, in St. Nicholas.*

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DOING GOD'S ERRANDS.

HESTER was a little girl who was trying to love and serve Jesus, and she showed her love for him by seeking to please him in all she did. She loved to do errands for her mother, and to have her mother say she was a faithful servant when she did them well.

One day she had been talking with her mother about God. As they got through she looked up with a bright thought beaming in her eyes and said: "Why, mother, God is sending us on errands all the time! Oh, it is so nice to think that I am God's errand-girl!"

"Yes, dear," said her mother. "God has given us all errands to do for him, and plenty of time to do them in, and a book full of directions to show us how to do them. Every day we can tell him what we are trying to do, and ask him to help us; and when he calls us home to himself we

shall have great joy in telling him what we have been trying to do for him."

"I like that," said Hester; "it is very pleasant to be allowed to do errands for God."

"One of my errands," said her mother, "is to take care of you."

"And one of mine, dear mother, is to honour and obey you. I think God has given us very pleasant errands to do."

You know that nothing makes us more happy than to do anything for a person we really love. That is what Jesus meant when he said, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." This is what the Apostle John meant when he said that "His commandments are not grievous." His people serve him from love, and that makes everything they do for him light and pleasant to them. If we can only remember all the time that the duties given us are "errands for God," and that he is our Father in heaven, how easy it will make them all! Every burden will then really be light.

AN IMPATIENT SPIRIT.

"O DO make haste, Jamie; I never saw so tiresome a child. Can't you hurry?" exclaimed Rosa Aldworth, as her little brother, a child of four years, appeared toiling up a long staircase with two heavy books. Rosa caught them from him with an impatient air, and the little fellow, who should have been rewarded with a kiss and a smile, shrunk back abashed.

"Come here, Jamie," called Mrs. Aldworth from the sofa where she lay a helpless invalid, "You have done well, and pleased mamma. Rosa knows it, though she speaks sharply."

"But, mamma," put in Rosa, "I cannot bear slowness; it tries me dreadfully."

"And I can't bear hurry; it tries me dreadfully," returned the mother with a smile. "A great French doctor used to say to his pupils, 'Don't be in haste; we can't afford to be in haste!'"

"How funny!" exclaimed the little girl.

"I don't think so. Whatever is done in a hurry is seldom done well. In the life of Him who is our great example we trace no bustle or fuss; yet he had a great work to do on earth. My little daughter, guard against an impatient spirit which needlessly wounds others, renders you unamiable and unlovable, and makes you altogether fretful and unhappy. Remember that strength to overcome any bad habit or cherished sin can only come from above.—*Our Darlings.*

CHOOSE for heaven rather than for earth.

OUR SOUND-ASLEEP BABY.

A LITTLE warm thing cuddled down in a heap,

Her soft cheeks aflush with the roses of sleep;

Little smiles hidden all safely away,
 To be brought forth again at the dawn of the day.

Little feet reeking, and little hands too,
 Which is more than by daylight they ever can do;

Tucked in with many a kiss and caress;
 May angels watch o'er her! May God ever bless

Our dear little sound-asleep baby!

NOT OUR OWN, BUT CHRIST'S.

DEAR little one, to whom do you belong besides to dear mamma and those about you whom you love so much? You belong to the blessed Saviour, who bought us with his own precious blood. You know that the blood in our bodies is our life. If the blood were lost we could not live a moment. So when our dear Saviour gave his blood for us, he gave his very life. And why did he give his life? why did he leave his happy home in heaven to come and die for us? Because he loved us so much that he wanted us to be happy forever in heaven with him.

Satan tempts us so as to make us wicked like himself; but Jesus bought us for himself with his own precious blood, and he will keep us from sin and Satan if we ask him.

Well, if we are not our own, but belong to Jesus, we must use every part of our body for him. We cannot do for him as Mary and Martha did; but for others we can do acts of kindness, and give little words of love, because we love Jesus; and so it will all be for him.

Did you ever think that your little hands could do something for Jesus by working for others; and your little feet by running readily on some message for one you love; and your tongue, by speaking kindly and gently, even when others speak unkindly to you? Your thoughts also you can, by his help, keep pure and good for him. Whatever we do for Jesus, whose eye is always upon us, he will see and love. How sweet it is to think that we belong to such a loving Saviour!—*Sunday-School Times.*

A SALOON, says an American paper, can no more be run without using up boys, than a flouring-mill without wheat, or a saw-mill without logs. The only question is, "Whose boys? Our neighbour's or our own? Yours or mine?"