

Why was it? Not because of their pretty faces, for they were homely; but because of their kind hearts. They did handsome and so were handsome.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

From the sunny morning
To the starry night,
Every look and motion
Meets our Father's sight.

From our earliest breath
To our latest year,
Every sound we utter
Meets our Father's ear.

Let us, then, be careful
That our look shall be
Brave and kind and cheerful
For our Lord to see.

Help us, O our Father!
Hear our earnest plea,
Teach thy little children
How to live for thee.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 5, 1884.

WHERE IS YOUR LANTERN?

BY QUERIST.

YOUNG Harry was sent on an errand one evening in early winter. After giving him his message, his mother said:

"Be sure you take the lantern with you, Harry."

"Bother the lantern!" answered the boy gruffly and disrespectfully.

Having said these almost impudent words, Harry started, muttering to himself:

"What do I want with a lantern? I guess I know the way fast enough!"

Very soon Master Harry, in crossing the street, stumbled into a hole which had been made by a recent rain. By this fall he

knocked the flesh from his shin bone, and covered his clothing with mud.

On his way back he forgot that the fence had caved in near the edge of a ravine. As he groped his way along the bank he fell over, and went sprawling to the bottom of the ravine. With much ado, and after many bruising, he got into the road once more; but when he finally reached his mother's door he looked more like a scarecrow than a living boy.

The lantern would have saved him from all this. Wasn't he a foolish fellow not to take it?

Certainly he was. But what shall be said of those boys and girls who know the Bible to be the only lamp which can guide their feet safely through the paths of life to their home in heaven, and yet refuse to carry it? Are they not still more foolish? Are they not likely to suffer even more than the boy? You know they are. Take the Bible, therefore, for your life lantern, and let it be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path.

ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

LET the little children come
To a Saviour's breast!
Little souls feel weariness,
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand
In the harvest field;
To the touch of fingers small,
Giant hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice,
Praises sweet to sing;
Earth's discordant choruses
Shaming, silencing.

Heaven is full of little ones,
God's great nursery,
Where the fairest flowers of earth
Bloom eternally.

THE CROOKED FINGERS.

WHILE shaking hands with an old man the other day I noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said:

"In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children."

"Let us have it, if you please," we said.

"For over fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effect of overholding the reins for so many years."

This is the text. Is it not a suggestive one? Does it not teach us how an oft-repeated act becomes a habit?

The old man's crooked fingers are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words, and actions of men and women.

When you see men and women persist in doing and saying things that are wrong, and making themselves and others unhappy, remember that when young they never, perhaps, thought of being so wicked, but they said wrong words and did wrong actions, and continued so doing until, like the old man's fingers constantly used in driving, they became fixed in the course they had begun.

GRACIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

LITTLE Gracie is a maiden fair,
With sweet blue eyes and yellow hair.
Pretty and tender, gentle and good,
Is the face that peeps from that fur-tipped hood!

All the old dames in the village, they say,
Welcome fair Grace like a sunshine ray;
Even old men, grey-haired and weak,
Lovingly pat fair Gracie's cheek!
And the village children, both great and small,
Love little Grace at the squire's great hall!

For the heart of Gracie
Makes love its throne,
In the joy of others
She finds her own!

EASTERN BEDS.

THE beds of the poorer classes in India, and other Eastern lands, are nothing more than quilts wadded with cotton, so large as to enable the sleeper to wrap part of his bed round him, while he lies on the rest. A pillow is sometimes used, made of fine cane matting, stretched over a light framework of bamboo, hollow and open at the ends.

In Syria it is often only a strip of carpet, which can be easily rolled up; the end portion is left unrolled, to form the pillow.

Such beds can be easily washed and dried again; and can be rolled up like a bundle of flannel, and carried away by their owners under their arms.

The fashion and form of these beds will enable us to understand these two texts of Scripture: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Isa. xxviii. 20. "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." John v. 8.

There were, however, "beds of ivory," Amos vi. 4; and beds, or bedsteads, "of gold and silver." Esther i. 6.