

as she goes along thoughtlessly among the crowd. Ah! yes, every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.—*Selected.*

LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR.

Oh my little Golden Hair:
Brow without a wrinkle,
Cheeks as sweet as roses fair,
Merry eyes that twinkle.

Colour, blue as azure sky;
Hair of rainbow splendour;
Fairest flowers of summer vie,
All their charms to lend her.

But there's something dearer far
Than these golden tresses—
Than bright eyes and dimples are
Which my love possesses.

'Tis the loving heart within,
Tender and confiding;
Saviour, keep her free from sin,
In thy love abiding!

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TORONTO, JANUARY 29, 1887.

"GOD BE WITH THEE."

It is related by travellers as an instance of how little the customs of eastern nations have changed during many hundreds of years, that in the fields of Palestine the very same words may be heard now as in the days of Boaz and Ruth. When the master enters the harvest-field he salutes his reapers, just as Boaz did, "The Lord be with you;" and the peasants respond always in the words, "God bless thee." It is a happy custom that may well see no change. We should all do well to use from the heart this ancient salutation, "The Lord be with thee."

"THAT'S ME!"

A POOR Hottentot in Southern Africa lived with a good man who had family prayers every day. One day he read, "Two men went up into the temple to pray."

The poor savage, whose heart was already awakened, looked earnestly at the reader and whispered, "Now I'll learn how to pray."

The man read on, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men."

"No, I am not; but I am worse," whispered the Hottentot.

Again the man read, "I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess."

"I don't do that; I don't pray in that way. What shall I do?" said the distressed savage.

The good man read on until he came to the publican, who "would not so much as lift his eyes unto heaven."

"That's me!" cried his hearer.

"Stood afar off," read the other.

"That's where I am!" said the Hottentot.

"But smote upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

"That's me! that's my prayer!" cried the poor creature; and, smiting on his dark breast, he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner," until, like the poor publican, he went down to his house a saved and happy man.

FANNIE'S LETTER.

I WAS looking over some old letters the other day, and I found one written by a very dear scholar of mine, Fannie Reed, a great many years ago. Perhaps it will please and help some of you, so I will copy a part of it.

"MY DEAR AUNTIE: I feel so happy today, that I must write and tell you about it. I think I have given my heart to Jesus. Oh, you don't know how happy I am. I can seem to see Jesus so plainly. I thought yesterday he stood right by my side, asking me to be his child.

"Yesterday morning in Sunday-school, our teacher was hearing our lesson, and we came to the verse, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Miss Burke said that Jesus stood waiting to receive sinners, and he had called each one of us many times to come to him. Then she asked those of us who had not given ourselves to Christ, if we would do it now. I wanted to say 'Yes,' but thought I must not say I would love him until I knew that I did. I had been trying all the week to find the Saviour, but could not. Miss Burke asked me the second time, and then I spoke right up and said I would. And as

I said so I felt love and trust in my heart. O auntie, I do think that was the moment when I gave my heart to him; don't you?

"Annie Howe, Hattie James, and Mary Sackett, have since promised to be the Lord's and we are all so happy. Now there is only one out of our class of eight, who does not love Jesus. We are praying for her that she too may find him.

"But I have just begun this new life, and I know this naughty temper of mine will try me. Dear auntie, do pray for me that I may have strength to resist temptation, and may go on to love and please the dear Saviour.

"Your own loving
FANNIE."

MAMMA'S RETURN.

THREE little waiting children,
Eagerly watching the door;
Bessie and Charlie and baby,
Hazel eyes two, blue eyes four.

Three little noisy children,
Roguish, and full of play;
At every sound—"Hush! listen!
Isn't somebody coming this way?"

"I do believe that is mamma!
No, it's only the umbrella man!
I don't believe she's ever coming!
She'll stay just as long as she can!"

A sound of steps on the path-way;
And eagerly rush all three
"It's mamma! It's mamma! Come Charlie,
Come baby, come Bessie, let's see!

"Oh, mamma, we're glad to see you!
We're tired as tired can be!
We love you a thousand millions!
Anything in that bundle for me?"

THE COMPASS TO STEER BY.

"WELL, my boy, so you are going to try your fortune in the city? I tell you it is a dangerous ocean to launch your craft on," said a man to his neighbour's son. "Yes, sir," answered the lad, taking his Bible from his pocket; "but you see, I've got a safe compass to steer by." "Stick to it, stick to it!" cried the man, "and the enemy may blow hot or blow cold, he can't hurt so much as a hair of your head."

A SCHOOLMISTRESS, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow: "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name!" was the reply; "he's too old to go to school this year."