

SWEET BESSIE.

"Oh, where are you going, sweet Bessie?
Oh, where are you going to-day?
I met all the other children
So happily, down the way,
As if there was nothing at all to do,
But to sing, and laugh, and play."

"I am doing an errand for Jesus;
And though I am not at play,
I am learning to be useful,
And am happier far than they."

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LITTLE SINS.

LITTLE sins grow. They are not like spiders or wasps which we can put our foot on and crush if need be; but like little lions, which seem as harmless as kittens at first, but grow into fierce, roaring, wild beasts.

There is a lad about fifteen years old in State's prison, put in for five years, for stealing. He says he remembers well the first thing he ever stole. It was a ten-cent piece which was lying on the mantel in a lady's house, where he was doing some work. When no one was looking he slipped it into his pocket, and oh, how frightened he was afterwards for fear he would be found out. But he was not, and so the next time he had the chance, he stole again, and kept on growing worse and worse, until at last, with some other boys he broke into a house.

People seldom do very wicked things at first. They do little wrong things; so little, that they say, "Oh, that's nothing; there's no harm in that." But the little things grow and grow into big things, and then people see no harm in them.

Dear children, there are no little sins in God's sight. All are very large and very black.—*Morning Light.*

A BRAVE BOY.

HENRY BLAKE went off to a boarding-school. He was put into a room to sleep where there were several other boys. Henry knelt down to pray, before going into bed, as he had been accustomed to do at home. The other boys threw their shoes at him, while he was praying.

The next night Henry prayed after he had gotten into bed, with the covers all drawn over his head. But he felt himself to be a coward, and the next night knelt at his bedside as before. Some of the boys threw shoes at him again; others began to feel ashamed of themselves. Henry kept on his brave course night after night. Fewer shoes were thrown each night, until at last there were none at all, and, instead, other boys, who had been taught to pray at home, knelt at their bedsides and prayed.

Will not all these boys and girls enlist in the army of the Lord, and do what they can to fight wrong wherever they see it?

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high the gospel banner;
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe be vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed."

AN OLD FASHIONED STORY.

"ALICE and Harriet, take your knitting-work. John and Henry, you may each bring nine armfuls of wood into the woodshed. May, you may take your slate and write; and I guess if they are let alone the two babies will take care of themselves. Now, for half an hour, let us have silence. If anybody speaks, let it be in a whisper." The fact was that there had been so much noise, and some of it in half quarrelsome tones, that Mrs. Ford was tired, and took the best way to stop it, for half an hour at least. The children were all young, and all wanted their own way. But they had learned to mind their mother.

So there was silence in the kitchen, except the noise the little mother made with her baking, and the occasional prattle of the two babies. Little May sat with her slate on her knee, looking thoughtful. She wrote and erased, and wrote again with much painstaking labour. At last she seemed satisfied, and going to her mother, said in a whisper: "May I have a little piece of white paper and a pencil out of your drawer? I want to copy something." "What is it? Let me see," said her mother. May hesitated and blushed, but held it up

to her, saying, "You won't tell, will you mother?"

Her mother read it twice over. Tears gathered in her eyes.

"You won't tell anybody, will you?" entreated little May. "No, no, certainly not! It shall be a secret between you and me."

She got a nice piece of paper, and sharpened the pencil anew for the child, although she was pie-making. May copied it very carefully, and laid it away in the bottom of her handkerchief box, saying: "I shall see it often there, and nobody goes there but mother and I." But it happened one day that Harriet was sent to distribute the pile of clean handkerchiefs from the ironing into the different boxes, and as May's was empty, she saw the writing. It was so short that she took it in at a glance.

"Alwas spek plesent when Eennybody speks X.—MAY." Somehow it fixed itself in Harriet's mind, and that evening she was busy with pen and ink. The result was a writing in Harriet's handkerchief box, with a resolution, written more neatly, but to the same effect:

Resolved.—That I will try this year to return pleasant words for cross ones.—HARRIET FORD.

GOD'S "FUNDER."

FRANKIE and Bessie were two little ones of whom I have just heard. The other day, when out on an errand for their mamma, they were overtaken by a shower, and stopped under a shed to wait until the rain was over.

Frankie was the older of the two, and he always felt very proud when taking care of Bessie. By and by there came a peal of thunder, that seemed to crash right down over their heads, and they saw the forked lightning flashing. It was too much for Bessie, and she began to cry.

"You needn't be afraid of the funder, sister," said master Frankie; "'cause it's all Jesus' funder, and he won't lef it come this way, 'cause we'll pray him not to."

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU ASK.

"WILLIE, if you do not mind how you pray, Jesus will not listen to your prayers. You wouldn't ask mamma for anything you really wanted in such a careless way." So said a little girl to her brother who was running over his prayers very fast, without thinking what he was saying.

Do you ever ask mamma for anything you want in such a careless way? Then, how should you pray to Jesus?