

A WISE CONCLUSION.

Said Peter Paul Augustus, "When I am grown a man, I'll help my dearest mother the very best I can. I'll wait upon her kindly; she'll lean upon my arm—I'll lead her very gently and keep her safe from harm. But when I think upon it, the time will be so long." Said Peter Paul Augustus, "before I'm tall and strong, I think it would be wiser to be her pride and joy. By helping her my very best while I'm a little boy."

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A LITTLE SEED AND A GREAT HARVEST.

Mary Cander's life lasted just sixteen years. Most of that time she passed in bed in acute pain. She had learned to read, and to cut out figures from a paper with much skill; but there, perforce, her knowledge and acquirements stopped. Her family were generous Christian people, actively engaged in work for the poor. Poor little Mary! she wished to help also; but what could she do—herself ignorant, helpless, and crippled?

Her window overlooked a hovel, in which lived John Martin, an idle Irishman, with his wife and eleven children. Drunkenness, untruthfulness, and dishonesty were notorious faults of the Martins. They were all regarded as hopeless outcasts.

"I think," said Mary, "that if I could tell John how good the Lord has been to

me, it would help him." But her father forbade the attempt.

"John's wife, then?" This was also forbidden.

"Send me little Phil, at least. He can do no harm."

Phil, a bright, mischievous urchin of ten or thereabouts, was brought to her bedside. She showed him pictures, cut marvellous groups in paper, and told him stories day after day until she won his confidence. Then she taught him how her Friend, through hard lessons, was making her like Himself.

Phil continued to be her faithful daily companion for three years, when she died. Her influence over him seemed to be even stronger when she was gone than it was before. He separated himself from his family, worked steadily, educated himself, and when he became a man, settled in a large town, where he married. His children are now among the most influential men and women in that place. They are honourable, generous Christians, serving God and their fellowmen with a peculiar heartiness and energy.

The little seed which the sick girl planted in faith has grown to be a mighty tree, with wide-spread branches and much fruit.

Never neglect to do a good action or to speak a helpful word, because "it is too small to be of use."

If the disciples had refused to distribute the five small loaves which the Master put into their hands, how would the great multitude have been fed?

THE GREATEST WASTE IN THE WORLD.

If you saw a man standing by the shore and flinging gold coins and diamonds into the sea, you would say he was insane. Yet the angels see many people continually doing something very much like this. Not gold and precious stones do they thus throw away, but minutes, hours, days, weeks and years of time—possessions which are of greater worth than any coins and gems of earth.—*Sunday-school Visitor*.

A BROTHER'S CHARGE.

"Yes, but be careful," said mother when George asked her to let him take his little sister out in the meadow. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play in the meadow.

I said, "You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, on smooth ground."

"And how did she get over those stones which lie between us and the house?"

"Oh, mother told me to be careful that

she did not fall; and so I put my hands under her arms, and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it."

"That is right, George, and you see now how to understand the beautiful text, 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges his angels to lead and lift his people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over these stones."

CANADA.

BY DR. DEWART.

The grand old woods of Canada:

How cool and dim below
The shade of their sweet rustling leaves!
Swift-changing webs the sunlight weaves
Where ferns and mosses grow.

The giant trees of Canada:

Dark pine and birch drooped low;
The stately elm, the maple tall,
The sturdy beech, I love them all,
And well their forms I know.

The forest wealth of Canada:

The choppers' blows resound
Through the crisp air, while cold and still
The snow's deep cloak o'er vale and hill
Lies white upon the ground.

The sparkling streams of Canada:

That 'neath cool shadows pass,
Then wind, where sleek-fed cattle sleep,
Through verdant meadow, ankle deep
In clover-blooms and grass.

The crystal streams of Canada:

Deep in whose murmuring tide,
From pebbly caverns dimly seen
'Neath leafy shade of living green,
Grey trout and salmon glide.

The beautiful lakes of Canada:

With loving eyes I see
Their waters, stretched in endless chain
By fair St. Lawrence, to the main,
As ocean wild and free.

Where white sails gleam o'er Huron's
waters

Or fade with dying day,
Fond memories in my heart awake,
Or home's dear dwelling by the lake,
Like sunshine passed away.

The prairies vast of Canada:

Where sun sinks to the earth,
In setting, whispering warm good-night
To myriad flowers, whose blushes bright
Will hail the morrow's birth.

The robust life of Canada

In cheery homes I see,
Though gold nor jewels fill the hand,
'Tis nature's self has blessed the land,
Abundant, fair and free.