

But father put her down without answering and went out of the library. Elizabeth did not see him again until the next morning, when he came to kiss her good-bye before he went down town. Between the kisses she asked her question.

'Father, don't you feel sure that Jesus will do my miracle?'

"Yes," he said and he kissed her twice more; "I am sure, dear daughter, he has done it, father will never drink any more liquor."

"It seems like a miracle," said Aunt Helen, tears of joy in her eyes.

'Why, it was!'" said little Elizabeth. "I knew there was to be one."

Then Uncle Robert said softly: "And his disciples believed on him"

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TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1899.

GOD'S WORD TO CHILDREN.

"Honour thy father and thy mother, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee; that thy days may be prolonged, and that it may go well with thee."—Deut. 5. 16.

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck."—Prov. 1. 8, 9.

"A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—Prov. 10. 1.

"For God commanded, saying, 'Honour thy father and mother,' and he that curseth father and mother let him die the death."—Matt. 15. 4.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right."—Eph. 6. 1.

"Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord."—Col. 3. 20.

Now, my young friends, let me ask

whether you will please me, and do yourselves a favour by committing all these Scripture passages thoroughly to memory. You know what I mean by 'thoroughly.' If you learn them in that manner, you will not hesitate at a single word, but be able to repeat them throughout, plainly and understandingly. Also be able to tell where each passage is found. Who will do this? Please do not defer, or lay the paper aside. If you do either, you will be likely to forget all about my kind request.

TAKE CARE.

Take care, Bessie, take care said papa. First, Bessie tried the sharp points of the saw, then she took the pincers, and tried them on her fat fingers; then the bright chisel was in her hand; until at last her papa laid all the sharp tools out of her reach. Why, do you ask? Because she kept going a little further and a little further all the time, and he knew that by-and-bye she would be hurt if she did not "take care." Isn't that the way some children do with little sins? Somebody says, "Take care," but they go on trying and trying, all the time getting hurt a little, until at last a big hurt comes, for no one can put these sins out of reach but the Lord Jesus, and the only safe way is to ask him to take care of them all for us! That is not only the safe way but the pleasant way!

AN INCIDENT AND ITS LESSON.

BY SANTA.

On a cloudy Sunday morning in November last, the writer left his home to go to Sunday-school. Just as he entered upon the road he met a little boy and girl with bright eyes and smiling faces. Each wore a 'Tam o' Shanter cap and was neatly and comfortably clad.

"Good morning, my little folks!"

"Good morning, sir."

"And where are you going?"

"Going? Why going to Sunday-school!"

Where do you think we are going?" was the quick reply.

"Do you like to go to Sunday-school?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's right. Glad to hear you say that. But who is this?"

"Oh! that's Floss."

"Why you are not going to take her with you, are you? We don't want dogs in Sunday-school."

"Oh, no! We tried to make her go back, but she wouldn't, and there she's coming right along."

We did not let Floss go into the school with us, and she looked very much disappointed. Soon after others came in, and in came Floss, too. Some thought the boys let her in for mischief. She was asked to leave, but declined politely, by wagging her tail. The superintendent went to put her out, and she ran under a seat and lay down all cuddled up in a little heap, and looked so pleadingly, as much as to say,

"Do let me stay. I want to take care of Collie and Aggie. I'll be good; I won't make any noise." So the superintendent consented, and Floss kept her promise until Collie went round to take up the collection and came where she was. Then she could not be still any longer, but went with him to his seat and got up beside him, and the scholars all laughed to see Floss so glad.

After the school was dismissed Floss jumped about and made such a fuss, ran on ahead and looked back so pleased, as if to say, "Come on now, it's all right. We are going home." I could not help but notice the change in Floss. Going to school, she was following after; going home, leading the way, and I wondered if Floss thought when these little ones left home that morning they were going astray and that she would go, and take care of them. If so, don't you think this was very kind of Floss and that they should love her in return?

Now is there not One who loves us with a greater love than any earthly friend, One who left his home in heaven and came down to earth to bring back the wandering one, and reclaim the lost. For we all like sheep have gone astray, and Christ is the Good Shepherd who will lead us into green pastures and home to God. Will we be his children and follow him?

HELLO! HELLO!

BY ANNA PIERPONT SUTTER.

Hello, little Indian maiden,
Away in the far-off West,
I wish I could clasp your slim brown hand
And touch your embroidered vest.

Do you get very sad and lonesome?
And wear little moccasin shoes?
Out in the woods do you play all day,
And do whatever you choose?

Do they put your hair up in papers
'To make it curl at night?
Do you know any fairy stories
Of brownies and pixies bright?

Hello, little fair-faced maiden,
In the East so far away,
Indian children have work to do,
And cannot always play.

If only you'd come to see me,
I'd tell you some stories queer,
Of the ways of the wood and the river,
The ways of the fish and the deer.

But better than any other
Is a story I have heard;
It was told by a white-faced brother;
He said 'twas the Father's word—

That all white-faced and brown-faced
children
Were made by the Father above.
So you are my own little sister;
Will you not give me your love?