

THAT'S THE WAY

Just a little every day.

That's the way

Seeds in darkness sweet and grow,

Fine blades push through the snow.

Never any flower of May

Leaps to blossom in a burst;

Slowly - slowly - at the first.

That's the way!

Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,

That's the way!

Children learn to read and write,

But by bit, and mite by mite.

Never anyone, I say,

Leaps to knowledge and its power.

Slowly - slowly - hour by hour.

That's the way!

Just a little every day.

—St. Nicholas.

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The Sunbeam.

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A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

Do not imagine because I call her a missionary that pretty Ellen Somers was a grave, solemn-faced, dignified person.

No indeed.

With her laughing blue eyes, golden curls, and the dimples always playing hide-and-go-seek about her rosy cheeks, she was a veritable bit of sunshine. It did one good just to look at her. Do you wish to know the secret of her charms—why when she was present all the world looked brighter?

It was love.

Down in her happy young heart was a fountain of love.

Every living thing stirred it, and it overflowed at the cry of want and sorrow.

Among the mountains of Switzerland, where she and her mother were spending the summer, she found the same enemy which caused so much trouble in her native land. It was the "invisible spirit of

wine." Ellen thought. "If the dear people only knew what an enemy it is—how it destroys all that is noble and good! Oh, if somebody would tell them!"

She loved to talk with the humble mountaineers. Their simple, reverent piety charmed her, and for their faults she grieved.

The pretty, kind-hearted demoiselle was a great favourite among the people, and they loved to hear her talk. She told them of the great temperance reform in America—that the children were taught how the wonderful temple—the body which each one possesses—was harmed by alcohol.

This evil spirit was lurking everywhere to destroy the bodies and souls of men. Then she read to them in the Bible, which they all revered:

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

"Why!" exclaimed old Pierre, who stood before her leaning against a rock, "we all drink wine."

"I do not," said Ellen, with a sweet smile.

"And we may not even look upon it?" said Pierre's eldest son, who had been peeping over her shoulder.

"It says so in the Book."

"Then I will not," said little Fritz stoutly, looking up into his father's face.

"The Book says 'when it is red,'" said Ellen. "That means when the 'invisible spirit' gets into it and spoils it. The only safe way is to let it alone, and I mean to try and get as many others as I can to do so too."

"That is right," said old Pierre. "And we three are with you, ma'm'selle."

When Ellen told the story to mamma she kissed her and said, "I am glad I have a little missionary."

THE GREEDY BOTTLE.

A POOR, under-sized boy named Tim, sitting by a bottle, and looking in, said, "I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it." His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again, and sobbed so hard that he did not hear a step beside him until a voice said:

"Well! what's all this?" He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he said.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up.

The voice did not sound as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of new

shoes awful bad—all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?" the father asked.

"Why, mother said so. I asked her for some new shoes and she said they had gone in the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things—and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all and there ain't a thing in it! I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father. I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him. Two days after he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! New shoes!" he shouted.

"Oh, father, did you get a new bottle? And were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."—Arkansas Methodist.

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "Sir, have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done," asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman,

"you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue, must be made of good stuff."

PAULINE AND THE TOAD.

ONE lovely morning last summer little Pauline went out for a walk with her nurse.

They went gaily along, picking the wild flowers and pretty grasses that grew beside the road.

Presently the little girl's merry prattle frightened a poor old toad sunning himself near by.

In his efforts to get away as quickly as possible he leaped right in front of Pauline.

The sight of his ugly body and chubby legs to terrified this little city girl that she held up both hands and cried out, "I'll be good! I'll be good!"

The toad hopped quickly away, no doubt thinking (if toads can think) that this little girl must sometimes be naughty, as she was so ready to promise to be good.