

## DARLING LITTLE GIRL.

Who's the darling little girl  
Everybody loves to see?  
She it is whose sunny face  
Is as sweet as sweet can be.

Who's the darling little girl  
Everybody loves to hear?  
She it is whose pleasant voice  
Falls like music on the ear.

Who's the darling little girl  
Everybody loves to know?  
She it is whose acts and thoughts  
All are pure as whitest snow.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO MAY 2, 1903.

## TRUSTWORTHY.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

"And where did you say you found her?"

"Why, ma'am, me an' Lissa was down by the shore, an' we see the little thing a-toddlin' into the water, an' we just runned right in ourselves an' caught her up, fore she got more'n her teenty little shoes wet."

Two tall, barefooted girls, one of them carrying in her arms a dainty mite of a child, who laughed with delight at the adventure.

Mrs. Fletcher turned to another lady on the piazza of the hotel.

"You see," she said, "how much these nurses are to be trusted. I told Mary to take little Barbara down and let her dig in the sand, but to watch her. My darling might easily have been drowned! She had only to run out far enough, and there

are such treacherous holes? Mary'll get her discharge, if she dares to come back." And just then Mary did come back, all in a fluster.

"Shure, ma'am, an' is the blessid infant safe? I was that frightened! Only turning away wan blissed minute to spake to my brither, which I hadn't seen for wan year, an' him just come from the Ould Country."

"Mary, stop! How many times have you told me you have no brothers, either here, or in Ireland? Brother!—I understand. You must learn faithfulness before you are fit to be trusted with children."

Mrs. Fletcher turned to the girls, who looked on eagerly. They might be fourteen and twelve years old.

"What are your names?"

"Amanda and Melissa Jones. I'm Mandy—she's Lissa."

"Oh! I remember. Your mother washes for me, and you sometimes bring the clothes?"

"Yes'um." Lissa and Mandy looked as if they would like to say more, only they didn't know how.

"Well, run home, now. I'll see your mother to-night."

They went off with a little air of disappointment.

"Me like Lissa—me like Mandy."

"Oh! you do, little puss."

This conversation took place while Miss Barbara's shoes and stockings were changing for dry ones. It was short, but it helped.

"You are sure I can trust them, Mrs. Jones?" Mrs. Fletcher said that night.

"Yes, ma'am, sure. You see they've come up to be trusted, for I've had no one else to carry clothes, or do errands, or help any way since they was big enough."

"Come up to be trusted"—the words impressed Mrs. Fletcher.

So it came about that Mandy and Lissa Jones went barefoot no longer. Turn and turn about, they were nurses to little Barbara Fletcher during the rest of the season. It was the beginning of other good fortune to them also. All because poor Irish Mary hadn't "come up to be trusted," and they had.

## HOW A TINY THING CAUSED A GREAT WRECK.

Great disasters often come from very small causes. This was once shown in the case of the wreck of a vessel off the coast of Ireland. The sea was calm on that night, and the sky was clear, and no one could imagine how it was that the vessel ran upon the rocks. The captain said that he had steered carefully by the compass, and he could not tell how it was that the vessel had been wrecked.

When the compass box was examined,

however, it was discovered how the accident had happened. Some sailor had used his pocket-knife in cleaning the box. The point of his knife-blade had caught in the box and had broken off without his noticing the fact. That tiny piece of steel had affected the working of the compass, so that it did not point true to the pole. The consequence was that the captain had been deceived, and though he had steered according to the compass, he had been steering his ship in the wrong direction because the compass itself was wrong.

Sometimes a very small thing will start a boy or a girl in the wrong direction all through the journey of life. A single glass of wine may be the first step downward towards a drunkard's grave. The first lie may be the beginning of a habit which will make a girl untruthful and dishonest all her life.

A ship whose compass is wrong is pretty sure to come to grief, and a boy or a girl who does not have a sure guide for the journey of life will certainly come to shipwreck.

There is one whom we may take as the Guide of our lives. That is the Lord Jesus Christ. If we follow where he leads us, we shall never go astray.

The compass of a ship may sometimes fail to point in the right direction, but we may feel perfectly sure that Jesus will never fail to point us to the path in which we ought to follow. So let us try to find out where he calls us to go, and when we hear him calling us, let us always follow wherever he wants us to go.

## ILL WORDS FLY FAR.

A minister who lived more than three hundred years ago was anxious to show a lady in his congregation the evil of slandering others. So he asked her to do a very strange thing—to go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went.

The lady did as she was directed, and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction.

"Retrace your steps," said the minister, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered."

"I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my daughter," he replied, "so it is with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now if you can. Go, sin no more."

Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear.