

observed the face with a thought of weakness in the man, so, at least, would not they who know that the qualities mentioned—love, sorrow, pity are the results of a consciousness of strength to bear suffering, oftener more heroic than the will to do great deeds. Such, indeed, has been the might of the martyrs and the myriads written down in saintly calendars; and such, pre-eminently, was the air of him you can scarcely wonder we have claimed your patience to so fully describe.

"Slowly he drew near; the distance more rapidly lessened by the even slower pace of the advancing procession. Then upon his meditations broke in the wailing cry of a woman in great sorrow, and he turned his gaze toward her, as, almost overcome with her emotion, she tottered after the bier. Upon the benignant countenance of the stranger the expression of tender compassion suddenly deepened; into the large, soft eyes crept a look of still more intensified pity, he stopped, moved quickly to the side of the weeping woman, bidding her dry her tears, and then, resting his hand upon the bier, said to him who lay upon it, dressed for the burial—quietly as a mother might speak to awake her sleeping child: 'Young man, I say to thee arise!' and immediately he that had been dead sat up and began to talk to those about him.

"The worker of the miracle lingered yet an instant, apparently unconscious of the growing excitement, even the presence of the throng, but with face slightly flushing, as though his ready sympathy, still enthralled with feelings of its object, was sharing also in the revulsion of joy his act had won. But an instant he stayed, then, in seeming, recollecting himself, he turned again toward the gate of the city, and went steadily on.

"To that heart, divinely original, yet so human in all the better elements of humanity, going with sure prevision to a death, of all the inventions of men the foulest and most cruel, breathing even then in the forecast shadow of that awful event, and still as hungry and thirsty for love and faith as in the beginning, how precious and ineffably consoling the farewell exclamation of the grateful woman:

"To God in the highest, glory! Blessed, thrice blessed, the Son whom he hath given us!"

THIEVES are not made at once. The boy who steals a penny now may rob a bank ten years hence, and die in the penitentiary. Boys, mind that, and never take other people's things.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1887.

A PIOUS DAUGHTER.

CHILDREN, says Rev. W. Jay, have conveyed religion to those from whom they ought to have derived it. "Well," said a mother one day, weeping, her daughter being about to make a public profession of religion by going to the Lord's table, "I will resist no longer. How can I bear to see my dear child love and read the Scriptures while I never look into the Bible; to see her retire and seek God while I never pray, to see her going to the Lord's table while his death is nothing to me" "Ah," said she to the minister, who called to inform her of her daughter's intentions, wiping her eyes, "Yes, sir, I know she is right, and I am wrong. I have seen her firm under reproach, and patient under provocation, and cheerful in all her sufferings. When in her late illness she was looking for dissolution heaven stood in her face. Oh, that I was fit to die! I ought to have taught her, but I am sure she has taught me. How can I bear to see her join the Church of God, and leaving me behind—perhaps forever!" From that hour she prayed in earnest that the God of her child would be her God, and was soon seen walking with her in the way everlasting.

DOES GOD CARE.

"Now, do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about all such little things we children do? I guess he is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much." Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted the baby from the crib. "Do you think mamma is so busy with the big folks—helping the girls

off to school and papa to his office—that she forgets the little ones? She just thinks of baby first, 'cause he's the littlest and needs it most. And don't you think God knows how to love as well as mamma does, Johnny Gray?"

LITTLE LIGHTS.

JESUS bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In the world of darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
First of all for him;
Well he sees and knows it
If our lights be dim.
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around,
For many kinds of darkness
In the world are found.
There's sin, and want, and sorrow,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine.

"I DON'T CARE."

BERTIE is a little boy who has a bad way of saying, "I don't care." One day Aunt Nell said to him, "Bertie, will you do an errand for me?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" cried he, "what is it?" "Take your naughty 'don't care' away up in the garret, and hide it."

Bertie laughed, and then looked sober. Then he said, "I will, Aunt Nell," and away he ran. I think he must have hidden it very carefully, for he hasn't found it yet! Now, if any more of my little ones have such naughty things, I hope they will hide them, too.

WHAT TIDDIE DAY SAID.

A LITTLE four-year-old girl went one day up to her teacher's friend, whom she dearly loved, and said, "Mr. Hastings, has you dot a new heart?"

He was compelled to answer, "No, Tiddie, I am afraid not."

"Well," continued she, "didn't you know that you tan't do up to the dood heaven and see Dod?"

Mr. Hastings, although an unbeliever in the Bible, could not resist the little pleader, and Tid's simple question was the means of bringing him to Jesus. Here was a case in which strength came from the lips of a babe.

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