

## GIFTS FOR THE KING.

THE wise may bring their learning,  
 The rich may bring their wealth,  
 And some may bring their greatness,  
 And some bring strength and health.  
 We, too, would bring our treasures  
 To offer to the King:  
 We have no wealth or learning:  
 What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love him,  
 We'll bring him thankful praise,  
 And young souls meekly striving  
 To walk in holy ways;  
 And these shall be the treasures  
 We offer to the King,  
 And these are gifts that even  
 The poorest child may bring.

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## The Sunbeam.

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## THE TENDER CHORD.

SOME one of wide experience in the training of children has said that the quickest way to subdue an angry or excited child is to touch a tender chord, and the following incident is given in proof of the theory:

Master Fred came running to my side not long ago in quite a state of excitement. His eyes were filled with big tears, and he exclaimed: "Mother, I wish you would give Will a hard whipping!" Said I: "What has brother Will been doing?" "O, he has hurt me, and he has done it before, and he ought to be whipped." "Very well," was the calm reply, "what shall I whip him with? Shall I use a large ruler such as the teachers have in school, or a very hard stick? Which would you rather be punished with?" He seemed puzzled for a moment, then answered slowly: "With a stick." Then I asked: "Do you think I can find

one hard enough?" By this time he was quite subdued; he remained silent a few moments, and then proceeded: "Well, I wish if you don't whip him you would shut him up in the closet for an hour and a half!" "All right," I replied; "as it is about three o'clock, that will be until half-past four!" He looked at the clock and I could see that it seemed to him like a long time to be shut up in so narrow and dark a place. Presently he said: "Then shut him up for one hour!" This was agreed upon, and I continued my occupation until the brother should make his appearance. Fred remained with me and was quite silent, evidently revolving the whole thing in his mind. Finally, when Will's footsteps were heard coming up toward the door, he spoke up quickly, saying: "If you don't shut him up in the closet, will you make him promise not to do so again?"

Thus the child's heart was won more easily by appealing to his tenderness, than by any amount of reasoning.

## STINGY TOM.

BY JAMES O. EVANS.

A FAMILY of mice once lived in the corner of a big barn. They had a box that was all covered with hay. Here they were all very happy except one little mouse. His brothers and sisters used to call him "Stingy Tom." Whenever they had anything nice to eat Stingy Tom always took the best and just as much as he could get. Papa and mamma Mouse used to feel badly to have Tom act so; so, one day, they thought they would punish him. They took him away out in the woods and left him there. It was a nice, warm day in the fall. Tom ran around and got a lot of acorns. Then he sat under a big toadstool and ate just as many as he could. He thought he never had had such a good time in his life. But pretty soon it began to rain, and the wind blew cold. Tom tried to hide under the toadstool, but he could not keep warm.

"Oh, my," he said, "I wish I was at home. It is so nice and warm there."

Then he felt sorry to think how mean and stingy he had always been. He said to himself:

"If I ever get home again I'll never act so any more."

Just then he saw his papa coming to take him home again. When he got home he told them all how sorry he was for the way he had acted. He was so good and kind after that day that he was always called "Kind Tom" in place of "Stingy Tom."

## "YOU CAN'T COME IN, SIR."

If you would not be a drunkard  
 You must not drink a drop;  
 For if you never should begin  
 You'll never have to stop.

The taste of drink, good people say,  
 Is hard in driving out;  
 Then, friends, in letting in that taste,  
 Why! what are you about?

Out of your house to keep a thief  
 You shut your door and lock it,  
 And hang the key upon a nail  
 Or put it in your pocket.

So, lest King Rum within you should  
 His horrid rule begin, sir,  
 Just shut your lips and lock them tight,  
 And say "You can't come in, sir."

## KIND WORDS.

A VERY touching incident came to my knowledge a few days ago, and to show the power a good man or woman may have over those with whom they come in contact, even with the little children, I will relate it here:

An old clergyman, over eighty years of age, who had spent fifty years of his life in a parish in New England, met a little boy on the street who had never seen him before.

"Good morning, my little child," he said, "what is your name?"

As he spoke he laid his reverend hand upon the little fellow's head. The boy told his name, and the gentleman said,

"O, I am so glad to see you! I hoped to meet you; I have been looking for you. I knew your dear mother who is now in heaven."

The child ran home, and, entering the room, almost breathlessly exclaimed,

"O auntie, dear, I met an angel from heaven, and he knows my dear mamma up there, and he stopped me on the street to tell me!"

The long silvery hair of the aged messenger of God, and the saintly face, with those kindly words spoken, made this beautiful impression upon the mind of the motherless child.

## AN ODD BANK.

TOT has a little tin bank. She puts every penny she has into it. She talks a great deal about her bank, and some one told her of a bird bank the other day. The bird is a woodpecker. He makes holes in pine trees and stuffs acorns in them. He does not eat the acorns, but he waits until the worms begin to eat them in the winter, and then he eats the worms.