I added my efforts to Jack's, and after fow minutes the bird began moving abou in a lively manner and giving vent to hi satisfaction by a series of chirps. Jack lifted him up and gave him a toss in the air, and away he salled for his nest under a high cornics.

"Beys can got along 'most anyhow, sald Jack as he shivered in the cold wind sweeping from the river, "but birds is such little follers that we've got to sort o' boost 'on now and then. He's all right, and we're

all right, and good-bye to you.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1894.

THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

I HEARD a lady talking with a little

"To'l me," she said, "if I had a beautiful Bible on my parlour table, and took good care of it, and showed it to all my friends, would that save me so I would go to heaven?"

3"No," said the child.

b., Supposing I should read is good deal, would that save me?"

"No, indeed."

"What must I do then to be saved?"

"Why you must believe on the Lord Josus Christ. He says his blood cleanses from all sin," answered the little

"Then, said the lady, "I must be weeked in his atoning blood and be made pure before I can be saved. How pure shall I bo?

" Whiter than mow."

'Is it possible that I can be? You know how white the snow is in winter time.

"It says so in the Bible, ma'am," said the shild.

"Yes, Bessie, you have spoken truly; we may all become whiter than snow. 'Wash mo, and I shall be whiter than snow,' David prayed."

Then the lady said again:

"You remember when our Saviour was soon stopped.

dead they laid him in a tomb. How long did he remain there?"

"Three days; then he rose again."

"Yes, he ascended to beaven. Is Jesus always there?"

"He may be in heaven all the time, but I think it does not quite hold him, for he he says dwells in our hearts if we are humble and contrite."-Morning Light.

LITTLE NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.

THERE was great excitement in our house. Somebody was moving into the house next door, which had been shut up for a whole year.

"So we are to have a next-door neighbour at last," said mamma to Auntie May.

Bessie heard her, and watched eagerly for the first sight of the new neighbour. Ever so many loads of furniture went in; but Bessie had to go to bed without seeing anybody go in except the men who carried the furniture.

The maxt morning Bessie ran to the window, and then rushed to the door, calling

out. "It's a dear little girl."

In a moment more, Bessle was standing on the fence between our side yard and the next. "Little next-door neighbour!" she called.

The little girl looked up, and then coming slowly towards Bessie said, "My name's Florence Moore.'

"Well, you're my next-door neighbour, all the same; and I know you're nice, so we must be best friends right away."

And so they were. For both Bessie and Florence were the dearest little girls in the world, and seemed made to love each other. All the summer they played together out-of-doors in the flower gardens and the orchards; and when winter came they made snow men and had much fun.

TWO BRAVE BOYS.

BEN WILDER came running home one day, and called his brother Rob.

'Rob, I have found out how we can earn the money to buy our bicycle!

"Good!' exclaimed Rob. "How can

"There's a man up at Frost's store, who says he'll pay us ten cents for every quart of berries we'll pick; and you know the pastures and swamps are full of blackberries."

"Hurrah!" cried Bob, throwing up his "We'll do it."

"Yes. Come up to Frost's with me, and we'll settle where to deliver them.'

Away the two went, and were soon deep in the trade with the man from the city. The arrangements were made, and the boys turned away to begin their picking. stopped for a last question: "What'll you do with all those barries?"

" Make wine of them, -wines and other liquors. I belong to a liquor firm."

"H'm—yes, sir. We just just wanted to know." The boys walked away, but they looked at each other soberly, and

"Rob," said Bon, "we can't do it don't want to help make drunkards. L go back."

They went back and told the munt they could not sell their berries for i should purpose. He was very angry, and ca them names, but the boys stood firm T have not yet saved enough to buy the bicycle, but they have never regree their decision.

IN SPRINGTIME.

Watch the princely flowers Their rich fregrance spread, Load the air with perfumes From their beauty shed; Yet their lavish spending Leaves them not in dearth, With fresh life replenished By their mother earth.

Gives thy heart's best tressures,-From fair nature learn,-Give thy love and sak not, Wait not, a return; And the more thou spendest From thy little store, With a double bounty, God will give thee more.

ANTS AT PLAY.

Sing or WHORVER heard of such a thing! May go knew that ante did all kinds of working to all soris of wonderful ways; we what y not be surprised to hear of their teads school, or practising gymnastics; play! We would suppose they had time for that.

They have, though. The little cresses are too wise not to know the good prote All work and no play makes Jack boy." They not only play, they job am sure a little company of ants I water 1690 one day were laughing and chaffing they performed the antics I am gob tell you about.

There is in my father's office a 50. window-sill on a level with the ground floor being several feet below. Litti ings, both strange and familiar, craw The p sun themselves on the bright, white the face, and it is the playground office c neighbouring ants. One morning at W. crew of young fellows met there s They and stupid old inch-worm. good-tempered; they would not teased him for the world; but fur musi have, and he was soo funny for thing. They would stand in a close P. beside him until he lifted his body is Mon. awkward arch that you all know; in 50. they would scamper under him, croixies. one another helter skelter, on the the side, and gather together again, brest wed. with laughter, one can imagine, for 24 next chance. This they did over an Thur. again, until the worm had satisfied it be as to how much longer than his bo window-sill was, and gone to measure M rest of the world.

I have often wondered whether any idea of what those youngsten dolag.

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