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"THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET."

BY MRS. M. L. DICKINSON.

"This little pig went to market,"
Softly the story ran,
"And this one staid"—but the little man
Nodded his curly head;
And ten pink toes were folded
Under the dainty gown,
And the mother smiled as she laid the child
In its little bed of down.

The fire died out on the hearth-stone,
The stars shone up in the sky,
And the mother and child were dreaming,
When up from the cradle a cry
Outbroke on the silent shadows:
"O mamma, be quick and come!
This little pig went to market,
And now he's come again home;
And I've got the poor little piggy
Here in my nice, warm bed."
But the mother thought he was dreaming;
"Sleep on, little darling," she said.
"But I can't, for piggy, he wiggles
And wiggles, and won't be done;
Do get him some bread and butter,
For this little pig had none."

Then the mother went to the bedside,
And over her darling bent,
And there was a little white kitten,
Purring in calm content.
"Why, pet, 's only your kitty
Lying upon your arm;
It is cold in her little basket,
She comes to you to get warm."
Said the child, his white lids drooping
Soft o'er his sleepy eyes,
"I thought 'twas the little piggy
That squeals and wiggles and cwees,

I thought that he went to market,
And runned away home again,
And showed me all of his toeses,
And he hadn't so much as ten;
But he said he had as much as thirty,
And I didn't want him to creep
In bed with his thirty toes dirty,
And then"—he was fast asleep.

WASHING THE HEART.

"MAMMA, I said a naughty word; I sweated, I did."

"Did you?" she said; "come here then, and I will get some clean water, and a rag, and some soap, and wash your mouth out."

She then carefully went to work and washed his mouth out thoroughly, after which she pressed her finger down into his throat; and the little fellow felt half-choked. He said:

"What are you doing that for, mamma?"

"Because I want to get down into your heart, and wash your heart out; but I see that I can't do that, so you will have to ask God to do that for you."

"How can God do it?"

"I do not know; he does not tell me."

"I know it came from the heart, mamma, because I thought the naughty word before I said it. But will he wash out my heart if I ask him, mamma?"

"Yes, he will; he promises to do so."

"Then I will ask him."

Away he went to his little room, and kneeling down, he said, "O God, I said a naughty word; I swore, I did; mamma has washed my mouth out, but she can't wash my heart out. O God, please wash my heart out, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

By many this will be regarded as a childish affair, never to be thought of again by the little one; but this calm, judicious mother, whose name I can give to any who may desire it, said to a crowded church in Galveston, "That boy has been changed from that day. I believe he became a Christian from that hour, and he has lived a Christian life ever since. His twin brother looks so much like him, I can scarcely tell them apart, and yet they are totally different from each other in their spiritual life. One is a Christian and the other is not. I see the proof of this over and over again in their everyday life."—*Rev. E. P. Hammond.*

A LITTLE girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, her mind filled with thoughts of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the outside of heaven was so beautiful what must the inside be!"

"I WILL BE GOOD."

WHEN Queen Victoria was a young girl she was purposely not informed that she was one of the nearest heirs to the throne of England. When her right to it was finally being settled a genealogical table, that is, a table showing family descent and the heirs to the throne, was put into her historical books, and she was left to find it out for herself. Can you guess what she said when she found it? These were her words to her governess, the Baroness of Lutzen:

"I am nearer the throne than I thought I was—I will be good."

Was not that noble? She felt that no one could be truly great without being good, and she determined to be as good as she could be, so that she might be the right kind of a queen.

Our Canadian girls will never sit on the throne of an earthly kingdom, but there is a better kingdom in which we shall be crowned, if we are good.

"MEET ME IN THE MORNING."

HE had been absent about a year, the youngest pupil at a boys' school, and now his mother was expecting him every day, and she went about, proud and happy, telling her friends of his improvement in his studies, and always ending with his being so good a boy. Then came a telegram from Willie himself, the first real message of the kind he had ever sent—how funny it seemed, from that baby!—and there was just this simple form, "Meet me in the morning." His mother went about all day with it in her hand, reading it over as if it had been in her child's own handwriting. Then she smiled to herself as she pasted it carefully in a scrap-book, while somebody suggested framing it to hang over the mantel.

But all the friends loved Willie. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, and he did not come in the morning! There came instead the dread news of hasty illness, and his mother hurried to her darling boy; but it was too late. The despoiler had done his work, and the boy was breathing out his little life in the sleep from which he never would fully awaken here. Only once, toward the last, he unclosed his eyes for a moment, and saw the dear mother's face bending over him, when he murmured with dry, husky lips, "Meet me in the morning, mamma." Dear boy, it is morning with him always—the morning light of fairer than Italian skies—while we yet grope among the shadows. But, by and by,

We shall go home at evening,
And find it morning there.

—Selected.