

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who showed the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day
In laying up her store?

The sparrow builds her clover nest
Of wood, and hay, and moss;
Who told her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay his feast of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?

'Twas God who showed them all the
And gave their little skill, [way,
And teaches children in his Word,
To do his holy will.

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A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

ONCE there was a good mother, whose chief prayer for the little boy in his cradle was that he might have a loving heart. She did not pray that he might be wise, or rich, or handsome, or happy, or learned, or that others might love him, but that he might love.

When that little boy, whose name was Edward, grew up, it seemed as though his mother's prayer had been answered, and that in making it she had been wiser than she knew or dreamed.

She had not prayed that he might be wise; but somehow the love in his heart seemed to make him wise, to lead him to choose what was best, and to remember all the good things he was taught.

She had not prayed that he might be rich, but it turned out that he was so anxious to help and serve others that he found the only way to do that was to get the means of helping; and so he became diligent, thrifty, and prompt in business, till at last he had acquired the means he sought.

She had not prayed that he might be handsome; but there was so much love and good-will manifest in his face that people loved to look on it; and its expression made it handsome, for beauty attends love like its shadow.

The prayer had not been that he might be happy; but how can there be love in the heart without happiness? Edward had no time for moping discontent, for revenge or anger. He was too busy thinking what he might do for others; and in seeking their happiness he found his own.

But was he learned? Of course, when he found it pleased his parents to have him attend to his studies, he did his best; and though there were many boys quicker and more apt than he, yet Edward generally caught up with them at last, for love made him attentive and earnest.

But last of all, though Edward loved others, did others love him? That is the simplest question of all. You must first give love if you would get it. Yes, everybody loved Edward, simply because he loved everybody. And so I advise those boys and girls who think they are not loved to put to themselves the question, "But do I love?"—Anon.

A SMART DOG.

A LITTLE child was once lost in the woods. Its parents and friends had hunted everywhere, but could not find it. At last some one thought of a great dog that belonged to a man who lived a few miles away.

They sent for him and he came at once with his dog. He asked for a stocking that the baby had worn, then he took the dog to the place where the baby had last been seen, let him smell the stocking and told him to "seek."

The dog ran round in a circle two or three times and then put his nose to the ground and started off into the woods. The man who owned the dog with the baby's father followed and pretty soon they came back with the baby. The dog had found it at the foot of a tree, curled up fast asleep.

The dog was hugged and petted almost as much as the child; he seemed to know

he had done something very smart, and a long time afterwards he would every day to see the child and would with it for an hour or so and then trot to his own home.

JUDGE NOT.

"Oh, mamma," cried Jack, running into the sitting room where his mother was sewing, "Sidney is breaking a commandment, he is—'Thou shalt not steal'—and I should think he'd be ashamed of himself."

"Why, Jack," said his mother in surprise, "what can you mean?"

"He is, truly, mamma," said Jack, tapping about on one foot, and seeming ready to enjoy the fact. "I saw him get sugar out of the sugar-bowl, and you know you told us not to."

"Oh," said mamma, in a tone of reproof, "that's it, is it? Come here Jack;" and taking her little boy's hand, she drew her to her side. "Do you think it such a dreadful thing to break a commandment, dear?"

"Why, yes, mamma, of course," answered Jack, astonished that his mother should ask such a question.

"You would not do it?"

"No, indeed, mamma."

"Then you think you are very much better than Sidney?"

Jack hung his head at that question but did not say so.

"Now, Jack, I want you to see how I have taken you are; you think you would break a commandment, but because you are so ready to believe evil of your brother you are really breaking the commandment which says, 'Thou shalt not be a false witness.' Do you know what that means, Jack?"

"Yes, mamma, you said it meant saying what was not true about any one; but Sidney was stealing, for I saw him."

"He was taking sugar, Jack, but you are sure he was stealing?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and now I s'pose he's going away to eat it."

At that moment the door opened and Sidney came into the room, his bright, manly little face not looking at all as if he was ashamed of himself.

"Here is the sugar for Dickie, mamma," he said, slipping the lump between the wires of the cage, "and here is a letter for you. I saw the postman coming and was waiting for him."

"Thank you, dear," said mamma, smiling at him, and then she turned and looked at Jack.