

'She eated my bekfuss,' said Bess.

"She didn't know any better," said mamma, coning out. She took Bessie's hand and looked at it. "This little hand was not made to hurt anything that God made," she said.

Then she washed the bowl and filled it again, and shut the kittie up. So Bess ate her bread and milk by herself. But all that day, whenever she looked at her hand, she remembered how mamma said it was not made to hurt things.

Let us hope she will always remember.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 31, 1897.

### A LITTLE ERRAND FOR GOD.

Helen stood on the door-step with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up to her and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"O thank you, papa, but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep, and we can go to-morrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"O, it is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled and asked. "Who is the errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa, but—O no, I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the good father tenderly. "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry to old Peter my orange that I saved from my dessert."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not; but he never has anything nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and

broken bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy. Don't you think that poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes as well as the poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes; and I think we too often forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into the buggy, and I will drive you to Peter's, and wait till you have done the errand, and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa, here is one."

"Well, here is a five-dollar bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent four weeks, and perhaps this will be a little errand for God too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a wise lesson, looked very happy as her fingers fixed the bill on the orange.

### KITTY'S PARTY.

Gladys and Nina had been planning for some time to give Trot, their kitty, a birthday party when she should be one year old.

When Trot was first given to them she was just a little kitten; but kittens grow so fast that now, much to the sorrow of the girls, she was quite a staid and full-grown cat, but they loved her just as much as ever.

"Who shall we invite to kitty's party?" they began to ask each other somewhat anxiously a day or two before the date of her birthday.

Louise's kitty had run away, and hadn't been seen for days; Helen had only a dog, which wouldn't do at all, and really there seemed to be no respectable cats to invite. Here was a great predicament. The morning of the birthday arrived, and as Gladys and Nina dressed they discussed the situation.

"We must find somebody to invite this very morning," Gladys announced as she pulled on a shoe. She meant some cat, you know.

"Of course we must," answered Nina; "it wouldn't be any party at all without some cat else at it."

Somehow, all through breakfast, their papa and mamma looked very mysterious, and occasionally nodded and smiled at each other; but the girls were so busy planning for the birthday party that they did not notice it.

Immediately after breakfast their papa went to the shed and called the girls. They ran out at once, and their mamma followed them; and what do you suppose? There in Trot's box, cuddled close up to her, were five little baby kittens. "You see Trot has sent out her own invitation," said their papa. And then such squeals of delight as there were from the girls. They fairly hopped from one foot to the other in their excitement.

And so Trot's birthday party was furnished with guests, and Trot was treated to the daintiest supper that two happy little girls could devise.

### A FAMILY PARTY.

There was a family gathering  
Of insects, small and great,  
And some were sure to be on time,  
Though some were always late.

The great old lazy bumblebee  
Came bumping up the way;  
Said he: "I've on my Sunday coat,  
And I have come to stay."

A little cricket dressed in black,  
Skipped blithely by his side;  
A katydid in fair green gown,  
With gauzy wings spread wide;

A daddy-long-legs, clad in brown,  
(He scared the children so,)  
A wasp in gaudy yellow dress,  
And buzzing sweet and low;

A dragon-fly, in brilliant hue,  
Emerging from the hay;  
And by-and-bye a ladybug,—  
These all walked up the way.

Just then a house-fly, old and gray,  
Hummed as he came along;  
A dandy young mosquito-bug  
Completes the happy throng.

The ball-room was a grapevine leaf,  
The feast, 'twas fresh and new,  
With honey from the clover white,  
And early morning dew.

They sang and danced as best they could  
From early morning light  
Until the sunset's fiery glow  
Had melted into night.

Then homeward all they wend their way  
To get a wink of sleep,  
But leave that young mosquito-bug,  
His tireless watch to keep.

### A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

One winter a little boy six or eight years of age begged a lady to allow him to clear away the snow from her steps. He had no father or mother, but worked his way by such jobs. "Do you get much to do, my little boy?" asked the lady. "Sometimes I do," said the boy; "but often I get very little." "Are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?" The child looked up with perplexed and inquiring eyes, as if uncertain of her meaning, and as if troubled with a new doubt. "Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in him, and who then does the best he can?" Oh, for a childlike faith!

In the infant class a week or two ago the minister was questioning on the lesson about the "spies," when he asked, "Now, what would you do if you had such a large bunch of grapes that you could not carry it?" One little nipper replied, "I would sit down and eat half of them."