

NOISELESS SPINNING-WHEEL.

"TELL me, mamma, what is this
Like web of finest lace?
It swings across the window,
Just here beside my face.

"You say a spider spun it;
Where did she get the floss?
How many others helped her
To carry it across?"

"It wasn't here when I got up—
It hardly can be real;
She must have spun for hours,
And I never heard her wheel."

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1894.

GOD SEES.

DURING the berry season every morning there comes to my door a Hollander so small of stature, poor and ignorant that I could not blame you for saying I surely could learn nothing from him. But wait. After I had well tested his honesty, one morning I said to him, as I took some luscious-looking fruit from him: "I like to buy berries of you. They are just as big in the bottom of the box as on the top. 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

His honest eyes opened wide as he innocently said: "What you mean, mum? I no understand." Then I tried to make plain the meaning of our familiar adage by saying: "Why, I mean it pays to be honest. I buy all my berries of you because you don't do like some do, put the nice ones all on the top," etc.

When my meaning dawned upon him the tables were turned, though in his simplicity he never dreamed of turning teacher. I wish I could describe to you the look of reverence that stole into that honest face as he said: "Oh, mum, I never tinks of you when I picks mine berries. I tinks of just him [pointing up]. God can see in the bottom of mine box just the same as on the top of it."

Truly, in that poor, ignorant Hollander I had found a child of the King so true and loyal that I stood rebuked. Is he not worthy to be your teacher and mine, boys?

MOTHER'S PRACTISING.

"AREN'T you glad you have quit being a little girl, mother?" asked Daisy, turning round on the piano stool, yawning and stretching.

"Well, I don't know," said mother, who was busy dusting with a soft cloth; "do you think I have a better time than my two little girls?"

"Why, of course, mother; you can do what you please, and go where you like, and get what you want, and then you don't have any lessons, nor any practising to do."

"You have made five mistakes, my dear," answered mother. "In the first place, I have so much to do that I can't even stop to think whether it pleases me or not; as for going where I like, you know I can't often get away to go anywhere, and I can only get what I am able to pay for; not much, you see, for these are hard times. My lessons are much harder than yours, and I am more severely punished when I do not learn them."

Daisy's eyes were stretched so wide that mother stopped and laughed at her. "And for my practising," she continued, "I have five musical instruments on which I practise every day."

"What do you mean, mother? Where are your musical instruments, and why do I never hear you play on them?"

"They have different names, but they are all *humancellos*. They are very hard to keep in tune, and sometimes make anything but sweet music. I will show them to you after tea."

"Mother is going to give us a concert, and play on five things at once," announced Daisy at the tea-table that evening.

There was a great outcry from the others, "What sort of things?" and "You needn't think we're so green as all that, Dais'."

"I didn't say I would play on them all at once," said mother; "I only said I would show them to you."

"Did you ever see them, father?" asked Anna, but the father laughed and looked very wise. "I have heard them, I am sure," he said.

Great excitement in the library; much impatience for mother to get done ordering breakfast; here she comes at last. "Hush, Frank; don't whis'z, Mac." "Now, mother, where are your *humancellos*?"

Without a word, but with a very "smilin' sace," as Anna used to say, mother stood all the children in a row. Big, Latin school-boy Mac first, then Daisy, then Frank, and Eben, and at the end of the row baby Anna. "Behold my *humancellos*," she cried, waving her hand down the row; "they are the most wonderful instruments ever known. No man could make them, no money could buy them, and though they may get awfully out of tune

and stay so forever, yet no man can finally destroy them.

"God has given them to me to keep and to put in tune for his praise, and it will take me years to do it. I think of this practising of mine when I wake up in the morning, and when I lie down at night, and when I make a mistake and strike a false note it hurts me all through."

The five little *humancellos* had given a loud yell of pretended wrath when they first found mother out, but they were quiet enough before she got through explaining what she meant.

Indeed, this little parable or panorama of mother's gave Daisy so many grave thoughts that she forgot to ask about the other four mistakes, and I am not sure that she knows to this day what was meant by mother's being punished if she did not learn her hard lessons.

CAPTAIN JACK.

THERE was great news in the little village of Westover. Jack Edmonds had spent the whole summer at Fortress Monroe with his uncle, Captain Tracy, and now that he was at home, it was rumoured that he was going to form a military company, and drill the boys, just as his uncle drilled the soldiers at Fortress Monroe.

Isn't it queer how soon every boy in a whole village will hear such news? Jack hadn't been at home two days before every boy in all Westover paid him a visit.

"I say, Jack, is it true?"

"Is what true?" Jack asked, though he knew well enough.

"Is it true that you are to have a military company, and drill us fellows?"

"That depends. If you boys think I know enough, and will mind orders, and won't get huffy if I tell you when you don't do right, then I'll think about it."

"Hurrah for Captain Jack!" shouted a boy, and then such a cheer went up, that Jack's mother rushed to the window to see what was the matter.

Now Jack had a very clever dog, and he determined to drill Jip too. He spent many hours each day teaching him; and his little brother helped him most faithfully. It was quite wonderful how well the dog learned to do what he was taught and to obey orders.

The winter passed away, and Jack's company had worked hard under their young captain. It was a bright day in April when Captain Jack called his soldiers together, and told them that Captain Tracy had arrived the night before, and would review them that afternoon.

What a review that was! The dog stood up beside little Joe and behaved so well that even Jack was proud of him. And as for the boys—why no boys ever obeyed orders more exactly or showed better training.

"Well done, Captain Jack, and well done, comrades. You are splendid young soldiers, dog and all," said Captain Tracy.

How proud and delighted all the boys were! Captain Tracy was their greatest hero and Captain Jack was the next.