"When I was thirteen," said the master, "I was at least two years further advanced than you are How do you account for that?"

"I've heard my father say," replied the boy, a little diffidently, "that they used to have a great deal better teachers than they have nowadays."—*Selected.*

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp. 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 40
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; $2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen, per 100	0 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1894.

THANK YOU.

It is so easy to say "Thank you." The effort it costs is so slight. The two short words are so quickly spoken, and yet they mean so much. They do not mean only that you are really thankful, but they indicate that you observe the gentle courtesies of life, and that goes far toward makup what we regard as the cultured gentleman or lady. There are things that are of far greater value than mere polish and glitter. Solid deeds are of vastly more consequence. But even the best deeds acquire added worth when performed with gentleness and grace rather than rendered in a rude or uncouth way. The diamond possesses intrinsic value in the rough, but its worth is immensely heightened when the gem is polished. Gold from the mine is valuable, but its worth is increased when it is purified and stamped into coin, or wrought into beauty by the skill of the artist

A simple "Thank you," to your parents, to your brothers and sisters, to any from whom you receive any form of attention or favour, for the slightest acts performed, for a question answered, for a hundred nameless things, will tell greatly upon yourself, making you more gentle and refined, and encouraging a proper self-respect, and in the estimate of others for you. If once you acquire the habit of saying the words, they will come easy, and you would feel embarrassed at the thought of having omitted to express your obligation for a favour.

To cultivate the habit of being polite, you should address your mother and sisters, and all in the home circle, as you would address strangers toward whom you desire to be particularly well-behaved. When the habit of constant politeness is well established at home, you will be easy in society, and escape a hundred awkward embarrassments to which young people are subject, because of their defective training in the home.

THEIR NEW YEAR'S DINNER.

"MOTHER, can't I have a few crumbs for the birds? only a handful, and I will not eat any supper to-night."

Ernest's mother looked at him sadly, and shook her head. "I have only a little more food in the house, Ernie, this New Year's eve, and if the dreadful storm keeps up, I don't know how I am to feed you and your little brothers and sisters"

"They look so hungry!" sighed the boy; "I cannot keep away from the window, and I cannot forget about them."

"You must ask God to take care of the birds and us too," said his mother.

When the children woke up in the morning, the storm that had been raging for two days and nights was over; the wind was no longer blowing the snow into great, high, white drifts, and the sky was clear; but the ground was covered deep, deep, and it was bitter cold.

Ernest ran to the window of his little room under the eaves of the house; there on the big tree by the back gate, was a crowd of birds, big and little, which had taken refuge there from the storm.

"Poor little birds!" said Ernest; "I have nothing to give you, but if the heavenly Father sends us anything to eat to-day, you shall have half of mine."

When the children collected in the kitchen for morning prayers, they were surprised to see a stranger sitting by the stove warming his hands.

"You didn't know it snowed strangers, did you?" he said, laughing at the open-eyed surprise. Then he told them that he had started to join a great New-Year hunting party, had lost his way, and would have perished but for the light in their mother's window that guided him to her door, and her charity in taking him in.

"I am sorry to have such a poor breakfast for you, sir," said the widow; "but we have no more food in the house."

"Oh, that is easily remedied!" cried the stranger; and, going to his bed-room, he brought out a great hamper that was to have helped furnish lunch for the hunting party. "Come," said he, "my horse is not fit to travel to-day, but this will make us a New Year's dinner."

"Can the birds have some?" pleaded Ernest.

"The birds? Happy New Year to them! They shall fill their stomachs," said the hunter; and when the children and the birds had feasted, "Madam," he said to the children's mother, "I never enjoyed a New Year's dinner so much in my life."

"Then you have proved the truth of those words of our Lord which come through the apostle Paul," said she "'Remember the words of our Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE.

I STUDIED my tables over and over
backward and forward, too,
But I couldn't remember six times nine
and I didn't know what to do,
Till sister bid me to play with my doll,
not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a name
you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favourite, Mary Ann (the
I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child
a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-
four" a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as
answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth,
always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two,"
nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher
"Now, Dorothy, tell if you can;
For I thought of my doll, and—sakes!
—I answered, "Mary Ann!"

—*St. Nicho*

BEGINNING AT HOME.

As mamma and I were coming
from a meeting of the mission band
terday, we met Mrs. Fiskin.

"La, Sally," says Mrs Fiskin (
ways calls mamma that), "what
you drag this dear child to such
Now, I always teach my girls that
begins at home."

"Yes," said mamma in her gentle
"so it does; I hope I am interest
home charities too: what are your
doing for home charities?"

Mrs. Fiskin got red in the face,
was sorry mamma had asked her th
cause she didn't know what to say.

I don't want you to think that our
band girls forget the poor people at
said mamma; "stop here with me a
We were just opposite the child's
and hospital, and mamma took Mrs.
in to see little Polly Ward, the
baby that our Sunday-school keeps
because her mother died and left
nobody.

The nurse told us how skin-and-
Polly was when she first came; s
tainly wasn't skin-and-bone-y now.

"La, Sally," says Mrs. Fiskin, "
home and tell my girls they'd better
mission band meeting; it looks as
membering the black children in
made 'em think about the black
at home."

"I am sure it does,' said mamma
ing.