

In the evening, when her father came for her in the boat, how she did jump into his arms, and cover his face with kisses, and how much she had to tell him! Nellie soon grew very fond of her school, and will not miss a day now if she can help it.

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TORONTO, MAY 26, 1906.

TELLING THE TRUTH.

"There, there, don't cry about it! And above all things, don't tell your father," said Nurse Hopkins. "I never saw such a child as you for rummaging among the books! And you know he told you to keep out of the library while he was gone."

"I was so lonesome! And I wanted to look at the pictures. I didn't mean to spill the ink," sobbed poor little Gertrude.

"Well, it ain't agoin' to ruin him," said nurse. "Only you just hold your tongue, if you don't want a scolding. I'll patch up some kind of an excuse when he finds it out, and he won't know you had anything to do with it. So stop your crying."

Nurse Hopkins meant to be kind. But Gertrude's dead mother had taught her that to act a lie was nearly as bad as to speak one. She could not consent to this easy way out of her difficulty, for her dead mother had taught her also that God sees and hears all things, and that his displeasure is more to be feared than the wrath of man.

She pondered over the matter through all the day long till her father came home, and at last she made up her mind to do the only right thing. She found the book which Nurse Hopkins had hidden away, and with her finger in the place where the

leaves were stained, she went to knock at the library door.

Her father was taking his ease after supper in dressing-gown and slippers, and was not well pleased at being disturbed.

"What do you want, my dear? Who sent you here? Run away to bed," he began, rather impatiently. And Gertrude would have been glad to take him at his word; but conscience would not let her.

"I want to tell you something, papa," she stammered, tremblingly. "I've been disobedient. I went into the library when you said I mustn't; and I spilt the ink on one of your books." Her father stared at her for a minute, hardly understanding. But the worst was over now; she had told the truth, and she was no longer afraid.

"I didn't mean to spill the ink," she said. "But I ought to have minded you better."

"Why did you disobey me?" he asked.

"Because—I was so lonesome," faltered Gertrude. "I didn't have anything to do, or anybody to talk to. I went to look for a picture-book; but I won't do it again, papa."

The little voice was patient and pitiful, and the little face was so sad that her father all at once began to understand what he had not thought of before—that he had never done much to make the child happy.

He stooped down and kissed her more tenderly than he had ever done before.

"You are a good little girl to tell the truth," he said. "Always tell the truth, whatever happens. And after this you may stay in the library as much as you choose. I'll bring home some picture-books to-morrow with nice stories in them. Now run away, and don't forget to say your prayers before you go to bed."

How happy Gertrude was you may guess! And her father did not forget his promise. He brought her books that she could understand, and taught her to understand wiser ones as she grew older. She is his secretary now—reads to him, writes his letters, and is the greatest comfort of his life, he says. And she says it is all because she was brave enough once to tell the truth.

"WHEN I'M A MAN."

"When I'm a man I'll let the world know I'm in it!"

Thus spoke a rosy-checked boy one day after reading the exploits of some noted general. I laughed from my seat by the window at the vain look and proud strut with which he accompanied these grand words. But the laugh soon died away, and sadness filled my heart as I thought that the boy might fulfil his own prophecy, and put his name into the mouth of the world without being either great, good or happy.

How so, sir? How? Why, he may do some shocking deed, and be tried, executed,

and have his crime and his name printed all over the world. In that case would not "his name be in the mouth of the world," and yet he himself be neither great, good, nor happy?

You see it, eh? I'm glad you do. Now, my ambitious boys, let me tell you that the best thing you can aim at is to be good men. If you can be great as well as good, all right; but you must make sure of the goodness. Great men are often greatly bad, as were Napoleon, Nelson, Alexander, and many others of their sort. Of course, being without goodness they were without happiness, for you may be sure of this fact, happiness never occupies a house which is not owned by goodness. Choose, therefore, first of all, to be a good man. Carry out your choice at once by asking God to give you

"A beautiful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace,
That truly feeds on Christ within,
And never makes a league with sin."

Get such souls as this, my dear boys and girls, and though the big world may never speak your names, the angels will, and God will write them on the golden roll with those of patriarchs, prophets, and saints, who, if not known for mighty deeds, were prized by him for noble qualities.

THE VASE'S STORY.

Every china vase, no matter how delicate and beautiful, was once a lump of common clay. Then it was crushed and ground in the mill, then put upon the wheel and shaped, then polished and tinted, then put into the furnace and burned, and at last it came forth: from all this, a gem of graceful beauty. In some way every noble, beautiful character is formed. Common clay at first, it passes through a thousand processes and experiences, until at length it is presented before God faultless in its beauty, bearing the features of Christ himself. If you would grow into the beauty of the Master, you must accept the discipline of life.

LITTLE WORKERS.

The Lord hath work for little hands,
For they may do his wise commands;
And he marks out for little feet
A narrow pathway straight and sweet.
One little face may fill with light
A heart and home as dark as night;
And there are words for little eyes
To make them earnest, true, and wise.
One little voice may lead above
By singing songs of Jesus' love.
One little heart may be the place
Where God shall manifest his grace.
Our hands, our feet, our hearts we bring
To Christ our Lord, the risen King.