

## THE BEE'S WISDOM.

Said a wondering little maiden  
To a bee with honey laden:  
"Bee, at all the flowers you work  
Yet in some does poison lurk."

"That I know, my pretty maiden,"  
Said the bee with honey laden;  
"But the poison I forsake,  
And the honey only take."

"Cunning bee with honey laden,  
That is right," replied the maiden.  
"So will I, from all I meet,  
Only draw the good and sweet."

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 17, 1897.

## CONNIES MORNING PRAYER.

Many boys and girls who are careful to "say their prayers" at night before going to sleep are not so careful to ask God in the morning to guide them through the day. Though they do not all speak out as he did, they are like the boy who wanted God to take care of him in the dark, but thought he could take care of himself in the daytime.

Connie was one of those little girls who had found out that she was always happier through the day when she asked Jesus in the morning to help her do right, and to keep her from doing wrong. One morning she had a fresh trouble to take to God. One of her schoolmates had treated her very unkindly the day before, and how could she ever treat her just as she used to do? She had said the night before, "I'll never speak to her again;" but now there came into her heart the words, "Do good to them that hate you." How could she do good to Jennie Wells after the way she had treated her the day before? She thought she just couldn't; so she told Jesus all about it, and asked him to take

the hate out of her heart and fill it with love. That is what he did. And when she went to school she was ready to treat Jennie as kindly as ever. And Jesus made this very easy for her; for when she came near to the school-yard who should run to meet her but Jennie, who put her arm around her neck and said: "O Connie, I know it was real mean for me to talk the way I did yesterday. Won't you forgive me? I am so sorry I said it." And the two girls were the best of friends from that time.

## THE WATER-CARRIER.

A traveller tells of seeing in a street in Egypt a crowd gathering about a man with a large leather bag on his shoulder. He was crying to all who passed by to come and freely drink. Standing beside him was a well-dressed man, who had just paid for his whole store of water, that the poor might drink. Only so could they have had it "without money and without price." Jesus has paid the full price of salvation. He bids us be his heralds, and tell of the precious gift free to all. He is his own almoner. From the hands pierced on Calvary alone can the draught of life be quaffed. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

## "LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE."

Sarah Gordon was a dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked little girl, just seven years old, who went with Aunt Lois every Saturday to visit the home on Sunderland Heights. The ward that she loved best was like a big nursery, full of toys and pictures, whose owners tried to be patient in spite of pain and weariness. How the sick children did watch for her coming!

Freddie, the lame boy, thought her dimples the prettiest that he ever had seen; and after her first visit, when she made him laugh by telling a funny story, always called her "Little Miss Sunshine."

"Why do you?" asked the nurse, as she bent over his cot that night.

"O, I can't help it! She is so sweet and good; and when she goes away it's just like shutting the blinds in tight, it seems so dark." And the other children felt in very much the same way, although they did not put it in words.

One Saturday I went to the home. Freddie was looking the picture of woe. His book was upside down, and he didn't even know it. There was such an air of unhappiness about all the little ones that I asked the nurse if they were suffering more.

"No," she said, "it isn't that; but word came to-day that 'Little Miss Sunshine' is sick, and they miss her so."

"What does she do for them?" I asked.

"O miss, I can't exactly tell you what she does. It's just what she is. She never thinks about herself at all, but she trips

about from one cot to the other, always smiling, always having a bright word or a tender caress for each little sufferer; and," she added in a reverent tone, "it is my belief that she treads in the footsteps of One who went about doing good, because she so truly loves him."

Don't you believe that this was the secret?

## THE BOY WITH THE UMBRELLA.

In the middle of the garden stood a little boy under a big umbrella! He always kept it spread, and, winter and summer, day and night, he was always in his place. A fountain fell on top of the umbrella, which was iron, and all around the boy, which was iron, too.

"O dear," thought the boy, "how I hate this old umbrella! I wish I was the stone general over there in the park. Then, instead of this ridiculous old thing, I should have a great long sword in my hand; and I'd hold it right over the people's heads, as if I was going to fight them all!"

Meanwhile the air in the garden was growing more and more sultry. The people in the dusty street looked longingly at the iron boy in his snug little water-house. How they wished they could change places with him!

At last a great drop fell, and then another, and then it seemed that some one was pumping water out of the clouds. Everybody rushed home. A schoolboy ran past and looked up at the iron boy. "Wish I was that fellow!" he shouted. "Hallo! lend us your parasol!"

"Oh, may I come under your umbrella?" gasped a butterfly, who was caught in her new spring dress. "How wise you are always to carry one!" She sat on his finger, and dried her blue-and-gold suit.

At last the sun came out again, and made a great rainbow in the sky and a little bow in the fountain. The butterfly said that she must go. "You have saved my life, you kind boy," she said gratefully. "How much nicer to hold an umbrella over such a helpless little thing than to flourish a sword like that big stone doll yonder!" And, waving her pretty wing to him, away she flew.

"Perhaps she is right," thought the iron boy; and he held the despised umbrella straight and high, as if he was proud of it after all.

## "TELL ME."

"O pretty flower! O dainty cup!

Pray tell me all about it!

I want to know

Where flowers go

Through autumn rains and winter's snow,

Till in the spring their heads peep up?"

Said the flower: "I do not doubt it;

You little boys all want to know.

If we should answer all you ask,

'Twould be a dreadful, dreadful task.

We sorely would grow weary;

We'd have no time to bloom and grow.

So run away, my dearie."