

LITTLE THINGS.

"A LITTLE child I am indeed,
And little do I know,
Much care and help I yet shall need,
That I may wiser grow,
If I would ever hope to do
Things great and good and useful too.

"But even now I ought to try
To do what good I may;
God never meant that such as I
Should only live to play,
And talk, and laugh, and eat and drink,
And sleep and wake, and never think.

"One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing!"

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TO WHAT DOES THAT LEAD ?

WE are speaking to young people who are just forming their habits of life. The road on which you are is a well-beaten one. Thousands of feet have pressed it before yours, and thousands will after your feet are cold in death. You will pass over the road but once, and every step will be new until the end is reached.

You may be facing the wrong way. In that case there is no real honour or happiness before you. These are behind you because God is behind you. It is not wise to travel away from the place you wish to reach at last. And then the road may not be as long as you expect. All roads lead to some place, and the one you are on is not an exception. You may be tempted to leave the Sunday-school, but had better think a

moment as to where that will lead. You may be nearer right and heaven than you ever will be again if you leave the Sunday-school and drift down into the world with others who have left this place of good people.

LAZY ANNIE.

If there was one thing Annie disliked more than another it was to get up early in the morning. The little birds would sing their sweet songs in her window, and her pet pigeons would coax her with their soft, cooing voices, but Annie would not stir until mamma would compel her to do so. She said one day: "Mamma, I don't see why you always make me go to bed when I am not sleepy and get up when I am;" for next to getting up Annie disliked going to bed.

This fault of Annie's worried mamma a great deal, for it was very trying every evening to say, "Come, Annie, it is time for you to go up stairs; come, no more playing or reading to-night," and to hear Annie say fretfully, "Oh mamma! can't I stay up just a little while longer? Why, must I go now?" etc. It grieved mamma very much, and she wondered what she should do to cure her little girl of this evil habit.

One day she took her to see a lady who had been an invalid for years, unable to lie down or sit up with any comfort on account of the pain which she endured. During the course of conversation she said to Annie, "Oh, my dear little girl, if I was only like you what would I give! I look back now and think how I used to complain every night when my dear mother wanted me to go to bed, and grumbled every morning about getting up. I would be thankful enough now if I could only go to bed as I did then, instead of being obliged to sit up all night in this chair; and glad enough would I be were I able to get up at sunrise and take a walk in the early morning when the birds are singing in all the trees and everything was glistening with dew; but that can never be again. My dear mother is in heaven, but I always reproach myself when I think how I worried her about such a foolish thing. I am sure you would not treat your mother so." Seeing Annie's face look very sober, she said, "This is too sober a subject for a little girl like you, we will talk of something more cheerful."

Annie said nothing until she and her mother were on their homeward way; then she asked, "Mamma, did you tell Mrs. Gray about me?"

"No, my dear," said mamma.

That night Annie went cheerfully to bed,

and in the morning everyone was astonished to see her walking about the garden long before breakfast. Some said, "Whatever has got over Annie to take such a turn? It won't last, however." But it did last, and Annie became a healthier and happier little girl, and gave pleasure to all around her. The first thing her eyes rested upon every morning was this text, beautifully illuminated, which hung upon the wall opposite her, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

A NEW WAY OF MAKING TIME.

ONCE, when Carol's mamma was very ill, the little one hushed her sweet voice, lest she should "sturb mamma."

A weary time it was for the wee little girl. She missed mamma; and, tired of watchful Mary, she liked to slip away into papa's study, and play quietly beside him, while he wrote his sermons. His presence made the study a pleasant place.

Mr. May often made calls in the afternoon; and, one day, noticing the shadow on his little girl's face, he said: "I shall be home by four, Carol."

Carol watched and waited, and still papa did not come. A thought occurred to her. With a great effort she climbed to the study clock, and, opening the door, tried to move the hands along, when, alas! snap went one of the hands.

"Where is my little girl?" asked Mr. May, as he entered the house an hour later. But no little girl appeared. When he entered the study, she pointed mutely to the clock.

"But why did my darling touch the clock?" asked her papa.

And Carol sobbed out: "I wanted to make it time for papa to come home." And papa could not find it in his heart to chide her.

A PROMISE.

NELLIE had a habit of saying, "Promise me." One day she had asked mamma if she might have a birthday party. When mamma said yes, Nellie said, "Please promise me, mamma."

"Why, Nellie," said mamma, "yes is a promise."

"I know it," said Nellie; "but when you say 'I promise' it makes me feel so sure!"

Do any of our little folks know a promise of Jesus which begins, "Verily?" Ask some one what that means, and see how many promises you can find which begin in this way. Never forget that a promise is a very solemn thing, and when you make one be sure that you keep it.