

overcome this opposition to law, you will find that the law and you are so friendly, that you will never think about it at all. In the meantime you have some hard places before you, and the best way is to try to overcome their difficulties."

"Will you help me, mamma?"

"Surely I will, my child; but there is One stronger than I, and you must seek his aid."

Together the mother and child knelt in the twilight, praying to Jesus for pardon and peace. Milly rose from her knees feeling that though she had done wrong, the Lord would help her to do better.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

THE UNSPOKEN LIE.

Rosa's mother took great pains to bring up her children to be truthful. She impressed upon their minds the fact that a person given to lying can never have the confidence of others. Whenever they did wrong she encouraged them to come to her and confess what they had done and be forgiven for it, rather than conceal it. Sooner or later it was pretty sure to be found out, and attempted concealment only brought added disgrace when the truth was known. One day Rosa had a visitor, a little girl about her age. They were at play in the parlor. Accidentally Rosa overturned a vase and broke it. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "what will mother say! She thought ever so much of that vase, because Uncle William brought it to her all the way from China." "Put it back on the bracket, and don't tell her anything about it," advised Rosa's visitor. "See, it will stand just as it did before, if it isn't jarred." Rosa hesitated a moment, but decided to take the advice offered, so they

put the broken vase carefully on the bracket, and left the parlor.

The very next day, when the servant was dusting the room, down tumbled the vase as soon as she touched it with the duster. Rosa's mother happened to be in the room at the time. She was exceedingly sorry that it was broken, and seeing how she felt about it, the girl, who really thought she had done the mischief, was a good deal pained. Mrs. Sprague spoke of the affair several times during the day, and Rosa knew that no one dreamed of her as being the guilty one. But that didn't make her feel right. Her conscience began to trouble her. "I haven't lied about it," she argued with herself, "for I haven't said a word, no one has asked me." But that argument didn't satisfy conscience. "You knew you broke it," said the accusing voice, "and you know that keeping silent is as much as saying you know nothing about it. That is acting a lie." Rosa stood it as long as she could. Then she went to her mother and told her the truth. "At first I thought it wouldn't be lying if I didn't say anything," she said, "but I see now that I am wrong. My actions lied just the same as words would. I am sorry, mother, that I broke the vase, and sorry that I tried to deceive you about it." "I'm sorry that the vase was broken," answered her mother, "but I'm glad that my little girl concluded to come to me with the truth. The loss of the vase is nothing compared with the loss of confidence I should have felt in her if she had kept up the deception until I found out the truth."—*Congregationalist*.

FORGIVE.

BY MRS. A. SPRAGUE.

"MAMMA is God the only one who can forgive?"

This question was asked by a little girl about nine years of age on her return from school one afternoon. "Why, yes darling," replied her mother; "in one sense He is. Why do you ask such a question?"

"I did something to day that vexed— (naming her seatmate.) I asked her to forgive me and she said she could not, that no one but God could forgive."

"What did you say," asked the mother, amused and interested.

"I repeated a part of the Lord's prayer. 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

What argument could have been more effective and unanswerable.

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

PUSSY'S COMPLAINT.

I'm just as unhappy, unhappy,

As ever a kitten can be;

If you'll let me, I'll tell you about it,

Then perhaps you will pity me.

For it's a great mistake in your thinking

That kits have no feelings at all,

Nor a thought beyond having a frolic,

Or the chasing after a ball.

Now, how could I know (please tell me

If you could help me to see)

That the cold roast fowl in the pantry

Was not put there for me.

They left the door temptingly open,

So I helped myself to that,

But they drove me out with a broomstick,

And called me "that mean, thieving cat!"

Then those pan's of milk in the dairy,

With cream like the yellowest gold,

I thought I should like to taste it,

For it's very delicious, I'm told;

So I climbed to one of the nicest,

And was just getting ready to taste,

When they found me—and such a commotion,

I ran to the barn in hot haste.

Don't they think cats ever get hungry

Between meals, I'd like to know?

And that rats and mice cannot always be found?

I have sat for an hour or so

Beside some nice-looking rat-hole,

And not even a mouse came to view;

And I found, after waiting and waiting,

They had moved off to lodgings anew.

I heard the folks talking this morning

About kit, and a bag, and the pond,

I didn't quite understand it,

For of water I'm not very fond.

I don't dare to go near the kitchen,

For fear they mean harm by that;

Oh dear! all in all I've concluded,

It's a very hard world—for a cat.

"PA, I wish you would buy me a little pony," said Johnny. "I haven't got any money to buy a pony, my son. You should go to school regularly, my son, study hard and become a man, and some of these days,

when you grow up, you will have money enough of your own to buy ponies with."

"Then, I suppose, pa, you didn't study much when you were a little boy like me, or else you would have money now to buy ponies with, wouldn't you, pa?"

God makes the very waves that threaten to engulf us the pathway of His rescuing love.