

FOR YOU

I have some good advice for you,
My merry little man,
'Tis this: Where'er your lot is cast,
Oh, do the best you can,
And find the good in everything,
No matter what or where,
And don't be always looking for
The hardest thing to bear.

Oh, do not stand with idle hands
And wait for something grand,
While precious moments slip away
Like grains of shining sand!
But do the duty nearest you,
And do it faithfully;
For stepping-stones to greater things
These little deeds shall be.

In this big world of ours, my boy,
There's work for all to do;
Just measure by the Golden Rule
That which is set for you,
And try it with the square of truth,
And with the line of right;
In every act and thought of yours
Oh, keep your honour bright.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 6, 1899.

HOW ROBBIE DISOBEYED.

Robbie was getting to be a pretty big boy; and Robbie thought himself even bigger than he was, for he thought he was big enough to know better than father or mother—which is a very foolish idea, indeed, for either a little boy or a big boy to have.

One day, when Robbie was going over the bridge on an errand for his mother, he saw two boys in a boat by the side of the bank, having a very good time. They were eating bread and molasses; and though one of them had very ragged

clothes on, he did not seem to mind that at all. Robbie knew who they were. They were two boys from the flats, whom his father had told he must not play with; but, you see, Robbie thought he knew better than his father. So, when they called to him and asked him to take a row with them, Robbie forgot his mother's errand and got into their boat with them.

Robbie found it great fun to row, and the boat went along so easily and fast that he did not see how far he was getting away from home. He did not like the boys very much, though, for their talk was rough and ill-tempered. He began to wish, after a while, that he was back on the bridge; and then he looked at the shore and found that he was far away from home. He told the boys he wanted row back again, but they said it was their boat, and they were going down to Bushy Point to stay all the afternoon.

Robbie pleaded with the boys to put him ashore, and at last one of the boys took his side; but still the other boy would not give in. Then they got to quarrelling, and, in their excitement forgot to watch the oars, which soon slipped overboard.

That stopped the dispute; but as they were reaching after them in the water, the boat suddenly went over a little too far to one side, and they were all upset into the river together.

The boat turned bottom side up, and the three boys caught hold of it and climbed up; so they were safe enough, but they were wet through; and when the boat drifted to land, Robbie had to walk several miles to get home.

Robbie thinks now that his father knows more than he does about the boys at the flats, and his father is glad that Robbie had his lesson without hurting himself worse than he did. Father always knows best anyway.

THE TAKING OF LIFE.

The celebrated Russian novelist tells a touching incident from his own life which awakened in him sentiments that have coloured all his writings.

When Tourgenieff was a boy of ten his father took him out one day bird-shooting. As they stamped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a whirr from the ground at his feet, and with the joy of a sportsman he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin that he had wrought (and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt that came to him in that moment) the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father" he cried, "what have I done?" as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father.

But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said: "Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature! If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death; and since I cannot give life, I will not take it."

THE WRONG BUTTON.

A man in an electric car the other night wished to leave at a certain corner. He was talking with a friend at the time, and carelessly, without looking round, reached back to press the button. The car rolled steadily on. The man, with an impatient frown, pressed harder; still the motor-man, looking off in the darkness, paid no attention. The car passed another corner. With an angry exclamation the man looked about for the conductor, when his friend, quietly reaching over, touched the button for him. In instant obedience to the signal, the car began to slow, and the passenger who had been pressing, not the button, but a little screw above it, hastily left the car. After all, it generally turns out to be our own fault when things go wrong with us.

TRUE BRAVERY.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of and sorry for after the excitement had passed away. "I wish I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said; "but it's done, and what's done can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong-doing to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now Robert was very much like all the rest of us; he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong; forgive me," is a hard thing to say. But the more he thought the matter over the more he felt that he ought to say just that. "It's the right thing to do," he told himself; "If I know what's right, and don't do it, I'm a moral coward. I'll do it."

So he went to the one he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly; and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before, and his comrade had a greater respect for him because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of a duty.

My boys, remember that there's quite as much bravery in doing right for right's sake as there is in the performance of grand and heroic deeds that the world will hear about.