

TRUST

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart"
—Prov. 3. 5.

THERE'S a flutter in the nest
Where the little birdies lie,
And the parent birdies rest
On a bough that's hanging by.
And they say, "'Tis time to fly."

Then the birdies, full of trust
In their parents who are nigh—
Not because they feel they must—
One by one begin to try,
One by one find they can fly.

Yet it was no simple thing
That the little nestlings tried—
Thus to start with feeble wing,
For the world was vast and wide,
Thus upon the air to ride.

Like the birds, too, we may go
Where some danger seems to be;
Yet, if God will have it so,
Well we know that He will see,
And will guard us lovingly.

If we put our faith in Him,
We shall never shrink or fear!
Though the way seem dark and grim,
We may trust our Father dear,
Who is ever, ever near!

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1853

HOW TO BE USEFUL.

CHARLIE, I will tell you how you can be useful: You can pick up a pin from the floor; play with your little sister; tell mamma when the baby cries; reach the stool that she may put her foot upon it; hold the cotton when she winds it; teach a little child his letters, and make your mother happy by being a good boy.

JACK'S SCAR.

ALMOST every boy has some kind of a scar. Theodore has a scar upon his cheek, made by falling against the stove; Albert a scar upon his foot, cut with a hatchet; Franklin a scar on his shoulder, where a horse bit him; but Jack's scar is not like these.

I heard about Jack's scar at the prayer-meeting las. night, and a voice whispered, "Tell that story to all the boys you know."

Though, to be sure, Jack is not a little boy. He is a young man; a conductor on a railroad train.

A great railroad, has its headquarters in our town, so almost everybody is either at work for the railroad company himself, or else he has a father, or a brother, or a cousin who is.

Last week a conductor was killed,—somebody is killed nearly every week. While Jack, with a group of his comrades, stood sadly talking about the conductor's death, one of their number, a Christian gentleman, remarked: "There is hardly a man in the railroad service but has been in someway hurt—carries some scar." Whereupon Jack proudly replied that he had been in the employ of the railroad company for years, and he had never been hurt,—he carried no scar; and, to make his statement stronger, he used some very wicked words; for, alas, alas! Jack had learned to swear.

The gentleman looked sorrowfully at the young man. He knew his history; knew that Jack had not been brought up to swear, but that he had kept company with profane boys and men, until he had fallen into the habit almost unconsciously, scarcely knowing when he did swear. The comrade thought of all this, then said earnestly: "Jack, you do carry a scar." But Jack again asserted with an oath that he did not; he was very positive there was no scar upon him. "Ah, Jack, Jack!" answered the Christian friend, "you have a bad scar—in your mouth!"

And girls, too, sometimes have ugly scars. I know a lady who says she has a scar on her heart, made by listening to some bad stories one day, when she was a girl at school.

Dear boys and girls, you may not be able to prevent the scars of accidents upon hands and faces, but I implore you to strive earnestly, all the time, fervently seeking the help of the Saviour, to keep your mouths and hearts free from the scars of sin.

Our drink shall be water,
All sparkling with glee;
The gift of our God
And the drink of the free.

LITTLE FRANK'S GOSPEL.

ONE sunny Autumn day little Frank was sauntering back from school, when, as he neared his home, he saw Eliza, the wife of one of his father's servants, dragging along a large branch of a tree, which the wind, a few days before, had blown down. "Let me help you, Eliza," said the kind-hearted boy; and thereupon he lifted up the other end of the bough, thus lightening the burden for her. "Thank you, Master Frank," said the woman. "Ah! if you could help me to bear my burden of sins, that would be a comfort. But here I go, dragging them about day after day, and every day they grow heavier." "But, Eliza," said the child, "Mamma says we don't need to carry any of the burden of our sins. Jesus Christ has carried it all for us, if we believe on Him." "Ah!" said Eliza, as she related the story; "that minute I saw it all. I had been trying to bear my own sins, when the Bible says, 'Who Himself bear our sins in His own body on the tree.' I went home just believing this, and I have been happy ever since."

WINGS BY AND BY.

"WALTER," said a gentleman on a ferry boat to a poor, helpless cripple, "how is it when you cannot walk that your shoes get worn?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment he said:

"My mother has younger children, sir; and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard, "What a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started to his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore he said in a low voice, but with a smile:

"I'm looking forward to having wings some day, lady!"

Happy Walter! poor, crippled, and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission, doing in his measure the Master's will! Patiently waiting for the future, he shall by and by "mount up with wings as eagles; shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint."

"Why should we be timid about telling a man who has some of the Lord's money in his pocket to shell out a little?"—A Southern Bishop.