

## THE CORAL.

Under the sea, in it's sandy bed,  
Grow beautiful corals, white and red;  
Baby's rattle and necklace too  
Once far down in the ocean grow.

Seamen gather these treasures rare,  
Which people prize and so often wear.  
But did you know in each starry cell  
A tiny animal once did dwell?

Millions labour in harmony'  
And build their cities under the sea,  
Coral cities, of white and red,  
Under the sea in it's sandy bed.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96, pp., monthly, illustrated.	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday-school Banner, 60 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 21
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly, per year	0 07
Per quarter	0 02
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	0 06
Berean Leaf, quarterly	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, By the year, 21 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 60c per 100.	

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
20 to 23 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIE,  
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 5, 1897.

## THE GIRL'S REVENGE.

Two men in the south of Africa swore eternal hatred to each other. One of them found at length the little daughter of his enemy in the wood. He ran quickly to the young girl, cut off two of her fingers, and sent her home bleeding, while he with brutal joy, shouted, "I have had my revenge!"

Years passed, and the little girl was grown up to a woman, when, one day, a poor, gray-headed beggar came to her door, earnestly begging for food. The young woman recognized him immediately as being the same horrible man who cut off her fingers when she was a child. She went into the cottage instantly, and desired her servant to bring him bread and milk. She sat down near him, and watched him while he ate. When he was ready to go, she pointed to her hand and said: "I, too, have had my revenge!"

The poor man was quite perplexed and confounded at this, for he did not know that the little girl had become a Christian, and had learned the meaning of that sweet verse, the last of the twelfth chapter of Romans.

Which revenge was the sweeter?

## BOBBIE'S WOLF.

"What was the text to-day, Bobbie?" asked Aunt Kate.

"I hope you don't expect a little chap like Bob to remember or understand the text we had to-day!" laughed Bobbie's father.

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves," repeated auntie, giving Bobbie an encouraging nod. "There isn't any wolves in this city," said Bobbie complacently.

"Oh yes, there are," said mother, as she took him in her lap and explained the meaning of the words as well as she could.

Bobbie was restless, and hummed a tune softly once while she was talking, because he "forgot." Once he interrupted her to ask whether wolves, when they dressed up like sheep, said "Baa!" On the whole, even mother was afraid that Bobbie would get little help from his lesson.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of that day when Bobbie sheltered himself from the wind in the corner of his father's house, and listened to John Walker while he coaxed.

"It's just a little way—not more than two blocks from here; and I shouldn't think your mother would be afraid to have a big boy like you go down there, 'specially with me; and it's a great deal warmer there, because it's on the sunny side of the street. I don't believe but what if your mother was here she would want you to go, so as to get out of this ugly east wind."

Bobbie looked curiously at John Walker. At last he spoke:

"You're a wolf, Johnny Walker! As true as you live, you're a wolf!"

"Don't you go callin' me names!" said John, his face growing red. "I am three years older than you, and I won't stand it."

"But I can't help it, you see, because it's in the Bible. Our Lord said, 'Beware of 'em;' that means. 'Take care that you don't do a thing they say, because they are only makin' b'lieve be good. You're makin' b'lieve my mother wants me to go down to Court Street, when she told me not to go; and I know you're a wolf, because mother told me 'bout it this mornin'. I'm a-goin' in now; I don't like to play with wolves."

And wise Bobbie trudged away into the house.

I think Bobbie understood the text pretty well; don't you? And, better still, he did exactly what it said.

## CALLING THE ANGELS.

"Deed, mamma, we didn't mean to be rough," said one of a bright-eyed little group, "but we's so many of us together that if one of us says a teensy-weensy mad word, all the rest must say one, too: and then how can we stop?"

"I think I know a good plan for getting stopped," said mamma. "There are some little angels that just hate quarrels; and if you will call one of them, he will fly away with the ugly words."

"But O mumpsy! how can we call him?" asked another.

"Listen now, and I will call one;" and the mother began to sing:

There is a happy land  
Far, far away.

In a minute five little voices joined hers; and when they had sung the last "aye," every face was bright and smiling. The next day mother heard a clatter in the nursery, and presently one little voice piped up:

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand.

These verses were sung through, but some of the voices kept up the debate as well.

No sooner had "Drops of Water" died away than another voice began, "Where, O Where Are the Hebrew Children?" and as none of them could keep from singing the chorus, no more quarrelling was heard.

"But it took two of the angels, mamma, for that job," said one of mamma's boys afterwards.

## "OUR LITTLE DOT."

A writer in the New York Sun describes a scene which he witnessed late one evening in the streets of St. Louis. A group of gamins were hanging about an old gray-haired woman, shabbily dressed, who carried a large package under her arm. The writer of the sketch followed, thinking to say something at the right moment.

The boys were jeering, and the woman was begging to be let alone. By-and-bye she sat down on a doorstep. Then the young Arabs gathered thickly about her.

"Give us a song, old woman!"

"If you'll dance us a jig, we'll let you off."

"Open the bundle, and let's see what you've got."

When there was a moment of silence, she replied: "Boys, come closer round me. I've got something here to show you."

They crowded up to her, and she removed the newspapers which concealed the object she was carrying, and held it up before them.

If a bombshell had dropped among them, it would not have scattered them more quickly. What do you suppose it was? A piece of board about three feet long by a foot wide, painted white; and on it in black letters the epitaph:

## OUR LITTLE DOT.

Died October 7, 1886.

It was the headstone for a child's grave, such a headstone as only the poor and lowly erect over the grave of a loved one. Out of pity for her poverty and sorrow, the painter may have done the work for nothing.

The boys could read: and as each read for himself, he turned and vanished in the darkness. The last one to go took off his ragged cap and said: "We didn't know it, aunty; please excuse us."